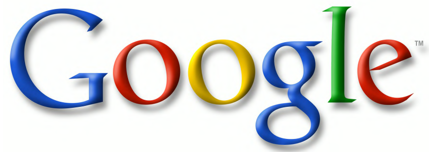

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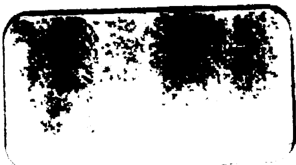

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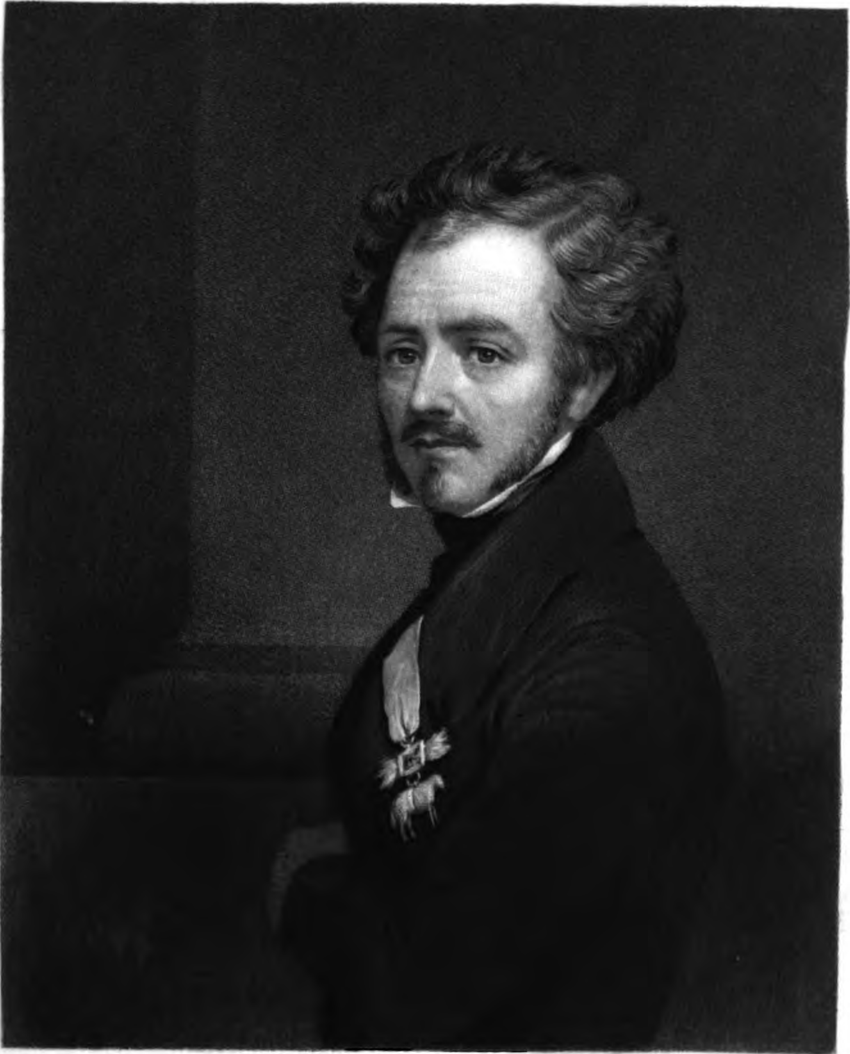

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OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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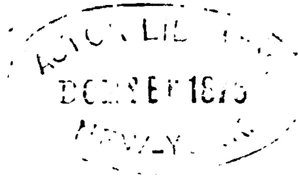

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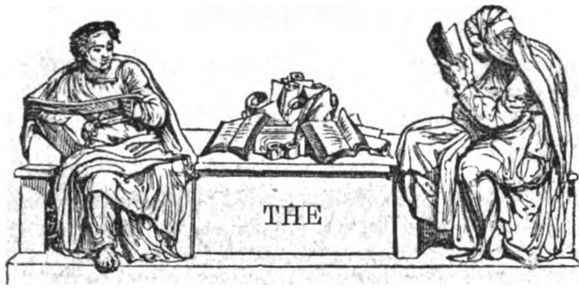

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

From the Westminister Review.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.*

If it be a misfortune to be overpraised, neither the men nor the women who played prominent parts in English history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will have reason to complain of the manner in which their reputations have been dealt with by their countrymen. To have accomplished any thing remarkable, throughout this period, appears to be a ground rather for suspicion than for admiration; and a certain uniformity of failure, like that which marks the career of Mary Queen of Scots, alone commands a general interest. It is not enough to have died tragically; the wise and the unwise came too often to a common end at the stake or on the scaffold: we have but to run over in our own minds the most conspicuous names of those centuries, and to consider the position which they occupy in the popular estimation, to be at once aware, that only those among them who have effected nothing, who have been *sufferers* merely, are regarded with tenderness; the actors are held to have been sufficiently rewarded with success, and at our hands deserve only to be restored to their proper place by a judicious scrutiny of their faults. We are not lenient to Henry the Eighth, or to Mary Tudor, or to Elizabeth. Oliver Cromwell's reputation has the taint still of the Tyburn gallows upon it. Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, Gardiner, the Seymours, the Dudleys, the Cecils, Sir Francis Walsingham, or Francis Bacon—these names, once illustrious, are now tarnished over with every most unworthy imputation; and Sir Thomas More is, perhaps, the only really remarkable man who still remains a favorite with us; rather, probably, because he was the greatest of the victims of a falling side, than because we essentially value either his character or his actions.

This unprosperous condition of public opinion, however, is not maintained without partial remonstrance; people who have cared to examine the authentic accounts of the times, having perceived very clearly on how slight a foundation the popular judgments of them are based, and raising their voices with more effect or less, in behalf of this person

* *Life of Cardinal Wolsey.* By John Galt. Third Edition, with additional Illustrations from Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, and other sources. London: David Bogue. 1846.

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or that, as their knowledge or their sympathies lead. Sharon Turner finds virtue in Henry VIII: Oliver Cromwell is a hero to Carlyle; and Miss Strickland pleads well and wisely for Mary Tudor. There are still persons who, in spite of Mr. Macaulay, believe that something may be said for Cranmer; and Gardiner and Bonner, Dr. Maitland tells us, were no such bad fellows after all. So too, a fresh edition of Galt's "Life of Wolsey," is a witness that there are readers who can tolerate an approving word, even of the great Cardinal; a witness, indeed, more than usually credible, since, of all honest books of history, this of Mr. Galt's is the most difficult to read; and only the obvious integrity of the writer, and a very strong interest in the subject, enables us, though the volume is a short one, to labor to the end of it. It is satisfactory, indeed, that this book continues to be read; but Wolsey has certainly not been fortunate in his champion; and in the various histories of England which swarm out, year after year, there are no traces of any change of opinion produced by it. He remains where fortune flung him, to point a moral of fallen ambition; in fact, as Shakespeare left him: a vulgar, unlovely figure, arrogant in prosperity, and mean in his ruin—a person in whose elevation no one takes pleasure, and whom no one pities in his disgrace, and such, notwithstanding Mr. Galt's well-meant effort, he is likely to remain for ever. The impression of such a portrait, drawn by such a hand, whether it be or be not a representation of the man as he really lived and was, will not again be effaced from the imagination of mankind; and wherever English history is read, the name of Wolsey will still continue shadowed over with pride, injustice, falsehood, and profligacy; with a character from end to end essentially odious, which not all the pathos of his fall, nor the tender "Chronicling" of Griffith, can induce one to forgive, or even to pity.

And yet it is singular, that not any one of the accusations most offensive in Shakespeare's description will bear examination. Some are unquestionably false: and the evidences of the rest are so slight, that it would not cloud the reputation of a living man. Shakespeare followed Hall and Cavendish (as indeed, he might have fairly thought himself safe in following them) without hesitation; yet it is quite certain, from recent discoveries, however the fact be explained, that not Hall only, but Cavendish also, whenever he is speaking of any thing which lay beyond his own personal observation, is, in many instances, glaringly wrong and unjust. Authentic records have come to light, of the Duke of Buckingham's trial; and no one who carefully reads them, if he is in the least acquainted with the temper of the times, can doubt either the reality of his treason, or the necessity of his punishment. He was tried by his peers, fairly and honorably; his guilt, not a thing of the moment, but carefully premeditated for years, was proved beyond possibility of question; and, under the existing circumstances of the country, no honest minister could have advised the remission of the penalty. Still more without ground is the accusation brought against Wolsey about the "benevolences," which he is represented as having originated without consulting the king; which Henry is made so grandly to remit, and Wolsey basely to claim credit for the remission. The money was required to carry out the war in France, at the moment at which it was crippled by the defeat and imprisonment of Francis I.; and the war itself was one which Wolsey regarded as disastrous alike to England, to Europe, and to Christendom; a war against which his influence had been strained to its utmost. The Commons mutinied—but not against him; and he used the opportunity to prevail on Henry to give way. It is true, that when it was the fashion to lay the odium of every unpopular measure upon him, those who were really responsible for it endeavored to escape their fault, and make him answer for it; but Henry's own words are sufficient to bear him clear, who expressly told Anne Boleyn, when she spoke of it to him, "that he knew more of that matter than she, and the Cardinal was not to blame."*

In the story of the French princess, whom Shakespeare makes Wolsey intend for Henry, after the divorce had been completed, he follows Hall, who relates it elaborately. But Cavendish furnishes so complete a refutation of Hall, that we are surprised to find Shakespeare repeating him. Cavendish was with Wolsey in France at the time when the negotiation was supposed to be going forward; and as the story did at that time actually originate, it is worth while to extract what he says about it.

In this time of my lord's being in France, over and beside his noble entertainment with the king and his nobles, he sustained divers displeasure of the French slave (*sic*) that devised a certain book

* The servants, who were waiting at supper in the King's room, heard him say so, and informed Cavendish of it.

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which was set forth in articles upon the cause of my lord being there, which should be, *as they surmised*, that my lord was come thither to conclude two marriages—the one between the king our sovereign lord, and Madame Renée, of whom I spake heretofore, [the divorce of Queen Catharine had not at this time been mooted in England, but the legitimacy of the Princess Mary had been publicly called in question in the French Chambers; the suggestion of a second marriage, for the king was, therefore, an additional insolence,] the other between my Lady Mary and the Duke of Orleans, with divers other conclusions and agreements touching the same. Of this book many were imprinted and conveyed into England unknown to my lord, he being then in France, to the great slander of the realm of England and of my lord cardinal. But whether they were devised of policy to pacify the mutterings of the people, which had divers communications and imaginations of my lord being there, or whether they were devised of some malicious person, as the disposition of the common people are accustomed to do, whatever the occasion or cause was, this I am well assured of, that, after my lord was thereof advertised, and had perused one of the said books, he was not a little offended, and assembled all the privy council of France together, to whom he spoke his mind thus—that it was not only a suspicion in them but also a great rebuke and defamation of the king's honor to see and know any such seditious untruths openly divulged and set forth by any malicious and subtle traitor of this realm; saying furthermore, that if the like had been attempted within the realm of England, he doubted not but to see it punished according to the traitorous demeanor and deserts of the author thereof.*

In the presence of evidence such as this, it is scarcely possible to maintain the story any longer. And it is not so unimportant as it may seem to ascertain whether there be truth in it or not, since it is commonly represented as an essential feature in Wolsey's scheme of policy. He encouraged, we are told, the divorce of Queen Catharine because he desired to revenge himself on the Emperor Charles for a personal affront; and in marrying Henry to the Princess Renée, he would bind him in a close connection with Charles's most dangerous enemy.

Of his actual conduct in the matter of the divorce, we shall speak at length presently. In the mean time, to proceed with Shakespeare's charges: there is another matter in which a most unfavorable impression is left against him, on which it is desirable to say something. He is said to have shared deeply in the prevailing vice of the celibate ecclesiastics, and to have been a person of profligate habits. Shakespeare accuses him, through the mouth of Queen Catharine; and from the manner in which the accusation is brought out, forming part of a judicial estimate of Wolsey's character, it is clear that Shakespeare himself believed it to be just, and desired his readers to believe it. On reviewing the evidence, however,—and we believe that we possess all which Shakespeare had before him, and much which he had not,—it does not warrant any such conclusion. A charge of the kind is included in the articles of impeachment against Wolsey, which were drawn up by the Lords, and to which Hall most strangely represents him as having pleaded guilty; but these articles, when sent down to the Commons, were dismissed as unworthy of notice; while, at the same time, a fact comes out, which explains the manner in which the impression may have arisen about him, among persons ready to judge hardly, and yet have arisen unfairly. It is certain, that Wolsey had two children, and that both they and their mother were supported by him up to the last year of his life. There is no evidence to show when they were born; and as he was twenty-five years old, at least, before he was in priest's orders, it is quite possible that he broke no vow in his relation with their mother. But if he did,—if, in the days of his early manhood, those iron vows failed to crush in him the instincts and cravings of humanity, and he fell before the temptation,—let it pass for what it is worth. It was a sin, perhaps a great one; yet not an infinite sin, nor one, we hope, for which there is no pardon. Doubtless, it furnished occasion for scandal. The single act admitted easily of being represented as a habit; and the maintenance of the mother might have borne a hard complexion; yet the connection, in itself, may, for all we know, have been of the briefest duration; and while those who bore Wolsey ill-will may have believed that he was keeping a mistress, he may have been but fulfilling the honest duty of an honestly penitent man. We are aware that this is only hypothesis; and that, on the other side, there are the positive assertions of the articles of impeachment, and certain angry words which Hall ascribes to Catherine; but there is no subject in which greater caution is required in forming an opinion, because there is none in which persons are more ready to generalize a habit out of an act. And if we are to believe the fact of the habit, it implies an amount of hypocrisy and insincerity in Wolsey, which it is difficult to believe could have existed in any man who

* Cavendish. Singer edition, p. 181.

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was occupying so conspicuous a position. No common hypocrite, indeed, he was, if, being himself consistently profligate, he was so loud against the similar sins of the clergy, and so eager to reform them; yet it is surely possible that a man may have known what sin was by his own experience, and may yet have hated it without hypocrisy,—may honestly have labored to save others from falling into it. If it be not so, God help us all! Let us summon up our own lives before us, and call others hypocrites, if we dare. Once for all, the one fact which we know about the matter is, that he was the father of two children, who were born at some period long preceding his disgrace, and, perhaps, his ordination; the remainder being only inference—while, to set against it, we have positive evidence that, in the midst of all his splendor, he was apparently an earnest and devout man—a man in whom, whatever of life was yet remaining in the perishing faith of Catholicism, was present in more than ordinary measure, and to whom God and duty were very meaning and living words.

So it stands with these particular charges; and if we consent to let them drop, it must be acknowledged that the shadows in Shakespeare lose not a little of their depth of hue. Nor, if the discovery, in these instances, of so much rhetorical exaggeration, leads us to look more closely into the narratives of Shakespeare's authorities, and to test them, as we are well able to do, by the State Papers which have since his time been brought to light, will they in any degree regain our confidence. Hall, indeed, except when his personal dislike to Wolsey gets the better of him, (and then he can be incredibly wrong,) is generally accurate. Taken as a whole, we should be inclined to rate Hall's Chronicle among the very best historical works in the language. But Cavendish, with whom, in the subject before us, we are now most concerned, is not to be trusted at all beyond the range of his own actual observation; and with the exception, perhaps, of Sir James Melville, has introduced more elaborate falsehoods into English history, than any other single writer. He was one of those men who, unhappily, are ready with an opinion upon every thing, whether they have or have not a right to have formed one, and guessing with the utmost facility, almost always guess wrong. Brought up as a page in Wolsey's household, he knew as much, perhaps, of the affairs of the state, which were passing through Wolsey's hands, as young gentlemen in similar situations might be supposed to know; that is, such views and such stories as were current at the pages' dinner table. These, at a distance of twenty-five years from his master's death, he composed into a book, at a time when it was creditable to him to have dared to speak well of Wolsey at all; but when the many years which had intervened of clamor and prejudice had impaired his real knowledge, and had even injured partially his good feeling. Thus his book is full of inconsistency; and, at the first perusal, it is hard to know with what feelings he really regarded Wolsey. At one time he speaks of him with tender affection; at another, he imputes actions to him which would justly have forfeited all affection. Now, he gives him credit for devout and genuine piety; now, he insinuates that he wore but the hypocritical show of piety, writing in fact with one eye on the truth which he knew, with the other on Queen Mary, whom it was dangerous to offend.

Hence a large clearance will have to be made out of our history books, and many favorite stories for which Cavendish has made himself responsible. We have been told much about Henry's carelessness in matters of business during the first years of his reign; and that it was encouraged by an artifice of Wolsey's. "As the ancient councillors," says Cavendish, "advised the king to leave his pleasure and to attend to the affairs of the realm, so busily did the Almoner persuade him to the contrary." And now we have the clearest proof from letters of Henry's own and from authentic correspondence of the members of his council, that at no time after his accession, not even when he was a mere boy, was the king less than his own first minister. His very coronation oath was interlined with his own hand, and in words which he erased, and in the words which he substituted, it is easy to read the spirit of the same Henry who broke the Papal power. Again, Cavendish tells us that Wolsey ill-treated Archbishop Wareham, and that in order to secure his own elevation to the chancellorship he contrived to have Wareham dismissed from it—while we find in the contemporary correspondence that Wareham, so far from being dismissed, with difficulty obtained permission to resign; and Sir Thomas More, when afterwards imitating his example, expressly wrote to him in praise and admiration of so great magnanimity.

Possessing such uncommon facilities for going wrong, it is not to be wondered at that Cavendish should also miss his way among the complications of the Anne Boleyn story. Yet here he goes even beyond our expecta-

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tions, and he represents himself as having been perfectly cognizant of facts which cannot possibly have taken place, at least in the manner in which he relates them. He declares that Anne Boleyn was contracted* to Lord Percy, one of the young noblemen then residing under Wolsey's care; that Wolsey separated them by the king's order, and that Anne Boleyn never forgave him for the loss of her lover. He introduces conversations between Wolsey and Lord Percy, in which the latter acknowledges and defends his engagement, declaring that he had entered into it "before many witnesses." He brings the Earl of Northumberland to London on this express occasion, and introduces a long harangue which the earl is supposed to have addressed to his son in the presence of the assembled members of Wolsey's household; he declares that he forced Lord Percy's obedience under a threat of disinheritance, and married him in haste to a daughter of Lord Shrewsbury in order to prevent future difficulties. Now it is possible that something may have pased between Lord Percy and Anne Boleyn; but Percy could not have defended an engagement which could not have existed, and Lord Northumberland, if he really interfered, could not have said what Cavendish gives as his words, and for a very simple reason. We have evidence in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, (Lodge's Illustrations, vol. 1. p. 20,) that Lord Percy was contracted to Lady Mary Talbot, the lady whom he actually married, before he ever saw Anne Boleyn, and that, therefore, no second contract with the latter could have been entered into by him; while it is again impossible that, supposing him to have attempted it, his father, in his supposed address to him, should have made no allusion to the previous engagement which was immediately afterwards fulfilled. But we have stronger proof than this of Cavendish's mistake. Something, indeed, must have passed; for at the time when Queen Anne's prematrimonial proceedings were undergoing investigation, Lord Percy was examined upon oath before the Privy Council, but if he had so openly acknowledged his engagement with her to Wolsey, he would scarcely have ventured to swear as he did on that occasion, or to have written such a letter as the following to Cromwell:—

"I perceive," the letter runs, "that there is a supposed precontract between the queen and me, whereupon I was not only heretofore examined upon mine oath before the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, but also received the blessed sacrament upon the same before the Duke of Norfolk and others the king's council learned in the spiritual law, assuring you, Mr. Secretary, by the said oath and blessed body which afore I received, and hereafter intend to receive, that the same may be to my damnation, if ever there were any contract or promise of marriage between her and me."

Equally remote from the truth is the account which the same writer gives us of the Duke of Bourbon's campaigns in Italy, of the battle of Pavia, and of the double policy which he ascribes to Wolsey; for if he is right in his account of the policy itself, he is so hopelessly wrong in the facts with which he interweaves it, as to oblige us to distrust him wholly. What opportunity, indeed, is he likely to have had of knowing more about the matter than any other Englishman? He could but know the floating rumors of the palace, and if we may interpret the past by our present experience, the amount of truth in such rumors is generally rather below zero than above it—a plain negative quantity of entire falsehood.

But the saddest of all Cavendish's errors is in the version which Shakespeare has copied so literally of the great scene before the legates, between Queen Catharine and Henry, in the Hall of the Black Friars. It is the saddest, not because it is the most incorrect, but because, under Shakespeare's treatment, the beautiful story has woven itself into the very heart of our national traditions; and to question the truth of it is almost to bring history itself into discredit. Cavendish, as we said, wrote at the time of the reaction under Queen Mary: he was possessed strongly with the Catholic detestation of the Reformation, and of all which had arisen out of it; and Queen Catharine's treatment—so justly felt to be the central injury of the Catholics, as if her real figure was not sad enough or her story pathetic enough in its grand simplicity—shaped itself out in his recollection into an ideal and dramatized form, beautiful indeed, exceedingly, but which is not a real picture of the wrongs of Catharine of Arragon. It was Burnet* who first discovered that the fine speeches attributed both to the king and to her could never have been delivered. He found the original register of the proceedings of the court, from which it appears, with the utmost clearness, that the king and queen were not present together before the legates at all. His statement has since that time, been called eagerly in question; and no wonder when such a treasure is being wrested

* Cavendish, p. 120—129.

* Burnet. Nares ed. vol. iii. p. 64.

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away from us. Nevertheless, if we compare the story found by Burnet in the register, with "Hall's Chronicle," which in all this matter is most careful and accurate, and also with the letters of the Bishop of Bayonne, which furnish almost a second register of the proceedings from day to day, no doubt can remain that Burnet is right.

The legate Campeggio arrived in England in October, 1528. In the same month the Bishop of Bayonne writes that he and Wolsey had then held their first interview with the queen; and that the queen had spoken violently of Wolsey. Of this interview we have a full account from Hall, who adds that it was at the palace of the Bridewell, and was strictly private; giving also the words which the queen was said to have used, and which the bishop describes only in general terms.

No progress was made in the trial of the cause throughout the winter, through default of instructions from the pope. In January, 1528-9, it was feared that he would recall the commission, and it was openly stated in London, that the emperor had said, that if Henry dared to proceed, "he would hurl him from his throne by the hands of his own subjects." In the spring, the French government laid a pressure on the pope, and the commission was allowed to be opened; but from the first, it appears, there was a private understanding between the legates and the court of Rome, that no sentence was to be delivered. The proceedings, such as they were, commenced at the Hall of the Black Friars, on the 31st of May, 1529. The king and queen were summoned; and then ought to have been the famous scene and the speech at the king's feet. Unhappily, both the register and Hall are agreed that the king appeared by proctor, and the queen only in person. Of what passed, the register only says that she appealed to Rome. Hall is more explicit, but in substance says the same thing.

> The queen, being accompanied with four bishops, and others of her council, and a great company of ladies and gentlewomen following her, came personally before the legates, and after her obeisance, sadly, and with great gravity done, she appealed from them as judges not competent for that cause to the court of Rome, and after that done, she departed again.

And this, in sorrow be it confessed, was all that passed, and the beautiful ideal falsehood, for all persons who care to know the hard truths of life, must pass again under the ivory gate through which it entered among us, and take its place with the spirits of those never realized visions, which ought to have been true and were not. The queen behaved like herself, like a noble lady sadly resentful of the measure which was dealt out to her, but buoyed up with her high Castilian heart to endurance and defiance. She never knelt at the king's feet, that history knows of, and she made no fine speeches to him. The words which Cavendish, and Shakespeare after him, assign to her, are composed out of what she said in private to the legates in the preceding October; and those which they assign to the king were uttered by him in her high praise in the court on a later occasion.

So much for the authority of Cavendish's "Life." If it be our object to prove that fair justice has not been done to Wolsey, we may be thought to have acted unwisely in questioning the evidence of the one English writer who has shown any thing like tenderness for his memory. It is this evident tenderness, however, which lies at the bottom of so many of our mistakes, bespeaking, as it does, so general a credence to his narrative. Throughout his book there is an apparent struggle between kindly feeling and moral disapprobation, and the censures gain double weight from the seeming unwillingness with which they are uttered. But moreover, we cannot help feeling, on a careful perusal of what Cavendish says, that the picture, as drawn by him, is not a picture of one man, but of two men wholly different, the characteristics of whom cannot possibly have coëxisted in any single person, and thus it becomes essential to determine what amount of accurate knowledge of the matter he is really likely to have possessed. Wherever he is telling any thing in which he himself was personally concerned; in his account of all his own interviews with Wolsey, and of almost every thing which he describes himself as having witnessed, he draws the likeness of an exceedingly noble person, as little resembling the Wolsey of ordinary history as the Socrates of Plato resembles the Socrates of Aristophanes. Wherever, on the other hand, he is writing from hearsay, we have the old figure of Hall and Polydore Virgil and Foxe, a figure so unlike the other that both cannot be true, and we must make our choice between them. On the one side lies the mass of the authorities; on the other, the experience of a personal friend; and the natural inference is, that as long as Cavendish was kept in check by actual knowledge, he drew his master's features faithfully; and that as soon as he passed beyond his own recollections, he wrote only what other people told him, in the tone in which they told it, yielding to the stream

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of popular opinion which set against Wolsey immediately after his death almost without an eddy.

Yet, notwithstanding infirm places in the evidence, it might remain easily true that Wolsey was in general what he is supposed to have been. General impressions are frequently right, though no satisfactory account can be given of the facts out of which they originate. They may result as a collective *effect* of a great number of little things, each in itself perhaps trifling; perhaps of a kind not admitting of being adequately expressed in words, and yet together perfectly convincing. Often within our own experience, we form judgments on people's characters from looks, from gestures, from habitual expressions, from slight characteristic anecdotes—and a judgment so formed may be thoroughly correct; although, if we try to justify it to a stranger who knows nothing of these things, we find it very difficult to do so, and in the effort, we detect ourselves exaggerating separate points and laying stress on them which they will not bear, merely from the desire to give a sufficient reason for a conclusion which we know in itself to be right. Thus, any thing like a common consent of a man's contemporaries in one opinion about him, although the grounds of that opinion escape investigation, or break down when examined into, remains an evidence for or against him, in most cases, wholly overwhelming; and even when such unanimity exists, as in Wolsey's case, not in his own generation, but in the generation next succeeding him, it is presumptive proof so grave, that if there were no *contemporary* evidence of another kind, we should admit it at once as conclusive. Such evidence, however, there is, evidence both external and internal; not easy to set aside, making clean against the popular view; and we believe it will be found considerably more easy to explain why the generation which came after him thought of him as they did, than to explain away the contradictions in which we are involved, if we suppose them to have thought correctly.

If many persons hated Wolsey, there were some at least who loved him, who loved him in his greatness and did not forsake him in his fall. The common people loved him. The king loved him. Part, at least, of the council loved him. No fallen minister ever found loyalty more constant in the followers who had gathered round him in his splendor; and human beings are not so constructed as to love deeply what is utterly without claim for being loved.

And again: if that vulgar figure in our history books was the real Wolsey, it is a slighter reproach to the man whom it represents, than to the age which raised a person of such a character out of nothing, to the most powerful position ever occupied by an English statesman. Let it not be thought a slight thing, a thing in the least easy of explanation, that a person of humble origin, actuated only by a mean ambition for power and grandeur, coarse in manner, and profligate in life, vain, impudent, and overbearing, should have arisen as Wolsey rose, unassisted by any influence except what lay in himself and in his own capacities, to be the equal of kings, and for fifteen years the arbiter of Europe. If this be true, it is a fact by itself in history. No hypothesis of his "abilities" will help us through the difficulty; for ability large enough to neutralize so much baseness is not found—let us say so at once and decisively, is not practically found to coëxist with it. Wicked, indeed, men of high abilities have been and are; but they are great in their wickedness, and they do not fall before vulgar and little temptations. Even ambition, "the last infirmity of noble minds," is the infirmity of a very second-rate order of nobility, and is but a poor account of the career of any remarkable man. Men of real intellect do not set out into life with a fixed idea of conquering greatness for themselves. It is greatness rather which finds them, taking often no little pains to seek them out. Every man, as he passes into manhood, has work thrust upon him as he is able to do it; and the able man finds himself, as a matter of course, dragged up, he knows not how, from thing to thing, from step to step, employment after employment forcing itself into the hands best competent to deal with it; till at last he is on the summit of the ladder, and the world moralizes on his ambition. Ambition! The highest step of that ladder in Wolsey's time was but an indifferent place to be ambitious for. There was usually but one step from it to the flooring of the scaffold. The Anne Boleyns may be ambitious, but not the Wolseys.

If, however, he is not the person which he is said to have been, what was he then? and how came the world so singularly to agree in their judgment upon him? The first of these questions is difficult to answer; the second is, we believe, answered easily, in the peculiar character of the thirty years which succeeded his fall, and in the course of which his reputation settled into its present form. The administration of Wolsey immediately

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preceded the convulsions of the reformation; and as no one knew better than he the nature of what was impending, or the causes which were hurrying it forward, he pursued a policy with respect to it which offended equally each of the rival factions. This policy, from causes over which he had no control, failed, and came to nothing; the reformation was left to be carried through by a violent collision; and the Protestant and Catholic fanatics, between whom, for a time, the energy of the country became divided, united to revenge themselves on the memory of the common enemy of both.

His creed was not like that of Sir Thomas More—an actively interested, theoretic apprehension of the Catholic mysteries; it was rather the quiet assent of a sober English mind, to that interpretation of the relation between God and man, which the general understanding of mankind had for centuries agreed to receive; and knowing well at what a cost this interpretation had been arrived at, he regarded the disturbers of it in the light in which, whether right or wrong, such men are always regarded by persons of strong practical intelligence, as wanton and mischievous innovators. The progress of Lutheranism in Germany, connected itself justly in his mind with the civil wars in Europe, the insurrection of the peasants, and the alarming advances of Solyman; and developing as it threatened to do, into theoretic doctrines of anarchy, political as well as spiritual, his plain duty, as an English statesman intrusted with the care of the Commonwealth, appeared to be to extinguish, by all means and at all hazards, that fire, wherever he found it burning. Thus his name figures largely in the martyrology, as a persecutor of the Protestants; yet it would have been well for them if they had never fallen into hands more disposed to deal with them hardly. His object was to suppress heresy as a folly, not to punish it as a crime; and in the lists of those poor men who, in the later years of Henry's reign, fulfilled their course at the stake or on the scaffold, we find many names of persons who had previously been brought before Wolsey, and by him had been persuaded into quietness and dismissed. He contrived, however, and naturally enough, to earn their hatred; they remembered only what he had done against them, not what he had saved them from.

On the other hand, if he saw in Protestantism a danger of anarchy, he saw a still greater danger in the infamy in which the practical life of the Catholic church had steeped itself. The causes of the reformation, which gave it in fact its terrible vantage ground, he read too clearly in the idleness, the sensuality, the worse than profligacy, by which the monastic orders in England had disgraced themselves so fatally; and his whole heart was bent to wash them clean, if cleansing were possible; if it were impossible, sweep them utterly away. Safe from visitation, except from ecclesiastics who were glad to purchase indemnity for their own loose doings, by winking at those of others; in many cases safe from any visitation at all, unless from the Pope, which was equivalent to none, the monks had made good use of their opportunities, and were living in acondition which there is no occasion for us to describe.

This worse than Augean stable, Wolsey set himself to purify. He wrote to the Popes, one after another, concealing nothing. Among the articles of impeachment, we find him accused of having disgraced the English Church by the complaints which he had entered against it. He had not feared to dwell upon its very darkest crime, veiling it under the significant expression of the "animus improbus;" and it was for this that he obtained from the court of Rome his absolute authority as Legate, which, superseding every other power, placed the monasteries throughout England in the joint hands of the king and himself. How far he would have carried out the work of reformation we cannot now tell. He suppressed many of the smaller houses; and he was proposing to suppress many more at the time of his fall. From him Cromwell learned the possibility of what he so grandly afterwards executed; and he is known at least to have expressed a desire to see the entire system of monastic establishments abolished utterly, and their revenues confiscated for the founding of hospitals, and schools, and colleges, from end to end of England.

But if Wolsey had not fallen, if the one fatal difficulty of the divorce had not crossed his path and overthrown him, and if he had retained the favor of Henry, it really seems as if he might have steered England over the breakers in his own way, and done what he intended. He, if any man, could have done it, with his undaunted courage, his vast prudence, his enormous practical ability; and a very large English party, even the king himself, would have been ready to make many sacrifices short of what seemed essential to the interest of the kingdom, to escape a separation from Rome. And then who can say

what would have followed? Protestantism, as a doctrine, would have been extinguished in England. The weight of the country would have been thrown, at the impending council, on the Conservative side, and would have insured its triumph; while, instead of a Council of Trent, which enacted into laws the worst extravagances of Catholicism, we should have had a council moderately and judiciously reforming, to which the Lutherans would have been forced to submit; and the course of all European history would have been different. So in this world the greatest things are linked together with the smallest; and the destinies of mankind, perhaps for all time, may have hung on the resolution of one stout-hearted Spanish woman, who refused, though a Pope and half the world implored her, to surrender her rights as the wife of an English king.

At it was, the Conservative party in England declined into insignificance, the most capable members of it attaching themselves to one or other of the extremes; and, as we saw before how Wolsey had earned the hatred of the Protestants, so the Papal party never forgave him for those imputations so doubly fatal as urged against them by the leader of their own order. They attributed the actual suppression of the monasteries, and the fatal skill with which it was conducted by Cromwell, to Wolsey's designs, and to lessons learnt in Wolsey's closet; and they surrendered his name, with spiteful pleasure, to the vindictiveness of their adversaries. To the latter, as the greatest of all those prelate-statesmen, who so long had "held power in England, he became the type of the haughty, arrogant, overbearing Churchman, in whom," to use the words of Foxe the Martyrologist about him, "was to be seen and noted the express image of the proud, vain-glorious Church of Rome;" whose splendor furnished ready matter for declamatory orations, and could be held up in broad and opposite contrast with the fishermen of the Lake of Galilee. It is easy to see how all this was caused; among ordinary human beings it could not have been otherwise; and thoughtful persons will not allow more weight than is due to the declamation, any more than they will judge hardly the poor preachers who indulged in it. The Smithfield bonfires were indifferent teachers of charity, and the victims and their judges, who to us are alike objects of compassion rather than of anger, could hardly be expected to extend it to one another.

At all events, the Protestants cursed Wolsey as the largest specimen of their worst enemy, and the Catholics made him over to them with all readiness as an expiatory victim. Some middle party, it might have been expected, would have been found of wiser judgment; and such undoubtedly there was in his own time, although even among his contemporaries, also, he had made many enemies. The noble lords found difficulty in reconciling themselves to seeing a butcher's son towering above their heads; and Wolsey, as far as we know did very little towards making it easy for them. A man who went through so much work as he did, had no leisure for delicate persuasiveness, and he was naturally violent and irritable. Clear-sighted in discussion, and swift in execution, he had little patience with high-born imbecility; and as he was not afraid to speak blunt truths in blunt language to kings and emperors, he is likely enough not to have been over courteous in his language at the council table.

And yet even among the Privy Council, where he was generally detested, there was a small minority who thought nobly of him, and spoke nobly; and their judgment, which was no doubt the true and just one, would, in ordinary times, have made its way in the after-generation. The offensive manner would have been forgotten: the substantial thing would have received its due tribute of admiration. But the prudent vigor of a powerful statesman was not a virtue which would recommend itself to an age which was agitated by the collision of two parties equally unreasoning: like only recognizes like, and for the years which intervened between the first mention of the divorce of Catharine and the secure establishment of Elizabeth on the throne, the mind of England was undergoing oscillations, in which, though both sides displayed abundant chivalry, enthusiasm, self-devotion, and other heroical virtues, the quiet words of reason had little chance of being heard. In this period, the historical character of Wolsey shaped itself into the form in which it has ever since remained, and there is little chance that it will now be altered. Himself we will hope that our opinions do not much affect, and if we have constructed out of our imaginations a figure which serves to impress on schoolboys an elementary lesson of morality, he may spare his name to clothe an innocent and useful phantom.

Of what he really was we have indirectly seen something; to describe him truly would be to write some twenty years of European history, which wear the impress of his mind. We English, however, need not look so far to find traits which ought to commend his memory to us—in these democratic days,

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least of all when the people, and the people's interest, appear to be so much cared for. The administration of Wolsey was a prosperous time for the people, who at that time felt no alarm about "over-legislation;" a fair day's wages for a fair day's work was the law of the land; wages and prices were alike fixed by Act of Parliament, and the lowest sum paid weekly to the unskilled laborer would buy more beef and bread and beer than twenty shillings of our money. And Stowe, in a happy moment, has left us another significant testimony to him. We turn our eyes in a very wrong direction if, to ascertain the merits of a chief minister of a great country, we look to his personal intercourse with the courtiers with whom he came in contact, to the number of his retinue, or the furniture of his palace. This is but to trifle with history; and his character is written, not in these, but in the justice or the injustice of his rule.

"He punished perjury with infamy," says Stowe, "so that in his time it was less used than of long time before. He punished, also, lords, knights, and men of all degrees for riots, for bearing out of wrongs, or for maintenance practised in the countries, whereby the poor lived quietly, and no man durst use boistering for fear of inprisonment, It was a strange matter to see a man not trained up in the laws, to sit in the seat of judgment to pronounce the law; being aided, at the first, by such as, according to ancient customs, did sit as associates with him; but he would not stick to determine sundry causes, neither rightly decided nor judged according to law [the law, we suppose, being a little tedious in arriving at *its* right decision; and peremptory judgment is a little arbitrary, being on the whole in many cases preferable]; and, again, such as were clear cases, [in law,] he would some times prohibit the same to pass, call them into judgment, frame an order in controversies, and punish such as came with untrue surmises, as also the judges themselves which had received such surmises, and not well considered of the controversies of the parties. Also, he ordained by the king's commission divers under courts, to hear the complaints, by bill, of poor men, that they might the sooner come by justice; so that wise men have reported never to have seen this realm in better obedience and quiet than it was in the time of his authority and rule; nor justice better administered with indifference."

Sensible persons who will really weigh this passage,) and it would be easy, if we had time, to illustrate it in ample detail from the statutes passed under his administration,) will see cause to reconsider their judgment, if they have allowed it to flow with the common stream; for larger praise could not be given to any governor of any nation. What is it but an acknowledgment that the work which he was set to do, in all its essential features, he did most excellently; and by the side of this, all outward faults, all insolence of manner, and, if it must be so, even vulgarities, sink into insignificance. If the same intellect which he expended upon the welfare of the England of his own age had been laid out in producing any thing which would have visibly endured to posterity; if it had gone into books which we could ourselves read, or into pictures which we could see, or into any other of the secondary materials upon which the mind of a great man is able to impress itself, our judgments would not stray so wildly; and the visible greatness of the work produced would have taught us long ago to forget the petty blemishes on the surface of the workman's character. But so it is with human things. The greatest men of all, those men whose energies are spent, not in constructing immortal mausoleums for their own glory, but in guiding and governing nations wisely and righteously, sink their real being in the life of mankind; the shell and the surface only remain to us, and we deal with them as we see.

Whatever Wolsey tried, as Fox says, he did most admirably, whether it was the distributing justice among the people, or in reining the ambition of the princes of Europe, or the ordering the economy of a court. Even Hall, in spite of himself, has left a tribute to his conduct; which, notwithstanding the injustice of the language in which it is conveyed, is still transparently favorable. The Civil Service then, as now, was encumbered with unprofitable servants. Incapable members of noble families were hanging upon the court as the idle appendages of it; "and the Cardinal made ordinances concerning it, which be at this day called the Statutes of Eltham, the which, some said, were more profitable than honorable."—Hall, 707.

"It was considered," he goes on, "that the great numbers of the yeomen of the guard were very chargeable, and that there were many officers far stricken in age, which had servants at the court. And so the king was served with their servants, and not with his own servants, which was thought not convenient; whereupon the officers' servants were put out of the court and old officers dismissed, [with pensions,] and put out of wages.

"Alas! what sorrow, what lamentation was made when all these persons should depart the court! Some said the poor servants were undone, and must steal. Some said that they were found of the reversion of the officers' services, so that for them was nothing more set out upon the

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dressers, and it was great charity to find them; others said that now they would poll and pill in their counties, and oppress the poor people. Thus every man had his saying."

Very dishonorable, doubtless, all this, in the opinion of persons to whom right and wrong are alike consecrated by antiquity, and abuses overgrown till they are no longer tolerable, are the expanded virtues of the good old times.

It may be that Wolsey was unwisely splendid in his outward habits. It may be that, having been born in a poor man's family, he valued the magnificences and pomps of life more highly than they are valued by those to whom such things are familiar from their cradles. If it were so, the crime is a venial one. But to us his chief fault appears rather to have been too great a recklessness of the opinion of others: he did not care to avoid the odium which so much display would inevitably entail upon him; an odium which he ought to have foreseen, and taken measures to escape. And yet his splendor was but one more exhibition of the same nature in him, which was every way great. Prodigally gifted with the most varied powers, with exquisite tastes of all kinds, taste for music, taste for painting, taste for architecture, taste for every thing which was beautiful or magnificent, the vast rewards which were heaped upon him from every court in Europe—rewards not for underhand service, but for honest work honestly done—enabled him to gratify such tastes in the most gorgeous manner; and he did gratify them, and that is all. If he had been born a nobleman, it would have been called honorable and glorious. In the son of the poor man, who had conquered his position, not by divine right of primogeniture, but by his own genius and the grace of God, it was vulgarity and paltry ostentation.

But inasmuch as any attempt at an active picture of what Wolsey was, is beyond our scope, and for the present we desire only to reopen the question whether he has, or has not, been fairly dealt with; this purpose will best be answered by narrowing our compass and confining ourselves to an examination of those special actions which have been made matter of heaviest complaint against him. And of these, perhaps, there will be as many as we shall be able to deal with—his aspirations after the papacy, his conduct about Queen Catharine's divorce, and the (supposed) abject nature of his behavior in his disgrace.

The first and the last are represented as the counterparts of each other; the same essential vulgarity of mind displaying itself alternately in the arrogancy of an enormous self-confidence, and in a prostrate imbecility when flung back upon its own resources. The second is what tells most heavily against him in the opinion of serious persons, and on so great a matter we shall of course be able to touch but slightly. We shall be able to see, however, the principles on which he acted; and if our view of his history be a correct one, they will be found remarkably characteristic of him.

First, then, for the matter of the popedom—the standard topic of declaration against him among the early Protestant writers; and there is a curious paralogism in their invectives which is not unamusing. On the one hand, the anti-Christian character of the Roman bishop is reflected upon the aspirant to the see. To be anti-Christ was bad, but to have desired to become anti-Christ was infinitely monstrous. On the other hand, the outward position of the popedom, the spiritual sovereignty of Europe, with an independent principality attached to it, placed its possessors on a level with crowned heads; and for the butcher's cur to aspire to such a dignity was an enormous audacity. Sweeping our minds clear of this and similar folly, and looking at the thing really as it was, it is hard to say why, if Wolsey felt any ambition to become pope, it was an ambition which he was not at perfect liberty to entertain. Being already a member of the College of Cardinals, from among whom the popes were chosen, why, if he so wished, might he not innocently desire a position which he was so admirably qualified to occupy? The fact happens to be, however, that he desired nothing of the kind; the pontifical throne not at that time being in such a condition that the seat upon it was in any way a thing to be coveted; the name of a power and not the thing, an authority without a sword, a spiritual empire in full mutiny, and the rulers of it left with no weapon to enforce order, except the idle thunders which had become but a vain sound—this was no position for which the first minister of the strongest power in Europe would gladly have exchanged his place, or which he would very readily have accepted, if it had been offered to him. Of course he would have accepted it, because he at one time canvassed for it; but he canvassed for it without his own goodwill, and at the entreaty, and at last at the command, of Henry.

These are not assertions which do not ad-

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mit of being proved. The first occasion on which he was named in the conclave was on the vacancy caused by the death of Leo the Tenth in 1522, the vacancy ultimately filled by Adrian the Sixth. That he was proposed at this time without his own knowledge, and by a spontaneous act of some of the Italian cardinals, is evident from the history of the election, which is related in the simplest manner in a letter to Wolsey himself from the English ambassador, where the general attitude of the different parties, the causes which led to the proposal of Wolsey, and the probable feelings with which he himself would be likely to regard the chances of his own election, are detailed with all the openness of confidential correspondence. Obviously, it was a thing which, in the opinion of the ambassador, he had never thought of, and which it was not likely that he would desire. Others, not himself, desired it for him, for no other reason than because he was the fittest person; and his election was not carried, on grounds in the highest degree honorable to him. The letter is printed by Ellis, 3d Series, vol. i., p. 307-8. The writer is Dr. Clerke, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. He begins with the common story of the factions in the conclave; and tells them with a *naïveté* which, considering the occasion of them, theoretically ought to be startling. That is to say, in the election of the supreme head of Christ's Church, the degree of religious feeling amounted to nothing, and Dr. Clerke sees not the least occasion to be surprised at it. He tells us of the Imperial faction, of the French faction, the Medici faction; how they divided this way and divided that way, neither of them being strong enough to carry their own man, and combining, therefore, in alternate pairs to defeat the third. Of any honest faction, either actually existing, or even as a thing to be desired, we hear nothing.

"In these distractions," he continues, "your grace, as indifferent and very meet for the room, was proposed, and, as I am credibly informed, had in every scrutiny certain voices; that is to say, in the first, nine; in the second, twelve; in the third, nineteen; and if by the varying of any of the said cardinals, three or four had made any access to the said nineteen, the residue were determined to have fallen in, and your grace *unanimi consensu*, had been chosen pope. Three objections were made by those of the contrary part; saying, first, your grace was too young; secondly, that they had certain knowledge that ye were determined to truth and the execution of justice; *et ita tanquam assueti in hâc libertate et nimiâ vivendi licentiâ*, divers of them were right sore afraid to come under your discipline; thirdly, that ye favored not all the best the emperor.—To the which objections the Cardinal de Medici, [afterwards Clement the Seventh,] Campegius, and Sedunensis, showed unto me that they replied, declaring your grace's merits and qualities, without omitting any part thereof; assuring me that if the king's pleasure had been known, and that your grace would have accepted the said room, the matter would have taken effect. For the advancement whereof I did not greatly labor before their entry into the conclave, because your grace, at my departing, showed me precisely that ye would never meddle therewith. And on my faith, were not the king's persuasions, I should stand yet in great doubt whether your grace would accept it or no, if it were offered you, the thing is in such disorder, ruin, and decay, and every day shall be more and more, except God help and Christian princes set their hands—.—It should be long to write unto your grace of the reported chiding, brawling, and scolding between these cardinals, and of their great schisms of dissensions, their malicious, untruthful, uncharitable demeanor, one of them against the other, which every day increased while they were together."

So disappear the legends of the great cardinal, one after the other: the "heaped-up wealth," "to fee his friend in Rome to gain the popedom;" the agony of mortified ambition; Charles's promised help and broken word; Wolsey's revengeful spleen, and the thousand other historic fancies with which the story has been dressed up for us. They are all gone, "like the baseless fabric of a vision:" would that we could say we should never hear them more. It is true that, on the next vacancy, Wolsey did actively offer himself as a candidate: there are letters extant from him to his agent in Rome, directing the manner in which the canvass should be conducted. The object was, to prevent the ascendancy of either the French or the Imperial parties; and the election was to be secured either to himself, or, if that proved impossible, to the Cardinal de Medici, who, it was then hoped, could be trusted as an independent person, although the contrary was afterwards proved so fatally. In the voluminous correspondence in which this whole business is discussed, Wolsey invariably represents himself as ready to undertake a position, on public considerations and because Henry desired it, to which he was personally much disinclined: so he writes to others, so he writes to the king, and so the king to him; and again, in communicating to Henry the election of the Cardinal de Medici, he writes in the tone of a person who was sincerely pleased with the result, and regarded it as a matter of congratulation both to the king

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and himself. It is most natural that the English government, whose office was that of arbiter and peacemaker in the quarrels of Europe, should desire a person on the papal throne who would support the English policy; just as the French government desired a pope who would support Francis, and the emperor a pope exclusively Imperial. If there is one feature in the popular version of this matter more absurd than that of Wolsey's personal mortification at Charles's disappointing him of support, it is the idea that so shrewd-eyed a statesman could have supposed Charles's consent to his election under any circumstances a possibility. His letters, expressing an apparent unwillingness, have long been known; and shallow-brained historians have interpreted them as a young lady's verbal refusal of a proposal, or a bishop's "nolo episcopari." It is a misfortune that such writers are so ready in explaining the actions of public men, as resulting so invariably from private and paltry motives. If they had considered the simple and obvious points suggested by Dr. Clerke in the letters which we quoted, they could have seen that, even as a personal question of worldly interest, the primate and prime minister of England would have lost rather than gained by a change to the papacy.

There is nothing for a reasonable man to do, except to believe that, for once at least, Wolsey was saying no more than the truth: and that the real bearings of the case were those which were laid down by Clerke. The name of the papacy has a grand sound. It had been powerful in the earlier centuries; in the reäction against the Reformation it became powerful again. At the period at which it was within the reach of the English cardinal, it was at the lowest ebb of helpless discrepitude—as, indeed, this very poor Cardinal de Medici, his successful rival, had to learn, to his bitter cost, when, shut up in his castle of St. Angelo, he looked out upon his city of Rome in the hands of 50,000 brigands, his churches pillaged, his holy women polluted on the altar, his bishops shamefully mutilated in the streets, and his own image (in default of his most sacred person, which, if they could have caught, they would assuredly have treated in the same manner) paraded by a band of drunken Germans, on a mule's back about the city, with a damsel of a doubtful reputation lashed fast to it.

Surely when such a fate was impending over the papacy, it was not so great an object of ambition. Rather, we think, that when such a man as Wolsey gave his consent to be placed in nomination for it, we can but place such consent as a large item on the credit side of his account.

We will leave this most foolish matter, for one of infinitely greater significance.

Throughout the length of Henry the Eighth's much-questioned career, the one act for which he has been judged most heavily by posterity, and as a penal retribution for which his subsequent misfortunes are by many persons thought to have followed, was his separation from Catharine of Arragon. In the early years of his reign he prospered in all which he undertook: he was generous, chivalric, and humane: no sooner was that one false step taken than his entire nature is supposed to have undergone a change, and he became a barbarous and cruel tyrant; unfortunate because tyrannical. We do not say that this is what we ourselves believe, but it is very generally believed by others, and wears, it must be allowed, a strong outward versimilitude. Undoubtedly, whatever was the cause, Henry's actions and Henry's reign did, from that period, assume an entirely altered complexion.

There are, however, in that matter of the divorce, a number of circumstances that have not received that consideration which they deserve; and the question is not so simple as at first sight it appears. Many things, seen by the light of their consequences, throw shadows where shadows ought not to fall; and our business is rather the aspect of affairs which was presented to the actors in them, when that which is past to us was a dark and uncertain future. The king's proceedings are interpreted for us in the usual way, by personal feelings; he is represented as weary of his wife, and entertaining a passion for another woman, which he was unable to gratify by less violent methods. The course which he pursued is considered, therefore, unmixedly evil—evil in its origin, and evil in its execution; and all persons abetting him, Wolsey among the rest, so long as he remained on the king's side, are considered accomplices in his crime.

Now, without at this moment considering how far this account be or be not true, as regards Henry, we must call attention to certain facts in the existing condition of the kingdom which place the conduct of his council in a light widely different. If we appear to be flying off upon irrelevant matters, we must beg our readers to believe that it is not without reason; and that what we are going to say has a direct bearing upon the point at issue.

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The succession to the English crown had never from the period of the Heptarchy been so distinctly settled in the line of primogeniture as to preclude repeated interruption of that line by methods violent or peaceful. In proportion to the degree of power vested in the sovereign, is the necessity that such power shall fall into the hands of a person not incompetent to exercise it; and the competency so much desired was found often in other members of the royal family than in the immediate and legitimate heir. Under the Saxon, it can be scarcely said that, even in theory, the father was succeeded by the son. Alfred was the youngest of four brothers who reigned all one after the other, though the second had several children: and questions of race, as between Harold and William, were often more important by far than consanguinity. Again, among the Normans, the same uncertainty prevailed; and although under the later Plantagenets, the succession descended for five generations without a break in the line of the eldest born, yet the custom had not yet so organized itself into a law that an interruption of it was regarded as a crime. Theoretically, Henry the Fourth was a usurper, and so were his son and grandson; and yet their usurpation only became a crime, when the sceptre passed into hands too feeble to defend it; and we cannot suppose that the terrible struggle between the rival Roses was caused by an inability to trace the steps of a very simple pedigree. It was not so clear that the right did really lie with the representative of the elder born, that a question might not be fairly raised upon it. Richard III. preferred his claims as lawful, and Henry IV. refused to acknowledge that he reigned in right of his wife. The law, however it stood in words, was as yet unsettled in the judgments of the people, and it lay with them at any moment to suspend it by the interposition of their will.

But the kingdom had suffered so fearfully in the wars of the Roses, that a disputed succession, after a quarter of a century of quietness had enabled the nation to collect itself, was thenceforward the one terrible evil on which its wiser statesmen looked with greatest alarm. Visions of new Towtons and Barnets rose before them with every fresh hint of a rival claimant; and although in Henry VIII. the lines of the two houses centred, yet there were latent embers of faction smouldering on many sides, which an accidental combination of circumstances might at any time fan into a civil war; and we cannot but think that the want of definite effort to realize the danger and the responsibility of governing a people under such conditions as these, has betrayed us into exceedingly mistaken judgments on many points of grave importance. We, to whom the uncertain future has become a fixed, unchanging past, perceive clearly that no such convulsions as were anticipated did actually take effect: we conceive that we can see good reasons in the condition of the country to satisfy us that they could not have taken effect; and we blame the severity of the Government, which alone, perhaps, prevented them. The execution of the Earl of Warwick by Henry VII., that of the Duke of Buckingham by Wolsey, and far more, those other terrible sentences which darken the later years of Henry VIII., we do not hesitate to speak of as murders: the idea of danger to the state being utterly rejected, as a plea either of cowardice trembling at imaginary dangers, or of falsehood stooping to conceal its cruelty behind groundless and futile accusation. And surely nothing but an absence of sympathy, a want of a genuine desire to understand, could have led us so wide of the real feelings which influenced the actions of the State; or we should have felt that, whether there was or was not a real occasion for fear, the very dream of it must have been enough to make strong men tremble, within so few years of the close of the most dreadful civil war which had ever desolated a country within the annals of human history.

And now let us turn to the year 1527, in which the question was first opened of the divorce between Henry and Queen Catherine. So far, the admirable government of Henry and his own noble qualities had been rewarded by the attached loyalty of the people. The Duke of Buckingham had conspired against him at home, and Richard de la Pole had for twenty years intrigued against him at the foreign courts, levying forces, as opportunity offered, to attempt an invasion; but in neither case had any serious impression been made upon the country, and Henry's throne had been substantially safe from danger. But statesmen cannot regard a government as established on a tolerable basis which depends on the continuance of a single life; and the question which they asked themselves was, not how long it would remain secure in the king's lifetime, but how it would be if he were to die. And here, again, the same carelessness of which we have so much complained in later writers, has made them wholly blind to the situation of the kingdom.

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With ourselves it is a very simple matter to find the heir to a vacant throne: it is but to arrange the various members of the blood-royal by an easy calculation of their degrees of approximation to the last sovereign, and the question is instantly determined. And so it is supposed, in a loose way, that it must always have been similarly easy, and never could have presented any real difficulty. At the time of which we speak, however, nothing could be more difficult. The loyalty which was felt for Henry might and would be transferred to his legitimate children; but if he died without children, or if fair ground existed of questioning their birth, consequences of the most dreadful kind could scarcely fail to ensue. The nearest heir in that case was James of Scotland; and a technical difficulty instantly presented itself which only the sword could resolve: according to the law of the constitution, no stranger born out of the realm could succeed; but the validity of that law was still open to question, and James, with all the power of France at his back, would not fail to try it. Again, setting aside the point of law, it is also certain, on other grounds, that the English nation at that time would never have submitted to receive a king from Scotland; and that such a king, if he had succeeded would only have succeeded by conquest. It is not easy for us at this distance of time to realize the feelings with which the two nations regarded each other when the scars of Flodden Field were yet green, and the blackened granges on either side of the border kept alive a perennial hatred; but feelings did really exist which could have made the peaceful accession of James an impossibility. No accounts remain to us of the discussion which passed upon the matter in Henry's reign; but at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, when the succession question was debated in Parliament, a speech was made by Sir Ralph Sadler, which remarkably illustrates the distempered jealousies which lay in the way of the union of the kingdoms. Sadler had been a privy councillor for twenty years under Henry: he had served and continued to serve almost till the close of the century, and his sentiments may be taken fairly to represent what was felt by the great body of the gentlemen of England. The debate was then whether Mary of Scotland should or should not be nominated to succeed Elizabeth; and it must be remembered, that the obstacles raised against her nomination existed in treble force thirty-five years before. A peace of three-quarters of a century, and the interests of a common faith, which the English and the Scotch had to defend against the world, hardly sufficed to heal over the old wounds.

The speaker, after describing his unwillingness, as a natural-born Englishman, to submit to the dominion of a stranger, and declaring how much the nation had ever detested it, goes on to relate the negotiations in which he had been employed by Henry for the marriage of Prince Edward with Mary Stuart,

"While this matter was in treaty," he says, "and after it was agreed on, and before it was ratified, I had sundry conferences with divers Scottishmen to understand their affections; and amongst others with one Otterbourn, Sir Adam Otterbourn, a knight, reputed to be as wise a man as any was in Scotland. He was sundry times ambassador here with King Henry the Eighth from the last king of Scotland; and with him I discoursed of the great benefit and quietness like to ensue of that marriage between those two princes, whereby the two realms should be united and conjoined under one regiment. And in our talk it seemed to me that he could not choose, but broke out in these words—'Why think you,' said he, 'that this treaty will be performed?' 'Why not?' said I. 'I assure you,' said he, 'it is not possible, for our people do not like of it. And though the governor and some of the nobility for certain respects have consented to it, 'yet,' said he, 'I know that few or none of them do like of it; and our common people do utterly mislike of it.'—I told him it was very strange to me to understand their affections to be such, considering the great weal and benefit that must needs ensue of it: the opportunity and occasion thereof being offered as it were by God's Providence, having left unto them a young princess and to us a young prince, by the marriage of which two princes, the two realms being knit and conjoined in one, the subjects of the same which have always been infested with the wars might live in wealth and perpetual peace.—'I pray you,' said he, 'give me leave to ask you a question; and this was his question in these words—'If,' said he, 'your lad were a lass, and our lass were a lad, would you then,' said he, 'be so earnest in this matter, and would you be content that our lad should marry your lass, and so be king of England?' I answered, that, considering the great good that might ensue of it, I would not shew myself zealous to my country if I should not content to it. 'Well,' said he, 'if you had the lass and we the lad, we could be well content with it; but,' said he, 'I cannot believe that your nation would agree to have a Scot to be king of England, and likewise I assure you,' said he, 'that our nation, being a stout nation, will never agree to have an Englishman to be king over Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, yet our common people and the stones in the street would rise and rebel against it.' This was his saying unto me, and others said to the like effect; whereby you may

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better understand the affection and disposition of these Scots in this case. And even as they said it followed: for bye and bye, after the treaty was ratified, the governor and nobility of Scotland revolted from it, contrary to their oath, like false forsworn Scots; whereupon the wars ensued, whereof they worthily feel the smart unto this day. Now if these proud, beggarly Scots did so much disdain to yield to the superiority of England, and that they choose rather to be perjured and abide the extremity of the wars and force of England, than they would consent to have an Englishman to be their king by such lawful means of marriage—why should we for any respect yield unto their Scottish superiority, or consent to establish a Scot in succession to the crown of this realm, contrary to the laws of this realm; and thereby do so great an injury as to disinherit the nearest heir of our own nation? Surely, for my part, I cannot consent to it; and I fear, lest I may say with the Scot, that though we do all agree to it, yet our common people and the stones in the street would rebel against it. Thus I have declared my affection concerning the regiment of a strange prince over us, wherein, whatsoever may be gathered of my words, I mean as well to my country as becometh a natural and a good Englishman."*

In these words, however the special circumstances under which they were delivered may appear to be different from the circumstances of the period with which we are now engaged, and the point of objection to be raised upon a matter which arose subsequent to it, a thoughtful reader will nevertheless discover the presence of feelings which would have soon risen into a storm if a Scotch king had been proposed as Henry's successor; and the support which James would have desired and obtained from France would have alienated the slight favor, which he might have looked for from the more calm and reasonable of the English statesmen. So it stood with respect to the nearest claimant. Turning to the others, who would have presented themselves at home, all hope of a unanimous choice was at once lost in their number; nothing could be looked for but a renewal of the civil wars in all their horrors: the opportunity would be eagerly seized for an invasion from France and Scotland; and with England torn by faction, and uncertain where her allegiance was due, the result of a well-concerted attack upon her would be doubtful indeed. The claims of the Duke of Buckingham had descended through his daughter to the Norfolk Howards. The duke of Norfolk would have claimed in right of his wife (as the Earl of Surrey showed actual intention of doing twenty years later.) Richard de la Pole had been killed at Pavia; but his right was represented by the fierce and haughty Countess of Salisbury, and her sons, Reginald and Geoffrey Pole. The Duke of Suffolk, who had married Henry's sister, would have unquestionably claimed in right of her; and there was not the slightest probability that either of these aspirants would have waived his pretensions in favor of a rival. To such elements of faction, let us only add the powerful animosity of the Protestants, with whom one party or another would have unquestionably identified itself; and what a future, in the judgment of any rational statesmen, must have appeared to await England, if Henry's family failed! To this family he would have turned as his only hope; and the condition in which it was standing must have been little calculated to reassure him. Henry, immediately on coming to the throne, had married his brother's wife. A connection with England had been so anxiously desired by Ferdinand that, on the death of Prince Arthur, when Henry was not yet fourteen, he had sued at Rome for a dispensation which would preserve it unbroken; and this dispensation had been granted by Julius the Second, although granted with great unwillingness. When, however, further pressed for the completion of the marriage, the mind of Henry the Seventh misgave him. A large party in the English council, at the head of which was the Archbishop of Canterbury, believed it to be incestuous, and the old king obliged his son by a formal act, which is still extant, to renounce an intention which might provoke the anger of God. Unfortunately, Catherine was permitted to remain in England; and on the death of Henry the Seventh, the new monarch being but a boy of eighteen at the time, was persuaded by the majority of the privy council that his father's scruples were without foundation and that the marriage was for the interests of the country.

The doubt, however, which had thus from the first clung about the connection remained undispelled. Whether the dispensing power of the Pope extended within the degrees of prohibition laid down absolutely in the Levitical law, was a question as yet undecided; and it was a matter the after judgment upon which would depend upon the effects which followed it. If the issue had been fortunate, if Catherine's sons had lived, and the Tudor family had thus been confirmed upon the throne, it would have been thought that Providence had pronounced in its favor, and all uncertainty would have been removed.

* Sadler's Papers, vol. iii. p. 325—6.

Unhappily, the issue was every thing which was most unfortunate; and the deaths of three princes successively, within a few days of their birth, appeared as significantly to mark God's displeasure, as their lives would have evinced his favor. The time was once in which the direct government of God by special providence was believed by everybody; and the significance of these judgments as an expression of the Divine will was in proportion to the importance of what depended on them. We see no reason, therefore, to doubt Henry's word when, at the first opening of the question, he stated that he had for seven years (*i. e.* from 1520) been uneasy in conscience; that he had for all this period abstained from the queen's bed, and that he had no intention of returning to it. It is not with Henry, however, that we are at present concerned, but with the statesmen, and especially with Wolsey, whose duty it was to advise him. Under such circumstances there was no prospect (even if her age had not placed it out of the question on other grounds) that Catherine would bear any more children; and the hopes of the nation rested solely on the life of the Princess Mary. The right of a woman to succeed, being a novel feature in English history, would undoubtedly be challenged; but it was hoped, especially if her position could be strengthened by a well-chosen and popular marriage, that it would be possible to sustain it without serious opposition. It was doubtful, but it was not an impossibility.

This precarious hope, however, appeared to be wholly destroyed when, on the proposal to marry her, first to her cousin Charles the Fifth, and then to one or other of the sons of the French king, her legitimacy was openly called in question, both in the Cortes and in the French Council.

Obviously, as matters stood in the year 1527, when, if this question of the succession could be decided, England, and England only, of all the countries in Europe, seemed likely to ride out the storm which was bursting everywhere; England would lose her chance also, if the stability of that succession depended on any assistance either from France, Germany, or Spain; obviously, the cloud which hung over Mary's birth would be made use of by any or by all of the foreign powers, if an opportunity presented itself to wound or humble England by its means. James of Scotland had his own hopes to maintain, and had Flodden to revenge. France had been twice invaded by Henry; in repeated engagements by land and sea, the French had been defeated; but two years before, it seemed as if there might be another Agincourt, and Paris itself would fall—and these scores remained to be paid. Of what Charles might do, so much only was certain, that his relationship with Mary would cease to bind him to her, when to support her had ceased to be to his advantage.

In such a state of things, what was the duty of an adviser of the English king, when it was proposed that he should take another wife, and thus, since it was not otherwise possible, to provide an heir whose legitimacy could not be challenged for the throne? When the sovereign power of a kingdom, either by divine law, or from political necessity, decends in order of birth from father to child, the marriages of princes, on which so much depends, have been ever determined by considerations beyond those which concern the rest of us. A king

> May not, as unvalued persons do,
> Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
> The safety and the health of the whole state;
> And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
> Unto the voice and yielding of that body
> Whereof he is the head:

and the same respects which influence the first entrance into such connections remain in force to affect the continuance of them, to loose as well as to bind, to dissolve as well as to bring together. That dispensing power of the popes to permit marriages within the forbidden degrees, or to dissolve the most unexceptionable marriages when formed, was vested in them expressly to provide for the extraordinary contingencies which must and will, from time to time, arise in human things; and the question for us only is, whether the conditions of the times which we are describing were, or were not, such as called for the exercise of that power, or justified Wolsey in advising Henry to seek for it. It is not whether a kingdom's welfare is, under any circumstances, a reason for a dissolution of marriage; that is conceded in the existence of the power to dissolve; it is only whether the welfare of England, in the year 1527, required the dissolution of the marriage between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon? And as soon as this is fairly considered among us, it will be answered again, as Hall tells us it was answered at the time: All the men will answer one way, and all the women the other. No doubt it is a very sad and a very tragic thing, that a noble and innocent lady should thus be sacrificed on the altar of a nation's prosperity—unhappily a liability to

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such misfortunes is the price which kings and queens have paid, and must ever pay, for their great place, while they remain more than shadows. In the balance of the Fates, power and responsibility weigh even one against the other; and a debt is scored against them for all which they receive, which may never be required of them, but if it be required, the Fates are cruel creditors. When the interests of a nation lie on one side, and the interests of a single person on the other, it is not hard to say on which side the sacrifice will fall; where it *ought* to fall may remain a question; but there is no question where it *will*. The case of Queen Catherine was rendered peculiarly painful by her foreign birth. From an Englishwoman, the country would have had a right to demand a cheerful acquiescence in what the country required of her. But such disinterested patriotism could not be expected from a stranger, who had entered it in a private relation, and who depended in a distinct and peculiar manner on the good faith, the honor, and affection of the prince whom she had married. Considerations of this kind, however, are matters of feeling, and of feeling only: they will deepen, as they ought to deepen, our sympathy with the undeserved sufferings of an unfortunate princess; but they cannot affect the course of action which the necessities of the state prescribe. A lady accepts in marriage whatever is contingent upon her new position, whether for happiness or sorrow; and we are not to ask ourselves what degree of compassion we ought to feel for Queen Catherine, for we cannot feel too much; but what was the right course for a minister of state to pursue when called upon to advise his sovereign?

We are speaking of the question in its more early stages as an ordinary political difficulty, and before it had connected itself with those other momentous matters with which it became afterwards involved. In its political aspect it was regarded by Wolsey; and the necessity of a divorce was perceived by him with such intense clearness, that nothing which man could do was left undone by him to accomplish it. Not only he saw that it was essential to the prospects of England, but he saw also that the English nation themselves knew it to be essential, and that so determined were they to protect themselves from a fresh war of succession, cost what it might, they would carry it through. This is what he insists upon to the Pope. This is the one string on which he harps, without change of note, in the vast mass which remains to us of his correspondence with the ambassador at Rome. Laying out the condition of the kingdom with utmost perspicacity, the divorce, he says, ought to be granted, and must be granted; if it be not granted freely, the nation will take it, and worse will follow. And Clement knew as well as he, that he did not exaggerate the danger, for the English Parliament, finding him backward, had sent him, *suo mero motu*, a message from themselves to sharpen his resolution, more than confirming Wolsey. "Causa Regiæ Majestatis (so it ran) nostra cujusque propria est a capite in membra derivata. Dolor ad omnes atque injuria ex æquo pertinet;" and if his Holiness will not give his consent, "nostri nobis curam esse relictam ut aliunde nobis remedia conquiramus."* Nor was the Pope himself at all slow to acknowledge the justice of so evident a cause. He too, in his own way, is not the least tragical figure in this most tragic story; his poor infallibility called on suddenly to exert itself on a matter where divine guidance was specially clamored for, the English ambassador at one ear with Henry's imperious "You shall;" and Charles's German army at the other with an equally significant "You shall not:"—in his own poor breast no voice but the whispering of fear and imbecility, and no refuge anywhere, except in his own most human wit, which, to do him justice, never failed him. "True," he said once to Gardiner, who was vulgarly taunting him with his infallibility, "there is a saying in the canon law that God has placed all knowledge in the writing-desk of the Pope's breast, (in scrinio Papæ pectoris,) but I am afraid he forgot to let him have the key." It was a dumb oracle—

> muto Parnassus hiatu
> Conticuit pressitque Deum.

From such a Pope little was to be looked for. In a weak moment, however, he granted a commission to try the cause in England: he signed a formal note allowing the justice of the king's cause, promising at the same time not to admit an appeal to himself from the jurisdiction of the legate; and at Wolsey's earnest demand, some slight successes of the French army at Naples being brought to bear upon him at the same moment, he even granted an absolute decree in Henry's favor, though it was drawn up in a private manner, and a promise was given that it should never

* This curious fact will be found in D'Ewe's journals. It was mentioned in the Succession Debate under Elizabeth.

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be produced except in the event of his recalling the commission. In the choice of the legate, too, who was to be joined with Wolsey, there seemed to be a desire, at least outwardly, to gratify Henry: for Cardinal Campeggio was intimately connected with the English party in the conclave, and Henry himself was entirely pleased with the selection of him. At the time of Campeggio's arrival, indeed, Clement must have hoped that some arrangement was possible without coming to extremities with either Henry or with Charles: for the instructions to the legate were to dissuade Henry from persisting, but in the Pope's name to entreat Catherine to consent to be separated from him, and to retire into a nunnery. And well it would have been for Catherine, well it would have been for the Pope, for Europe, for Charles the Fifth, perhaps for England, if she had consented. Parliament would have declared her daughter legitimate; and she herself might have passed what remained to her of life in comparative happiness, carrying with her into her retirement the admiration and the gratitude of the Catholic world. Yet we can neither be surprised at her refusal, nor can we blame her for it. She was a right noble woman; but her nobleness was of the Spanish, not the English kind. Proud, imperious, and inflexible, by no act of her own would she stoop to acknowledge that any shadow lay either on her good name or on her child's, though England, Europe, and the world was wrecked for it. Narrow she was; without broad or genial sympathies, without heroism in its highest sense; but from the thing which she believed to be right, threats could not terrify her, persuasions bend, or promises cajole her. She resisted: the Emperor (it was perhaps the only fatal blunder of his life) supported and encouraged her; and what followed we all know.*

The feelings with which Wolsey regarded the failure of all his hopes, it is not difficult to conjecture. Before the legate's court was opened, the course which the proceedings were to follow, had already been determined between the Pope, the Emperor, and the Queen; and among the inevitable consequences which he foresaw, his own ruin we can well believe was that which caused him least anxiety. If he had cared only for his individual interests, it was easy for him to secure them: he had only to do what was done by the vast majority of the English bishops, abbots, and clergy—to go along with the English party—and he would have endeared himself to Henry for ever. But he found himself with a divided allegiance, owing obedience to two authorities, both of whom it was no longer possible to obey; and he did not hesitate to make his choice, though involving, as he well knew, his certain destruction. He had advised the divorce: he had labored for it with all his strength so long as there were a chance that it could be obtained without separation from Rome. When the Pope had made his final decision, ruinous as he knew that decision was to himself, ruinous as he believed it to be to the earthly interests of the Church, he submitted to his spiritual superior, and obeyed a command which he knew to be madness, sooner than violate his duty. We have looked to find any other account of his conduct, and we have looked in vain. One fact we have found indeed, and a most curious one, which has never we believe been noticed hitherto, throwing remarkable light upon his character. The agitation of these two trying years had harassed him beyond his strength, and his mind must have lost something of its natural power. He was old, nearly approaching sixty. His life had been enormously laborious: he was infirm in body, and failing already under the influence of the disease of which he soon after died. It is easy to understand, therefore, that he may have been less equal to the crisis than he would have been twenty years before; and more susceptible of influences which in better times would have touched him little. There are many traditions of Wolsey's superstition. Cavendish mentions various instances of it in the last year of his life: and it is even said that he possessed a crystal. In this business of the divorce, it is beyond doubt that he allowed himself to be worked

* Sir H. Ellis (Letters, 1st Series, vol. i., p. 274) has printed a letter which he considers to be a joint composition of Henry and Queen Catherine, addressed to Wolsey. The signature is mutilated by fire; Henry's name can be read, the writer of the other portion of the letter is identified by the handwriting. He does not seem to be aware, however, that the same letter was found and printed by Burnet; and that in Burnet's time the signature was to be read in full, the two writers being not Henry and Queen Catherine, but Henry and Anne Boleyn. Whatever is to be said about the handwriting, it is impossible to doubt that Burnet gives the name of the second writer correctly, and Sir H. Ellis is mistaken. Queen Catherine would not have written for "news of the legate, which she hopes shall be very good," neither would she have addressed Wolsey "in the most humblest wyse that her heart can think." She was not the person to feel humble towards Wolsey, or to pretend to be so when she was not.

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upon by the celebrated nun of Kent. Her story may or may not be familiar to our readers: it is long, and in this place we can do no more than allude to it. She was a woman subject to fits, in which she displayed those peculiar powers, whatever they are, with which we are now familiar in mesmeric patients. There was sufficient reality in these powers to deceive the woman herself; unadulterated imposition is never an adequate account of such cases; and as animal magnetism and the odyle fluid were as yet undiscovered forces, half a dozen profligate monks were able to persuade her that she possessed supernatural gifts. Under their tuition she gave herself out as a prophetess; and for ten years she professed to have visions from Heaven, and to communicate the judgments of the Higher Powers on weighty matters of state. Once launched upon such a course, self-deception soon ceased to be possible; and she became entangled as a matter of course in conscious and palpable falsehoods: so much so that when she was detected and condemned to be executed, the poor thing believed herself never to have been more than a deceiver; and the last falsehood which she told was probably an exaggerated confession of her own guilt.

In the days of her fame, however, while the divorce was still pending, she declared that she had received the clearest revelations in condemnation of it; and among other great persons whose opinions upon it she influenced, it is without surprise, but with no little compassion, that we find Wolsey. She was introduced to him by Archbishop Wareham, whose letter to the Cardinal upon the subject has been printed by Sir H. Ellis; and in another record of the proceedings connected with her, we find this singular entry:—

> Likewise the late Cardinal of England, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury, as well minded to further and set at an end the marriage which the king's grace now enjoyeth according to their spiritual duty, were perverted by the false revelations of the said nun.

It had come to that; and the keen and sagacious Wolsey, the shrewdest and the cleverest statesman in Europe, had become the dupe of the dupe of a nest of charlatans. What remains of the story of the divorce, as far at least as it concerns us here, is soon told. Catherine appealed from the legate's court to the Pope; the appeal was admitted against the solemn promise which had been given, and Campeggio left England, with a declaration "that he would damn his soul for no potentate in Europe," and leaving Wolsey to face as he best might the anger of the king. And now the long-gathering storm burst at last; and on all sides hands were raised to strike the falling favorite. Whatever his faults had been, there was not one of them but it found him out; every slighting word, every neglect of courtesy, every fancied act of injury, came back like poisoned arrows to overwhelm him. The ecclesiastics had their shame to revenge: the lawyers their practice ruined by an arbitrary equity: the nobles the insolence of the upstart who had dared to overbear them with his genius. The soldiers, with the Duke of Suffolk at their head, had not forgiven the minister who had prevented them from taking Paris; (Letter of the Bishop of Bayonne, printed in Singer's ed. of Cavendish, p. 482;) and Anne Boleyn, who had fawned upon him as long as she hoped that he would assist her to the high place for which she was longing, now hated him as bitterly for her disappointment. The night-crow, as Wolsey called her, was for ever croaking in the king's ear against him: distrusting Henry's feelings, she even made him promise that he would never see Wolsey more. The noble lords spoke openly at their dinner-tables of the good times which now were coming. "La fantaisie de ces seigneurs," writes the French ambassador, "est que luy mort ou ruiné, ils defferent incontinent icy l'estat de l'Eglise, et prendront tous leurs biens—qu'il seroit ja besoing (*sic*) que je misse en chiffre, car ils le crient en plaine table."

On the seventeenth of October, 1529, Wolsey presided in the Court of Chancery for the last time—on the eighteenth he received a message from the king that he was to deliver up the seals. His palace at Westminster was laid under sequestration; and he was commanded to retire to an unfurnished house which belonged to him at Esher, and there wait the decision of the council upon his fate. His crime was yet to be ascertained; but in the general torrent of indignation, no one cared to remember so trifling a difficulty. On receiving the king's message, he desired the various officers of his household, in order to prevent pillage, to take an inventory of his property, which he at once despatched to the court; and then with his train he entered his barge, to go up the river to Putney, where horses waited for him.

"At the taking of his barge," says Cavendish,

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"there was no less than a thousand boats full of men and women of the city of London waffeting up and down in Thames expecting my Lord's departure, supposing that he should have gone directly from thence to the Tower, whereat they rejoiced; and I dare be bold to say the most part never received damage at his hands."

"Oh wavering and new-fangled multitude!" he continues. "Is it not a wonder to consider the inconstant mutability of this uncertain world! The common people always desiring alterations and novelties of things for the strangeness of the case; which often turneth them to small profit and commodity. For if the sequel of this matter be well considered and digested, ye shall understand that they had small cause to triumph at his fall. What hath succeeded all wise men doth know, and the common sort of them hath felt. Therefore, to grudge or wonder at it surely were but folly; to study a redress, I see not how it can be holpen, for the inclination and natural disposition of Englishmen is and hath always been to desire alteration of officers."

How perennial is the English character!

On Wolsey's arrival at Putney, he mounted his mule, and, followed by his train on horseback, he set out for Esher; and at this moment the scene took place which has furnished matter for such volubility of eloquence upon the meanness of his spirit, his cowardice, prostration, &c. He had scarcely started when a messenger was seen approaching; and on inquiring who it was, he was told that Sir Henry Norris was coming from the king.

And bye-and-bye he came to my lord, and saluted him, and said that the king's majesty had him commended to his grace, and willed him in any wise to be of good cheer, for he was as much in his highness's favor as ever he was, and so shall be. And in token thereof he delivered him a ring of gold with a rich stone, which ring he knew very well, for it was always the privy token between the king and him, whensoever the king would have any special matter despatched at his hands.

Sir H. Norris then more fully delivered his message, repeating his encouragements, declaring that the king's unkindness was apparent only, and that which had been done, was done "out of no displeasure," but only "to satisfy the minds of some which he knew to be no friends to the Cardinal." The baseness of Wolsey's spirit is supposed to have been shown in the manner in which he received this message. He is represented as absorbed in misery at the thought of his disgrace; to have been sunk in the dust by the court favor, and elated to madness by this gleam of hope that it might be regained. Before relating his behavior, it as well to consider whether this be an altogether satisfactory account of what was probably passing in his mind. For twenty years he had been the king's most faithful servant; not only had he been chief minister of state, but he had lived on terms of the most confidential and affectionate intimacy with Henry himself; he was sincerely and warmly attached to him; and all this was now come suddenly to an end. In a conflict of duties, he had found himself forced to act in a manner by which he had inevitably forfeited his position; and whether any kindly feeling remained in Henry's mind towards him was still uncertain. This, it must have seemed, was forfeited also, since at once he had been cast aside in abrupt and careless haste; not even dismissed with courtesy, but flung away as a worn-out tool which was no longer needed. If he was a man of even ordinary honesty, his distress under such circumstances would not have been confined to the loss of his power and his rank: the manner of his fall would probably have been more painful than even the matter of it; and he must have felt himself cruelly wronged. If, besides this, he had really loved the king's person with an honest and loyal affection, the blow in coming from him must have been infinitely more hard to bear than if dealt by any other hand. Treatment more deeply wounding to a true-hearted man it is impossible to conceive. And in Wolsey's position there was every thing to aggravate, nothing to soften, the pain which he could not choose but feel. He had no friends—wealth he had, and dependents, but no family which would gather about him; no wife or children to teach him what power there is in love in the hour of calamity; no more desolate old man was ever driven out to face the pelting of the storms of fortune, and there is every proof that his spirit was crushed and broken by it.

It is no excess of charity to suppose that feelings of this kind may have affected him as much as, perhaps more than, a decline of outward splendor; and if we suppose him feeling also what we know that he did feel, that the storm which had broken over himself was but the first dropping of a tempest that would destroy all that he considered most precious and most holy, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how such a message as that which was brought to him by Sir H. Norris, may have touched him to the bottom of his heart. If as a worn-out servant of the state he was hurt by his country's ingratitude, it was something to learn that by the chief of the state he was still remembered

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with honor; if the king's personal unkindness had wounded him, he was told that he was mistaken in the hand which had dealt the hardest blow. And who can tell what other hopes he may not have entertained? He may have thought that at the last hour, Henry's purpose was relenting. Who can tell? Day after day in the week preceding, he had been closeted with him; and no one knows what passed between them. Only incidentally we learn that Wolsey had been at his feet four hours entreating him; and in those secrets lies the clue to what was passing in Wolsey's breast. We can but guess what it was; but we may as well guess generously as meanly; while we do for certain know that Henry had at least felt as warm an affection for his Chancellor as was ever felt by man for man; and that this affection was loyally returned; a fact which alone, if allowed its ordinary weight, will convert the supposed baseness of the fallen favorite into a simple and beautiful expression of natural emotion, caused by a sudden revulsion from wounded feeling. On receiving Norris's message—

"Alighting off his mule," an eyewitness tells us, "all alone, as though he had been the youngest person among us, he incontinent kneeled down in the dirt upon both his knees, holding up his hands for joy. Master Norris perceiving him so quickly from his mule upon the ground, mused and was astonished, and therewith he alighted also, and kneeled by him, embracing him in his arms, and asked him how he did, calling upon him to credit his message. Then talking with Master Norris upon his knees in the mire, he would have pulled off his undercap of velvet; but he could not undo the knot under his chin. Wherefore, with violence he rent the laces and pulled it from his head, and arose and would have mounted his mule; but he could not mount again with such agility as he alighted before, when his footmen had as much ado to set him in his saddle as they could have."

Other persons may think of this as they please. We live in a free country, where we have all a right to our opinion; and for our own selves, we consider it (unless it was acting) as one of the most touchingly beautiful scenes in English history. And if it was acting, the counterfeit would at least have been as transparent to Wolsey's own attendants, to men who lived in habitual intercourse with him, as it can be to us, who only gather what he was out of the accounts of writers who were least his friends; yet Cavendish, at least, who tells the story, felt nothing but uncontrolled emotion. A little incident followed, also of no slight significance, which historians have either never mentioned, or have related only as if there were nothing in it worth observing. Attached to the courts and households of the great nobles of the time there were, as we all know, certain mysterious appendages called Fools; the nature of them is not very clear; but if we may trust Shakspeare, their hearts were always in the right place; the fool never loved when he ought to despise, or despised when he ought to love; and there was a strange mixture of wit and simplicity in them which never failed, as the saying is, "to fit the cap upon the right head," or distinguish the knave from the true man. One of these was in Wolsey's train, a fool, as it would seem, of no common merit, said to be "worth, for a nobleman's pleasure, a thousand pounds;" and Wolsey, desiring to send some token to Henry in answer for the ring, told Norris to take him. And we suppose that if kneeling in the mud had been that contemptible piece of business which Burnet tells us that it was, the fool would have been glad to go, that he might witness no more such antics; yet he would not; "and my lord was fain to send six of his tall yeomen to conduct and convey the fool to the court, for the poor fool took on and fired so in such a rage when he saw that he must needs depart from my lord."

The king's intentions, however, were probably less favorable towards Wolsey than the latter hoped; or, in his uncertainty whether he was acting rightly or wrongly, they may have fluctuated between anger and regard. If the latter was of a lovely kind, some unusual difficulty must have obliged him to be cautious in the display of it; since the situation in which the old man was left for several weeks was such as to reflect the highest discredit on those who were responsible for it. The house to which he was ordered to confine himself was without furniture, bedding, plate or linen. No preparation had been made for his reception: it was damp and unwholesome, and a wet and a stormy winter was setting in. That under these circumstances the many gentlemen who formed his train should have insisted on remaining to share his discomfort speaks more eloquently than words for the nature of the relation which subsisted between them and their master. They contributed money among themselves for his support, for none was allowed him; and bought or borrowed some kind of furniture to make the place endurable. Indeed, the affectionate devotion which all these persons showed towards him at this trying time, called out the involuntary admiration of all parties; and six weeks after, the Duke of Norfolk was sent

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down to Esher, to declare to them, in the king's name, the high credit which they had earned for themselves.

The Privy Council, meanwhile, and the House of Lords, were on their side busy earning for themselves discredit, in drawing up the articles* of his impeachment; and the perusal of these articles is the surest proof that the prosecution was a result of personal rancor, and that no real crime could be laid to his charge. There are forty-four in all, and at first reading them, one is tempted to suppose that one is reading some absurd and preposterous parody, instead of the deliberate and serious composition of English statesmen. The persons responsible for their appearance might be determined with an approach to certainty; but there is no occasion to fling a shadow over the names of men who were otherwise honorable and high-minded, and whose better nature was under a temporary eclipse. The single offence against the law with which Wolsey is charged is his acceptance of the office of legate, contrary to the Statute of Provisors; but for this, as the Council well knew, he had the king's permission, under his sign-manual: the remainder of the articles are a rabid declamation against pride, covetousness, and ambition, interspersed with spiteful inuendoes and scandalous stories; which, if they had been true, did not affect the state, and implied no violation of any civil or criminal statute; he had defamed the Church, he had bullied the Privy Councillors, *he had bad breath*, &c. &c.; so shameful a production never issued, and never again, we hope, will issue from an English government. It is subscribed with the names of all the Council; but the votes of the majority must have obliged the whole body to grant their signatures, since a minority, we know, disapproved the entire business, and Lord Shrewsbury and Sir William Fitzwilliam remained cordially attached to Wolsey to the last.

The articles were passed by the peers; but happily, the Upper House was never absolute in England, and the House of Commons spared the country the disgrace which a further proceeding with them would have cast upon it. Cromwell, who had obtained a seat in that parliament for the first time, undertook his master's defence, (as, eleven years later, when he was suffering similar cruel wrong, he found no one to defend him,) and the impeachment recoiled upon its authors.

* They are printed by Lord Herbert and by Mr. Galt.

The king, meanwhile, had taken no part on one side or the other; he had allowed the proceedings to follow their own course, reserving his own interference till it became officially necessary. Yet, strange as it may seem, that Henry VIII. should have been less than absolute in his own court, it is clear that he was better disposed towards the Cardinal than, for some reason or other, he was able to show himself to be. Wolsey had heard nothing from him since he had been at Esher; and at the end of three weeks, while the impeachment was still pending, he found it impossible to retain about him so large a body of servants, upon whose charity he, in fact, was living. In the afternoon of the Feast of All Hallows, he called them all together into the Great Hall at Esher, there to tell them that he could do nothing more for them; he would not keep them chained to his fallen fortunes, and that they had better seek other masters, or return to their own families. Many men were present at that scene whose names were afterwards famous: for all rising men of genius found a friend and patron in Wolsey. Cromwell was there, and Gardiner, and Sir Ralph Sadler, and others of high mark and note—the very choicest gathering of the intellect of England. And Cavendish, who was present also, has left us a description of it, all faithful, probably, in its smallest features—a beautiful sorrowing picture of conflicting heroisms—great, stern men weeping like children, refusing to be comforted.

At last, it was over. Wolsey, overcome with illness and sorrow, retired to his room; and the dull November night closed in with storm and pouring rain, "the sorest night of all the year." Cromwell had gone off to London, and Sadler with him; the rest, one by one, had dropped away to their beds; when, at midnight, there came a loud knocking at the gate, and a company of horsemen, drenched and dripping, were demanding eagerly to be admitted. Such a night as this the king had chosen to send his second messenger. Sir John Russell had ridden, in the dark and rain, from Greenwich, with strictest orders that no one should know of where he was gone; and that he should be back before daybreak. He brought with him another token-ring, and a message with it, identical with that which had been sent by Sir Henry Norris, "that Wolsey should be of good cheer; that the king still loved him, and had sent Russell on this secret journey to let him know it." We are accustomed to regard whatever was done under Henry to have been done by him, or at least with his active con-

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sent; and to suppose that his own wishes were his only law. Nothing can show more clearly that, on this occasion at least, he did not find himself so unshackled, and that he was obliged to conceal his real feelings.

Furniture was now sent, however, and money, "yet not so abundantly as the king's pleasure was"—"the default whereof was in the officers," who took their cue from the reigning faction. But the damp house, and the want of those comforts which habit had converted into necessaries, produced their natural effects on a frame already infirm. The old minister fell dangerously ill, and in the middle of the winter was thought to be dying: indeed, although he seemed to rally, he never recovered; and his death, in the following year, was the lingering issue of the illness at Esher. Abroad, the impeachment having failed, he was proceeded against with a premunire, and, to the general surprise of the world, he pleaded guilty, and his property was forfeited to the Crown. His crime was the having exercised a legatine power, which the king had formally permitted him to exercise; and men were naturally astonished that he neglected so powerful a counterplea. He has himself left us an account of his motives for doing as he did, which are characteristic and reasonable. He knew that he could never again be in possession of political power, and that his chance of spending the remainder of his life in peace depended on his ceasing to be conspicuous; so long as he was rich he would continue to be considered dangerous, and "he would rather have his liberty with the loss of his goods," than run the risk of imprisonment for life.

"And also, he said, there was a continual serpentine enemy about the king, that would, I am well assured, if I had been stiffnecked, have called continually upon the king in his ear, I mean the night-crow, with such a vehemency that I should, with the help of her assistance, have obtained sooner the king's indignation than his lawful favor; and his favor once lost, which, I trust, at present I have, would never have been by me recovered. Therefore, I thought it better for me to keep still his loving favor with the loss of my goods and dignities."

He seems to have known that "the king had conceived a certain prick of conscience for what had been done;" and he trusted, as the event proved, justly, to his generosity. As soon as the forfeiture was completed, his pardon was made out, and on receiving it, he was ordered by a decree of the Council to retire to his see of York. Being without money, he was forced to apply for some little pittance out of the treasures which he had surrendered, and a debate of a remarkable kind ensued at the Council-table. The ill feeling of the majority was not yet satisfied, and the sum which they consented to allow him was not sufficient to meet the common expenses of the journey; but so poor a littleness was not allowed to pass without protest.

"Some," says Cavendish, "thought it much against the Council's honor, and one of them [the Duke of Norfolk, perhaps; it well suits his character] said, 'Although he never did me good or any pleasure, sooner than he should lack, I would lay my plate to gage for him for a thousand pounds, rather than he should depart so simply as some would have him do. Let us do for him as we would be done unto, *considering his small offence*, and his inestimable substance, which he hath departed withal, rather than he would stand in defence with the king in defending of his case, as he might justly have done, as ye all know. Let not malice cloak this matter. Ye have all your pleasure fulfilled which ye have along desired. Now suffer conscience to minister to him some liberality."

As far as the Council was concerned, this appeal was naturally ineffectual; but Wolsey's property was now the king's, and he alone had the disposal of it as he pleased. He restored him, in plate, money, and other things, what would be worth something under eighty thousand pounds of our money; and so, in broken health and enfeebled in mind and body, but, as far as we can judge from his letters, in recovered calmness of feeling, the old man set off for his diocese, escaping happily to a retirement which he professed to have long desired, and leaving behind him some at least of those that were to succeed him in his power, who now envied him his release. "In myn opinion," writes Cromwell to him, "I suppose your lordship, being as ye are, ye would not be as ye were, to win a hundred tymes as much as ye were possessed of,"—expressions which we will hope some readers, at least, will be found to regard as something more than that polite nonsense which skilful dealers in phrases compose out of nothingness.

Undoubtedly, if quiet well-doing, rewarded by the affections of every one who came in contact with him, were the best constituents of happiness, Wolsey would not have exchanged the few months left to him for all his years of splendor. He carried down with him to York a reputation similar to that which his memory bears among ourselves; in a little while, we learn, not from Cavendish only, but

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from the unsuspicious testimony of a book published by royal authority, within six years of his death, that it was exchanged for an admiration as deserved as it was unbounded. His time was spent among the people; riding out, day after day, from place to place—"taking his dinner with him, that he might not be burdensome;" settling quarrels among the gentlemen, confirming children, visiting churches, "giving all bishops a pattern how to live." "It was wonder to see how men turned—how out of utter enemies they became dear friends."*

It is well that we have evidence so trustworthy, speaking so emphatically in his favor: for the calumnies of Hall and Foxe have pursued him to his grave with the old inveteracy; and it is creditable to Henry that he availed himself of so early an opportunity to express what in his own opinion was the character of his old servant's latest actions. Let him have done what he would, there were those about the king who would have taken care that it should wear a sufficiently evil appearance; as it was, they made a crime of the popularity which he so innocently gained. He was winning the hearts of the people, it was said, to make a party for the Church against the State, and reënact, with the support of the Pope and of the Emperor, the part of Thomas à Becket. There is no difficulty in conjecturing who these persons were; but Cavendish speaks indefinitely of his "enemies,"—and there let us leave them. Only Anne Boleyn we need have no scruple in naming, who never cared to conceal the intensity of her hatred, nor even till Wolsey was in his grave, felt herself secure of that fatal greatness for which, in a few years, she paid so terribly.

And now we are fast approching the last scenes of this tragedy. There were certain duties, it appeared, belonging to the office of the Archbishop of York which could not be discharged in the usual formal manner previous to his installation in the cathedral. This ceremony, therefore, at the request of the Dean and Canons, Wolsey had consented to allow to be performed; but all ostentation was scrupulously to be avoided, and the service was to be conducted in the simplest manner which the necessary forms would allow. What real necessity may have existed for this installation, it is impossible for us to know; but no doubt the step was an imprudent one, if it could reasonably have been avoided. The opportunity was seized to irritate or attempt to irritate Henry's jealousy, and certain ill-judged and ill-timed remonstrances from Rome arriving at the same moment, furnished a pretext for a charge that he was keeping up a secret understanding with the Pope, and that the installation was to be the first step of an ecclesiastical opposition to the Crown.

If we are to believe Cavendish's account of the condition of Wolsey, either in mind or body, at the time, such a suspicion was more than the wildest chimera. His real feelings have probably been expressed, in all their sad simplicity, in the beautiful lines of Storer, who introduces him as saying—

I did not mean with predecessor's pride
To walk on cloth as custom did require;
More fit that cloth were hung on either side
In mourning wise; or make the poor attire
More fit the dirige of a mournful quire
In dull sad notes all sorrow to exceed,
For him in whom the prince's love is dead.

I am the tomb where that affection lies,
That was the closet where it living kept,
Yet wise men say affection never dies;
No, but it turns, and when it long hath slept,
Looks heavy like the eye that long hath wept;
Oh! could it die, that were a restful state,
But living, it converts to deadly hate.

Some misgiving as to the nature of Henry's feelings towards him, he could not have avoided entertaining, when, a few days before the installation was to take place—again, singularly, on the feast of All Hallows, the anniversary of the dispersion of his Esher household—he was arrested by the Earl of Northumberland for high treason. Hatred had done its work; and he was summoned at once to answer a charge against his life. He could not fail to believe that such a blow, if not directly coming from the king, would not have fallen without his approbation. He was too old and too infirm to bear up any longer, and the past sorrow and fresh agitation completed his work of his illness. He hastened, however, as well as he was able, to obey the king's command, and, ill as he was, he set off at the beginning of November to ride to London. As before, we can imagine that the sense of his loneliness must have pressed upon him very drearily. Most fallen statesmen carry with them the sympathy of a party, and churchmen in disgrace with the Crown are backed by the affection and the prayers of their order; but Wolsey had none of this; he stood alone in the world.

* "Remedy for Sedition," printed in Singer's Cavendish.

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And yet not so. Thanks to Him who made us as we are, goodness is never utterly unloved; and in his greatest days he had not been received with more real honor, than in setting out upon this his last journey. As he rode through Cawood, three thousand people crowded about the gates to take leave of him; and when he came out, shouted round him, "God save your Grace: the foul evil take them that hath taken your Grace from us; we pray God, vengeance may light on them!" Thus Cavendish heard them "run crying after him, they loved him so well: for surely they had great loss of him, both the poor and the rich." A similar scene took place at Pomfret, and at Doncaster; wherever he passed, he was received with cries, "God save your Grace—God save your Grace, my good Lord Cardinal!"

All this must have been something to him, if, indeed, his illness did not make every thing alike indifferent; and on arriving at Sheffield Park he must have found himself relieved of the worst of his anxieties. Lord Shrewsbury, with the countess and his household, were waiting at the lodge-gate to receive him; Henry having himself written to desire that he might not be treated as a prisoner, but should be entertained with every honor and respect. Henry, it is certain, believed nothing of this new accusation. Whatever were his faults, hypocrisy was not one of them; and Lord Shrewsbury told the old man, at Henry's request, that he had nothing to fear. He was accused; and again, for the satisfying of "some persons," it was necessary to put him upon his trial; but the king himself had no mistrust of him at all. Unfortunately the persons in question had gained all they required, in having compelled him in the state in which he was to undertake such a journey. He remained nearly three weeks at Sheffield, too ill to be moved, the king writing every day with fresh instructions for his good treatment. As he grew a little better, he became possessed with a notion that when he went on, Anne Boleyn would attempt to have him murdered on the road; his words are curious and worth recording:

> The enemy that never sleepeth, he said, but studieth and continually imagineth my utter destruction, perceiving the contentedness of mind, doubteth that their cruel and malicious dealings would at length grow to their shame and rebuke, and goeth about therefore to prevent the same with shedding my blood.

It was probably an exaggerated suspicion of mental decrepitude; but so anxious had the king become for him, that he was tender even of his fears; Lord Shrewsbury had no sooner informed him of the notion with which Wolsey was possessed, than, with the most considerate kindness, he sent down Sir William Kingston to Sheffield with an escort for him, composed entirely of his own old followers.

But a summons had gone out against Wolsey to appear before another tribunal, where no Sir William Kingston with royal escort could attend him, and no Anne Boleyn's hatred follow him. His work upon this earth, with all its nothingness of splendor, and iron reality of suffering, was drawing to a close: and a life, unexampled alike either in the extent of labor which had been accomplished in it, or in the treatment which the world considered a due payment of such labor, was now to end. A few painful days of ineffectual effort to proceed finished the matter, and Wolsey died at the Abbey of Leicester, on the 29th of November, 1530, four weeks exactly after the day of his arrest. Of his words upon his death-bed enough has been said; Shakspeare, following Cavendish literally, has given them, we suppose, pretty much as they were spoken; and those among us who desire to believe evil of him, will find in them an acknowledgment of that forgetfulness of man's highest duties which they affirm to have characterized his life. Since, however, a confession of shortcoming is no more than what has fallen often from the lips of dying saints, and since in general our sense of being what we ought not to be, is in proportion to our endeavors to become what we ought to be; it is wiser not to build too much on self-accusing expressions, and to look for what he was in a fair estimate of his actions.

Maturely weighing these, we should say that there is no great man in English history against whom so many accusations have been heaped, and against whom so few can be proved, or who excited against himself so bitter an hostility, having done so little to deserve it. With his vast talent for business, and his never-wearied industry, he accomplished more actual good for England than perhaps any single minister ever did, except Lord Burghley: his faults were an intolerance of opposition, a passionate vehemence and rudeness of language, and, perhaps, an unwisely prodigal magnificence; traits of character all of them provoking to those with whom he came in collision; and especially provoking, when displayed by one

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meanly born in the presence of persons who would not willingly have acknowledged a common humanity with him. But they are not faults which should weigh with posterity against so much genuine excellence; still less will they justify an indiscriminate license of imagination to invent evil of him at will. We are taught to regard him as morally depraved; it were well if such lessons could be reserved till the truth of them can be proved. There is no evidence of his depravity whatever. He was temperate in his personal habits, and careful in the observance of those formal duties which were then essentials of religion: even in his most laborious days he never missed the stated services, and at his death, a hair shirt was found upon him. Of his want of nobleness we shall judge variously, according to our own dispositions; for the same traits which to one man are an evidence of meanness, to another will seem an evidence of something very different indeed. This, at least, we should remember—that those who knew him best loved him best; and that Henry the Eighth, of whom it is said that he never was mistaken in the character of a man, was, of all men in England, the truest mourner for the loss of a minister who had crossed him in the purpose nearest to his heart.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIGHTS OF DUTCH LITERATURE

FOURTH PAPER.

It is always a difficult matter to "curdle a long life into one hour," except in a dream, and it is almost impossible to do so in a satisfactory manner when we are confined to paper, and to a very limited space for our narration—a narration, too, not of the life and deeds of a single individual, but of the intelligence and cultivation of a whole nation. Such a narrative must necessarily become fragmentary and incomplete; it must make seven-league strides over much of the ground, and often just skim the surface of the waters without stopping to fathom the depths below.

In our former papers we have brought down our sketch of the history of Dutch literature to the beginning of the eighteenth century; we shall endeavor, in the present one, to reach the time of the French Revolution. During the whole of this period, two adverse principles were actively at work on the literature of the nation. The influx of French immigrants crowded the Netherlands with the fellow-countrymen and admirers of Racine and Corneille, and the rest of the French school, who soon obtained an almost despotic sway over the Dutch poets; whilst the influence of the English sentimentalists and humorists was equally powerful on the prose writers. Hence, we may trace in the eighteenth century two distinct schools in the republic of Dutch letters; and, as in a former period, we saw the poets ruling the literary world, we shall now find the prose writers acquiring, for the first time, due popularity and esteem.

The reasons are evident; peace and prosperity, undisturbed passions, the want of stirring incidents, are scarcely ever conducive to the *divinus afflatus* of the poet; but they are, on the other hand, most decidedly favorable to the calmer and more reflective studies of the prose writer. Nations, like individuals, have their periods of relaxation after over-excitement; they sit down quietly to talk and philosophize over past events; they fancy themselves, too, at such moments greatly changed, when, in fact, they are only temporarily fatigued, and the smouldering fire, instead of being extinguished, is only smothered for the day. Such was decidedly the case with the Dutch poetasters (they scarcely deserve a better name) at the commencement of this period. They felt no inspirations themselves, so they quietly set to

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work to criticise the productions of their predecessors, and, like Sterne's censor, these "most excellent critics" made an immense noise in the literary world with their rules and measures, and were quite horror-stricken at the discovery of the many inches by which such giants as Vondel, Hooft, and Huijgens exceeded their own pigmy standard.

Foremost among these worthy gentlemen was Andrew Pels, who, after sacrificing (like a second Brutus) his own first-born, ("Dido," a tragedy, in three acts,) for nonconformation to all the rules of Aristotle, published in 1681 his "Use and Abuse of the Stage," as De Clercq remarks,* in his day, the only *ars poetica*—except Vondel's "Aanleiding tot de Dichtkunst," ("An Introduction to the Art of Poetry,") and Castelyn's "Art of Rhetoric"—to be found in Dutch literature.

The chief aim of Pels was to restore the drama, which had declined in dignity since the stage had been profaned by the indecent writings of some of the later poets, who, without the beauties, displayed all the defects of the earlier dramatists. Besides, the government had taken umbrage at frequently-recurring political allusions; and the Church had declaimed against the introduction of sacred subjects. All these complaints, just or unjust, offered rich matter to our reformer, and he attacked them with due virulence. He condemns Vondel's plots, taken, as we have stated, mostly from the Old Testament, and vehemently inveighs against the dramatization of any subject from modern history—such as the death of Charles I., Mary Stuart, Coligny, and even the story of Massaniello. Having thus narrowly confined the limits of the dramatists, this ingenious gentleman gravely states, "that, as all former writers cribbed from their predecessors, and that as Corneille, Racine, and Molière, in particular, belong to this light-fingered class of gentry, it is but fair that, in their turn, the Dutch should borrow from them."

Antonides and his friends were, of course, vehement in opposing this ingenious doctrine, but their efforts were almost unavailing, and a set of poets appeared, on the one hand, servile imitators of the French, and on the other, sticklers for their nationality, but devoid of real inspiration, and rather seeking by smooth and insipid verses than by sublime thoughts or graceful conceptions, to uphold the fame of the national muse. It would be of very little interest to the English reader to find here an enumeration of the names and works of these worthies;* we shall thus leave them to the oblivion into which they are fast sinking, even in their own country; only mentioning a few honorable exceptions, whose productions are still regarded with favor and esteem, we hasten on to the prose writers of this period.

As an epic poet, Rotgans, who died in 1710, has gained fame by his "William III.," a poem somewhat in the style of the "Henriade," replete with great beauties and striking absurdities, in which all the deities of Olympus and the Archangel Michael are introduced by turns, to the glorification of the sagacious prince and hero of the day. Then there was Poot, (1689-1733,) a really admirable pastoral and lyric poet,—one of the old school, and, perhaps, a rather too servile imitator of Hooft and his contemporaries, and Jan de Merre, who produced in 1738 a tragedy, "Jacqueline of Bavaria," which has maintained itself to the present day on the Dutch stage. But the greatest poets of the times were undoubtedly two Friesland gentlemen of ancient descent, William and his brother, Onno Zwier van Haren. Both of them took an active part in the political events of the day, and William, styled by Voltaire a Demosthenes in council, and a Pindar on Parnassus, has left numerous proofs of his talents as a lyric, didactic, and epic poet. His chief work—he began to write in 1740—is an epic, "The Adventures of King Friso," in many instances sublime and bold in conception, but crude in style and versification—a fault common to both the brothers. Onno Zwier earned a well-deserved popularity by his patriotic muse, and a collection of lyrics first published in 1769, and afterwards again in 1772, and called "De Geusen," (the Beggars,) gives, in eloquent and glowing language, the history of the bloody struggle against the Spanish tyranny.

About the same time, too, Winter wrote his "Jaargetijden," an imitation of Thomson's "Seasons;" and the Baroness de Lannoy, (1738-1784,) greatly distinguished herself by her minor poems and dramatic writings. But the fame of these authors was eclipsed by the rising genius of Feith and Bilderdijk, (whom we shall mention, as belonging to the latest period of Dutch literature, in our next and last paper); and before

* De Clercq, p. 244.

* One of them, Feitema, born 1694, spent, or wasted, *thirty years* in translating Fenélon's "Télémaque" into verse, and got through *twenty* years more in rendering the "Henriade" into Dutch.

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turning to the more pleasant task of noticing the prose writers of the eighteenth century, we have but to note the names of Van Alphen and Bellamy, as two popular poets of their times. The former (1746-1803,) was the well-known Pensionary of Leyden, afterwards Treasurer-General of the Union; his patriotic songs, and "Poems for Children," are still deservedly praised, and the latter delightful little productions belong, perhaps, to the most beautiful of the sort ever penned; they are still the unwearying delight of the Dutch nursery, and have besides been translated into French and German. The latter, Bellamy, was a baker's son; he was born in 1757, and only lived till the age of twenty-eight; his talents attracted in his boyhood the attention of a worthy divine, who managed to send him to the University of Utrecht, where he fell into the hands of a furious democrat, who incited his muse against the English; but his fame now rests on his ballads and other lyrics, which breathe an eloquent simplicity, strongly reminding the reader of Wordsworth's poetry.

And now for an entirely new scene and set of characters. In the year 1714, a young Dutchman, in his thirtieth year, and by name, Justus van Effen, the son of a poor subaltern, but who had studied at Leyden, where he gained his livelihood, as tutor to his richer fellow-students, accompanied the ambassador of the States, as secretary, to London. Van Effen was not only a learned and excellent man of business, but at the same time a distinguished linguist, who wrote with equal facility in his own and the French language; besides being perfectly acquainted with English. In 1711, he had already given proofs of his talents by the publication of his "Misanthrope," and other French writings, in imitation of our own "Spectator;" and on returning home, (after an intermediate excursion to Sweden,) and establishing his name in England, where he had been elected Fellow of the Royal Society, he wrote and published from 1731 to 1735 his Dutch "Spectator," in which he displayed the various talents of Steele, Addison, Tickell, and Budgell, united in his own person. There are six volumes of his "Spectator" before us, and we can scarcely turn a leaf without finding ample justification of the praise bestowed on him; and, indeed, the influence his writings had on the public mind, and the popularity they have enjoyed, not only in his own, but even in later times, tell more eloquently in his favor than any eulogiums we could pen. He was the first, too, not only in name but in fact, of those numerous imitators of the English essayists who sprang up in the Netherlands; he inspired his countrymen with a taste for, and the knowledge of our best writers; and soon, all that grew popular in England was adopted by our neighbors, and even the lengthy productions of Richardson, and the sentimental works of Mackenzie, found numerous admirers, and gave birth to writings of a similar sort in the Netherlands.

It is our intention, as far as our space allows, to give some extracts from these authors. Our readers will thus be enabled to judge for themselves, and we shall be greatly disappointed if they do not find it equally amusing and instructive, to see how, amidst evident traces of imitation and adaptation, the national originality of thought and purpose has always been retained.

We begin with an extract from Van Effen's "Spectator," and quote his paper of 20th April, 1733. The first lines refer to his description of a "Courtship in the lower classes;" three little scenes, so delightfully sketched and feelingly written, that they are justly considered the pearls of the whole collection; unfortunately, they are too long for insertion here:—

MR. SPECTATOR,—Your paper of the 9th March has not only obtained the approbation of young persons, who are still in the hands of their parents, and who would wish "to settle" before the old people die, but likewise of married couples of fashion, blessed with a numerous offspring, whose happiness they prefer to their own comforts. On my own part, I must frankly confess myself so much delighted by the force of your arguments, that in order to support them by positive proof, I was induced to take up my pen and send you the following tale, the events of which came, for the greater part, under my own observation.

Lucretia, the only daughter of one of the richest merchants of this city, was richly endowed with all the qualities which render a young lady generally esteemed and beloved. Her fine figure, blushing complexion, ready wit, numerous virtues, and engaging good-humor, made her an honor to her sex. Add to this a thorough acquaintance with music, and all other womanly accomplishments, set off by a modesty that (without affectation) was insensible to flattery, and you will be enabled to form some idea of this lovely but unfortunate young lady.

She had scarcely attained the age of seventeen when she was surrounded by a crowd of lovers, seeking to win her; one by a splendid equipage and magnificent liveries; and the other, by the excellence of his stud, a yacht, and the like varieties; but among all her suitors there was only one who made any impression on the heart of this sensible maiden, and that was Damon, a young

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man of good family, and neither deficient in understanding nor in any other recommendable quality. But his father, a military man, who fell in the prime of life on the field of battle, had not left him a fortune sufficiently large to allow of his living in the same luxury and idleness as his equals in birth and rank, and having applied himself to study from his boyhood, he took his degree with high honors, at the University, and then lived on his moderate means, about twelve hundred florins a-year, (100*l.*,) very respectably indeed, endeavoring by application to his books to fit himself for any situation he might be enabled to obtain through the influence of his friends. He had often met Lucretia at the house of one of his female cousins, who perceiving him to be smitten with her charms, freqpently invited his fair one, in order to give him an opportunity of declaring his passion, for which reason, too, she often left the young people together, pretending to be called away on some urgent business, and he pressed his suit so well that the young lady accepted his addresses, on condition that her father could be induced to grant his consent; but she very much feared, as she said, *that Damon's scanty means would prove an insurmountable obstacle.* The lover was, of course, in ecstacies at having gained the heart of his mistress; but, terrified at the idea of her father's refusal, he applied to his own friends, and was so eloquent, but at the same time so modest, in his pleading, that at last he obtained an excellent appointment. He believed now to have nothing more to fear from the father, to whom he presented himself, and who made no difficulty in granting the lover access to his daughter, so that the young people now enjoyed the liberty of seeing each other daily, and of discoursing on their mutual tenderness, in the hope of their approaching union. The report of their immediate betrothal was soon spread about town, and every one was loud in approving the sensible choice of the lover and his mistress; but, meanwhile, Florus, a man of forty, whose only recommendation was his immense fortune acquired in trade, gained over the young lady's father, who was dazzled by his wealth, and soon induced him to forbid poor Damon his house, and to threaten the severest measures if his daughter ever ventured to allow him to address her again.

I leave to your imagination the misery of the two lovers when this cruel news, for which they were entirely unprepared, was first communicated. They left nothing untried to soften the old man, but neither tears nor entreaties, vows of eternal gratitude, nor the intercessions of kind friends, were of avail; the father remained deaf to every thing but the love of gold; he was neither to be moved by reason nor tenderness, and he even ordered his daughter to prepare to become Florus's bride within a very few weeks; whilst her new lover never ceased assuring her that she should lead a life of endless pleasures and delights. The unfortunate maiden endeavored to make him understand how ungenerous his conduct was, and that though he might obtain her hand, he never could obtain her heart; but his reply was, that all he desired was to possess her, and that in time she would learn to love him. She then shed a flood of tears, and exclaimed, "So be it, then, wretch! I cannot refuse you my hand, but never shall you have the least share in my affections; my father's commands, unreasonable as they are, must be obeyed, but Providence will protect me, and forgive the forced vows you oblige me to make."

Whilst Lucretia was thus delivered up to her unworthy lover, and sacrificed to her father's avarice, Damon was imagining a hundred means of seeing his faithful mistress once more; but she was so narrowly watched that this was found to be impossible. At length he decided on going to church on her wedding-day, where he might gaze on her for the last time, and be seen by her himself. This he did, and stationed himself opposite her, with a countenance displaying deep traces of his unhappy passion and grief; and when she, by accident, raised her eyes, and met his glances, she was so overcome that she fainted away, and it lasted so long before she came to her senses, that it was found necessary to defer the completion of the interrupted ceremony and to carry her home, where she fell into a swoon, followed by a violent attack of fever. She was thus confined to her chamber, and though every-thing was done for her recovery, she soon grew so feeble that her life was despaired of.

It was now, when too late, that her father began to fear he might be the cause of his daughter's death. He grew desperate when he remembered the barbarity with which he had treated his only child, for whose sake he had sought to amass such immense riches; he begged and prayed her to take courage, and promised, as soon as she was strong enough, to marry her to Damon, but in vain. The broken-hearted girl, feeling the hour of her death approaching, requested to speak to her father for the last time, forgave his former cruelty, and turning her thoughts to heaven, breathed her last in the arms of her beloved Damon, who fell into a consumption from the violence of his affliction, and a few months later was laid by the side of his mistress in the grave.

P.S.—If this tale pleases you, I will send you very shortly the verses written by Damon on the death of his mistress, which have fallen by chance into my hands.

We have selected the above specimen from the Dutch "Spectator," because Van Effen has repeatedly recurred to this and similar themes in his papers. And not unjustly. Prosperity in worldly matters is not unapt to blunt the finer feelings and loftier aspirations of mankind, and in Holland this was most decidedly the case during the most prosperous period of the Republic. Extravagance, a ridiculous display of wealth and imitation of foreign fashions, as ill-suited to the national peculiarities as to the homely virtues of the Dutch, roused the "Spectator's" ire, and his papers teem with well-directed satires against all that was ridiculous or immoral in the little world around him.

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He was particularly severe against every thing like a sacrifice of the finer feelings to the love of pelf, and, as may be seen from the above, somewhat inclined to the sentimental school himself. Besides, Van Effen criticised the poetasters of the day, though he admired Feitema, and pointed out the beauties of the English essayists, and other writers, to his countrymen; and an entirely new store of literary treasures was opened to them by translations of the works of Richardson, and others of the same school, whilst even Sterne found, in 1779, a translator in Brunius, whose "Tristram Shandy" deserves the highest praise.* It was but natural that all these writers should find imitators, some of them, as Elizabeth Poot, but very middling indeed; whilst, on the other hand, the writings of two female friends, Elizabeth Wolff and Agatha Deken, equalling in many respects any thing of the sort we have in English, surpass all our sentimental novels by a display of that sound good sense—such an eminent quality in the Dutch character—which refuses to allow any thing to false sentiment or sickly passion. The two ladies whom we have just mentioned, were born and bred in the middle classes; they passed the greater part of their lives together, and published successively, between 1782 and 1793, their novels, "Sarah Burgerhart," "Willem Leevend," "Abraham Blankaert," and "Cornelia Wildschut." The two first are perhaps the most celebrated of their works: a few lines from the preface to "Willem Leevend," the first volume of which was published in 1784, and the last and eighth in 1785, will best explain the tendency of their writings. It is perhaps worthy of notice, that it is expressly stated on the title-page that the work is "no translation;" we may infer from this how little the Dutch public was accustomed, even in those days, to original prose publications of any extent. "It is greatly to be desired," says the author of "William Leevend," "that writers who have any knowledge of mankind, and possess the gifts of descriptive writing, should employ their talents for the benefit of their young readers. They ought never to allow real feeling to degenerate into sickly sentimentality, but ought rather to understand that a great many sentimental works, though in other respects perfectly moral and blameless, become very dangerous to young people, and render them inclined to give way to a meaningless melancholy, equally detrimental to the enjoyment of life and the activity of the mind. We do not place the incomparable 'Clarissa,' that masterpiece of a great man, on our list of prejudicial books. The tears we shed over her misfortunes do not weaken our hearts; the power of virtue is nowhere more evident than in her triumph. Envy, jealousy, misplaced affections, pride, and fiendlike wickedness, never appeared so terrible as when depicted by the powerful hand of Richardson. Who does not love and respect good Mrs. Norton? Who would not desire a friend like noble-hearted, faithful, sometimes perhaps rather rash, Miss Howe? But on this subject we have spoken in our book, and probably the reader will rightly guess that one of our principal aims was to write a similar work."

* The "Sentimental Journey," of which a wretched translation previously existed, had the honor of a version by Professor Geel, of Leyden, a few years ago.

And this the two ladies effected. The great charm of their writings is the truly feminine liveliness of description and readiness of wit they display. Their chief defect is perhaps, to a modern English reader, a want of delicacy in the choice of expressions, and sometimes even lengthy descriptions of matters and subjects which the refinement of the present day would banish from print.

The following lively epistle (the whole work is in letters) from one of the chief personages in "Willem Leevend," to her brother, will give a good idea of the style and merits of these authors. We are sorry not to be able to offer lengthier extracts.

Miss Alida Leevend to Mr. William Leevend.

Billy Dear!—Is not this being too familiar with a gentleman who is preparing himself to look down on all the world from—the pulpit, and to talk most learnedly on all matters, old and new? Well! I repeat, Billy dear,—now don't look so astonished,—do you imagine us all to be hopelessly lost? "No, but, Alida, do not rake up old quarrels." I know I used to plague you more than enough, but that is all over now, and I have grown quite fond of you. I told mamma I was going to write to you. The good lady stared at me with surprise. (You know how mamma can stare at one.)

Mamma. You, Alida! you going to write to your brother?

I. Yes, mamma, I myself.

Mamma. Well, child, what can be the matter with you? what made you take that into your head?

I. Well, I'll tell you. Look here, mamma; I suppose a human being's heart is here; is it not?

Mamma Of course, you silly child.

I. Well, there's something in my heart always

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repeating: Write to your brother! he is a dear, good boy, and it was not *his* fault you lived together like cat and dog as long as he was at home. Mamma smiled and said: I am glad to hear it, give my love to him.

Now, are you not curious to learn how I get on with our gerrilt?* He is really very fond of mamma; you and I are rather too much for him!—but, *entre nous*, Billy, he has left us so well off when he dies, that he has some right to expect a little gratitude from us. It is a great pity for him that we neither of us care for money, and that I would rather have sacrificed a great part of my own fortune to keep the creature out of the house, than have gained ever so much by seeing him here. Now you are studying for the church, you have quite enough of your own; it seems certain mamma must have had other plans when she wanted to make you so much richer; but they seem to be forgotten now. Nevertheless, now *he* wears a decent coat and has learned to sit properly on his chair, he would be bearable if he was not always wanting to interfere with me. I must always be on my guard, or I should lose ground. He is perpetually grumbling at something or other; either my hair is not nicely dressed, or I get up too late, or he does not like my going out, or my frock. Really and truly, he is so frightfully ignorant of the ways and manners of a lady of fashion, that I am continually asking myself from what part of Kamschatka the creature came! However, he is not naturally vicious: only a real bear, who has seen nothing of the world. I should not wonder if we were to become intimate friends one day!

How is dear Miss Rollin? Remember me kindly to her. And Christina Helder, who will be carried off one of these days by Veldenaar! So, Billy, if you were ever in love with her, I pity you. I have quarrelled with uncle Hans, so if aunt scratches me out of her will and puts your name in, she will do quite right. When we once begin, we never know when to leave off. Mamma is very angry with me about it—and she is right, too.

Now please to pay attention, for I am going to tell you something that will interest you. What do you think; I've got a real suitor! one who understands the infinite distance between us; who is so respectful to his mistress, his enchantress, his goddess, (I am sorry I can't find any more terminations in *ess*, they are so delightful to the ear!) that as yet he has not ventured to steal a single kiss. The poor creature is as humble as one could ever desire a future lord and master to be! Well-a-day! a single life is a happy life; we girls are allowed to reign so gracefully. Yes, you will say, you may tyrannize over a pitiful coxcomb, or a poor widower with a houseful of children. No, Billy, you are mistaken. Shall I tell you who it is? Why, nobody but Mr. Abraham Rysig, the Amsterdam merchant, who lives in the Heerengracht. What! Rich Bram Rysig?—Exactly. Well, that's above my comprehension! Hold your tongue, Billy; remember I am your sister, and you are breaking your own windows. You don't know him personally. It is lucky I always hated handsome men, for he has, at best, an every-day face, brown hair, a Zealand color,* is as fair as an Ethiopian, &c. Nevertheless, there is a certain expression in his countenance, and he has a pair of bright eyes, that distinguish him directly from the host of ugly, stupid fellows about town; it was never worth my while to flirt with such human beings *in blank*. But such a person as Bram is not to be played the fool with, and decidedly, but in strict confidence, as our friend Rattle says, it will be a good match. It is not very likely that I should be misled by what you and other sensitive plants call *love*, and what I term *nonsense*, but vanity might lead me astray. I, Alida Leevend, a coquettish, mischievous creature; I, a naught in the creation,—a Frenchified nonentity, to carry off honest Bram Rysig! A man quite good enough for Jacqueline and Christina, and all such ornaments to their sex! Oh! what a triumph! I own that my glory turns my head. As I stood before the great mirror this morning, I could not help repeating to myself, in a most theatrical manner:—

Pour moi, je suis plus fiére, et fuis la gloire aisée
D'arracher un homage à mille autres offert,
Et d'entrer dans un cœur à toutes parts ouvri, &c.

Nevertheless, I can't make out how Cupid managed to send Rysig after me. But that is between themselves. It is not my business. But accept him I must.

With what respect will Mrs. Rysig be saluted by those who scarcely deign to acknowledge Alida Leevend! Nobody knows the news as yet, except Petronella. I asked her advice, as soon as I had made up my mind how to act. That is my way. If matters should turn out ill, one can always say: You advised me to do so! What a capital excuse! If they should turn out well? Oh! that's so seldom the case, that it would be useless to provide for the emergency. I shall have an awful deal of trouble with Mamma Rysig. But that is still to come.

Here, at home, our house is sad as the cave of Trophonius, and I am fond of cheerfulness.

I cannot bear the squinting boy!† He is like Satan, rooting out in night and darkness all the good seeds mamma sows by day in her husband's heart. My conscience, too, is always plaguing me with my way of living. So I have framed some conditions on which I might condescend to accept him, (but by no means immediately!) These are my

Stipulations.

1st. He is to take as little notice of me as possible, because he is my husband.

2d. Before the expiration of the first year of our marriage, he is to take me at least as far as Geneva; to return by way of France. N.B. To pass the winter at Paris.

* Her stepfather.

* The Zealand fevers render the inhabitants of this province in general very pale.

† Her step-brother.

3d. His servants to wear shoulder-knots on their livery.

4th. I am to fix the amount of my pin-money myself, and it is to be paid regularly.

5th. To give parties four times a week.

6th. We are never to be a whole week together in the country.

7th. His hat must be more fashionably laced than at present.

Now if Mrs. Rysig should prevent her son and heir from signing these conditions with the greatest pleasure, it is just possible—I am such a queer creature—that I should, nevertheless, accept Mr. Abraham Rysig!

How I shall ever get on with a clever, troublesome, awfully tidy mother-in-law, Heaven knows. She is, too, a horrible busy-body, and flatters herself, of course, that she will be able to manage me as well as everybody else in her house. Well, time will show!

Mamma is greatly pleased with my resolution; for I have told her every thing.

Mamma. I only hope, my dear, you will prove worthy of your good fortune.

I. (Astonished.) Good fortune! What do you mean, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, dear, your good fortune. It will be your own fault if you are not happy. Mrs. Rysig is a very nice woman, and her son, really—

I. (Interrupting her.) In fact, you mean to say, you can't understand my being so fortunate?

Mamma (smiling.) I did mean something of the kind, my dear.

And now, good-bye, and kind love from your affectionate sister,

A. Leevend.

The whole of the book, and indeed of all the works of the two gifted ladies, is written in the same lively and agreeable style, and all the characters are as ably and sharply drawn, and well carried out to the end of the lengthy volumes they fill. Numerous other imitations and adaptations, too, of a similar kind appeared, and in the course of a very few years a prose literature was formed, in every respect as new as it was praiseworthy.

Turning aside from these works of a lighter kind, we now direct our reader's attention to the Dutch historians of the eighteenth century, at whose head we must place Jan Wagenaar, the Dutch Hume, who published between 1749 and 1759, no less than twenty large volumes of his History of the United Netherlands,—particularly of Holland,—from the earliest times to 1751; the first complete history of their native country given to the Dutch nation. Wagenaar's greatest defects as an historian, are his partiality to the political opinions of the States' party, and the disproportioned extent of his history of Holland, compared with the space allotted to that of the other provinces. He is in general as accurate as could be expected of a man who was bred a merchant, and had but crude notions of jurisprudence. His style is concise and clear, but cold, and devoid of any thing like enthusiasm. He is thus seldom entertaining or eloquent, but still an authority, and has rendered the most important services to all later writers, as a careful collector of facts and documents, to which all are still obliged to refer.

The following account of Oldenbarneveld's death is a good specimen of his style and manner, and will not prove devoid of interest to the reader:

The advocate had spent the greater part of Sunday, 12th of May, in reading the reports he received, and in concealing his writing materials, notes, and memoranda, which latter were mostly hidden in the stuffing of an arm-chair, or behind the hangings of the chamber. But, at about half past five in the afternoon, the fiscal, Van Leeuwen, and Sylla entered his room. The former addressed him in the name of the States-General and the judges, desiring him to prepare to appear before the court on the morrow, and hear sentence of death pronounced against him. This order seemed rather to surprise than to terrify him, and he exclaimed, "Sentence of death! Sentence of death! I had not expected that. I fancied I should have been heard again. I should have wished to alter part of my former declarations, which were taken down at a moment when I was greatly irritated." He then requested leave to write to his wife for the last time. It was immediately granted him. Whilst he was busy writing, he was heard to say, "I should like to know why I am to be put to death?" on which one of the fiscals replied, "You know that well enough, but you will hear more about it in time." In the meantime Anthony Walaeus, the minister and professor from Middleberg, entered his apartment. He had been sent for from the Synod of Dordrecht to console the advocate in his last moments. He was a discreet and sensible divine, one of the best who could have been selected for such a service. The advocate, too, was greatly comforted by his discourse that night. Besides, two soldiers were placed in his room, to prevent his having any secret communication with his servant. The advocate desired Walaeus to request two things in his name of the Prince of Orange: in the first place, his forgiveness if he had sinned against him, and in the second place, he begged him to be kind to his children. Walaeus asked if by forgiveness he meant a reprieve? on which the advocate, after some reflection, answered that such was not his intent.

About ten o'clock in the evening, Walaeus delivered his message to the Prince, whilst the clergymen of the Hague, Lamolius and Beyerus, visited the advocate. His Grace, after listening to Walaeus, replied, with tears in his eyes, "I am greatly grieved at the advocate's misfortune. I was always very fond of him, and often exhorted him to behave otherwise. When he, some time ago, endeavored to introduce a new form of gov-

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ernment, that would have ruined Church and State, I was obliged to oppose him. But I willingly pardon whatever he undertook against me personally; but he ought to have asked me without an 'if'—for he has done his best to render the troops faithless to the oath they swore me as their commander-in-chief. Two things have grieved me sensibly: firstly, his assertion that I aimed at the sovereignty, and secondly, that he exposed me to so much danger at Utrecht. But I leave it to your discretion to tell him so or not; for I am desirous of naught but his salvation. I have, too, begged the judges not to impute to him any thing he may have done to me as a crime. With regard to his children, I will be kind to them as long as they deserve it."

As Walaeus was about to leave him with this reply, the Prince recalled him and said, "Did he not speak of a pardon?" The minister returned, "that he had not understood any thing to that effect." He then carefully reported the Prince's words to the advocate, who observed, "that he desired nothing more for his children, and the Prince must be greatly mistaken to imagine he asked a pardon for himself. Besides, he had always, since the year 1600, firmly believed that his Grace aimed at the sovereignty, or an increase of authority. All he (the advocate) had done at Utrecht, was in order to prevent a revolt." After this conversation the advocate prepared for death, though the divines could not bring him to confess he had deserved to die. The discourse then turned on Divine providence, and from what the advocate said, Walaeus was inclined to believe him an adherent of the anti-Arminian party; but others affirm him to have been more moderate in his expressions. On one occasion he evinced the interest he took in the other prisoners, and asked, "Is my Grotius to die, too? and Hoogerbeets?" But Beyerus replied he knew nothing about it. "I should be very sorry for them," answered the advocate; "they are still young, and might do the state good service." He likewise endeavored, at a late hour of the night, to take some rest, but was not able to do so. Then he lay reading a long time in his French Book of Psalms. He likewise requested Beyerus to read something to him.

About five o'clock in the morning, the clergymen were sent for by the judges, who assembled at that early hour. The advocate then rose from his couch, had his shirt collar cut open in front by his servant, and gave him his nightcap, to take care of, until he wanted it. All the while he remained perfectly calm. As soon as the clergymen returned to him, morning service was performed by Walaeus. The advocate's wife and children, who had received his sad farewell letter the previous evening, applied, before four o'clock in the morning, for admittance to him, on which the judges sent to inquire if the old man wished to see his spouse and children and grandchildren for the last time. But as he did not know this to be at their own request, he declined the meeting. The judges had this answer appended to the petition of his relations, who desisted from any further attempts at seeing him. The Princess-Dowager, hearing the advocate was condemned to death, endeavored to save him by her intercession, but could not obtain an audience of Prince Maurice. The French ambassador, Maurier, requested to be received by the States-General at five o'clock in the morning, but was refused. Upon this he immediately presented a memorial to the States, requesting the capital sentence might be commuted into banishment. But his application was not listened to. At seven o'clock, the advocate wrote a note to his wife and children, chiefly recommending his servant, Jan Franken, to their care, and to advise them of what he had begged the Prince to do.

By daybreak, the inner and outer courts were lined with troops. At four o'clock they began to erect the scaffold in the inner court, before the window of the staircase leading to the great hall—on the right-hand side. A few minutes before eight, Walaeus warned the advocate to prepare. He immediately left his room and went towards the judges' chamber, but there he heard it was a mistake, and a little too early. Thereupon he retired again to his own room, and read, for half an hour or more, in his French Psalms. Between eight and nine o'clock he was summoned to the Rolls Court, where the four-and-twenty judges, the three fiscals, and the clerk, Post, were assembled. There his sentence was read to him. Meanwhile the advocate appeared restless and uneasy, as if he wanted to say something. But he contained himself until the lecture was concluded. He then affirmed that he was accused of more than could be inferred from what he had confessed. He also opposed the confiscation of his estates. But De Voogd, one of the judges, interrupted him, crying out—"Sentence has been passed, away! away!" The old man then walked very steadily, leaning on his stick, from the chamber, through the hall, to the scaffold. There he raised his eyes to heaven, saying, "O Lord, to what is man exposed!" and he knelt down on the bare planks, as there was no cushion at hand. Meanwhile, Lamotius repeated the prayer, which lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. After this he seemed more cheerful than before, undressed himself with his servant's aid, and said then, or before undressing, to the spectators: "Good people, do not believe me to be a traitor; I have acted honestly and worthily, like a good patriot, and as such I die." Upon this he asked for his velvet cap, which he drew over his eyes. He spoke a few words of extemporary prayer on his way to the heap of sand. If he even at this moment still entertained hopes of escaping death is uncertain, but he asked his servant if nobody were coming. It was just before half-past nine when he knelt down, saying to the executioner, "Be quick, be quick!" He then raised his hands in prayer, so close to his neck that with his head the tops of his fingers were severed. Many of the spectators dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood; others carried off some of the bloody sand, or sold it to their friends. They even cut off some bloody chips from the scaffold, incited by various emotions of love, hatred, and revenge. De Groot wrote some years after, very plainly, that Oldenbarneveldt's enemy—meaning, probably, the Prince—witnessed his death. The body was buried quietly the same night. The papers concealed in his prison were afterwards discovered

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by the judges. It is not known if they are still in existence, or if they were destroyed. The advocate died at the age of seventy-one years, seven months, and eighteen days.

Wagenaar was greatly surpassed in elegance of style and universal knowledge by Simon Stijl, a learned physician, whose history of the "Rise and Prosperity of the United Netherlands," besides ten volumes of biographies of distinguished men, still holds an honorable place in the list of Dutch classics; and the Pensionary Spiegel, Meerman, Bondam, and others, all contributed about this time to a fund of historical works, mostly very valuable as to their contents, but awfully dry and wearisome for the general reader, however great their importance may be to the historian.

But all the merits of these writers and all they undertook to prevent the further spread of French taste and French language, (even Hemsterhuis, an honor to the times and Dutch nation, chose that tongue for his writings,) were vain endeavors to stem the torrent which not only invaded the Netherlands, but rendered the whole Continent, as it were, for a period subservient to France. We have, in our first paper, pointed out the political events at the beginning of the present century, which for a time threatened the utter annihilation of the Dutch nation. That literature should be one of the first victims, was a necessary consequence. Even satire and irony were unavailing weapons in the hands of the patriots, and Feitema and his school of imitators reigned triumphant at the end of the eighteenth century in the literary republic The last and worthiest of the champions of better taste and better times was Arend Fokke Simonsz, a citizen of Amsterdam, who began life as a bookseller and ended it as a bookmaker. He had plenty of ready wit, but, like a great many other wits, was rather too fond of displaying it. He was the author of a Comic History of France and England, in his "Comic Tour through Europe," of numerous essays of all sorts, of a Comic Dictionary, &c., and he attacked the poetasters of the day in his "Modern Helicon," with an extract from which we shall conclude our present paper.

We must premise that the author (in a dream) fancies himself to be taking a walk through Amsterdam, seeking a shop and signboard, displaying in large characters the words:

> Magasin de Poésie et de Versification,
> de Monsieur Phœbus Apollon de Delos;

which he had seen advertised in the morning paper. On ringing the bell, he is introduced into the back shop, where he finds an old man booking his accounts, and on being informed by the servant-maid (one of the Muses) that he is in the presence of the god, he addresses him:

> *Κλῦθί μευ, 'Αργυρότοξ, ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας*, &c.

Tears came into the old fellow's eyes when he heard me thunder out these words, but he could not refrain from smiling at the same time, which gave such a curious twist to his features, that I should have burst out laughing if I had dared. "Oh, my dear sir," said he at length, "who and what are you? That is a language I have not heard for a long time; it reminds me of my blind old friend, Homer, and is really quite affecting. But I must smile at the queer contrast it offers with my present circumstances. Do I look like a powerful god? No, no, I may well exclaim with Virgil, of glorious memory, *Fuit Ilium!*"

The god further proves himself a *laudator temporis acti* of the true stamp, and offers, at length, to show his visitor his wares, which he lets out by the month or day, or sells, to suit his customers' convenience. Before going through his magazines, which are filled up with all the *loci communes* of the day, so extravagantly used by the poets, such as *Cupid's darts*, *scalding tears*, *smouldering ashes*, *broken hearts*, *shepherds' pipes*, *tuneful lyres*, &c., all most systematically arranged in the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious "trade," the visitor inquires after the Muses, to whom he is desirous of paying his respects.

"Muses!" was the reply, "Oh, they are much as you must expect to find them. Old and feeble, melting away like snow in summer. The life they lead is none of the happiest—wear and tear more than enough." "But Thalia," observed I, "was always cheerful. I hope she is well." "Oh! do not mention Thalia; she is the worst and most troublesome of the set; she has grown so peevish that she worries me to death; she is composing pamphlets and satires all day long. Between ourselves, she is fond of a drop; but the really comic vein is exhausted! She was an odd creature from her childhood; even in the days of Aristophanes she gave me a deal of trouble. She never behaved better than in the times of Plautus, Menander and Terence, and once after, (about four hundred years ago,) she was on her good behavior with Molière and Holberg; but now-a-days she is scarcely decent company. She is a great deal too fond of the penny-a-liners and street poets, who come to buy or hire their trumpery here, and I can't prevent her goings-on. Their money is as good as anybody else's, I suppose." "But," I replied, "I hope her sister Melpomene is not altered;

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she was always a staid and sober personage." "Well, she *is* changed, nevertheless, my good sir; she has got rid of any thing like steadiness; she has grown fanatic and fractious, and, in one word, *sentimental*. Whatever she does is sure to be tinged with sentimentality. She is the plague of my life, too! But if you want to know who really gets on well, it is Terpsichore; she composes operas as fast as she can, and dresses like a lady of fashion."

The state of the other Muses is described in a similar manner, and the conversation runs by turns on all the different sorts of literary composition of the sentimental school, which is severely and deservedly castigated. But we have reached or, perhaps, even exceeded, the limits of the space granted us this month; we leave the Dutch Muses in their graceless state till our next paper, when we shall endeavor to trace their revival under Feith and Bilderdijk, and their fortunes down to the present day.

From the London Quarterly Review.

THE VALOIS AND BOURBON DUKES OF ORLEANS.*

That the Duke of Orleans, for the time being, was always a pretender to the throne, and the enemy of its occupant, appears ever to have been considered an incontrovertible fact. It is one that can hardly be disputed; and the antagonism between Orleans and the sceptre commenced with the first little Prince on the roll of these royal Dukes.

The young gentleman in question was the second son of Philip VI. (de Valois). He was born at Vincennes, in 1336; and the good city whose name was borrowed, in order to furnish him with a ducal title, fell, or rose, into a state of delightful enthusiasm at the honor. It was to this Prince that Humbert, Dauphin of Vienne, made gift of his territory; but the father of Philip of Orleans compelled him to resign gift and title, which were transferred to his elder brother John. From that period the heir to the French throne was called "the Dauphin;" and it is historically clear that the Dukes of Orleans not only desired to recover the title, but the inheritance.

The career of the first Duke, Philip, was not very long, nor yet particularly brilliant. He was a good soldier and a sorry Christian. At Poictiers, when scarcely twenty years of age, he led six-and-thirty banners and a couple of hundred pennons into the field. When he had brought his followers within sight of the English ranks, he remarked, "Now, Sirs, you talked right valiantly at your hearths of how you would eat these pestilent English knaves, if you could but get your hands upon their throats. There they are before you! Charge! and may St. Denis give you power both to eat and to digest!" But the broad-cloth arrows and spears of England were too much for even the eager followers of Orleans. Few of them got back to the hearths around which they had so lately boasted.

Duke Philip led a gay life in England during the period he remained here as hostage for his brother the King, John, who had been allowed to return to France to raise a ransom. He had been married, when only in his ninth year, to Blanche, daughter of Charles the Fair; and his profligacy was of a quality to break the heart of sterner wives than gentle Blanche. He survived till the reign of Charles V., the son of John, who cut down his appanages, and had much to do in guarding against his uncle's designs in return. But the King had not to keep guard long; for Philip of Orleans, worn out with his excesses, died, in 1375, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and was buried with as much pomp, in the church of the Celestines in Paris, as though there were men who had honored him when living, or who mourned at his departure.

*1. *Histoire des Ducs d'Orleans.* Par M. Laurentie. Quartre Tomes. 8vo. Paris. 1850.
2. *Histoire de la Vie Politique et Privée de Louis Philippe.* Par A. Dumas. Deux Tomes. 8vo. Paris. 1854.
3. *The History of the House of Orleans.* By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D. Three Vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1853.

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Philip died childless. Charles V., his elder brother, had two sons; one named after himself; the second, Louis Count de Valois, who ultimately had conferred on him the title, by which he became the second Duke of Orleans. He was a marvellous boy; and the first words he uttered were, "*Ave, Maria!*" It is seriously averred that, at the age of eleven years, he bore himself as bravely on the bloody field of Rosbecque as any veteran soldier there. He was, indeed, precocious in most things, and began to whisper in ladies' ears, when preceptors should have been pulling his own. He was fair of face, graceful of figure, sweet of voice, seductive of speech, and easy of principle. He loved money and hated morality; a double fact which he illustrated by receiving under his protection Pierre de Craon, who came to him laden with the gold of which that unfaithful servant had plundered his master, Louis of Anjou. He was, in truth, a young monster of iniquity and avarice. He married the superb Valentine, daughter of Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan; but he basely outraged this lady, as he did nature itself, when he seduced from her duty the wife of his own brother, Isabella of Bavaria. He could not gain the crown; but he could dishonor and destroy the Queen, nothing loth to encounter him half-way in guilt. The Duke and his royal brother held a passage-of-arms at St. Denis, at which the orgies would have made even the Babylonians of Quintus Curtius blush. Valor induced friends to hack at one another gallantly in the lists by day; and the general license of the night made of the banquet a scene, at sight of which not only might the angels have wept, but demons have shuddered. Louis was leader in the fray; for it was more of fray than feast, where drink maddened the vicious, and the vicious acknowledged no restraint. At banquet or in battle, however, the thoughts of Louis were with his sister-in-law, Isabella. He had neither respect nor love for his consort, Valentine, and their two sons. He was, on one occasion, in Languedoc with his brother Charles, when he proposed that they should try their skill in horsemanship by galloping back to Paris. The trial was accepted; but Louis arrived in the capital long before his King and brother; and Isabella too warmly welcomed him who first arrived. Valentine, perhaps, would not have learned her husband's guilt, but for that very Pierre de Craon whom Louis had encouraged in crime, by the commission of which he pecuniarily profited; and he was now betrayed by he criminal, whom he would not further serve, because from that criminal there was nothing more to be gained.

But Louis of Orleans had contrived to secure much of the ill-gotten wealth of De Craon; and with a portion thereof he erected an expiatory chapel, at the opening of which he walked barefooted to the altar, in testimony of his sorrow at the fatal issue of one of the roughest of his jokes. At a grand marriage-festival, given in honor of the nuptials of one of the ladies of Queen Isabella, Louis introduced an *entrée masquée*, consisting of six individuals chained together as satyrs. One of these was the King; and the whole half-dozen were attired in dresses of a highly inflammable nature. The deportment of these satyrs was "beastly;" nay, it is almost an injustice to "beasts" to say so. Heaven and human nature were alike outraged on this occasion. The debauchery and drunken revelry of the satyrs were at the highest, when Louis of Orleans, thoughtlessly—and yet some say, maliciously—thrusting a lighted torch at the King's dress, set it on fire; and, in an instant, the chained six were struggling in a mass of flames, howling, cursing, and helpless. The King was rescued; but two Knights died of their injuries: and it was that their souls might rest in peace, and that he himself might be reconciled with Heaven, that Louis built a chapel out of funds which he had forced from a man who had stolen them from his master. Louis laughed when all was done; but the angels must have wept. This consequence, however, would have little affected the unscrupulous Duke, who was as unjust as he was grasping. He banished his wife, Valentine, to Neufchatel, on an accusation of her being too familiar with the now half insane King; and from the royal semi-idiot he obtained a grant of all property forfeited by criminals. Mezeray might well say of him, "*Il profitait de tout.*" But he forced more from the King than this. He obtained the power of levying taxes, and the revenue arising therefrom he placed in his own coffers; thus robbing the people, and cheating the King. When murmurs arose at the impost, his answer was, that it was levied, not on his sole authority, but with the consent of the other administrators of the kingdom,—his kinsmen, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri. The wrathful denial of the two Dukes compelled Louis of Orleans to abolish the tax; and thereupon he unblushingly intimated to the people, that they were relieved of the impost solely in consequence of his own remonstrance with the King! That poor King! He never woke to transient reason

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without beholding the precipice down which Louis was driving the chariot of the state; Isabella at his side; and fierce Burgundy loading the air with imprecations, not at the wickedness of Orleans, but that he himself could not share in the government and the profits. And these profits were enormous: that they were tempting to unscrupulous cupidity, may be seen in the fact that, on one occasion, when the royal officers deposited the taxes in the treasury, and defended the deposit, Louis headed an armed force, attacked the treasury, defeated its faithful defenders, and triumphantly carried off the "resources of the kingdom." He was, moreover, a remover of landmarks; acre to acre he added to his estates; and, like the nobleman in Hamlet, he was "spacious in the possession of dirt."

His name was a familiar one in England at the period of which we are treating; for it was by his especial aid that Henry of Lancaster dethroned the gentle Richard. Monstrelet cites the legal deed by which Henry of Lancaster and Louis of Orleans entered into bonds of sworn brotherhood; but this line of fraternity did not restrain the French Duke from summoning the usurper King to mortal combat, on the ground that the latter was the assassin of his liege lord. Henry denied the imputation, refused the challenge, and dismissed the bearer of it with the deed of brotherhood, which he contemptuously returned to his capricious *quasi*-kinsman.

Louis was the father of Dunois, the famous "Bâtard d'Orleans." The mother of Dunois was a married lady, Mariette d'Enghien; and history has no such horrible story, nor romance any such revolting legend, as that which tells of the fiendish brutality of the sire of Dunois. The very soul sickens at the thought of the revolting treatment to which the noble Mariette was subjected. But fiend as was the perpetrator, he could, like the devils spoken of by the apostle, "*tremble*." His courage was not perfect, even when he became Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, with the Pope to sanction all he did. The most truculent of Roman Emperors used to hide himself beneath his bed when thunder hurtled in the air; and Louis, once overtaken by a sudden storm on his way from chapel, where he had heard a comminatory sermon, was so alarmed that he called his creditors together, in order that he might satisfy their demands, and so, in one sense, obey the apostolic injunction, which says, "Owe no man any thing." But when the ecstatic creditors were assembled at the ducal palace, the storm had passed away, and the sermon was forgotten; and therewith the creditors were violently driven from the mansion, with pouches and purses as ungarnished as when they had entered. Avarice was, perhaps, his besetting sin; and he even offered to resign his high office of Lieutenant-General, provided he might have, in its place, the irresponsible administration of the national finances. He negotiated the marriage subsequently concluded between his son Charles and Isabella, the widow of our own royal Richard, with a sharpness of view towards the settlements, which proves that the Orleans of the House of Valois were not of a less mercantile spirit, even in affairs of the heart, than the Orleans of Bourbon, who transacted the famous marriage which united the illegitimate and the legitimate branches of the house, in the persons of Mlle. de Penthièvre and the Duke de Chartres, (Philippe Egalité.)

The fiercest adversary of Louis was that redoubtable Duke of Burgundy, who is known in history as "John the Fearless." These foes, however, were reconciled by mutual friends; and to show how earnest they were, they proceeded hand-in-hand to church, knelt at the altar, received the sacrament, and, with what they took for "very God" in their mouths, swore that thenceforward they would be only as loving brothers. In further token of their reconciliation, they for several nights shared the same couch,—a knightly ceremony much followed by men in their respective positions. Shortly after, Orleans conducted Burgundy into his gallery of portraits. It was a gallery like that which some of our readers may have seen at Munich, during the late King's reign, wherein hung the counterfeit presentments of all those ladies whose beauty had excited the admiration of the owner of the gallery. Jean Sans-Peur is said to have recognized among them a portrait which marvellously reminded him of his own consort; but he passed on and said nothing. He meditated so much the more deeply; and such terrible threatenings seemed to sit upon his brow, that the Duke de Berri, suspecting at whom they pointed, made both his kinsmen attend him to the altar, where they once more took the sacrament, and vowed eternal friendship. It was not many nights after, that Orleans was, on his way, mounted on a mule, and accompanied by a feeble escort of his followers, returning from a guilty visit to the Queen Isabella, at her residence, the Hotel Barbette. He had suddenly arisen from supper with the Queen, on feigned intimation conveyed to him by a conspirator,—who assumed, for the nonce, the office of a King's messenger,

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—that His Majesty required the Duke's presence at the Hotel de Saint Pol. He went forth, mounted as we have said, three footmen carrying torches before him. Eighteen armed men awaited him in the old Rue de Temple. They fell upon their victim just as he had reached the front of the house called "L'Image de Notre Dame." All his followers fled, save one, who met death with his worthless master. The assassins assailed the Duke with cries of "*Death! Death!*" Orleans, conceiving some mistake, exclaimed, "What means this violence? Know ye not I am the Duke of Orleans?" "All the better!" was the fatal rejoinder; "it is you whom we have been waiting for!" Orleans pulled up his bridle, but a blow from a battle-axe cut off the hand which held the rein, at the wrist. Daggers pierced his sides, and swords his throat; and at length, as he fell from the mule, a blow from a club dashed out his brains, and he lay dead in the middle of the street. At this moment a man issued from the house, "L'Image de Notre Dame;" his features were concealed by a hood of scarlet cloth, trimmed with gold. It was Burgundy himself. He bore a club; and as another of the murderers held a torch over the fallen body, Burgundy dealt the latter a heavy blow with his club, and added, "He is dead! Put out your lights, and disperse!" The order was not prematurely given; the street was filling with people, and the assassins, in passing through the house, set fire to it, in order to attract that way the public attention. They got clear off; and on the following day, when the body of the murdered Orleans was exposed in the church of the Blancs Manteaux, there was no one there who seemed so profoundly sorrowful at the fact, and indignant against the perpetrators, as the hypocritical Burgundy, who touched the corpse, in company with all present, as a token of being innocent of all participation. The attention of the police, however, was inconveniently directed towards the palace of the Duke of Burgundy, whither one of the assassins, in a scarlet hood, had been seen to fly for refuge. John was no longer what his name declared him,—"the Fearless." He sent for his kinsman Berri, made hurried avowal of, and apology for, his crime, and then set foot in stirrup, nor ever pulled rein, till he was beyond the power of France, in his own sovereign dukedom. He was of course a pious man, was this Burgundian Duke, according to the spirit of the times,—and, indeed, of very recent times also. It is not many years ago that we were discussing this murder upon the very stage where it had been enacted; and our then youthful indignation found expression in some stringent terms. "Burgundy had his virtues, nevertheless," was the remark of one at our side. "Ay, marry, and how did the villain manifest them?" "Nay, Sir," was the calm rejoinder, "call him not 'villain;' for, in pious thanksgiving for his escape, he ordered the *Angelus* to be rung for ever at one o'clock in the afternoon, in memory of the hour at which he crossed the frontier into his ducal territory, on the last day of November, 1407." We looked inquiringly at the speaker, but we saw nothing on his brow, save sincerity and error.

The conduct of the wife of Orleans exhibits another curious trait of the times. She was the mother of three sons, Charles, Philip, and John. But she did not look to them in her great sorrow. She sent for Dunois, that natural son of her husband, and who returned little of the strange affection which she showed for him. He was then very young, but she looked upon him as missioned to punish her husband's murderer. She loved him as her own, and reared him as tenderly as though he had been heir to a crown. Whenever she saw him full of soul and ardor, the tears would well to her eyes, and she would remark, that she had been wronged of him, that he ought to have been hers, and that none of her children were so well qualified to take revenge upon the assassin of their sire, as this, the illegitimate John,—who was afterwards so renowned under his more familiar appellation of Dunois.

Full as strongly did the wronged Valentine continue to mourn. She assumed for her device a watering-pot,—of course, pouring forth salt tears. On the mouth-piece of the "rose" was engraven a coil of *S's*, which some ingenious interpreter declared to signify, "*Solam Sæpe Seipsam Sollicitari Suspirareque.*" She chose, for a legend beneath, the expressive phrase: "*Nil mihi præterea, præterea nil mihi.*" But stranger still was the settlement of this great feud. Burgundy returned to Paris upon safe-warrant. Before the whole court, and in presence therewith of the entire family of Orleans, he made *amende* for his deed. He confessed the murder, and justified it, pronouncing the late Duke to have been a traitor, to rid the King of whom, was to do the monarch justice. And thereupon that monarch meekly expressed his obligations to the murderer of his brother; the family of the victim (after a show of decent reluctance) declared themselves satisfied; and, to let the tragedy be

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followed by a dramatic act of gayety, the assassin espoused a Princess of the family, the Church blessed the entire arrangements, and all was thenceforth to go as merrily as a marriage-bell.

The third Duke of Orleans was Charles, son of the second Duke. He was of so poor merit that even the party which cared for his interests (and its own) took its name, not from their leader, but from the Count d'Armagnac, father of Bona, the second wife of Duke Charles. Between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, France was reduces to the most fearful condition of misery. The object of the former was, to avenge and make pecuniary profit of the murder of the late Duke:—and that one murder led to a thousand others; and no one profited thereby, save Satan, who appears to have been the chief adviser of both parties.

At length, however, the arms of each were turned against one common foe—the English. The great collision took place at Agincourt, and resulted in a triumph, the shouts of which still echo in the hearts of the descendants of the victors. The young Duke of Orleans was made captive on that terrible day, and was so overwhelmed at the dreadful calamity, that for two whole days he refused all nourishment. Appetite, however, then got the better of his grief, and his stomach proved stronger than his sorrow. Henry brought him prisoner to England, where he resided during more than a quarter of a century. During this long time, he was occupied in writing poetry, bewailing his detention from La Belle France, kissing with expansive demonstration of affection the French Ambassador from the Duke of Burgundy in England, and tempting Henry to set him at liberty without ransom, in return for certain treachery, which he offered to commit against his own Sovereign, Charles VII., whom he engaged to renounce,—acknowledging Henry in his place. At length his release was effected, and that by Burgundian aid. Philip, son of John the Fearless, slain on the bridge at Montereau, paid down 300,000 crowns; the city of Orleans contributed some 9,000 gold francs, and therewith the captive Duke had permission to return to France, where he married a niece of his ransomer, Philip; thus once more, by gold and a wedding, patching up a peace between houses to whom it was second nature to be at war.

There were few things illustrative of character or scene that escaped the observation or memory of Shakspeare. The echo at the foot of Macbeth's Castle still does justice to the remark of the usurping King to the Doctor,—

> I would applaud them *to the very echo*,
> That should applaud again.

In Shakspeare's "Henry V.," the Duke of Orleans has little to do, and less to say; but the latter is perfectly characteristic of the Prince in question. The poetical knowledge of the royal poet is illustrated in the remark made by him when the Dauphin states that he had written a sonnet in praise of his palfrey, which began thus, "*Wonder of nature.*" "I have heard," says Orleans, "a sonnet begin so to one's mistress." Of all the French lords, he is the only one who is made to deliver a common truth in fancy phrase, "The sun doth gild our armor; up, my Lords!" And when others despair, he alone, as was the case, entertains hope, and cheerfully exclaims:—

> We are enough yet living in the field,
> To smother up the English in our throngs,
> If any order might be thought upon.

When Charles of Orleans returned to France, the last visit he paid was one to the King. He resided for some time in retirement at Orleans and Blois. The French monarch, however, behaved with noble generosity towards him, received him cordially, when the Duke experienced an attack of loyalty, and gave him 160,000 francs, wherewith to purchase the freedom of his brother, the Count of Angoulême, then detained as a hostage in England. Various opinions have been given with respect to the conduct of Duke Charles in this country during his captivity; but the pages of Rymer show, that, much as he was given to poetry, he could dabble a little in treason; and that, in *his* estimation, it was perfectly right, that self should take precedence of country, and the general good yield to that of the individual,—in other words, of himself. In France, as he grew in years, he became more and more devoted to agricultural pursuits; but, like Philippe Egalité at Villers-Cotterets, while he watched the growth of cabbages, he was vigilant as to what he thought his rights. Thence his expedition against Milan, to the ducal crown of which he laid claim, an immediate male heir to the late Duke being wanting, through his mother. But the lance of Orleans was shivered by the sword of Sforza; and when the former heard of the utter failure of his expeditionary force, he left the quarrel to be bloodily contested, as it was, by more than one succeeding heir. In the mean time, Louis XI. had ascended the throne which his father Charles had left va-

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cant, and the King of France and the Duke of Orleans were good friends,—when they were not antagonists. The Duke is said, indeed, to have become so mere a courtier in his advanced age, that, Louis, on one occasion, speaking to him in terms of strong reproach, he took it so to heart, that he crawled to Amboise, like a stricken deer to the covert, and there died despairingly, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

He has always had a reputation for piety; but as this is chiefly based upon the fact, that every Friday he entertained thirteen poor people at dinner, waiting on them himself, and that annually, on Ascension Thursday, he washed the feet (previously cleaned) of as many mendicants, Charles of Orleans has but few claims to occupy a chapter in Hagiobiography.

He was thrice married; first, to Isabella, the widow of our Richard the Second; afterwards, to Bonne d'Armagnac; and thirdly, to Maria of Cleves, by whom he had that son Louis, who succeeded him as Duke of Orleans, and ultimately wore the French crown as Louis XII.

The most remarkable of these wives was the first, Isabella, daughter of Charles VI. of France. This Princess was married to our Richard when the bride was scarcely nine years of age, and the bridegroom was about four times as much. Richard espoused her for the sake of the alliance with France; and he treated her paternally, petting her like a lamb, giving her sweetmeats, and telling her fairy tales. He was fond of the child, and she of him; and when he departed from Windsor, on the outbreak of the rebellion of Bolingbroke, he left a kiss upon her brow that was impressed with the deep melancholy of a father perhaps separating for ever from a favorite daughter. It was with the feverish partiality of a child that Isabella espoused his cause; and, after death descended upon him so terribly, and she was taken back to France, it was long before she would lay down the trappings of her woe, or allow her young heart to be consoled for the loss of her old protector. Questions of state again made of her a wife; and in 1406, when she was but in her thirteenth year, her hand was given to Charles of Orleans, then only eleven years of age. Three years afterwards she gave birth to a daughter, and at the same time yielded up her own life,—that brief life, the happier for its brevity.

The merits of Charles of Orleans, as a poet, were undoubtedly very great. He had little of the obscurity of the poets of his day, few of their conceits, and none of their overstrained compliments. His muse was gentle in her song,—tender, as became one who sang in a long captivity in Pontefract Castle. The lines devoted to descriptions of nature seem, if one may say so, to breathe freshly upon the cheeks like May breezes. They remind us chiefly of Surrey, particularly of that noble poet's exquisite sonnet on Spring. Charles's muse grew joyous as he grew in years, when he penned noisy roundelays, and those famous *chansons à danser*, which gained from him the name of "*Caroles*,"—a name common now, even in English, to all lyrics resonant of joy and glad tidings. Charles left the bulk of his manuscripts behind him in this country. Some of them found their way to France, and are now in the chief public library in Paris; but enough remain in this country to give life and excitement to the whole Society of Antiquaries, who will doubtless be obliged to us for reminding them of the fact.

We add one sample of the royal troubadour's quality, translated by the practised pen of Mr. Carey. Of its original author, we will only add one more additional trait. After the battle of Agincourt, Henry took him and the other captive Princes, in his own ship, from Calais to Dover. The passage was one of the stormiest: and the warriors who had encountered the horrors of the battle-field without blenching, were as timid as sick girls at finding themselves the sport of the furious wind on the unstable main. Charles especially excited the mirth of the English King, by dolorously asserting that he had rather fight a dozen Agincourts over again, than endure for another hour such a passage by sea. But to our promised taste of his quality as a poet:—

To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That life and odor gave;
And grief, illuminèd by tears,
Irradiated her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved,—"Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!"

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true.
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray'd,
When gracious God, *with both his hands*,
Her wondrous beauty made:

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She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

No more, no more! My heart doth faint,
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deem'd by all;
Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en,
By God, to feed his paradise,
And with his saints to reign.
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

We now come to the first Duke of Orleans who ascended the throne of France. Louis, son of Charles, was born at Blois, in 1462. He will doubtless be familiar to most of our readers, figuring so graphically as he does in the "Quentin Durward" of Sir Walter Scott. Louis XI. compelled him to marry his deformed and sterile daughter Joan, threatening him with death by drowning, if he refused. Anne de Beaujeu, the other daughter of the King, loved the graceful Orleans, who, in his turn, wooed a great many fair ladies generally, and Anne of Bretagne in particular. When Anne de Beaujeu became Regent for the youthful Charles VIII., the Duke of Orleans plunged into an active armed opposition, which ultimately made of him the prisoner of that Princess, who, stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*, treated him with an atrocious severity, and kept him, during a portion of his captivity, chained in an iron cage, like a wild beast. Her desire was to compel him to solicit her compassion, and to make offer of his love; but Orleans bore his dreadful fate courageously during five years, and then owed his liberation to the spontaneous act of the young King Charles. He had, in the mean time, made wise use of the hours of his adversity; and he stepped into freedom one of the most accomplished men of his day. The death of Charles VIII. left the throne open to him, its lawful possessor. He stood by the deceased monarch with salt rheum upon his eye-lashes, and resolution at his heart. Whither this latter tended, may be seen in the fact, that Louis, now the twelfth of the name, not only buried the late monarch at his own expense, but married that monarch's widow. The relict of the departed sovereign was that Anne of Bretagne of whom we have already spoken. She and Louis had been lovers in their younger days; but they made but a very discordant pair in the maturer years of less passion, and more discretion. Their letters, indeed, have been cited to prove the contrary; and these *do* betray a most orthodox warmth of conjugal affection. But then these epistles are known to be from the hands of the court poets, who, in their office of secretary, took all their phraseology from an Italian vocabulary, and had a supreme contempt for veracity and common sense. To marry Anne, he repudiated the innocent Joan; and, on the death of his second wife, he looked towards the court of our Henry VIII., and solicited from that monarch the hand of his gentle sister, the peerless Mary Tudor.

Now, if Louis of Orleans was the husband of three wives, Mary of England was the lady of many lovers,—herself loving but one. She had been wooed by Albert of Austria, and Charles of Spain, and now by Louis of France; but her heart was with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who was the most successful of the lovers after all. Suffolk is said to have formed part of the escort which accompanied Mary across the Channel. Among her ladies was a Mistress Anne Boleyne, a vivacious girl, who lost her felicity in achieving greatness. St. Wulphran, to whom the last prayers of the wedding-party were addressed before going on board, ill repaid their pious zeal. After rolling about for many hours in the most tub-like of ships, knights and ladies were flung ashore on a desolate part of the French coast, on which they pitched their tents, beneath whose sheltering canvas they smoothed their ruffled plumes, shook out their silks, and calmed their grievously tormented stomachs.

The "Pearl of England," as Mary was styled by her fond brother Henry VIII., set up her hasty but splendid "state" in a rude hut, which was turned, for the nonce, into a palace, whither the Boulognese flocked in crowds to admire the gorgeousness of her *trousseau* and general appointments. She was exquisite in her grace and accomplishments. "Madame Marie d'Angleterre" won golden opinions from all who looked upon her. They were dazzled with the gems she wore, set by the artistic hands of "Master William Verner;" and if our readers are desirous to peruse the detailed inventory of all the wealth which accompanied the "Flower of England,"—a young blossom to be grafted on an old and withered stem,—they will find it in the business-like book of accounts of Andrew of Worcester.

Marie moved slowly on to Abbeville, where Louis impatiently waited the arrival of his young bride. His impatience got the better

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of his gout; and, swallowing some stimulating drugs to steady his nerves and strengthen his sinews, and under pretence of a hunting-match, he gallopped through the gates of Abbeville, for the purpose of sooner beholding his bride. He was attended by a most glorious company:—a more brilliant had not passed beneath the archways of the ramparts since the morning on which Philip of Valois passed by the same outlet to meet the English army and an overthrow upon the bloody field of Cressy. When the procession of the bride, and that peerless lady on her palfrey, came in view, the shattered King felt something like young blood within his veins. He put spurs to his steed, charged close up to the side of the Princess, gazed into her face and radiant eyes, and then, clapping his feeble hands, he uttered his ordinary oath, invoking all the fiends in Tophet to seize him, if "Madame Marie" were not twice as beautiful as report had pronounced her to be. The royal pair rode on, side by side, in advance of the double escort; and if Suffolk looked upon them, he might have sung,—

> Ah, qu'il soit Roi! Mais qu'il me porte envie;
> J'ai votre cœur,—je suis plus Roi que lui.

The marriage, after a world of tedious ceremony, took place in the church of St. Wulphran, at Abbeville. An old "custom of the country" had well-nigh determined Louis to have his wedding solemnized in another city; but he was gained over by a speech of the mayor, who said, "Sire, you may wed here without breaking our old ecclesiastical law, which no longer exists, and which used to forbid husbands to dwell in company with their wives during three whole days and nights after the celebration of their nuptials." The matrimonial crown was only worn by Mary for only three brief months. The way of life of Louis during that period would have killed a stronger man. In January, 1515, his excesses shook him off from the tree of life,—fruit withered and rotten,—into the grave beneath.

To follow the fortunes of our English Mary for a moment further, we may state that, in another three months, she was the happy wife of the Duke of Suffolk. Of this union there survived but two daughters,—Eleanor and Frances. Frances espoused Grey, Marquis of Dorset, on whom was conferred the title of Duke of Suffolk; and the most celebrated and unhappy of whose children was that Lady Jane Grey, whose descent from Mary Tudor brought her to a momentary enjoyment of a throne, and, finally, to the block. The dust of Mary lies beneath the altar of the old abbey church at Bury St. Edmund's; and summer tourists could not possibly make a more agreeable or a cheaper trip, than by steaming from the Thames to Ipswich, up the beautiful river Orwell, and thence proceeding to the picturesque city of the royal martyr of England's early days.

In the person of that King, who was once noble-minded enough to say that Louis XII. had no recollection of the enemies of the Duke of Orleans, was extinguished the first lineal branch of the Orleans of the Valois race. The new monarch was Francis I. (of Angoulême,) cousin of the late King, who conferred the ducal title, whose descent we are tracing, upon his second son, Henry, born in 1518. Henry was that precocious Prince who, at fifteen, kissed the slipper, and made himself the amorous slave, of Diana de Poictiers, for whom he built the regal bower of Fontainebleau. Henry, as King, would have been more inclined to grant toleration to the Huguenots, but for the persuasion of his orthodox concubine. We now arrive at a period, of which we have fully treated in a previous number,—the period of the greatness of the Guises. We may, therefore, pass lightly over it in this place. Confining ourselves simply to the line of Orleans, it must suffice to state, that when Henry became the successor of his elder brother Francis, the title of Duke of Orleans fell to his younger brother Charles. The latter was famed for his fiery courage and girl-like beauty, his gay spirit and reckless career, which was cut short, at Boulogne, by a fever. The title was then conferred on Louis, the second son of Henry II. This little Duke departed from that and all other worldly greatness, at the early age of one year and nine months. Henry then conferred it upon his brother Charles, who was afterwards "damned to everlasting fame" as Charles IX., the murderer of his Protestant subjects. When this sovereign came to the throne, he added the title of Orleans to that of Anjou, already worn by his brother Henry, some time King of Poland, and subsequently King of France, under the style and title of King Henry III.,—the slayer of the great Guise, and the slain of the Dominican J[illegible]cques Clement. Henry III., when King, [illegible]erred his duchy on his mother, Catheri[illegible]e [illegible]sufruct That exemplary lady enjoyed duchy then thereof during life; and th[illegible],—but without (1589) reverted to the cr[illegible]

possessing a Duke, until after the wars of the League, and the period of the peaceful days of "Henri Quatre," the successor of Henry III. With the latter closed the line of Dukes of the second branch, that of Angoulême-Valois. We now come to the third and last race,—the Dukes of Orleans of the House of Bourbon.

In the year 1697, a second son was born to Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis. At the mature age of sixteen days old, he was created Duke of Orleans, and decorated with the chief military honors which the royal father had to bestow. Deans and sub-deans rushed into pedantic poetry; and, in very crippled Latin verse, foretold the future greatness and happiness of the little Duke; whose destiny they had thus no sooner settled, than he straightway died, to shame the prophets; and on the coffin of the child, in his fourth year, was coined the lie, that therein reposed "the most high and puissant Prince," with a long line of sounding titles, to give dignity to the mendacity.

Henri bestowed the lapsed ducal title of Orleans upon his third son, Gaston, a Prince who was so named after the famous warrior, Gaston de Foix; whom he further resembled by wearing a sword on his thigh, a sash across his breast, and a plumed cap upon his head; but, unlike the noble De Foix, he had neither courage to wield his sword, nor a heart true to any cause, nor a head furnished with brains enough to hint to him the consequences of his own folly. "Monsieur," as he was called, did not succeed to the title of Orleans until he had advanced to manhood. In the mean time, his youth was passed amid a perplexing multiplicity of teachers. By some he was taught to be a bigot; by others, a hypocrite; by a third, a pedant; while the ex-soldier, D'Ornano, was so wroth with the innate obstinacy of his pupil, that he used to walk abroad with a couple of rods tied to his waist. These he was constantly holding up, *in terrorem*, above the royal pupil's person; but their descent was ever deprecated by Madame d'Ornano; and this farce was so constantly played, that Gaston came, at last, to look upon the rods with no more respect than what he threw away upon the wearer. He was naturally uncourteous and rude; so much so, that on one occasion, having treated with coarse incivility the gentlemen of his chamber, his tutor called up the scullions from the kitchen, to wait upon a prince who knew not how to accept the attendance of men of higher rank. This was the most practically useful lesson which he ever received from any of his preceptors.

At an early age he was married, sorely against his will, to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, of the turbulent house of Guise. The vast fortune of the lady alone reconciled the recalcitrant bridegroom, whose own immense fortune, bestowed on him with the title of Duke of Orleans, was not sufficient for his great appetite for filthy lucre. His whole life was engaged in conspiring, and in betraying his confederates. He really seemed to delight in conducting them into danger, and in refusing to help them out of it, even when he had but to extend his hand to do so. He was as unstable as water, and so infirm of purpose, as to be always of the advice of the last comer. He maintained a most regal state in his splendid palace, the chief saloons in which, however, were devoted to the purpose of a common gambling-house. He himself played deeply: nor was play his only vice. He was faithless, both as husband and subject,—untrue alike to consort and to king; and as to the sacred truth, he had no more scruple in violating it, when it suited his purpose, than has that exemplary personage, Nicholaï, Czar of all the Russias! The "*parole de gentilhomme*" of the latter prince is about of as much value as that of Mascarille.

The only trace of intellectuality in Gaston was in the debating club which he kept at his house, where questions of interest were discussed, but where, as in the conversational circles of Tiberius, every guest was required to be of the same opinion as the master of the house. Gaston, too, was famous for the Haroun Alraschid sort of propensity which he had for running about the streets in disguise, and in search of adventures. He often found more than he sought: and returned to his residence, at dawn, with tattered cloak, cudgelled sides, and very unedified brains.

Gaston of Orleans was of that timidity of spirit, and weakness of principle, which may drive men into mean crimes, but which will never lead them to the commission of even small virtues. He was essentially stupid, and yet not uninformed; for, in middle age, he was a great and a good reader. But so was the Emperor Claudius, without being for it a bit the better man. In 1627, his wife died in giving birth to a daughter; and Gaston, who looked to the throne as his own,—for his brother, Louis XIII., was childless,—two days after the death of his consort, was laughingly canvassing the names of high-born ladies, worthy to succeed to her place,

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and help to found a dynasty. He aimed at achieving what his brother, and his brother's minister, Richelieu, aimed to extinguish,—popular liberty; and all three had the same selfish end in view,—individual profit. The ochlocracy of the *fauxbourgs*, however, recognized in Gaston their coming man; and when he appeared in the streets, his passage was hailed with shouts of "*Vive la liberté du peuple!*" at which Gaston encouragingly smiled, as Egalité, in similar circumstances, did after him. He privately married Mary of Lorraine; but his union with that lady did not prevent him from being the very meanest and most heartless of seducers; and he wore a gay air amid it all, until his brother Louis XIII., after twenty-three years of sterile union with Anne of Austria, became the father of a Dauphin, whose birth flung down Orleans from the height of his greatness and expectations. The King, we know not wherefore, insisted upon the Duke going through the form of a second and public marriage with Mary of Lorraine. The Church was reluctant to sanction a ceremony which appeared to throw invalidity on the privately celebrated rite; but the Archbishop of Paris cleverly surmounted the difficulty; and when he had pronounced the words, "*Ego vos conjungo,*" he added "*In quantum opus est;*" and so saved the honor of the Church, and the inviolability of her ordinances.

The new Duchess of Orleans was a lady of many charms, but without the energy to make them available. She was said to be pretty, without even looking so; and witty, without ever letting it be known. Like the lady in the satire, who "was not born to carry her own weight,"—who could not move across a room without foreign aid, and who ever

> Spoke with such a dying fall,
> That Betty rather saw than heard the call,—

she was subject, or thought herself subject, to fainting fits; and her husband used to witness their recurrence with undisguised laughter. He probably looked upon them as counterfeits; for, commonly, he did not lack courtesy towards his lady. She was, however, undoubtedly, the type of the "lackadaisical" fine lady whom Dr. Young has so graphically painted:—

> The motion of her lips and meaning eye
> Piece out the idea her faint words deny.
> O listen with attention most profound!
> Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
> And help, O help! her spirits are so dead,
> One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
> If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
> She pants, she sinks away, she is no more!
> Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
> Life is not worth so much;—she'd rather starve:
> But chew she must herself;—ah! cruel fate,
> That Roxalinda can't by proxy eat!

It is astonishing how long the languid lady ruled the realms of *ton*. Laziness was as strong in them as in Lawrence's dog, which was too lazy to bark unless it could lean its head against a wall.

We cannot trace the career of the Duke through the half-farce, half-tragedy of the Fronde,—that sanguinary comedy, in which the actors struggled for power, and slew one another, now with sharp-pointed epigrams, and anon with as sharp-pointed swords: Gaston behaved throughout like a man coveting a prize which he had not the courage boldly to strike for. No so his masculine daughter, the great Mademoiselle, whose memoirs are full of far more extraordinary incidents than were ever invented by the hot and perplexity-stricken brains of fiction. Her sire used the daughter throughout the entire plot, only to betray her when it was failing, and to abuse her when it had exploded. Their quarrels were of the most ignoble quality; but, with all her faults, the daughter was of a far more heroic mould than her sire. The latter, when profit was no longer to be made by plotting, gave up the vocation; and, on being reconciled to Louis XIV., celebrated the peace between himself and his royal nephew, by giving to the latter a dinner; but the banquet was of such detestable quality, that the young monarch rose from it disgusted, and retired with a sense of insult which he never forgave. Gaston, thereupon, withdrew into private life, where, so strangely constituted were princes then, he took a mistress, with whom he indulged in religious pursuits. Thrice a day did this worthy couple afford the congregation assembled at the church which they frequented, the edifying exhibition of a prince and his concubine seriously "transacting their worship." When he died, exhausted in body and reputation, was it wonderful that France exclaimed, like Shakspeare's sentinel — "For this relief much thanks!"

Louis XIII., the feeble heir of a mighty sire, was the father of two sons born late in wedlock. The first of these boys was Louis, afterwards the Fourteenth of that name; and the other, Philip, [illegible] his cradle, bore the

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title of Anjou, exchanging it in after-life for that of Orleans, which had been worn by his worthless uncle, Gaston. From him was lineally descended that Louis Philippe whose name pointed to his double descent;—from Philippe on the paternal side, and from Louis the XIV., through his mother, who was the granddaughter of the Count of Toulouse;—the Count being one of the legitimatized children of the Grand Monarque and Madame de Montespan.

Before the accession of Louis XIV., the friends of his brother Philippe affected to look upon him as the son of Mazarin. Anne of Austria, however, was innocent of the implied accusation. The charge was, nevertheless, well remembered in the Orleans family. Prior to the period when Louis Philippe sat in the seat of Charles X., the former had ever a sneer ready to fling at the asserted legitimacy of Louis XIV.; but no sooner had that same Louis Philippe become King of the French, than he was heard to declare, that he was proud of his descent from the Great monarch, although he could only claim the honor through that monarch's illegitimate offspring.

Philip of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., was a small, bright-eyed, dark-haired boy, with the nose of a man and the mouth of a doll. He was clever, but shy, and loved rather to be with the ladies, than playing at soldiers with the little lords. As those ladies were not remarkable for their refinement or morals, the training of the young Prince was in the highest degree pernicious. He lost his father in 1643, before he himself had attained his third year. From that time, there seems to have been a conspiracy to oppose his progress in all useful knowledge. When a boy, his tutors, appointed for form's sake, were ordered by Mazarin to keep him in ignorance, lest he should, by natural aptitude and their aid, become wiser than his brother, the King. The priestly teachers obeyed the commands of their ecclesiastical superior, and even went a little beyond their commission. They not only made him the pupil of folly, but the slave of sin. His ignorance was deplorable. Even when he had grown to man's estate, he was often unable to read his own writing; and all that he cared for was riotous living, destructive gambling, painted courtesans, and gay costumes.

He was brave enough to excite the jealousy of the royal brother, who was the object of his contempt or fear, in whose presence he trembled with nervous excitement, and who refused him military employment, lest the reputation of Philip should throw a shade over his own. And yet his boldness in battle was marked by the effeminate anxiety which characterized Pompey's legion of blooming youths—an anxiety to preserve the utmost beauty of dress and feature amid the turmoil of war, so destructive of both. He was most at home in a ball, where, after all, he looked ridiculous enough, dancing, like a lady, in high-heeled shoes, in order to remedy his want of stature. Though twice married, he never knew the gentle influences of honest affection. He never loved any one thing on earth,—save church-bells when they were ringing the vigil of the dead. He would then go miles to listen to the lugubrious chimes,—driven by the same impulse that made George Selwyn cross seas to be present at hangings and quarterings.

In 1661, the Duke married Henrietta, the last child of Charles I., on whom her sire's eyes never rested, and whose birthplace was in the mansion of the Russells at Exeter, on the site now occupied in that ancient city by "Bedford Row." The little Princess had been christened a Protestant; but soon after Lady Morton had dexterously smuggled her into France, she was, without asking her consent, affiliated to the Church of Rome. This qualified her to be the bride of Philip. The latter, having had conferred on him the fief of Orleans, held by his uncle Gaston, the late Duke, was no mean match for a disinherited and fugitive Princess. The nuptials were celebrated during the season of Lent, 1661; and as the season necessitated maimed rites and some privacy, all France augured that the wedded life which commenced without a ball, would infallibly end with a murder. And so it did.

Louis XIV. hated Henrietta until she became the wife of his brother, and then his affection was far warmer than was authorized by the respective positions of the two parties. Henrietta, too, had other lovers; and the intrigues which ensued, to keep the respective lovers ignorant of each other, and the ducal husband, who was himself a monster of infidelity, blind to the guilty conduct of his wife, are enough to convey despair into the soul of any one but a Spanish play-wright, who lives by inventing impossible plots. They who care to study this unclean, unprofitable, and highly-perplexing chapter, may find more to puzzle than to edify them in the Memoirs of Henrietta, by the Countess de Lafayette.

The character of the individual, and of the

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times also, is, perhaps, best exemplified in the mission which was confided to Henrietta by her brother-in-law, Louis XIV. That King was desirous of securing the alliance of our Charles II., in his attempt to suppress civil and religious liberty in the Dutch dominions. Henrietta was sent over to England, to buy her brother with a double bribe,—a heavy purse and a lightly-principled lady. From the hands of his own sister, that "most religious and gracious king" accepted both; and, after all, defrauded his purchaser! Charles was so pleased with his painted sepulchre of a mistress, Mdle. Kerouaille, that he created her Duchess of Portsmouth; and Louis XIV. was so delighted with her ready betrayal to him of Charles's secrets, that he presented her with a title and estate in France. Such was the precious trio who thought to set up Absolutism and Popery on the pedestal from which they had been overthrown by the stern and earnest men of England, in days gone by.

When Henrietta rejoined her husband, she met with but a sorry reception. The Duke of Orleans had been opposed to the visit made by her to this country; and rumor was so busy with the name of the Duchess, as to her acts in her native country, that her husband had some reason to account her as being almost as worthless a personage as himself. Shortly after her return to France, she was effectually poisoned, but in the most bungling of methods. A drugged draught of succory water slew the daughter of our Charles I.; and before Bossuet had well-nigh muttered a hasty prayer over her, the Duke of Orleans was ransacking his wife's writing-desk. She had died unblushingly, with an assertion of her fidelity to him. In proof that he believed it, the Duke sat down to read all his consort's private correspondence; and if he found no proof therein of her guilt, it was simply for the reason that every letter was in a cipher that defied discovery. The foiled husband found a retributive pleasure in arranging the splendid funeral ceremony of his deceased consort, in which he displayed the most unimpeachable taste, and the utmost amount of heartlessness. He was as pleasantly employed, at a subsequent period, in getting up the ceremonial of the marriage of his reluctant daughter to the King of Spain; and when the broken-hearted bride went forth to the splendid misery which awaited her, she found, in the gentleman-usher provided for her by her father's care, the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was the murderer of her mother!

This poor Queen perished like that mother,—by poison. Her little sister married into the then ducal family of Savoy, from which the present royal family of Sardinia is descended. In that family are to be found the sole surviving representatives of the Stuarts; and in that direction is allegiance ready to be offered by those English Ultramontanists who deem Victoria an usurper, because she inherits from Elizabeth, whom they impudently pronounce illegitimate.

Philip of Orleans remedied the imaginary sorrows of his widowhood, by espousing Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria. This Princess was a plain, swarthy, not over-clean, but thoroughly honest, lady. She hated affectations of every kind, and invariably called every thing by its proper name. She was terribly coarse; but under the coarseness lay the jewel, virtue. Her appetite was rather that of a pioneer than a Princess; and she ate and drank more like a dragoon than a Duchess. She only confessed to one sort of delicacy,—a delicacy of stomach; for which her remedy was German sausage, and plenty of it! As for the delicacy which could be ruffled by the universal profligacy that reigned around her, it did not exist in her. She wrapped herself in the mantle of her own good intentions; chronicled (and how graphically!) the sayings and doings of all around her; and laughed loudest, and on best grounds, at those who pretended to laugh at her. She was terribly ugly everywhere, except in her heart; and people who were fine enough to faint almost on looking at her, were ready to kiss her for her honest wit and her charitable deeds. The least honest act of which she was guilty, was in abjuring Lutheranism, in order to marry a worthless Papist; but she intimates that she had been so badly taught, that she had nothing to abjure; and she was so ill instructed after her "conversion," that she found there was nothing to learn: so that she was in the actual position of "as you were!"

Of her intimate life with the Duke of Orleans, she says, "It was very unpleasant to sleep with Monsieur. He could not bear that any one should touch him during his slumbers; consequently, I had to sleep at the very edge of the bed, whence I often tumbled out on the ground like a sack. I was, therefore, enchanted when Monsieur, in all friendship, and without a quarrel, proposed that we should have separate rooms."

The Duke, however, compelled his excellent wife to receive the "ladies" whom he most admired; but the rough courtesy of the

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Duchess was something like stripes and salt to her husband's mistresses. She loved to scarify these creatures, and then pour brine, instead of balm, into the quivering flesh. She did not spare Maintenon herself; and the widow of Scarron, and wife of Louis, stood in the utmost horror and dread of the terrible Duchess.

She was preëminently proud; and, perhaps, that pride was never so irremediably wounded, as when her son, the Duke de Chartres, was driven into a marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois, natural daughter of Louis XII. by Madame de Montespan. "If the shedding of my blood," she says, "could have prevented the marriage of my son, I would have given it freely." Nothing could win her consent to the match. That of her husband and their son was gained by the godly persuasion of that apostolic man, the famous, or infamous, Dubois. Her behavior on the evening of the marriage was that of a fury; but it had its comic side, too. "On leaving the table, at the close of the circle in the King's chamber, his Majesty made Madame a very marked and a very low bow, during which she wheeled round so nicely on her heel, that when the King raised his head, he saw nothing but her back, advanced one step towards the door." When her son came up to her, before the whole court, to kiss her hand, she dealt him a slap in the face, which sounded like a pistol-shot, which caused a general consternation, and which cost the bestower of it the annuity which had been conferred on her by Louis XIV.

The marriage was an unhappy one. Louis bitterly reproached Orleans for the infidelity of his son to the young wife; and Orleans as coarsely reviled Louis for expecting the young husband to behave better to a royal bastard. The princely brothers became as blasphemingly vulgar as two grooms; and were only rendered calm by a hint *from* a groom of the chambers, that their august observations could be heard in half-a-dozen rooms of the palace. They parted in hot wrath. Philip, flurried and heated, sat down in fierce anger to dinner, ate voraciously, drank deeply, rode hard speedily thereupon, and then went to sup with the "ladies of St. Cloud." Flushed and fiery, he again indulged in excesses, against which he had long been warned by his physicians. He was in the act of raising a glass, when his speech became thick. The "ladies" thought he was talking Spanish, and laughed outrageously. Amid the shouts, the Duke rolled over on the ground insensible. Screaming then succeeded to laughter. The Duchesses and Countesses escaped from the terrible scene; and their place was soon after taken by a Confessor, Father Le Trevoux, who began cutting jokes to excite the attention of the unconscious Duke, asking him if he did not know his "dear darling little Father Le Trevoux?" Philip died June 9th, 1701. A few hours afterwards, the King was heard rehearsing part of an opera with Madame de Maintenon; and, on the same evening, observing that the granddaughter of Philip, the Duchess of Burgundy, looked sorrowful, he wondered "what ailed the child!" and was probably surprised at hearing the Duke de Montfort remark, on being asked to play cards, that he thought cards not exactly suitable, seeing that the Duke of Orleans was not yet quite cold. As for the widowed Duchess, she affected neither sorrow nor indecent joy. When she was informed that the Inevitable Angel and the Inexpressible Change had descended upon Philip of Orleans, "Well, then," was her comment, "let nobody think of compelling me to retire into a convent; for I won't go there!" She was bound, by her marriage contract, to retire either to a convent, or to the gloomy castle of Montargis; but she would do neither. She remained at court with the sanction of the King, where she spent her life in writing voluminous letters, in which she abused Madame de Maintenon, reviled the Pope, and made smart comments upon her son.

The son and successor of the last Duke, named, like his father, Philip, was born in 1672; and, at four years of age, the sins of the father were visited on the child, in the shape of a fit of apoplexy, so severe, that its effects were recognizable down to the period when another stroke smote him—when a man—dead, on the bosom of his mistress. One of its effects was an extreme weakness of vision, which did not, however, blind the Prince to the seductiveness of vice, in which, at sixteen, he had more experience than any of his contemporaries who had attained threescore. Many tutors were assigned to teach the boy, who had graduated under them in evil knowledge, until he was given to the fiendish instruction of Dubois. This notorious personage, of the rank of an Abbé, was the son of a provincial apothecary, and was privately married to a chambermaid. At the period of his appointment to the guardianship of Philip, he was sixteen years older than his ward. Accomplished as Dubois undoubtedly was, he could teach his pupil little; for the latter, despite his profli-

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gacy, had found time to amass as much knowledge as the Abbé, who had no occasion even to teach him to be an atheist, although the tutor did his best to keep him so.

At seventeen, the hopeful pupil was married, as we have said, to Mademoiselle de Blois, natural daughter of Louis XIV. The youthful profligate was, at the time, leading a more than usually dissolute life, and was addressing unholy aspirations to the Duchess de Bourbon, the married sister of the bride. He only consented to the marriage on the assurance of Dubois, that it should not act as an obstacle to his intercourse with his sister-in-law. We will not permit ourselves to dwell on the ostentation with which this young man paraded his unclean infamy. His becoming the father of legitimate children by no means tended, as it often does, and always should, to soften and purify the heart. Endowed with vast talents, he knew not how profitably to use any, except in the furtherance of vicious enjoyments. He carried coach-loads of his courtesans with him to battle, without hearing reproof from the King. The Monarch, however, was religiously particular touching the Duke's officers on the staff. He refused to consent to the appointment of one, on the ground that he was a Jansenist, and that such a nomination would be a scandal to orthodox religion. "Your Majesty has been misinformed," said Orleans: "the gentleman is not a Jansenist; he is an atheist, and believes in nothing." "In that case," remarked His Most Christian Majesty, "I consent to his appointment; there is nothing to be said against it!" The field to which such appointment had reference was in Spain, where the Duke acted with courage and skill, but with a view of securing the Spanish crown to himself. Louis, in a fit of angry jealousy, recalled him; and the hero forgot his disappointment in the strange pastime which he enjoyed with his by far too well-beloved daughter, who had married the Duke de Berri. The last-named Prince was a man of some principle; and to outrage it, Orleans and his daughter used to indulge, in his hearing, in filthiness of conversation, and break forth into inextinguishable laughter, on observing how much it shocked and disgusted him.

The King affected more anger than he felt at this conduct; and Orleans, in a sort of disgrace, shut himself up in the Palais Royal, where he surrendered himself to the studies of chemistry, astrology, alchemy, and poisons; and passed many hours in attempts to raise the devil, and in writing squibs against the legitimacy of Louis XIV. The Monarch was highly incensed at these attacks, which were first heard of in Holland, and which, combined with the fact, that his legitimate heirs were being fast swept away by the hand of Death, drove him to that unconstitutional act by which he decreed, that, in default of a lineal heir, his crown should descend to the eldest of his male illegitimate children, all of whom he legitimatized, and raised to an equality with Princes of the blood. Louis died soon after, in 1715; and the disregard for him into which he had fallen is well exemplified by a double illustration. As he was dying, he gazed at Madame de Maintenon, and said, "Madame, my sole consolation is, that we shall soon meet again beyond the grave." "Umph!" muttered the lady, somewhat too audibly; "what a rendezvous he has chosen for me!" The second illustration is, that the breath of life had scarcely floated away, for the last time, from his nostrils, when the Parliament, under the influence of Philip of Orleans, now "Regent," annulled the King's will and decree respecting his illegitimate children, and recognized the Regent himself as next heir, after the young King, Louis XV.

This proximity to the person and inheritance of the boy Monarch terrified that half of France which looked upon the Regent as a poisoner, and accused him as the murderer of those royal Princes, who had hitherto stood, with the youthful Louis, between Orleans and the throne. He was now heir presumptive; but, wicked as he was, he was no slayer of his kind; and the boy King was as safe in his hands, as though that so-called sacred life had been in the keeping of an especial guardian angel. The Sovereign in his teens, too, loved his elder uncle, who wisely left him to the good, but fruitless teaching of Fleury; while he himself devoted his days to the destruction of the absolute system of Louis XIV., and his nights to such orgies as had never before been known out of hell. At these orgies, principally suppers, to which, masked or unmasked, the right of admission could only be purchased by a profession of atheism, beastliness was enthroned and worshipped. The Parisians, however, smiled approvingly at them, while they flung their approbation in showers upon a Prince who was pulling down the Nobility, and promising an extension of popular liberty. He, who was so acting, had little leisure for sober thought. He had laughed aloud, at the funeral of Louis XIV., at the squabble

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for precedency between the Parliament and Peers, and he now laughed louder, as he played each against the other for his own purpose. It is astonishing that he was ever able to get through any business at all; for he was generally drunk from midnight till dawn, in company with his daughter, who died from such excess, and similar worthless companions. After uneasy sleep, he woke, depressed and stupid, about noon; was scarcely conscious of his own identity and whereabouts for an hour or two after, then devoted a brief time to the affairs of the nation and bodily exercise, and finally longed lazily for the coming of night, that he might again renew the round of his fiendish joys. There alone he felt himself a "King." His male confederates, in hideous wickedness, assumed the name of his "*roués*." They designed to intimate thereby, that they were ready to be *roué*, or "broke on the wheel," for *his* service; but *he* used to say, that it was because they really deserved to be so punished for their own sins.

In the mean time France was rapidly running down the descent which leads to ruin. Her expenditure was double her income. The annual deficit was annually becoming larger, and a national crash was on the point of occurring, when the gambler, John Law, with blood upon his hands, a refugee from England, appeared in Paris. He had an aptitude for financial scheming; but the Church and people of France would not permit him to exercise his vocation until he had changed his religion. He was convinced of the errors of Protestantism by the arguments and glances of one of the prettiest and most unprincipled women in France, whose success procured episcopal preferment for her equally unprincipled brother. This being arranged, the great Mississippi scheme was set on foot. People bought visionary tracts of land and worthless scraps of paper, with gold which the Regent wantonly misapplied. Fortunes were made in an hour, and ruin as often effected with equal rapidity. The whole population were possessed by the two terrible devils of uncleanness and covetousness. John Law was, for a time, a deity before whom the noblest ladies in France sat as entirely devoted as Egyptian ladies at the festival of Mithra. For the sake of money every thing was sold, and virtue was cheaper than any other commodity. Of all that was holy, ready surrender was made, and Mammon was the only god. In the pursuit of riches, the pursuers flung off all good principles, as obstructions to success; and when at last the terrible catastrophe came, and universal bankruptcy enfolded France, the nation had not a God to turn to; for the people had practically disavowed Him who alone can help those who faint, and can give power to them that lack strength.

We do not pause on the details, so familiar to all, of the financial scheme of Law and the Regent. The consequent ruin was appalling, and was aggravated by famine and insurrection. There was an outbreak in Brittany, which was punished with such rigor, that the name of the Orleans family is hateful in Armorican ears, even unto this day. When famine, too, and pestilence were at their worst, especially in Marseilles, Dubois was guilty of an act of selfishness that almost surpasses belief. Pope Clement XI. had loaded three vessels with corn, intended for the relief of the famishing populations of Languedoc. Dubois thought such a charitable deed a censure on his ministry, and he ordered the French Envoy at Rome to prevent the sailing of the ships. The barks, however, *did* put to sea, where they were captured by an Algerine corsair. But the pirate, more Christian in his practice than the priest, on hearing for what purpose the grain had been originally designed, surrendered his rich booty, and helped the deeply-laden vessels on their way to the haven whither they had been bound.

Dubois hitherto, albeit an Abbé, was not in holy orders. This circumstance did not prevent him, when the wealthy Archbishopric of Cambray became vacant, from pressing the Regent to confer the high dignity upon *him*. The Regent stared at him with astonishment, and then burst into laughter. "*You*, Archbishop of Cambray!" exclaimed Philip, again and again. "Why not?" said the aspirant; "Alberoni became a Cardinal, and his origin was more lowly than my own" "Why!" remarked the Regent, "you are not even ordained; and I should like to see the Bishop who would be bold enough to make even a Deacon of you." "Well," answered Dubois, taking him at his word, "that Bishop is not far off,—he is in the next room. I will bring him in to you. Ordain me! He desires no better fun!" Dubois found the Bishop of Nantes in the adjoining apartment, promised him the next vacant Archbishopric, conducted him in triumph to the Regent, to whom he undertook to ordain this singular candidate for admission into the ranks of the priesthood; and Philip, with a smile and a sigh, and a shake of his long periwig, placed

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the patent of office in the grasp of Dubois. The Archbishop of Rouen having applied for and received the usual dispensations from venal Rome, Dubois, within one hour, was admitted into the three orders of Sub-Deacon, Deacon, and Priest. He repaired immediately afterwards to the Council of State, where his radiant humor was felt as an insult by the aristocratic members, who hated him with an unparalleled intensity of bitterness. The Prince of Conti was especially eloquent and angry against the triple ordination of the day; but Dubois answered him with the almost blasphemous remark, that, if the case had been irregular, there was precedent for it in the similar proceeding with respect to St. Ambrose.

And then came the ceremony of the consecration of this remarkably unclean priest. It was celebrated with a splendor which had long been unknown in such matters. Cardinals, prelates, and priests, vied with each other in their ostentatious assistance at the solemn rite of recognizing a link of the apostolic succession in this son of a country apothecary: and among them, most strange of all, was that Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, who so often dared to be honest, but who disgraced himself on this occasion, by preaching the consecration sermon.

Having become Archbishop, Dubois could not rest content therewith. The Cardinalate would place him above all the secular nobility in France; and to that he now aspired. The Regent lent his influence; but the Regent alone was of no avail. Dubois, accordingly, commenced by a promise to Rome, that he would suppress Jansenism, and bring the Gallican Church under Papal subjection. He then dexterously contrived to enlist on his side George I., of England, who influenced the Emperor of Germany, who, in his turn, interceded with the Pope, who was also warmly pressed by the Pretender. Clement was dying at the time, but he was fond of a joke; and he actually signed a document, in which he stated that he had named Dubois, Archbishop of Cambray, to the dignity of Cardinal, on the special application of James III., King of Great Britain. Dubois was furious, but the Pontiff died, and Dubois set himself vigorously to work, and bought up the entire Conclave of electing Cardinals by bribes. The purchased Conclave accordingly elected Cardinal Conti, (Benedict XIII.,) who had previously bound himself, by a written promise, to create Dubois a Cardinal. The Conclave declared that they had been moved to the election solely by the Holy Spirit. The Pope they had been paid to elect, endeavored to escape from his promise; but at length the scarlet hat was given to Dubois in 1721. The Regent took him by the hand, and introduced the new Cardinal to the King, solemnly asserting the while, with a broad smile upon his face, that the Holy Father—having observed how zealously the Archbishop of Cambray had worked to secure tranquillity for the State, and peace for the Church in France, when threatened with schism—had been divinely moved, in consequence, to create him a Cardinal. The young King hid his face behind his plumed hat, in order that no one might see that he was laughing, as he expressed his gratification that the Pontiff had selected a Prelate who had rendered such eminent services. The whole affair ended with a grand commemorative Palais-Royal supper — the last of the orgies at which Dubois was present; for it is due to him to say, that from that day, he became a methodical man of business, "forswore sack, and lived cleanly." As the Regent was exhausted by dissipation, the statesmanlike qualities of Dubois were the more important to France; but it must be understood, that in the exercise of them, he was never disturbed by any idea as to virtue and principle. As long as he gained his end, he was not at all particular as to the means.

We have always thought the election of Benedict XIII., who raised Dubois to the Cardinalate, one of the most iniquitously conducted of all the Papal elections. Recently-published State-Papers have, however, revealed a worse. When Wolsey was intriguing for the tiara, he not only bought the majority of Cardinals, but he bound them by an oath to vote for him, and no other. Having received his money, the pious men repaired together to the Sistine chapel, released each other from their oaths, made assurance doubly sure, by administering mutual absolution for the sin of perjury, and then went and voted for Wolsey's rival.

There is something awful in the bold wickedness of some of the members of this Church. As a modern instance, we need but to cite the case of that Dr. Cahill, whose name is indissoluble from the memory of his "glorious idea" of slaughtering English Protestants by a coalition of Continental "Catholic" armies. This champion of his Church, only a month ago, deliberately declared in the "Tablet," that Roman priests would infinitely prefer that their flocks should read obscene works, rather than the English Bible. To read *that*, he argued, was heresy, for

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which that Church has no pardon. But with respect to immorality, the same Church could be lenient. Besides, immorality "cools down with age," says this so-called disciple of Christ. It may be indulged in, with injury to only one or two; and, above all, there is, according to Dr. Cahill, not a word in the Decrees of the Council of Trent condemnatory of immoral practices. Truly, men of the Dubois stamp are yet to be found within the Roman border; though the ingenuity which sees a permission for the exercise of immorality, on the ground that the Council of Trent said nothing to the contrary, very nearly resembles the argument of the Newgate chaplain in Jonathan Wild's time, who declared he was the more emboldened to indulge largely in punch, because it was a liquor against which nothing was said in Scripture.

When Dubois died, the Duke of Orleans became Prime Minister to the King, then in the full enjoyment of his royal authority; but he was almost entirely unfit for business. He drank deeper than ever, was far more licentious in his pleasures; and in the pursuit of these, he dared to disregard even the claims and rights of nature. He sat daily, or nightly rather, surrounded by a seraglio of beautiful fiends. These ladies were "noble" by birth, bright, brilliant, and beaming as the sunniest of orient dawns, but as impure as any unclean thing that ever sprang from the pit of Acheron. It would not be edifying to rest on the revolting details; but no one who is condemned to study them, can be in the least degree surprised at the old hostility of the people of France to the nobility and the blood-royal. At length, the Duke became totally unfit for any serious avocation of life. He was bloated, blotchy, feverishly excitable, and in a permanent state of stolidity, from criminal excesses of every sort. His doctor, Chirac, one day observing that he was more heated than usual, warned him, that without the immediate adoption of a system of moderation, apoplexy was inevitable. The Duke lethargically uttered some infidel witticism in return, and plunged deeper than ever into the most hideous excesses. He knew his peril, and yet despised it; and would not surrender any of his usual indulgences for the mere chance of living another day. "What *was* death? It was only a long sleep," said Philip of Orleans.

On the second of December, 1723, he entered the dressing-room of the last of his "favorites." This was the young Duchess of Phalaris, who was scarcely nineteen, while her "protector" was in his fiftieth year. He found her preparing for a ball, her long hair floating over her shoulders, awaiting the nimble hands of the *coiffeur*, who was to give to it the beauty of order. He seated himself on a couch, and the fair and frail young Duchess flung herself at his feet, her head resting upon his knees. The Prince complained of weariness and head-ache, and begged her to tell him one of those pretty fairy stories, for the invention of which she had no little reputation. Looking up at him, she began smilingly with the words, "Once upon a time a King and a Queen"—— She had just uttered the last word, when the Duke's head bowed down upon his breast; and, as the Duchess gently moved to his side, he sank upon her shoulder. He had often slept briefly in the same position, and the mistress thought her guilty master was slumbering; but he was dead, and the stiffening of his limbs threw her into such terror, that her pealing screams reëchoed through the galleries of the palace. They were the only funeral knell that sounded his passage to the grave; for scant ceremony, and a formal phrase or two, without a word of eulogy, alone marked the obsequies of the ex-Regent Orleans.

He had not attained the French crown, of which he once had some prospect, nor the Spanish crown, of which, also, he once entertained some hopes; but he had married his fourth daughter (Mdlle. de Montpensier) to the King of Spain, who left her a childless widow, and by whose successor she was very unceremoniously sent back to France, where she died in 1742.

Louis Philippe, the son of the Regent, was born in the year 1703. He was deformed in body, and dull in mind; and his dissolute father used to laugh at the idea of changing the succession to the crown of France in favor of such an ape as his son, who, as he was accustomed to add, possessed all the defects of all the other princes of the blood, without any of their virtues. It was the foolish remark of a foolish man, who had abandoned his child to the company of unprincipled women, and who further corrupted him, by holding such conversations in his presence as even a heathen poet, not distinguished for delicacy, has declared should never be held in the presence of an ingenuous boy. On the other hand, he had for a tutor the Abbé Mauguin, who, a sceptic himself, so impressed his pupil's mind with the eternity and severity of future punishments, that he drove the poor, dull lad nearly insane. He was shy, reserved, and most

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offensively and ignorantly proud. He became devout upon principle; but he so far yielded to fashion, that he took under his protection a young opera nymph, with whom he conversed on religious and metaphysical subjects: and if his weakness in bowing to the wicked *mode* of the time condemn him, his simplicity and good principle may win for him but a slight degree of censure. Indeed, there was ever in him a singular mixture of gallantry and devotion. He had once been attached to the pious Marie Leczinczka, who afterwards became the consort of Louis XV. The attachment was mutual; but policy, stronger than love, gave the Duke to a princess of Baden, and the daughter of the ex-King of Poland to the sovereign of France. The separated lovers, wedded to objects not of their especial love, had little subsequent familiar intercourse. On one occasion, however, the Duke had an audience of the Queen, and he was enraptured with the transitory delight of being in her society. In the very midst of their happy conversation, he astonished poor Marie by falling on his knees, and in a loud voice beseeching God to pardon him for the guilty thoughts touching the Queen, with which the Devil had just inspired him! The lady herself laughed, but the Duke did not merit to be laughed *at*. Marie often said that they would have been admirably matched; for that, while she was at prayers in some convent, her husband would have been with his favorite Fathers of St. Geneviève; and that their hearth would have been an altar of domestic propriety.

Quiet and unobtrusive as this duke was, he claimed the prime ministership; and on its being refused him, he withdrew into private life. His pride was still more hurt when, by the birth of a son to Louis XV., he ceased to be next heir to the crown. He thenceforward devoted himself to the study of theology, of ancient oriental languages, and of controversial divinity. He thought that Heaven had confided to him the mission of converting all the heretics on earth to Christianity. He addressed himself, accordingly, to the composition of argumentative treatises. They were very full of words, but altogether deficient in reasoning; and, as they could not have convinced the author, neither did they carry conviction to the bosom of the few patient readers who waded through them. He passed whole days and nights in disputes with priests and pedants upon Hebrew points and perplexing passages; and his Sunday afternoons were much more profitably employed in catechising the children on his estate, in the village church. His last days were altogether spent among priests, in whose company he died in 1752. As he was a Jansenist, these orthodox gentlemen would not administer the sacrament to him,—though Massillon had disgraced himself by preaching the consecration sermon of the atheistical Dubois! His private almoner had no such scruple. The sacrament was administered by him; and this Duke of Orleans died, the only really respectable man of his race, after bequeathing funds to found a biblical professorship of Hebrew at the Sorbonne, "in order," as he said, "that heretics might not be the only Christians who studied the Holy Scriptures in the original languages;"—a satire upon the Church, in whose bosom, however, he was content to die.

Another Louis Philippe succeeded to the title of Orleans. He was the son of the late duke, and was twenty-seven years of age at his father's death. His childhood had been spent among frivolous women, or coarse grooms. At thirteen he was a full colonel; and, young as he was, he bore himself, on the many stricken fields which France contested with her foes, with the gallantry of Bayard, the coolness of Duguesclin, and the invincibility of Dunois. His great martial reputation excited the fierce jealousy of Louis XV., who removed him from all active military employment. His domestic life was one of variety, if not of happiness. At eighteen he was married to Henrietta, Princess of Bourbon Conti. At first, the conjugal love of this pair was so ostentatiously displayed, without respect to place or person, that the individuals who were made witnesses of it, were at once amused and embarrassed. But, as our poet says,—

> These violent delights have violent ends;
> Like fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume.

So it was in the present instance; but the Duke was not to blame. The youthful Duchess became an unblushing monster of impurity. Compared with her, Messalina was at least a decent, if not a virtuous, woman; and strove to save her imperial dignity from stain by committing foul deeds under a feigned name,—Lycisca, "the Daughter of Joy." Henrietta of Orleans observed no such poor respect for appearances; and the mother of Philippe Egalité was worthy of her child.

The Duke of Orleans was, with all this, no anchorite. He was the bosom friend of

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Pompadour,—that shameless woman whom Heaven had endowed with such ability to become a great artist in sculpture, and who abused that and every other gift of God. He was bad enough to be suspected of confederacy in the affair of the regicide Damien; but he was simply a debauchee, whose excesses plundered his family, but whose thoughts never turned to the slaying of his king.

His unbridled extravagance had so embarrassed his fortunes, that he was determined to repair them for the benefit of his son, the Duke de Chartres, by marrying him to an heiress. His eyes rested on the person of Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, daughter of the Duke of that name, who was the son of the Count of Toulouse,—illegitimate offspring of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. The pride of the Duke of Orleans made him, at first, recoil from an alliance for his son with the illegitimate line. But strong reasons reconciled him to it. The wealth of the other illegitimate branches was, by deaths, or in expectation, fast settling in the Penthièvre family, ultimately to centre on Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, whose only brother, the Prince de Lamballe, was being driven by profligacy into the grave. The Duke of Orleans, therefore, hoped to secure with this lady the whole of a fortune which is said to have amounted to nearly a quarter of a million sterling annually. The preliminary arrangements had all been concluded, when the Prince rallied and became convalescent. The Duke of Orleans at once broke off the engagement, seeing that the lady was likely to be only half as rich as he had expected. He had made an indignant enemy of the father by such a course, when suddenly the Prince de Lamballe died. Mademoiselle de Penthièvre became thereby the wealthiest of heiresses; and the Duke of Orleans had the effrontery once more to solicit her hand (and estates) for his son. The lady's father refused; but the lady herself was passionately attached to the Duke de Chartres; and as she threatened death, or a convent, if she were not permitted to espouse the greatest *roue* of his day, the parental consent was reluctantly yielded; the illustrious couple were united; and Louis Philippe, who so recently died in exile in England, after running through every variety of fortune, was the first-fruit of the union.

This marriage took place in 1768. Five years subsequently, the Duke of Orleans, then a widower living in strict retirement, alienated from the court, at Villers-Cotterets, one morning, before mounting his horse, said to the gentlemen who formed a species of "court" also in that rural palace, words somewhat like these: "My good friends, I depart alone; but this evening I shall return in company with a lady, to whom I trust your homage and good-will will be as readily paid, as they have ever been to me." The Duke left a perplexed circle of household officers behind him; but their perplexity was ended when evening arrived. With it came the Duke, leading by the hand Madame de Montesson, whom he had that day privately married with the contemptuous consent of the king, and on condition that the union should never be formally declared or recognized. The lady was of great beauty and grace and intellect. She had been the young wife of an old count, to whom she remained faithful, till his death left her free. The Duke showed his esteem for her by abandoning the Palais Royal, and selling St. Cloud to Marie Antoinette, because in neither of those ducal residences could his wife keep state as duchess. He lived with her at the pretty mansion of St. Assize au Port,—that mansion which the famous Duchess of Kingston subsequently purchased, where she gave such magnificent breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, and from the woods round which she sold rabbits by thousands. Perhaps no Duke of Orleans ever experienced more happiness than was here the lot of the father of Egalité. From his retreat he looked at public events, and was content to obtain popularity by exhibiting much benevolence and general propriety, when at Versailles there was neither sympathy for the people nor self-respect. The Duke enjoyed this life during twelve years; and then (in 1785) died of gout, in the arms of Madame de Montesson, his excellent wife,—although she *was* the aunt of the Countess de Genlis!

The Orleans family could not respect the virtues of the Duke's widow. A mention made of her, in the Duke's funeral oration, by the Abbé de St. Maury, rendered the new Duke of Orleans perfectly furious. She was respected by all other men, of every shade of party. The Revolution did not smite her, and the Empire treated her with especial courtesy. Napoleon admired her noble bearing and her womanly qualities; and till the year of her death, in 1806, the imperial purse annually poured into her lap the generous tribute of thirty thousand francs. The non-recognition of her marriage, and the hatred of Philippe Egalité, procured for her oblivion from the Republic, and a pension from the Empire.

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The Château of St. Cloud was the birthplace of Louis Philippe Joseph of Orleans, better known as Philippe Egalité. He was thirty-eight years of age when he succeeded his father in 1785. As Duke of Chartres, he had run a most profligate career; and, throughout its wretched course, he was weaker of principle and purpose than any of the dukes who have borne the fatal title of Orleans. He was employed both in the navy and army; but, though he was not ill-disposed to fulfil the duties of both professions, he never distinguished himself in either. He was more at home in a race than in a battle; and the morals of the times may be judged of, when we state, that he once rode a match against time, from St. Cloud to Paris, *naked!* He pierced the clouds in a balloon, descended into the bowels of the earth to inspect mines, shook the powder from his hair, abolished breeches to introduce pantaloons; and had his children christened, not in palaces, as became young Christians born in the purple, but in the parish church, like common citizens; in short, he was looked upon as a man who treated both fashion and royalty with seditiousness of spirit. The only points in which he behaved as was common with French princes, was in treating his wife with such faithlessness, that she ultimately parted from him in disgust; and in delivering his children to be educated by his mistress, the notorious Countess de Genlis; whose nonsensical books used to be so extensively read by multitudes of young ladies, who, now that they are grandmothers, blush to think of that misapplication of their time. To our thinking, the plays of Aphra Behn are not much worse than the *nouvelettes* of Sillery de Genlis.

While the Court at Versailles was merry with an annual deficit of £6,000,000 sterling, added to an established arrear of above ten times that sum, and while the people were enduring the utmost of misery and oppression, the Duke took the popular side. He was banished to his estate; and this increased his popularity. His recall, at the bidding of the people, who framed a "humble" petition with that end in view, was a defeat for the Court and a triumph for democracy. Of the latter the Duke became the recognized champion; and, being elected a member of the *Tiers Etat* at the States-General, he chose rather to take his place among the Commons, to which he had been elected, than by the side of the King, where he could seat himself when he would, by right of birth. It is not necessary to enter into the history of the French Revolution,—that great catastrophe which he aided to establish, and through which he perished. By the Revolutionists he was employed as a tool, until he was no longer needed; and then he was destroyed. The Republicans accepted the help of a Prince to overthrow royalty; but, when that was achieved, they slew the Prince, as a portion of what was necessarily devoted to destruction. Against the prayers of his family, and to the disgust of his own confederates, he voted for the death of his cousin, the King, into whose place he hoped to leap. But, when the place no longer existed, a candidate for its honors, or for any sovereignty over the people,—the only sovereign of the hour,—was a traitor to the state; and Philippe Egalité miserably perished under the knife of the executioner, leaving behind him a trebly accursed memory. His regicide vote against Louis XVI. has long been considered as the most damning spot upon his fame. It is, perhaps, not the worst. Among the blackest, we are disposed to consider his unfilial treachery before the Commune, when he declared his belief that he was not the son of the last Duke, but of some plebeian paramour of his mother's. He gained nothing by striving to prove that he was sprung from a democratic paternity; for he was still the son of a Bourbon Princess. Evil, indeed, was her reputation; but, evil as it was, no duty called upon her son to heap fresh infamy upon it, still less to do so by the utterance of a lie.

He was succeeded in his title by Louis Philippe, the late ex-King of the French. Louis Philippe—first, Duke of Valois, then of Chartres, and then of Orleans—had seen Voltaire in his early youth, and had learned a motley sort of wisdom at the knees of Madame de Genlis. This lady taught her pupils sentiment, made them comedians, filled them to the brim with "gallons of facts," had them taught various professions, as well as languages, and made them as conceited as little Cyrus himself. They accompanied her on instructive tours. On one of these occasions, they visited the prison at Mont St. Michel, where stood that famous wooden cage, not unlike the iron one in which Anne of Beaujeu had once imprisoned a former Duke of Orleans. Louis Philippe, then a boy, had the honor of destroying this relic of the despotism of the ancient monarchy; and he used to allude to the circumstance, with much emotion, after he had realized the dreams of so many Princes of his house, and was a King, albeit an uncrowned one. From the residence of Beaumarchais,

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Louis Philippe, with his brothers, sisters, and governess, witnessed the destruction of the Bastille; and he was so excited with wild delight at the spectacle, that even the Countess counselled him to moderate the public manifestation of his enjoyment.

He became as democratic as his sire. He surrendered his titles, took the post of door-keeper in the Jacobin Club, snubbed his mother, called Madame de Genlis "dear mamma," and declared that there were but two things on earth which he loved, and those right dearly; namely, the new Constitution and herself. He fought for the Republic at Valmy and Jemappes, and fled from it as soon as he saw that the scaffold was likely to be his reward, if he tarried within the frontier. He would not serve under Austria against France; and so, penniless and disguised, he became a wanderer. He travelled on foot through Switzerland, under the name of Corby; rejoined his sister, Adelaide, for a brief interval; when, being discovered by the Government of the Republic, the fugitives were compelled to separate. The young Prince did not abandon Switzerland, but procured an engagement in an academy at Richerau, where, as M. Chabaud Latour, he taught the mathemathics to very soft-looking boys, if they at all resembled those in the famous picture in the Palais Royal, at £60 *per annum*. His whereabout being again discovered, he was forced to depart. He traversed the northern countries of Europe, and ultimately sailed from Hamburg to the United States, where, in the same year, (1796,) he was joined by his young and princely-hearted brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais. After a four years' sojourn beyond the Atlantic, the exiles landed at Falmouth. The Princes whom we have last named died early, their constitutions having been destroyed by the rigors of their captivity, under the Republic, at Marseilles, and by the sufferings endured by them in an attempt to escape. During the succeeding eight or nine years, the Duke of Orleans was chiefly in England, and never idle. He proposed to Canning to take the command of an expedition to prevent the French from getting possession of the Ionian Islands; and he was sorely tempted into taking an active part against Napoleon in Spain. Luckily for him, he did not assume arms against his country; and, as he could not attain greatness in the field, he resolved to help himself thereto by marriage. In 1809 he espoused the Princess Maria Amelia of Naples, whose mother was the sister of Marie Antoinette. A son was born of this marriage, in Sicily, in 1810; and this occurrence afforded him as much enjoyment as an exile could sustain, until the year 1814 brought with it the downfall of the Empire. On a May morning of that year he left Palermo; and, not many days afterwards, the porter of the Palais Royal was surprised at seeing a goodly-looking man pass the portals, advance to the staircase, and, falling upon his knees, kiss the ground, while he sobbed with hysterical excitement. The strange comer was the Duke of Orleans. His first personal visit in Paris was paid to Madame de Genlis, who received him like a school-dame, and hoped that he "had given up all idea of becoming King." He also called upon the leading liberals of the day; and, even then, Lafayette said of him, that he was "the only Bourbon compatible with a free constitution." These words were the seeds whence sprang "the best of Republics" in 1830.

Then came the "Hundred Days," the issue of which Louis Philippe tranquilly awaited at Twickenham. After the crowning day at Waterloo, he repaired again to Paris; and, in the House of Peers there, he took so decided an opposition standing against the Court, that the King withdrew from the Princes of the blood the courtesy privilege of sitting in the Senate.

The Duke had his revenge when the little Duc de Bordeaux was born,—the son of an already slain sire. There appeared at the time, in the "*Morning Chronicle*," a strongly worded protest against the legitimacy of the little Duke. The King charged Louis Philippe with being the author of the protest. The latter vehemently denied the charge; but he republished the protest itself in 1830, when his partisans were placarding the streets with the assurance that he had not in him the blood of Bourbon, but that of Valois. Long before the death of Louis XVIII., he appears to have discussed, with the coterie at Lafitte's, the advantages of a monarchical change in France; and these discussions never failed to be marked by his assurances, that if he could ever wish to become King, the general good, and not self-interest, would be the parent of such wish! In the mean time, he good-humoredly abided his hour. His household was the only "decent" one, in the proper sense of the word, that had ever been held by a Duke of Orleans. He himself was much given, indeed, to "nearness;" and he regulated the expenses of his children's table with a saving minuteness, which shows how admirably nature had qualified him to be the head of a cheap boarding-school. He knew

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if not every thing, at least a little of every thing; and he loved to teach others, in order that he might exhibit his own knowledge. We have already alluded to the pride with which he used to speak of his "august ancestor, Louis XIV." "Yes, Dumas!" said he, one day to the Secretary, who has since turned historian, "to be descended from Louis XIV., even only through his bastards, is, in my eyes at least, an honor sufficiently great to be worth boasting of!" He was charitable upon impulse, rather than principle; but his promised liberality often became "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," when its hour of expected realization approached.

It was only a few days previous to the outbreak in 1830, that he was playing with the youthful Duke de Bordeaux in the gardens at St. Cloud. His affection had never been so expansive. Not many months before, he had refused to accept the office of a Twelfth-Night King, at Court, because it savored, as he pleasantly said, of treason. He ever professed too much, just as his wretched father conspired too much; and he was most affectionate to the son of the Duke de Berri, at the moment that he was about to rob him of his birth-right. He, too, had infirmity of purpose. He was concealed when his sister Adelaide accepted the office of "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," preparatory to a further step. His own hesitation was remarkably unheroic. When the Duke de Mortemart repaired to him in Paris, he found the Prince stretched on a mattress on the ground, reeking with perspiration and anxiety. No human power, he told the envoy of Charles X., should induce him to accept a throne to which he had no right. A few days after, he had shipped the elder Bourbon branch in two vessels, bound for England. A third accompanied the exiles; and when the latter inquired the object of this third, they were told that the ship of war had orders to fire upon the vessels which bore the fugitives and their scattered fortunes, if a landing were attempted on the coast of France. Such was the last "Good Night!" of the courteous Orleans to the ancient monarchy.

By the elevation of Louis Philippe to the uneasy dignity of King of the French, the title of Duke of Orleans fell to that young Prince whose birth we recorded as having taken place in Sicily, in 1810. He was brought up, not among Princes, but among the people. We have a lively remembrance of his appearance among his fellow-pupils in one of the public colleges, and of the popularity with which the fact itself was hailed. He was the last of the Dukes of Orleans, and perhaps the most amiable. The Church, indeed, hated him, because he had married a German Lutheran Princess, and would insist upon her religious feelings being respected. He had been to pay a visit of duty to his royal parents, when, on his return, the horses of his carriage took fright, and in leaping out he was killed. He left heirs who, now in exile, are unwisely taught to consider themselves the heirs of their grandsire's greatness and their father's prospects. They could not well hope for a greater heritage of woe, seeing that, since the days of Louis XV., no French Monarch, save Louis XVIII., has died upon the throne. The Sixteenth Louis perished on the scaffold; the Seventeenth in the Temple; the leaders of the Republic were murdered by their rivals; the Emperor died upon a distant rock; Charles X. breathed his last sigh at Goritz; and Louis Philippe expired in 1850, also in exile, at Claremont. What a warning to those who, since the death of the last-named King, have been eager to reign! What a warning even to him who, most daring, has been most successful!

Eighteen Princes have borne the title of Dukes of Orleans. Four were of the elder branch of Valois. Five were of the Angoulême branch of Valois; the other half of the eighteen princes were members of the House of Bourbon. Of all these, who had grown up to manhood, two alone may be said to have been distinguished for eminent respectability of character,—the son of the Regent, and the son of Louis Philippe, King of the French; but even the reputation of these was not unsullied. The greater number perished miserably. The first Philip was killed by excess, Louis was murdered, Charles slowly killed by his quarter of a century's captivity, and Louis (the first Duke who reached the throne) perished through profligacy. Of the second Valois branch, the first who had worn the ducal title was killed, the second and third died prematurely, the fourth perished a moody maniac, and the fifth was assassinated; and of the last five three were Kings. Again, of the Bourbon Dukes of Orleans, the first died ere he left the nursery; the next, Gaston, if public contempt could have killed him, would so have ended his career; the father of the Regent, and the Regent himself, were "suicides," slaying themselves by practices of vice; the fifth of the house died with decency; the sixth was the slave of excess, like so many of his predecessors, and he suffered accordingly; Philippe Egalité was the only one of the ducal line who suffered death

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at the hands of the executioner; his son, Louis Philippe, the only one who encountered the Inevitable in banishment; the last Duke perished ignobly on the pavement of Paris. Not one fell in the field or died of the effects of over-zeal in the service of his country. Should the line of Dukes ever be renewed, let us hope that it may not be said of these, as was said of the Bourbons after the Restoration, that during the days of their adversity they had neither learned nor forgotten any thing. But well may we say, *should* the ducal line ever be restored:

Ubi cras istud aut unde petendum.

From the Edinburgh Review.

EUROPEAN EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.*

Nations, like individuals, have their times for self-examination, when they pause, survey their positions, glance back upon the past, study the lessons of experience, and gird themselves up for the future. In the summer of 1850, about a year before the last enumeration of the population of Great Britain and Ireland, the Marshals of the United States of America were occupied simultaneously throughout the Republic in ascertaining the number, color, nativity, sex, occupation, habits, and wealth of its scattered population, and in collecting information concerning its resources. The full results of this work still rest in the official receptacles; but the Report of the Superintendent made in December, 1852, gives an abstract of what the "Seventh Census" will be when finished. The complete work, for some unknown cause, is yet unpublished.

A large part of Mr. Kennedy's Report is occupied with the subject of the foreign immigration into the United States. Although incomplete, and sometimes, we believe, inaccurate, it furnishes the means for arriving at conclusions as to what has been and is, and gives us grounds for speculation as to what will be.

Most readers are familiar with the chart prefixed to modern editions of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," exhibiting the march of the barbarian tribes upon Rome. The exaggerations of the press have accustomed us to speak of the modern "Exodus" from famine, want, and plethora of labor, as if it were a similar movement. As ship after ship leaves Liverpool, London, Havre, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Bremen, crowded with emigrants for America, we picture that country yielding itself a prey to an ignorant peasantry. We see them in imagination transferred to its shores, and invested, by the magic of an oath, with the attributes of citizenship; and we turn with sorrow from the contemplation of the probable annihilation of the principles of Constitutionalism in the clashing of Democracy. Nothing can be more unfounded than such fears.

The United States Census of 1790, taken before any acquisition of territory, exhibited a population of 3,221,930 freemen, and 697,897 slaves. There were then thirteen States, in twelve of which it appears that slavery existed: its feeble life in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Rhode Island has long since been extinguished. In 1803, the French province of Louisiana, including most of the country west of the Mississippi, was added to the Union. Florida was purchased from Spain in 1819; Texas annexed in 1844; and New Mexico and California acquired by conquest and treaty in 1848. Five slave States, two free States, and six Territories have been created out of all this country. Two new free States have also been admitted to the Union from the territory of New England since the formation of the Federation, and 5 free and 4 Slave States from the country west of the Alleghanies assigned to the Re-

* 1. *Report of the Superintendent of the Census for December* 1, 1852; to which is appended the *Report for December* 1, 1851. Printed by Order of the House of Representatives of the United States. Washington: 1853.

2. *Notes on Public Subjects made during a Tour in the United States and Canada.* By Hugh Seymour Tremenheere. London: 1852.

3. *Reports of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.* Printed for both Houses of Parliament.

4. *Letters on Irish Emigration.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: 1852.

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public by the treaty of 1783; thus making in all at present 16 free States, with 142 representatives in Congress, and 32 senators; and 15 slave States, with 91 representatives and 30 senators.

The total population of the United States in 1850 was over twenty-three millions, of which nearly eighteen millions were native whites, over two millions were foreign born, 39,000 were of unknown nativities, and 3,200,000 were slaves. It appears that between 1840 and 1850, 1,569,850 foreigners arrived in the United States, from whence we should conclude, even in the absence of other evidence, that the emigration before 1840 was comparatively small. It began on a large scale only in 1847. From 1820 to 1830 the average number arriving was only 20,000 a year; from 1830 to 1846, about 70,000 a year. In 1847, the famine desolated Ireland; and the revolutions on the Continent, which unsettled the channels of labor, followed the next year. The immigration increased, under the pressure, to 240,000 in 1847, and to 300,000 in 1850; and it is now estimated at the Census Office that the "total number of emigrants into the United States since 1790, living in 1850, together with descendants, amounted to 4,304,416," which we shall assume to be the complete foreign addition to the population of the country between 1790 and 1850.*

All this has, and is to have, a great effect upon the relations between slave and free labor. The free colored population appears to have increased 10.96 per cent. during the decade just past. The slave population, 28.81 per cent.; and the whites, 38.28 per cent.

The regular decrease in the augmentation of the free blacks is one of the remarkable features of the progress of races in America. From 1790 to 1810, the Northern States, under the influence of climate and the spirit of freedom, engendered by the Revolution, were emancipating, or preparing to emancipate, their slaves; and the ratio of increase of the free colored population consequently greatly exceeded that of the whites or slaves. The following decade the per centage diminished; but was increased again, from 1820 to 1830, by the entire abolition of slavery in New York, and a large emancipation in New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia. In the succeeding decade it fell off again; and in the last, as we see, it fails to reach 11 per cent.; and this, notwithstanding the manumission of 1500, and the flight of 1000 slaves a year, if the year 1850, for which alone returns on this head are made, be an example of the general course of things. In some of the States—New York for instance—the number has actually diminished; in others—like the New England States—it has done little more than remain stationary; while, in others, on the Canada borders, and with strong abolition sympathies—Michigan and Ohio for instance—it has decidedly increased.

There can be but one solution to this—the degraded social position into which the Negro is forced by the prejudices of the whites of the North, and particularly of European immigrants. There is no physical reason why the black race should not increase as

* It appears by the last report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners that the total Irish emigration from 1847 to 1850 inclusive, was 833,692, nearly all of which was for North America. The Hamburg Emigration Society report the German emigration during the same time as 356,684, of which we assume 96 per cent. to have gone to the same quarter. The Canada and New Brunswick immigration during the same period amounted to 210,904; and, assuming that the emigration from the United States into Canada was equal to that from Canada into the United States, which Mr. Kennedy justifies us in doing, we have as the total German and Irish emigration to the United States from 1847 to 1850 inclusive, according to European authority,

Irish	833,692
German	341,426
	1,175,118
Deduct Canada and New Brunswick emigration . . .	210,904
	964,214

The total number of immigrants of *all* nations returned by the United States authorities during the same time, was 1,037,771, which agrees substantially with the European statistics. The same European authorities return the emigration of 1851 and 1852 to the United States as follows:

	1851.	1852.
United Kingdom .	267,357	244,261
Germany (estimated)	111,052 (settled)	144,528
	378,409	388,789

The arrivals at New York alone, in 1852, were 296,438, of whom 118,134 were Irish, and 118,706 were Germans, being a decrease from the year before of 45,122 in the former, and an increase of 48,623 in the latter.

Dr. Chickering, who is excellent authority, estimates the foreign addition since 1790 at 5,000,000, instead of 4,000,000; and the Hamburg Society estimates the German element alone at 4,397,762, a very wild statement. We have adopted the official estimate in preference to Dr. Chickering's, but the difference is of little moment, as the actual foreign-born element remains at 2,000,000, and the results we point out would be substantially the same in either event.

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fast, and faster even than the wh'te. The experience of the slave States proves this, where, in spite of a degradation for which no amount of personal comfort can compensate, they faithfully fulfil the Divine command to "multiply and replenish the earth." Sambo is naturally a jovial, good-natured, laughing fellow, full of fun, not without a relish for a practical joke, and ready always for a dance and a bit of banjo music in the open air—especially if Dinah be there, for whom it must be confessed he has a strong liking. He is too fond of his ease to be out of temper for a long time; too much a man of the world to work unless obliged to do so; and by far too much a gentleman to trouble his woolly pate with thinking a great deal. He is a bit of a "swell," we are sorry to say, and loves to deck his ebon beauties in bright reds, and blues, and yellows, but not without a rude idea of taste and harmony of colors — if such a thing may be seriously suggested; and so long as Dinah likes it, he cares little whether it be according to the rules of art. He has a certain natural delicacy in the midst of his coarseness which contrasts very favorably with the beer-drinking rudeness of the laborer of some countries nearer the meridian of Greenwich, and a remembrance of good treatment which insures his master against "strikes," as long as he does not strike first. And when he and Dinah at length become one, there seems to be naturally no good reason why woolly-pated "piccaninnies" should not be as thick around his cabin as ever carroty heads were on an Irish potato patch. In Massachusetts, for instance, they would seem to have every thing in their favor—freedom, plenty of work, equality of laws and rights; and yet his family has increased only 4.5 per cent. in the ten years.* The truth is, free Sambo in the United States, with all his freedom and political equality, has no reality of either. His color stamps him for ever in unjust popular prejudice, which is stronger than law, with the caste of labor; and not laborer alone, but degraded laborer, whose mother, and brother, and cousin are slaves, and who ought to be one himself; and, if the truth must be told, all this makes Sambo rather a good-for-nothing fellow. He neglects his family, is unthrifty, gets behindhand, and before long finds himself quite at the foot of the social ladder. Meanwhile Pat has been coming in from Ireland, and has stepped over him; and, in astonishment at finding somebody underneath himself, he becomes the worst tyrant that the poor black has to endure. The inveterate dislike of an Irishman to a negro is as well known as it is remarkable.

But, while the free black of the North, in spite of his theoretically better condition, has barely held his own in some of the States, his southern cousin has been increasing his family at a great rate. Whether it be that, with plenty to eat, and in the absence of care, his shackles sit lightly on him, or whether it be that he stifles his sorrows in domestic pleasures, we do not stop to inquire. It appears that, from some cause, the natural increase of the slaves has been as great, and greater even, than that of the whites; so that, without foreign immigration, the relative numbers of the two races, and the relative weight of the two sections of the Union, would not have been materially changed in the sixty years. We do not take into account the trifling difference in the proportion made directly by the acquisition of territory, as the total number of slaves and freemen was small in each case at the time of the annexation, and the effect upon the general result was more than balanced by the abolition of slavery in the North. Annexation has undoubtedly strengthened the "institution," by giving it new States to govern and new fields to cultivate; but not essentially by an actual addition to the number of slaves. Neither do we take into special account the larger percentage of the slave increase from 1800 to 1810, created by the prospective abolition of the slave-trade in 1808; because the proportion of slaves to whites of native descent, in 1810, was almost exactly the same as in 1850. In 1800 the proportion was as 1 to 4.94; in 1810 as 1 to 4.78; and in 1850 as 1 to 4.76, deducting in each case the number of immigrants and descendants of immigrants since 1790 from the total white population. This great increase of a population held unjustly in a state of bondage, with freedom and activity all around them, is a remarkable feature in history, and suggests the possibility at some future day of an attempt at a forcible reclaimer of their rights, when they shall decidedly outnumber their masters. If such a struggle should ever come, it would be short-lived and deadly, and would terminate only in the annihilation of the weaker black.

Before 1794 it seemed that this species of labor was about to die out in the natural course of events. In three of the Northern States it had perished; in five more it lived only upon sufferance; and in the South, public sentiment would have abolished it if a feasible way had been proposed. Whitney

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then invented the cotton-gin; and the export of cotton, in 1793 less than five hundred thousand pounds, trebled in 1794, increased to six millions in 1795, reached eighteen millions in 1800, two hundred and eighty millions in 1830, and nine hundred and twenty-seven millions in 1850. African bondage became profitable. The planters of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas bear the sin before the world; but Liverpool, Lowell, Manchester, and New York furnished the money which prolongs and extends the system.

In spite of these influences so favorable to slavery, the foreign immigration is gradually affecting the balance of power in the Federation. In 1800 the total population of the slave States was 48 per cent. of that of the Union, and their representation was 45 per cent. of the House. In 1830 they had but 45 per cent. of the population, and 41 per cent. of the representation; and in 1850 but 41 per cent. of the former, and 39 per cent. of the latter. It requires no prophet to foresee that the same disturbing causes will continue as long as the peasants and artisans of Europe can command cheap homes, high wages and an improved social position in the New World as easily as they now do. The census enables us to follow their track across the Republic, and to see in what communities they rest. The results are curious and not altogether expected.

1. It appears that the immigration rests almost entirely in the free States. Of the 2,200,000 foreigners resident in the Union, only 305,000 are in the slave States; and of these 127,000 are in the comparatively northern corn-growing States of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and 66,000 in the commercial State of Louisiana.

2. It travels principally due west in a belt reaching from 36° to 37° N. to 43° or 44° N., including the central and southern parts of New England, the middle and north-western States, Maryland and Delaware, and the central and northern part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. The climate and productions of this country are similar to those of Europe; the general ratio of health and average of life is higher, notwithstanding the great floating European population, and the name of laborer is not degraded by a comparison with slaves.

3. Less than one-third of the total immigration has entered the Lake Country and the Valley of the Mississippi. The proportion of foreign population in New York and in Massachusetts is greater than in any western agricultural State except Wisconsin. It is also nearly as large as in California, a gold-seeking community from the world at large.

4. It principally consists of Irish, Germans, and English.*

Of the English nearly five-eighths are to be found in the Atlantic free States, about one-third in the States of the north-west, and nearly all the residue in the northern slave States.

Three-fourths of the Irish stay in New England and the middle States, (principally in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania,) where the commercial and manufacturing interests are seated; and they are found in the South and West only where there are great public works in construction. They change their soil and their allegiance, but keep their nature intact. Unwilling in the New, as in the Old World, to guide their own destinies, they stay where another race furnishes food for their mouths, and labor for their hands, and takes to itself the substantial fruits of their industry. One love, however, is entirely weeded from their hearts. Their experience with the impoverishing potato-patch seems to have given them a distaste for agriculture; and in a country where there is plenty of land and a sure harvest, they avoid almost entirely the pursuits to which they cling so tenaciously in Europe. Their numbers did not in 1850 reach a million,—not two-thirds of the decrease in the Irish population during the last ten years.

The Germans are more energetic, or rather, bring their energy to a better account. More than half their number are spread over the north-western States, Missouri and Kentucky, and more than one-third in New York and Pennsylvania. They stay, indeed, in the towns in great numbers, devoting themselves to mechanical arts and to trades; but a large proportion, also, if the census speaks truly, are to be found in the agricultural districts, where they fell the forest and turn up the prairie for themselves. Some years ago we remember to have seen a colony of German emigrants landed on the unfinished pier of an unbuilt city in Wisconsin. The pier has doubtless since been completed, and the city has its thousands: but then, a few driven piles and a quantity of scattered lumber marked the place of the former, and rectangular streets strewn with fresh-felled timber, stretching into a primeval forest, showed

* Their respective numbers in 1850 were—English, 278,625; Irish, 961,719; German, 578,225.

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where the latter was to be. The emigrants were bundled out upon the pier, and their boxes, chests, willow-fans for winnowing wheat by hand, spinning-wheels and primitive spades, scythes, and ploughs were tumbled after them. The poor women sat upon the boxes in the hot sun (it was in August) and cried at the desolate appearance of this the gate to their Paradise, and the men tried in their rough way to comfort them. We leaned upon the "guard," looking at them as the boat steamed up Lake Michigan, and admired the simplicity which could bring their miserable utensils to such a country. Long before this the men have chased away the young grouse with American ploughs, and have fattened their cattle on the long grass of the prairie, and the women, putting away the spinning-wheels as relics of a bygone existence, sit in the summer evening under the honeysuckle and bignonia, which twist themselves over the porch, and sing to their children of the *Vaterland* without a sigh of regret.

The Valley of the Mississippi and the Upper Lake Country has not only gained in an unexampled manner, but has been almost created within the last half century. Where, in 1800, there were less than 400,000 persons clustered around the rude forts that protected them from the Indians, with only 7 per cent. of the representation in Congress, there are now nearly ten millions cultivating 53,000,000 acres of improved land, and represented by 42 per cent. of the House. If the European emigration has remained in the Atlantic States, the inquiry naturally arises, Whence comes this Western population?

The oracle of the census again responds. All the while there has been a native emigration twice as great as the foreign. Washington Irving's pleasant sketch of the Yankee seems to be literally true,—a discontented being, unwilling to stay quietly in the home of his birth, and seeking an unknown better in some new sphere. Just when he begins to grasp it,—when the "stumps" are uprooted and the corn grows plentifully, when his finished barns are filled, and his log cabin takes to itself some look of comfort,—he sells his "improvements" at a profit, shoulders his axe, harnesses his horse to a covered cart, into which he packs his wife and a staircase of children, and marches to some spot still farther west, where he may begin anew. Thus the whole country is in motion; Massachusetts removes to Maine, and Maine to Massachusetts; New York visits Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania returns the compliment. Virginia crosses to Kentucky, and Kentucky pushes over into Illinois. Yet the whole migration appears to be governed by fixed laws, producing ascertainable results.

1. In the free States the general movement is due west,—from New York, for instance, to Michigan and Wisconsin, and from Pennsylvania to Ohio. From Maine and New Hampshire it goes principally to Massachusetts, from the other New England States more to New York than elsewhere; but natives of all are found in the free northwest States in large numbers. The middle States are also represented there by an aggregate of 758,020, in addition to which they interchange very extensively with each other; the people of the small States, particularly, going to the great cities of their neighbors. The emigration from the northern Atlantic States into the six north-western States amounts to nearly 1,200,000. And so strong is this passion for motion, that the West itself supplies a population to the still farther West. Ohio sends 215,000 to the three States beyond her; Indiana retains 120,000 from Ohio, but sends on 50,000 of her own; Illinois takes 95,000 from Ohio and Indiana, and gives 7,000 to young Iowa; and that State, though not twenty years redeemed from the Indians, gains nearly 60,000 by the restlessness of the three, and, in its turn, breaks over the too feeble barriers of the Rocky Mountains to supply Utah and Oregon with 1,200 natives of Iowa.

2. The native emigration from their central slave States follows the same general law of a due westerly movement: but whether governed by the wish to escape from slavery, or by what other motive, it takes also a partial north-west direction into the free States. Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, furnish 360,000 of the native population of the north-west.

3. The movement in the planting States has been mostly within themselves, taking a south-westerly and westerly direction from the older lands of South Carolina and Georgia, to the uplands of Alabama and Mississippi. The emigration from South Carolina alone is nearly 68 per cent. of the white population remaining within her borders.

4. The American-born population of Texas comes principally from the slave States, that of California from the free States, and that of the Territories more from the free than from the slave.

5. It appears from a study of the course

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of both emigrations, that they mainly benefit the belt of country above described. New England loses nearly 400,000 of native population; but the foreign elements reduce the actual loss to 92,000. The middle States lose 600,000 of native population, but have so large a foreign additional, that the balance-sheet shows a gain of nearly 414,000. The central slave States lose 600,000 natives; the foreign emigration reduces their actual loss to 400,000. The planting States and Texas gain 300,000, of which nearly 200,000 are native. The north-west gains 1,900,000, of which 1,330,000 are native.*

It is apparent that the political influence of the emigration is greatly exaggerated. If three or four hundred thousand uneducated peasants, unused to govern their own affairs, and much less acquainted with affairs of state, were annually transferred to the United States, and placed in communities by themselves, apart from the influence of more intelligent minds; left without schools, cultivation, or capital, to raise themselves as best they could, and admitted nevertheless to the dignity of citizenship, and to a share in administration, it would be irrational not to fear the result. But we see a process quite the reverse going on. These ignorant beings—ignorant, indeed, some of them are, and thickheaded and obstinate—are taken by the hand on arrival, and sent, not into the forest, but into a more thickly populated country than the one they left, with towns as large as any in Europe except the two capitals, with schools better than any of the same grade here, maintained at the public expense, with work enough for everybody, skilful and unskilful, and with better educated persons than themselves to tell them what to do. They labor constantly with Americans, their children sit daily side by side with American children, reading from the same books, playing the same games, and learning to think the same thoughts. Mr. Tremenheere, in his excellent work, complains that all history in the public schools is ignored except that of the Republic, and gives us a list of twenty-one questions prepared for the examination of candidates for admission to the High School of Lowell, all of which refer only to events connected with the American continent. We are not sure that the honest clergymen of the land of the Puritans have not been found guilty of a profound policy in this. The child of the English or Scotch machinist in Massachusetts, of the German or Irish laborer, of the French or Italian artisan, in New York or Philadelphia, learns with the language and the institutions, the history which tells him the greatness of his new country; and, forgetting that he ever had another, he feels, with a pride that even Lord Palmerston might envy, "*civis Romanus sum.*" If the first generation is never quite denationalized, the second is transformed by this process into very good Yankees. The fathers, too, soon get a little property, (for there is plenty of labor and little pauperism,) and thenceforth are identified with the stability of their new country; and by the time they become citizens, they have some just sense of the dignity they acquire, and of the responsibility it entails.

The same fact removes all apprehension of a disproportionate increase of Papal power in America. The Roman Catholic population being so completely identified with the older States, and impregnated with the spirit of their institutions, any pernicious influence from that quarter will be impossible. We hear often of the power of Jesuitism in America, and of the spread of Catholicism in the Valley of the Mississippi; but the facts in the census indicate no such thing.* We are assured by those best able to judge, that so far from fearing the undue influence of the Romish Church, its conservative influence over the emigrants within its pale is regarded with favor. The Americans have a sufficient protection against the inroads of any sacerdotal despotism in their healthy English-born institutions, in the spirit of free inquiry which they have inherited from this country, and, above all, in their free schools, at which four millions are educated—one-fifth of the free population.

The schools of the States have been made patent to English eyes during the contest concerning the various educational systems proposed for adoption here, and they certainly seem to answer the demands of a state

* To reach these results, we have in each case ascertained the total number of natives from the particular section resident in the Union, and from that have deducted the total free native population residing in that section, or *vice versâ;* the result shows the loss or gain by emigration.

* There are in the Union 36,011 churches, of all denominations, affording accommodation for 13,849,896 persons, of which only 1,112 are Roman Catholic, with accommodations for 620,950. In the lake country and Valley of the Mississippi, out of 13,661 churches, accommodating 4,891,002 persons, only 551 are Roman Catholic, accommodating 276,291.

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of society bearing little resemblance to this. Indeed, in all the comparisons between the two countries, the fact of the great social difference is lost sight of. The similarity of political institutions, from the municipal parishes to the national legislatures,—the community of language, literature, and of ancestry, so far as the Americans can get a tombstone and parish register acquaintance with their ancestors in England, — the common elements of wealth,—the resemblance, and, in the main, identity of pursuits, are pictured glowingly by after-dinner orators, when the wine has mellowed the heart. Long may both nations remember these things! And far distant may the day be when the difficulties arise which philosophy teaches us they engender. But there is another side of the picture, less dwelt upon, and equally true,—the vast social gap between an old country, with a cultivated artificial society, founded on great landed possessions, and a new country with no aristocracy, unless we give that name to the feeble remnant of colonial families overshadowed by recent wealth, or to the expiring gentility of the "Southern Chivalry." The British merchant labors, accumulates, buys land, is made a peer in the second generation, and is identified thenceforth less with the town than with the country. The American merchant accumulates, invests in stocks and city lots, perhaps becomes a member of Congress, dies, and leaves his property to his children in even portions. In a generation or two it is scattered, and his poor descendants begin to climb the ladder anew. The inhabitants of no neat rural village point with pride to his well-stocked parks and wooded drives. He may have a cottage on Staten Island, the banks of the Hudson, the Delaware or the Schuylkill, or he may amuse himself with dillettante farming in Dorchester. But the non-producing landed proprietor, identified for generations with the soil, is unknown in America. The "people," owning each his little farm, or his house and garden, take the management of their own affairs into their own hands.

The public schools are the legitimate offspring of the social status, and return to it no small share of the stability which it enjoys. They were established in New England, at the settlement of the country, for the education of the children and the conversion of the Indians. About the time that the wearers of black doublets and steeple-crowned hats, who fled from oppression here to establish a Calvinistic despotism, whose influence still draws down the chins of their descendants,—about the time that they reenacted the Mosaic code, penalties and all, with marginal references to chapter and verse, they partitioned the public land into parishes, on the English system, and assigned a part to the commonage, a part to the church, and a part to the schools. In process of time the common land has generally ceased to be pasturage, and is, in many places, planted with trees, and made into public walks; the Church fields have disappeared with the State organization; and the portion assigned to the schools has been absorbed in the settlement of the country, and exchanged for the right of general taxation,—which right, as the sum to be raised is determined each year by each town for itself, and as suffrage is nearly universal, means the right of the poor to educate their children as they see fit at the expense of the taxpayers. The system has been extended from New England more or less through the free States, and works to the satisfaction even of the property-holders, who must be sometimes heavily mulcted by it. Mr. Tremenheere, for instance, tells us, that in a town near Boston, "the whole real property of which is valued at only 500,000 dollars, not less than 17,000 dollars were expended last year in the erection of five new school-houses, besides the ordinary expenses of maintaining their three grammar and two primary schools." Boston pays $15.42 per head for the children educated in her schools, (free for all without charge;) New York, $10.62; St. Louis on the Mississippi, $9.50; and Cincinnati on the Ohio, $6.37. These taxes are cheerfully submitted to by the property-holders, who require no argument to be convinced that without education universal suffrage would be destructive to political liberty, to social virtue, and to property, on which both must lean. They feel that the schools are essential even for the native children with American homes, and doubly so for the foreigners, sometimes with worse than no home at all.

Thus, the moment the emigrant arrives and is settled, he and his children are cared for. He finds persons on the pier waiting to employ him, and he pockets at once his four shillings a day; or if he be ill, there is a hospital to receive him, where skilful surgeons and kind nurses minister to his wants. Schools say to his children, "Come to us and be taught!" and they go. It was found some years since, in a manufacturing town of Massachusetts, with a population nearly one-

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third of which was Irish, that of about 3000 children between the ages of three and sixteen, only nineteen were not attending school somewhere, and that sixteen of the nineteen stayed away because they had no good clothes; clothes were given, and the non-attendants reduced to three. The proportion throughout the Union is not as large as this; but yet large enough to change the character of the whole foreign population. There is no greater mistake than that the characters of nations and races are unchangeable: leading minds mould the popular will to their pleasure. Catholic England under Henry VII. became Protestant England under Henry VIII. The freedom of Arragon died under the heel of the Inquisition. Louis XIV. was troubled but once in his reign by the spirit of a free parliament. Can there be a greater contrast than between the ages of Elizabeth and Cromwell? or of Milton and Congreve? William III. made the English noblemen Dutchmen; George IV. beau-Brummelized society; and the present Court of England has set an example of purer and more refined manners. In the same way the character and purposes of the emigrants are changed. They are fashioned by the influences which surround them, and in the second generation become completely identified with the country of their adoption.

Mr. Tremenheere objects that no provision is made for religious education. In the United States such a provision would be the sacrifice of the system. The children of a million of Irish Roman Catholics attend the public schools and strive for the honors they give; the clergy of that denomination are placed by popular suffrage on the committees chosen to superintend the schools and prescribe the course of education; only on the implied understanding that the religious education shall be left to other hands. We cannot believe, in spite of Mr. Tremenheere's fear to the contrary, that the community which takes such care of the secular education,—which provides one grade of schools for the infants, another for those who have crossed the Rubicon of knowledge and are battling with its elements, another yet higher for those who are preparing for the ordinary duties of life in the humbler middle classes, and one still beyond, fitted with libraries of elementary books and with scientific apparatus, where the studies of the Universities even may be pursued by the humblest child, free of cost,—would make no provision elsewhere for religious instruction. It is just to add, that the schools we have in view as we write are in Massachusetts, and have attained a degree of excellence beyond those in other States. But the West will not be long behind the East in this respect. Mr. Tremenheere's work, although pretending to be no more than a sketch, gives an excellent picture of the working of the system throughout the Northern States, accompanied by the impressions it created on an intelligent mind of conservative tendencies. If we do not agree with him in all his conclusions, he himself furnishes us with reasons for differing. We gather from him that the schools of Pennsylvania and New York are inferior to those of New England, and that the average attendance is decidedly less. But it also appears that those who have charge of them are alive to the deficiency, and are using every means to repair it. We close our remarks on this subject with a short extract concerning the schools of Connecticut:—

Any one from England visiting those schools would be also greatly struck with the very high social position, considering the nature of their employment, of the teachers, male and female; he will observe with pleasure their polite and courteous bearing, of such importance as an example of good manners to the children; he will admire the complete order, quiet, and regularity with which the whole system of instruction is conducted, by the exercise of mild, temperate, and, generally speaking, judicious authority; and he will perceive how great an amount of elementary secular instruction is given to those who stay a sufficient length of time to derive the full benefit of the opportunities of improvement there afforded. And I must confess that he will be likely to feel it as a just subject of reproach to his own country, that her very tenderness and zeal in the cause of religious truth, her very apprehension lest in her desire to attain an acknowledged good she may be betrayed into a step fraught with evil—or, to descend to lower ground, her religious jealousies and animosities—should interpose to keep all education, both secular and religious, from the minds of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens, at a time too when secular education is more than ever needed as a means of temporal prosperity and advancement, and when socialism and a vast and dangerous flood of "revolutionary literature" of the worst kind is occupying the ground left bare for its reception by the absence of all culture, secular or religious. How long, it may be well asked, is the government of this country to be paralyzed by sectarian jealousies? and to what further extent are the very foundations of religious truth and social order to be undermined, while the dispute rages as to the best method of preserving them? (Pp. 57, 58, 59.)

The provisions for the mental health of the emigrant are rivalled by those made for

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his physical. In their efforts to prevent intemperance, laws are passed in some of the States more arbitrary than the decrees of the most absolute European Government, prohibiting—without always preventing—the sale of intoxicating drinks. To keep him clean, aqueducts, exceeding in magnificence, expense, and profuseness of supply those whose ruined arches bridge the Campagna, bring pure water to his door, and force him to take and use it by assessing a compulsory rate upon the house he occupies. Unfortunately, filth, ill ventilation, and dense population are the accompaniments of vice, and too often of poverty, in large towns. Crime always tries to hide its head in such burrows. The cities of America are not without their vicious population, dwelling in haunts not unlike the *terra incognita* of Whitechapel, whose impurities and wretchedness, occasionally revealed for a moment by the picture of a passing visitor, astonish us at their fearful contrast to Pall Mall and St. James's. The "Five Points" of New York, as it formerly existed, with its three tiers of underground apartments, and its dancing-room under the street, where black, white, and gray mingled in impure orgies, was equal in its way to any thing within the jurisdiction of Scotland Yard. The "Old Brewery" was only two or three minutes' walk from Broadway, within a stone's throw of Stewart's Marble Palace, filled with the richest fabrics of the world, the terror of husbands and papas. It is now removed, and a charitable institution occupies its place. But as long as the weeds of vice grow in the human heart, dens of infamy will exist in large towns, which the philanthropist can improve but not eradicate. The Americans have taken the first step towards cleansing these places by supplying them freely with water. The "Cochituate Aqueduct" brings water twenty miles from one of the pretty lakes that dot the surface of Massachusetts, and distributes it in every street and alley of its prim metropolis. The magnificent "Croton Aqueduct" of New York was built by the city at a cost of nearly £3,000,000 sterling. The Croton river is brought fifty miles in a covered channel of masonry and granite, and rolls into New York over a bridge whose lofty arches would span the shipping, if there were any, on Harlem river. Every house in the city contributes by rates towards its support, and has the option of taking it for those rates. Water has consequently become a necessity among high and low. Bathing-rooms in chambers, and water-cocks with hot and cold water, in every room, are found in the Bowery as well as in the Fifth Avenue. The receipts have not yet equalled the interest on the debt. In a few years they will; and in a few more will become a profitable source of revenue to the city. Philadelphia is still more fortunate. A dam thrown across the Schuylkill, at her very doors, drives pumps which deliver water on the top of Fairmount, by the river's bank: from hence an unlimited supply is distributed over the city. We can testify to the correctness of Mr. Tremenheere's description:

It is rather tantalizing to one who leaves London in the beginning of August, to find himself in ten days in cities across the Atlantic, where bath-rooms are almost as numerous as bed-rooms, in every private house of any pretensions to the comfort that even a moderate competency can command, and where the purest of water is let in at the highest habitable part of every building, in unlimited quantity, and for a most moderate payment. It is somewhat amusing, too, to see the Irish maidens in Philadelphia (in their usual vocation of housemaids, there, as elsewhere) tripping out in the early morning, upon the broad brick foot-pavement, and screwing a small hose of an inch in diameter to a brass cock concealed under a little iron plate near the kerbstone; then, with an air of command over the refreshing element, directing a copious shower against the windows, shutters, front door, white marble steps, elegant iron railing, green shrubs, small and much-cherished grass-plots, heavy blossomed creepers hanging on neat trellis-work, and, finally, upon the grateful acacias, or the silver maple, or the catalpa, or the acanthus, or the mountain-ash above her head. Next advances a graver character, whose busines it is to "lay the dust." He drags after him a snake-like hose some fifty feet long, one end of which he has screwed upon the stop-cock fixed to a post by the side of the pavement, while from the brass pipe of the other end, which he holds in his hand, he throws a strong jet over the street, and a considerable distance beyond the point at which he has arrived when he has come to "the end of his tether." He then removes the screw end to the next cock, which is at the proper distance to enable him to reach, by the jet from the hose, the point where he left off.

Other cities, great and small, make similar provisions. In the manufacturing towns, also, the streets are generally broad, and planted with trees, and the houses built with reference to the comforts of the occupants. The same may be said of the residences of the poorer class throughout the country. In New York, for example, if the portion occupied by the wealthy is less metropolitan, and the streets narrower, worse paved, and dirtier than those of most European capitals, the houses of the poor and the emigrant are

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more spacious, better ventilated, better provided with water, and cleaner than those occupied by similar classes here.

The "Modern Exodus" ceases to be a wonder in view of these things; we are only astonished that, like the Exodus of old, famine and pestilence were necessary to it. The Irish peasantry fled before the scourge of 1847, not singly, nor by families, nor by villages even, but by whole districts; and yet two must have fallen where one escaped to a foreign shore. The priests in some places say that they ceased almost to minister, except to the dying, and that their services have been little wanted since by the bride. Liverpool was crowded with emigrants, and ships could not be found to do the work. The poor creatures were packed in dense masses, in ill-ventilated and unseaworthy vessels, under charge of improper masters, and the natural result followed. Pestilence chased the fugitive to complete the work of famine. Fifteen thousand out of ninety thousand emigrants to Canada in British bottoms, in 1847, died on the passage or soon after arrival. The American vessels, owing to a stringent passenger law, were better managed; but the hospitals of New York and Boston were nevertheless crowded with patients from Irish estates. The attention of Parliament was called to these things, and an Act somewhat similar to that of the United States was passed, which has done much to prevent the recurrence of such misery. The number of passengers is restricted, the space to be allowed to each, the size of the berths, the character of the decks, the quantity of provisions and water per passenger, are all prescribed by the various Acts; and it is made the duty of the Emigration Commissioners to enforce the law.

Under these Acts the Irish emigration has grown into a systematic and well-conducted business in the hands of persons who receive the wanderers at Liverpool from all parts of Ireland, even from Sligo. The main movement, however, is from Cork, where they arrive by car or rail from the southern and western counties, and are thence transported to Liverpool in steamers, to await, at their own expense, the sailing of the vessel. When a number are about to leave, the whole village—the old (above sixty) against whose free emigration the passenger laws of some of the States interpose impediments; the well-to-do who have no need to depart; the beggar whose filthy shreds cannot be called a covering; the youngest children even—gather in a tumultuous group about the car holding the smiling faces whose happy lot it is to leave for ever their native land. With the wildest signs of grief for the departing, as if for the dead, with waving of hands, beating of the air, unearthly howls, tears, sobs, and hysterics, they press confusedly around the carriage, each one struggling for the last shake of the hand, the last kiss, the last glance, the last adieu. The only calm persons in this strange scene are the subjects of it all, to whom this moment is the consummation of long hopes and many dreams, who have talked of it and sang of it, (for the songs of the peasantry now dwell upon it,) till it has become a reality.

Before going on board the ship at Liverpool they are subjected to a strict inspection by the medical authorities, and the same persons examine the medicine-chests to see that the vessel is properly secured against maladies.* They are then put on board the first vessel of the line sailing after their arrival; and we have the authority of Mr. Hale for saying, that they sometimes cross and land without knowing her name. When on board they are assigned to certain berths, their chests are hauled into the little compartments opening on the deck, in which their berths are situated; they are furnished with cooking-places for the preparation of the stores which they take in addition to the ship's rations, the messes are made up for the voyage, the pilot takes the ship below the bar, search is made for *stowaways*, the pilot leaves, taking with him all secreted persons whom the search exposes, and the waters of the Irish Channel are breaking against the bows. There is even less sentiment in this parting than in the former; little of the regret so natural in leaving for ever the land of nativity. That comes later,

* In 1847, before the passage of the British Act establishing medical inspection, the mortality was 17½ per cent. of the embarkation. In 1848, it was less than 1 per cent. It is claimed by the advocates of the Bill, that it produced this result. We are inclined to think that good food and the absence of pestilence has more to do with it than medical examination. Within the last six months, the cholera has raged with great severity in ships that had been carefully inspected and pronounced to have a good bill of health. Sometimes it would appear the second or third day out, sometimes at the end of a week or ten days. When the wind blew from the south, it would rage with violence; when it veered to the north-west it would almost or entirely disappear, and perhaps the vessel would come into port without a case on board. Neither the presence nor the absence of disease in this virulent form can be attributed to a sanitary measure.

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when, in full employment, with plenty of money, a clean comfortable home, a tidy wife, children at school, and the old folk and brothers and sisters brought out, Pat tells the Yankees of the jewel of a land he left behind, and wishes (the rogue) that he may just lay his old bones once more there before he dies. There is no such feeling when the ship sails—not a wet eye, not a sigh, not a regret—all is buoyant hope and happiness.

The German emigration has also been greatly stimulated by the same system. It comes from all parts of Germany, (possibly at present more from the Rhine, Wurtemberg, and Prussia, than from Bavaria, where obstacles are now thrown in the way of it,) and from Switzerland even, and is managed by commercial houses in the North Sea ports, in Havre, in London, in Liverpool, and in New York. The Dutch have little to do with it; their ships are employed in their own commerce and in the British trade with Australia. But the Germanic free towns, the British-American houses in London and Liverpool, and the American houses in Havre, whose ships do not carry out so bulky cargoes as they bring back, have embarked largely in it. Agencies of these various houses are established throughout Germany, (every August tourist knows them by the big eagle, and shield with thirteen bars over the door,) who are charged to collect the wanderers at some convenient point,—say Mannheim for the Rhine and Danubian country, and Bremen or Hamburg for the centre and north,—where they pass into the hands of the contractor, and thenceforth have no care over themselves. A part are paupers sent by the Governments of Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, Wurtemberg, and Switzerland. But we are assured that these bear a small proportion to the whole. "I have known," writes one well-informed gentleman, "hundreds of German families who have taken out with them to the United States sums of money varying from ten to forty thousand florins each family. It may be admitted as a fact that out of twenty German emigrants, nineteen take out with them to the United States money enough to enable them to establish themselves in the inland States." We confess we had supposed that the pauper emigration bore a larger relative proportion to the voluntary. The latter moves generally in families, and often by villages. Accompanied thus by their clergyman and their doctor, and loaded with quantities of useless farming and household utensils, which they bring with them at a great expense, and discard on arrival, these simple agriculturists leave the dreary stone houses which served as a home for their cattle, their horses, and themselves, and as a storehouse for their produce: bid good-bye to the heavy tower and bright bulbous dome of the venerable church; take a last look of the fields which have so long borne linseed, and wheat, and maize to them and their fathers; and set out joyfully on their voyage. Or, if they be mechanics and tradesmen, (and the Hamburg statistics return 71 per cent. of the emigration of 1852, and 48 per cent. of that of 1851, as of these classes,) they are still more content to go to a country where they anticipate ready employment and high wages. And if they be paupers, they certainly have nothing to lose by the change. Many are doubtless doomed to disappointment; for some of the town labor is overdone and ill paid—the ever-oppressed needlewoman for instance—even in energetic America. But we are credibly informed that they are gradually taking possession of many of the branches of industry in the large towns, as they can work and live for less than the Americans. They take leave of their country with a little more sentiment than the Irish, but yet without sorrow. The legends of forests which yield them no bread, and of mountains from whose vineyards no wine is pressed for their lips, the memories of the grass-grown streets and decaying fountains of Augsburg, the departed greatness of Nuremberg,—

> Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
> Quaint old town of art and song,—

the dull magnificence of Berlin, the Anglified elegance of Dresden, the small-beer architecture of Munich, even the national waters of the "wide and winding Rhine," and the old Germanic glories of Cologne, are little to them at the moment of leaving for the land of plenty. The same want of capital, and of an active, energetic middle class, to stimulate industry and make a division of labor, which has produced in Ireland the voluntary emigration of its best laborers, is causing the same results in the centre of Europe.

At Mannheim, or Hamburg, or Bremen, or wherever it may be, the emigrants surrender themselves and their fates to the shippers who contract to take them to New York; but not before a careful government has seen that their comfort and health have been reasonably provided for. And, in truth, they require some looking after, for they and their

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luggage are generally in too filthy a state for a sea voyage. They are then brought to the sea-shore, from whence they are either shipped directly to America, or to Havre, or to London, or to Liverpool, by way of Hull. Twice as many sail from Bremen as from any other continental port. Next in rank is Havre, which they reach under charge of agents, either by rail from Cologne, or by steam from the northern ports. Hamburg, Antwerp, and the English ports, all take large numbers. Fifteen or twenty thousand came to London last year to take passage hence for New York. Whoever crossed from Rotterdam within the year, probably, saw from one to three hundred of these people in the forward cabin, principally young men and women in the vigor of life, and their children. After passing the Brieille or the Helvoetsluys, he lost sight of them during the day. The women were below, ill from the unaccustomed motion of the vessel, and the men were either ministering to them, or were lazily stretched on the piles of Dutch produce which lumbered the deck to the tops of the paddle-boxes. When the sun had sunk behind the purple horizon, and the tranquil waters of the usually turbulent ocean began to reflect the rays of the moon breaking through the clouds, he probably saw these not very tidy men and women creeping up from below to breathe the fresh air; and before long, the harmony of a trained chorus, singing the songs of the Danube, the Rhine, or the Elbe, struck his ear. If he were curious to know more of them, he would have found, on inquiry, that they were peasants from Bavaria, or Baden, or Nassau, or Westphalia, or Saxony; or artisans from the towns of the Rhine and the Central States. He would have observed that, though untidy even to filthiness, they were by no means poor, rude, or absolutely unlettered. Their music alone would have told him of a certain amount of cultivation; the gold upon their persons would have satisfied him that they were not without means to take care of themselves; and the Bibles distributed in the various families would have shown him their sense of the importance of those treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves cannot break through and steal. If he felt disposed still to follow their fortunes, he would have seen them landed in London; and after going through the necessary formalities at the Custom-House, transferred to a boarding-house at Wapping, under charge of the agent, to await, at the contractor's expense, the sailing of the vessel. He would have seen them subjected the next day to the examination of the health officer; and then, going on board the vessel, he would have found that they were comfortably provided for, in the manner which we have already described. Thus cared for, without trouble to themselves, surrounded with friends and old neighbors, and provided with plenty of tobacco, he must have left them, convinced that they would make the voyage with little risk of serious illness or death by the way, and with as much comfort as the unusual necessity of keeping clean would permit. Or if, to follow their fortunes still further, he had taken passage with them, he would have witnessed himself the comfort and harmony of the little community on the voyage, and would have seen its members on arrival taken in charge by the Commissioners of Emigration, and either supplied with work in some part of the country needing their services, or sent to colonize the west.* And he would probably have admired the wisdom of the machinery which quietly, humanely, and profitably transports nations from regions where want makes them anarchists, to a country where, if demagogues would let them alone, plenty would soon turn them into conservatives.†

It would be interesting to inquire the probable effect of this shifting of population

* The Emigration Commissioners of New York are charged with the distribution of a large fund annually raised from the emigrants. It appears by the report for 1853, that they received commutation money on 284,945 emigrants during the year, being 16,047 less than in 1852. The fund at their disposal during the year amounted to $594,464, of which they expended $586,859; $122,135 went to counties in the interior, and $214,077 was on account of the great hospital at Ward's Island, in the East River, off New York, which accommodates 3,000 patients; 20,197 were temporarily relieved by food, money, &c.; 24,317 temporarily supplied with food, board and lodging; 271 sent back to Europe at their own request, and 14,384 supplied with situations at the Intelligence Office, conducted by the Commissioners. This office was once put to a use little contemplated by its philanthropic founder. A farmer came in search of a servant girl. A buxom Irish lass presented herself, bundle in hand, to go with him. One of the clerks jokingly said, "She would make you a good wife." The farmer thought the same, proposed, was accepted, sent for a magistrate, and was married on the spot.

† It would repay the curious to inquire how far the existing democratic element in Germany has been created by the correspondence of the emigrants with their native land. The Irish are less speculative than the continental people, and being more under a controlling religious influence, are not so much tinctured with sentimental democracy.

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upon the old world. If the movement had been confined to redundant labor, the result could be nothing but beneficial. But in Germany we see agriculturists of property and artisans of skill emigrating by tens of thousands; and in England the pioneer pauper migration is dragging a better class after it, by an annual remittance of a million and a half sterling. The movement to America has not yet made any material impression upon the manufacturing districts. That it will, cannot reasonably be doubted. Nearly one-fifth of the population of the manufacturing State of Massachusetts is of foreign birth. The gold fields of Australia also tempt from a life of unceasing toil, the men who, by industry and foresight, have accumulated enough for the passage. Whether this efflux will equalize the rates of wages on the two sides of the Atlantic remains to be seen.

It cannot be denied that Ireland has been purified by the purging. . But what a picture the story presents—a fertile country, with a healthy climate, but with a deficient stock of capital, renovated only by the loss of young and strong laborers, whose work was valueless at home. They find occupation enough in America, and become in time industrious, peaceable, and comparatively temperate and money-saving citizens. Their bad habit of abusing England sticks to them; but, fortunately, wind is plentiful in their adopted land, with no law to forbid it blowing, where and as loud as it listeth; and the ill temper finds vent in expletives, not always in the best taste, but which wise people set down at their real value.

Whatever the effect on Europe, the great emigration must benefit the United States. We have already said that we do not share the fears of those who see destruction to the Republic in this increase to its numbers. No country was ever made worse by an addition of healthy laborers, while there was work for them to do, and heads to direct them. The United States are emphatically in this condition. The native population is shrewd and intelligent, and has shown itself abundantly capable to direct the foreign element. That element, in return, proves one of the greatest resources of the State, furnishing it with the thing it most needs—labor—to develop its resources, to put down its fixtures, to open its ways for transportation, to subvert its virgin soil, to uncover the hidden wealth of its mines, to run its spindles, to hammer its iron, even to trim the sails of its ships, and to work the engines of its steamers. 400,000 creators of wealth now arrive annually in the United States, the men generally in the prime of life, the females even more so. Out of 245,000 persons arriving at four ports in 1850, 32,000 only were under ten years of age, and 22,000 only over forty; being less than one-half the proportion of native inhabitants, under and over those respective ages. They are consequently strong, capable of much work, less liable to mortality than the natives, and with a greater proportionate power of reproduction. It would be absurd to doubt that in the course of time they will affect the so-called Anglo-Saxon race in America. But it is yet too soon to measure the character or extent of their influence. We do not think they will essentially modify the constitutional institutions and educational systems it has established, which they learn, in a single generation, to respect as their own.

So, too, it would be idle to suppose that this supply will never be greater than the demand. In the natural course of events the United States will become thickly populated, great fortunes will accumulate, capital will become more plentiful than now, and labor will be less sought for, and consequently less paid. Doubtless, also, the European emigration hastens that time. But it is yet far distant, and will continue so while land is as abundant and as cheap as now. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the settlement of the West; notwithstanding the amount of land taken up by speculators; notwithstanding the profuseness with which the public domain has been granted by Congress, one thousand three hundred and eighty-seven millions of acres remain unsold and unappropriated — six times the whole amount alienated by the Federal Government during the present century; and, probably, two-thirds, at least, of the amount alienated is in the market, at a price not much above the government rate. With such a quantity of land at five shillings an acre, capable of being brought into production the first year, there is no necessity for an unhealthy overplus of labor; for it not only attracts population to the West, but it also keeps down the price of farming lands in the East, where the principal markets are. With the exception of tracts close to the large towns, farms in New England sell now at about the same rate at which they did in the beginning of the century. In Massachusetts, even, the average value is 6*l.* 10*s.* per acre for the freehold; and in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, it is less than in Ohio. It is greater in Michi-

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gan and Indiana than in any other southern State except Louisiana. While the present state of things can be maintained, no probable annual addition to the country by emigration will affect the laboring classes unfavorably.

It is plain also, that if the emigration continues as at present, it will soon give the North a greater preponderance in the nation; but we do not regard that as a source of future weakness, rather of strength. There is no sympathy between the foreign labor and the slave labor to make the North and South immediately antagonistic. On the contrary, the emigrant seems to have an inherent antipathy to the black, and allies himself as soon as he becomes a citizen to the political party supposed to have Southern tendencies. The past shows that the dangers to the American Union have come, and are to come, not from Northern but from Southern increase. The Missoúri contest grew out of Southern annexation, and the supposed dangers in 1850 had their origin in the desire of the South to impose slavery upon the free soil of California. The North has never required political stimulus to aid its growth, nor has its advance been marked by accessions of territory. It is the slave power which took to itself Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, which grasped after California and New Mexico, and which now wants Cuba. A gradual and peaceable increase in the industry, wealth and population of the North, which shall give to it at length, without annexation or war, an incontestable preponderance in the Union, will be submitted to by South, with scarcely a consciousness that it has taken place, and will perhaps check the thirst for acquisition, which, if unrestrained at home and unopposed abroad, may sow serious dissensions, and threaten the existence of the Republic.

Under the stimulating influence of this cause, the industry and resources of the United States have made an almost fabulous advancement. We had purposed to show its effect upon the principal branches of the national wealth, but are prevented by the unexpected length to which the subject has carried us. The tonnage of the country increased in the ten years ending in 1852 from 2,000,000 to over 4,000,000, the imports from 100 millions of dollars to 213 millions, the customs from 18 millions to 45, (yielding the Federal Treasury an annual surplus of 15 or 20 millions.) The cotton crop increased in the ten years ending in 1850 from 800 to 1000 million pounds; the rice crop from 80 to 215 millions, and the sugar from 155 to 281 millions; the wheat from 77 to 100 million bushels, and the maize from 400 to 600 millions. The potato alone, blasted by disease, sank in production. Thirteen thousand miles of constructed railway, and as much more in progress, all built by emigrants' hands, are opening up rich, but before unsaleable, lands of the West, bringing their cheaply produced bread stuffs and choked-up mineral wealth to Eastern markets. Of cottons the Americans now manufacture three times more in value than they import, and the export of their own manufactures is two-fifths of the foreign importation; and their woollen manufactures exceed the imports of similar articles as three to one. In all articles of clothing, in carriages, furniture, materials for house decoration, books, paper, iron utensils, agricultural implements, hand tools, they are substantially independent of all other countries, and in the coarser cottons they are not only independent, but have become exporters to compete with British fabrics in South America, Africa, and Central Asia. There can be little doubt that they will advance to the manufacture of more delicate fabrics. The country is full of skilful designers from the Continent, who will not fail to impress their taste upon the national productions, and give them a currency throughout the world. Side by side with this, the mineral wealth of the country will be developed. California had yielded 50 millions sterling by the close of 1852. Other mining interests had been less prosperous. But the high prices of iron and coal are opening the Pennsylvanian furnaces; and emigration, favored by joint-stock companies in New York and London, is finding its way to Lake Superior, where the pure copper lies in masses six feet in thickness, and weighing from sixty to seventy tons. These important results merit a more extended notice, and are full of suggestions for the future.

With such an unexampled growth in material prosperity, we are not surprised to see the conceit natural to the English race swell into a sometimes undue proportion in the transatlantic branch of the family, and make Jonathan foolishly long to thrust his fingers into all kinds of political pies. Within the half century he has removed nearly all the Indians from the east to the west of the Mississippi, planted them on the sources of the Arkansas and the southern branches of the Missouri, and provided them with schools, missionaries, fields, and money; marching beyond them, he has invaded the territories of the Sacs and Foxes, and pitched his camp in the

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hunting-lands of the Sioux; the scouts of his forces have penetrated the fields of the Pottawatomies and the Kansas, and his army of emigrants, following in their track, has crossed to the Pacific, established itself there, and opened a constant communication between it and the Atlantic. He has brought his commercial marine to the second, and nearly to the first rank in the world; he has made his country the principal cotton and a permanent corn-growing state; he has covered it with a network of railways; he has founded a manufacturing power which begins to compete with the wealthy and skilful establishments of Europe; he has discovered boundless fields of coal and iron, of lead and copper, and has possessed himself of rich tracts of gold, which enable him to open and use them all; he has increased his family six-fold, and his annual income fifteen-fold, and finds few paupers on his estates except those sent in by less fortunate landlords; he has built houses and barns, and planted fat orchards and rich corn-fields for his family, and has founded schools and educated teachers for his children. What wonder that he feels a little pride and more conceit!

These fruits, however, though great, are entirely material; and if the energy of a free and vigorous people is to end in money-getting and the worship of Mammon,—if a fevered struggle in a business city is to be the object of the young man's life, and the reputation of wealth their ambition,—if arts are not to gild, letters soften, and the love of country pursuits chasten social life,—better would it be for them, when there are no more fields to be subdued, and when unemployed hands shall be stretched out for bread, that they had never risen from the cradle of their political infancy. In the rapidity of their development, the Americans have had little time for the elegant idleness of European society. Every man's shoulder has been wanted at the wheel of the social car. But now wealth, cultivation, travel, and the leisure afforded by emigrant labor, are producing higher results than mere material prosperity. The possessors of money are learning to love the country and its healthy pursuits. Literature has become a profession, and authors are well paid. Transatlantic sculptors have attained a European reputation, and efforts in the kindred branch of the Fine Arts are favorably known. Architects flourish among them, and have plenty to do. The national Government gives a liberal though not always judicious aid to scientific research, and publishes the results of expeditions undertaken by its directions. In this way the labors of Fremont, Stansbury, Wilkes, Owen, Maury, Foster, Andrews, and Sabine have been given to the world. The Smithsonian Institution, founded at Washington on the liberal bequest of an Englishman, is laying a broad foundation for future usefulness. The generosity of the late Mr. Astor gave to New York the most liberally endowed public library in the world, which in the course of half a dozen years has collected together nearly a hundred thousand volumes. An eminent American gentleman, connected with the first commercial house of Europe and the world, and universally respected for his intelligence and worth, has founded a similar institution in Boston. Another well-known American merchant in London has been equally liberal to his native town in Massachusetts. In all the markets of Europe the Americans are the great buyers of scarce books, by means of an agency maintained in London by the Smithsonian Institution and by private collectors, and directed by a gentleman who is always on the look-out to secure "rarities" for his countrymen.

It cannot be doubted that, versatile as they are, they will soon give the same attention to Art which they now give to more solid but less graceful matters. The incorporation into the community of so large an amount of emigration from continental cities, educated in the arts of design, and contributing by the pencil and the chisel to the national love of show, will hasten such a result. When, in no very distant day, the prairies of the Lake country and the Valley of the Mississippi shall be peopled with fifty millions, gathered from all nations, but guided by the English race and governed by English traditions; when the slopes of the Alleghanies and the Green Mountains shall be covered with sheep, and their valleys filled with the best-bred stock; when the plains of the South shall be entirely devoted to the production of cotton, (let us hope without the curse of slavery;) when the higher and more delicate branches of manufactures shall have taken root in Massachusetts, and the mechanical arts found a firmer stay in Pennsylvania; when the white man shall have driven the buffalo from the fields which each setting sun shadows with the peaks of the Rocky Mountains; when cities shall fringe the Pacific, towns line the banks of the Oregon, and farms dot the surface of California and the valley of the Willamette; when skill shall have subdued the mineral wealth of Lake Superior; when commerce shall whiten every lake and ascend every river of the country, and shall carry its pro-

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ductions to every clime; when railroads shall unite the Atlantic with the Pacific, and bring every part of this vast nation into close contact with every other; when opulence shall have given a home to Art in their cities, and Literature shall have created the traditions which they lack;—what a spectacle may they not present to the world, if, despising the allurements of ambition, and disregarding the erroneous advice of interested leaders, they are content to reap the rewards of their peaceful industry, and to enjoy the blessings which Providence places within their reach!

TENNYSON.

Tennyson is in his ninth edition, but there can be no doubt that his becoming Laureate made it fashionable to buy his book by the aristocracy. Not that our aristocracy have much sympathy with "In Memoriam," nor its author with them. Apropos of this subject, a good story is told which I will repeat, hoping that it is new to you; if it is not, it will bear re-telling. Tennyson seldom goes out visiting: he would much rather sit at home in the clouds of his tobacco smoke, talking poetry with some one like Coventry Patmore, Mr. Palgrave or Charles Kingsley. Some time ago he was ill, and the Queen, hearing of it, called upon her chosen Laureate and make kind inquiries respecting his health. This no sooner got noised abroad than the sycophants of the aristocracy, who do as she does as far as they can follow her, in great numbers imitated her example, and called to inquire about the health of the Laureate, leaving their cards in token of their interest and condescension. Tennyson, it is said, just put the precious cards into envelopes and returned them per post to their respective owners.

I have another capital story, which I believe is true, as I had it from a good source—and if it isn't, it ought to be. Every one knows that Tennyson is somewhat of a solitary in his habits, and that he likes to sit darkling like the nightingale. He is our shyest bird of song. He is fond of staying about the country in out-of-the-way places, and delighting in odd and out-of-the-way characters. A friend of mine met him in this way on one occasion, and by an adroit management of conversation got the great Alfred to roll out gloriously on the subjects of John Milton, his poetry, and the poetry of Pope, Campbell, and others. But to the story: There is a clergyman at Bishopwearmouth, who has formed a small workingman's or boy's college, in which he educates the children of peasants—I think for the ministry. One or two autumns since, he had a sum of money placed in his hands in order that he might give the boys a holiday-treat. They went into the Highlands of Scotland, and one night they stopped belated at a lone inn, determined to put up with any inconvenience rather than push on any further that night. The landlord informed the clergyman that all his beds were occupied, and that he had only one room where they could lie down, and that had one person in it already, and he had occupied the sofa for the night. They accepted the room, and laid down as they best could. Before the boys went to sleep, they held a lengthy and spirited conversation on the subject of Tennyson's poetry, and the question, was he a great poet? They decided that he was, in a large majority, and dropped asleep. In the morning, as they were about to leave, the gentleman who had occupied the sofa, and who rose up tall, dark, broad-chested, with pale, spiritual face, and Hebrew-looking hair, called the clergyman aside and expressed his great interest in the young critics and their conversation of the over-night, which he had overheard, placing a card in his hand on which was written: "Alfred Tennyson." Tennyson's poems have been translated into French, and that wretchedly. But here is a volume of "Gedichte von Alfred Tennyson," translated by Herr W. Hertsberg, who has preserved the metres and melodies of the original. It must be a difficult thing to translate Tennyson. But the Germans are the very best translators in the world.

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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE QUADRILLE PLAYER.

"And you do not know any man who will come on more moderate terms?" said a fashionably-dressed lady to a music-seller, a few mornings since.

"I assure you," replied he, "the price is exceedingly low. He is an excellent violin-player, and knows his business well. Quadrilles, waltzes, and any thing else you may require, he will execute perfectly to your satisfaction."

"Mind, I may want him to remain rather late," said the lady.

"Any time you please," replied the music-seller. "He is accustomed to late hours; and we have never known him to grumble. He's a very industrious man, with a sick daughter to support entirely by his exertions."

"Humph!" said the lady. "Can he play Scotch reels?"

"Capitally," replied the music-seller.

"And you are sure that he will bring a good harpist with him?" said the lady.

"You may depend upon it," said he.

"Well, then, I think we may as well conclude with him," said the lady, taking a card from her visiting card-case, and handing it over the counter. "There is my address. We may not want him before half-past eight o'clock, but you had better let him be with us by half-past seven, if you please. Good-morning. Now mind you don't disappoint me."

"You may rely upon his being punctual," said the music-seller. He politely held the door open, and the lady tripped out, apparently satisfied with her bargain.

In the attic of a lodging-house, situated in a narrow turning leading from Drury Lane, was seated, that evening, an elderly man, by the side of an almost expiring fire. A small lamp glimmered on the table, casting sufficient light over the apartment to illumine the pallid face of a young girl, who was reclining on a mattress near the fire, supported by pillows. Every thing in the room betokened abject poverty. The countenance of the man was ruled with lines which misery, and not age, had implanted there; and as he glanced from time to time at the patient near him, it might be seen that his eyes were red, and that his grief, though subdued, was intense. Yet he held a violin to his shoulder, and, in the midst of this scene of misery, was playing lively quadrilles and Scotch reels.

The invalid was his daughter. Having received a good education, she had for some time supported herself by teaching the pianoforte: but ladies and gentlemen, somehow, will insist upon getting a thing done as cheaply as they can; and the spirit of competition being rather briskly kept up in this line, it happened that, one by one, her pupils had dropped off. The daughter of a rich grocer in the neighborhood had clung to her to the last; but the feeling of the age was too strong to be fought against. She was taken away, and given to the reduced widow of an officer in the army, who undertook her education at five shillings a quarter less. Thus her only hope was gone; and she was about to seek a situation as governess, when her health failed her, and she was thrown on a bed of sickness. Want of air, exercise, and society, are bad aids to the recovery of an invalid; and the seeds of consumption having been too surely sown, doctors could afford her but temporary relief.

The small clock on the mantel-shelf struck seven, and the man arose, placed his violin in the case, took his hat from a peg, and approached the side of the patient. He feared to awaken her, lest the sudden shock should prove too much. He had that morning received a summons from the music-seller, to whom the reader has been already introduced, and as it was the first engagement he had been enabled to procure for the last month, he had accepted it joyfully, although, in his heart, he scarcely dared to leave his invalid daughter even for an hour.

Putting out the lamp, and stealing with noiseless steps from the apartment, he tapped at his landlady's door, and urgently requested that she would go and sit with the patient during the time he was compelled to be ab-

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sent. This she immediately consented to; and our poor musician, with a heavy heart, left the house, and proceeded towards that of his patroness for the evening.

The windows were one blaze of light—carriages were drawing up to the door—and the street was in a continued state of excitement—when the quadrille player, with his violin-case in his hand, knocked modestly at the door, and passed almost unnoticed into the drawing-room, where he was met by the harpist, who had arrived about three minutes before him. Many of the guests were already assembled; and the pretty daughter of the hostess, tripping up to the "musicians," by the desire of her mother, requested that they would instantly begin. The quadrille was arranged, and, the signal being given, the poor violinist mechanically drew his bow across the strings, and, with a heavy heart, commenced the "Danois" set.

Happiness beamed on every countenance near him. The little coquette who had been the first to speak a kind word to him, was the observed of all observers, and in a few minutes was entangled in a labyrinth of engagements. Almost unconsciously, the eye of the violinist followed her steps throughout the evening. He fancied that in her he could recognize the features of his daughter; and he felt that *she* might also have been thus surrounded by friends and admirers, had she not been compelled to earn her subsistence by her individual exertions. Whilst our talents are cultivated as mere accomplishments, the most lavish praise is bestowed on them: once rely upon them as a means of living, and every effort is made to depreciate them.

Never had our violinist felt so completely alone as on this occasion. In his own room, miserable as it was, he could at least enjoy a sense of independence. Here, surrounded by pleasure, yet debarred from the slightest participation in it, his misery was increased by the contrast. He felt that it would have been a relief to him could he even have spoken to some one; but not one of the bright-eyed beauties who stood near him even deigned him a look. He was *in* the party, but not *of* it—solitary in the midst of society. He was to play until he was told to stop; and then to stop until he was told to play again. He was let out for a guinea.

Slowly did the hours pass away. Two—three o'clock in the morning came; but still had our violinist the instrument in his hand, and still did he continue to play inspiring dance-tunes. The thought of his poor invalid daughter became now almost insupportable; and when, at four o'clock, the last waltz was called, a feeling of joy took possession of him which it is impossible to describe.

At length all was over, and he was allowed to depart. Having received his fee, he placed his violin in the case, and threading his way through the throng of departing guests, walked anxiously towards his lodging. Arrived there, a tremor seized him which he knew not how to account for; and when he had ascended the staircase, and stood before the door of the room, he could scarcely summon sufficient courage to enter.

At length he recovered himself, and slowly lifting the latch, cautiously stole into the room. A candle, placed upon a small table near the bed-side, was flickering in the socket; and on a chair near the empty fire-place sat his landlady with her face buried in her hands. The noise occasioned by his entrance caused her to rise, and advancing to him, she motioned towards the bed. Mechanically he followed the direction of her hands, and walked gently to the side of the patient. Her countenance was placid, and a smile almost played upon her features. Not a trace of suffering was discernible, even to *his* anxious gaze—but she was dead. She had expired whilst the merry party was at the height of enjoyment; quietly, very quietly, said the good-hearted landlady, as if, indeed, she were merely falling asleep.

The guinea earned by the father for eight hours' performance of lively music, might, with strict economy, pay for his daughter's funeral.

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From the Westminster Review.

PARODY.*

Of all the different species of literary productions which come under the eye of the critic, there are none so difficult to deal with as that evanescent kind of wit which we term comic. Its very nature almost forbids analysis; for what is a jest worth after it has been explained? Like the butterfly, when once caught and fingered, all its beauty is gone, and nothing remains in our hands but a dull colorless form, whose brilliancy and life have fled together. Among all these subtle forms of wit, none is more anomalous than Parody; and it would puzzle even a German critic to find out a rule by which to decide on its legitimate form and office. Even wit itself, though it has been a favorite subject of speculation and definition, still mocks the analyzing process, and the theories on the subject have, for the most part, little else than the great names of their authors to give them currency.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,

is Pope's authoritative decision; according to Dryden, (who frankly owned that he had no comic humor in his nature,) it consists in "thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject"—a sentence which hardly makes up in meaning for its deficiency in point, and which drew from Addison the remark, "If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper." Nor is Mr. Addison's own definition, though somewhat more explanatory, altogether a satisfactory one. He tells us that "true wit consists in the resemblance and congruity of ideas—false wit in the resemblance and congruity of words." True wit, as it seems to us, is so far from being due to such resemblance and congruity, that its very essence consists in bringing dissimilar and totally opposite ideas into close juxta-position, or in suggesting some idea the very reverse of that which the words used were intended to convey when taken in their literal sense. The contrast must be startling and the idea evoked unexpected, or we do not call it wit. A half contrast, or an image suggested different from, and yet kindred and in harmony with, the original and obvious idea, is sometimes eloquence, often poetry, but never wit. Such was Johnson's opinion, which he has recorded in a characteristic sentence in his criticism of Cowley. "Wit," he says, "is a *discordia concors*—a combination of dissimilar images or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike"—an admirable definition of the term in its modern and restricted sense, and one which also includes its original Saxon meaning of wisdom and knowledge: for wit is often wisdom in a gaseous form—the distilled essence of unseen truths too earthly, it may be, for poetry, but too spiritual for mere prose, and it comes only from a mind enriched with many stores, and skilled in knowledge of men as well as of books. To name our greatest wits would be to catalogue our most accomplished scholars.

Parody, however, has its own peculiar features and history, and, as far as we can judge, appears to have been the most ancient of comicalities. Among semi-barbarous nations, such as the Arabs are at this day, the only amusement of the people, when not employed in the actual business of life, consists in the recitation of tales—most generally in verse, because the metre helps the memory of the professional narrator. What Antar is to the Bedouin, the poems of Homer were to the early Greeks; and when, after the immediate business of the Agora was over, the countrymen were counting their gains and resting themselves before they returned home, we may easily figure to ourselves the pleasure with which they would hail the approach

1. *Geschichte der Komischen Litteratur.* Von Carl Friedrich Flögel. Leipzig: 1786.
2. *Rejected Addresses.* Twentieth edition. Murray. 1841.
3. *The Book of Ballads.* Edited by Bon Gaultier. London: 1849.
4. *Punch; or, the London Charivari.*

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of the rhapsodist in his scarlet robe,* full charged with the wrath of Achilles and the prowess of Ajax, and ready to sing them as long as his lungs would hold out. At last he pauses—he is weary—he needs a cup of wine to recruit his strength—but then another takes his place and steps into the centre of the admiring circle: there is a twinkle in his eye as if he were overflowing with inward fun, and he begins in his turn to entertain the company. He takes up the rhapsodist's strain with an air of mock solemnity—mimics his manner and gestures, and repeats a few lines of his high-sounding verse in a tone which sets the audience off in a shout of laughter. He feels they are with him now; and presently, instead of great Menelaus and Peleus' godlike son, they hear their own names and their own affairs introduced and chanted with epic pomp. It is no longer the fate of Ilium that is to be decided in the council of the gods, but a quarrel between two slaves which they have just witnessed in the market. Unbounded is the mirth that greets every sly hit, which each believes is aimed at his neighbor. The broader the satire, the louder the laugh; and as the minstrel warms in his subject, his jokes become very broad indeed. At length he too ceases, either his wit or his breath runs short, and he calls for a goblet of heavenly nectar with all the majesty of Jove. Such was the first Parodist: and in later times, when the Homeric poems were recited in the theatres, he carried his buffooneries thither. When the rhapsodist retired from the stage, he followed, as the farce after the tragedy, and displayed his wit in giving a comic version of the performance. We can only guess at the nature of these early parodies, for but a few fragments remain of the numerous writers who are known to have composed them, and it is probable that the performers trusted a good deal to the extempore suggestions of their own attic wit to give them effect. That they were mercilessly personal, and spared neither gods nor men, we may judge from what Aristophanes has taught us of the unbounded license of Greek satire, and we may be sure that it was not small wit, either in quantity or quality, which would satisfy a people spoiled and pampered by a succession of comic poets whose name alone would fill a dictionary. To the Greek it was as essential to laugh as to eat—he prized a good saying as dearly as an Englishman prizes old port—he hastened to the theatre at daybreak as naturally as a city merchant opens his newspaper, ready to applaud with passionate earnestness if the piece satisfied him, and to hoot, and jeer, and pelt with the first missile that came to hand the unlucky actor who failed to please him. It is not improbable that the *Batrachomyomachia*, or battle of the Frogs and Mice, which has come down to us among the minor Homeric poems, was once recited by some ancient parodist; perhaps followed, as an afterpiece, the Battle of the Ships. The learned have denied that this little mock-heroic epos has any claim to be considered the oldest parody in existence, because they cannot find any deep satirical meaning in it; but sarcasm is not necessary to parody: the style of a great author may be imitated and applied to some small and insignificant subject without any intention of ridiculing him or his work, but simply in order to produce the glaring disproportion between the subject treated and the manner of treating it which is so irresistibly comic when skilfully done; and although Parody has been generally employed as the vehicle of personal or political satire, these are not its indispensable characteristics. There is a fragment of several hundred lines preserved in Athenæus, which unquestionably parodies Homer, but the subject of it is an "Attic banquet," and it is not at all more bitterly ironical than the pompous genealogies in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice. It opens like the Odyssey, with this version of the first line:—

"Δειπνα μοι εννεπε Μουσα πολυτροφα και μαλα
πολλα," κ. τ. λ.

and introduces each dish with epic solemnity.

"There, too, the silver-footed Thetis came,
The fair-haired cuttle-fish, the mighty dame,
Fairest of Nereus' daughters: none but she
Of fish can both with black and white agree.
There, too, the conger, Tityos of the main,
Lay on nine tables and o'erspread the plain.
Next came the eel, who charmed the mighty Jove,
And softened his stern soul to tender love.
So mighty that two wrestlers, of the days
Of old Astyanax, could scarcely raise
Her from the ground and place her on the board,
Nine fathoms long, and full nine cubits broad.
* * * * *

* The earlier rhapsodists were distinguished by the color of the staff they bore, (whence they were also called ῥαβδοῦχοι.) Those who recited from the "Iliad" carried a red one—the symbol of blood and carnage; and those who sung the "Odyssey," a yellow one, in token of exile. In later times, when they recited in the theatres, the red staff was exchanged for a robe of corresponding hue, and the yellow was superseded by blue.

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The shining perch, the black-tail next appear'd;
A mortal fish to join immortals dared.
Alone, apart in discontented mood,
A gloomly dish the sullen tunny stood;
For ever sad with proud disdain he pined,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind.
* * * * *
But I ate naught, I was so full before,
Till I that lonely child of Ceres saw,
A large, sweet, round and yellow cake; how then
Could I from such a dish, my friends, abstain?
Had I ten mouths, ay, and as many hands,
A brazen stomach within brazen bands,
They all would on that lovely cake have sprung.
And so the feast of Stratocles I've sung."

The invention of parody has been attributed to a comic poet, Hipponax, who flourished about the sixtieth Olympiad. A few not very entertaining fragments of his iambics survive, which betray none of the terrible powers of ridicule for which he was so famed that he is said to have driven two brothers, sculptors of Chias, to the desperate measure of hanging themselves in consequence of the torrent of sarcasm with which he overwhelmed them for making a too faithful likeness of his short person and his ugly face. This venomous little man was celebrated in his day for other accomplishments besides his dangerous wit,—his feats of strength secured him honorable mention in an ancient treatise on the Art of Training, which admiringly relates how he could throw an empty oil cruise an extraordinary distance, and his spare frame won him renown among men illustrious by their thinness: he was not unworthy to take his place in history beside a certain soothsayer who weighed but one obolus, and an aërial poet of Cos, who was obliged to be weighed by leaden balls attached to his feet, lest the wind should carry him away. The Greeks distinguished between epic and dramatic parody; but it does not appear that the latter was acted. We should be inclined to think that the difference lay chiefly in the choice of subject, and that the parodist heightened the comic effect of his verses by the aid of Mathews-like changes of voice and character. The introduction of these dramatic parodies is attributed to Hegemon of Thasos, but they are carefully distinguished from his acted comedies, and we are expressly informed that he won great applause by the dramatic power and skill with which he himself recited them, and that all Athens was so convulsed with laughter by the recitations of his parody of the Battle of the Giants, that although the news of the disasters in Sicily was brought to the theatre in the midst of the performance, and there were few there who had not lost friends and relatives by the calamity, he was not allowed to break off, but was compelled to finish the piece, and the audience remained listening, though some turned aside to weep. We might almost believe we were recording a story of the first Revolution in France, when the people ran out of the theatre between the acts to see the miserable victims pass on their way to the guillotine, and then quietly resumed their seats and forgot that dark tragedy in the last new vaudeville. Hegemon was known by the nickname of the Lentil, for what reason we cannot say, nor can we divine the latent wit of the following inscrutable joke recorded of him. One of his comedies was to be exhibited, and he came into the theatre with his robe full of stones which he began throwing into the orchestra. The audience were naturally surprised at this proceeding, but he readily explained it by remarking—

"These are stones, and let who chooses throw them."

Were it not for the contemporary fame they enjoyed, we possess nothing of the compositions of either Hipponax or Hegemon that betrays much wit, or that comes up to our notion of parody. But the best jokes grow stale, and we can hardly wonder that, after two thousand years' keeping, we find them somewhat flat. The popular ear is most readily caught by that which addresses it immediately, and which exactly falls in with the current idea of the hour; and when that current idea is forgotten, the wit which it gave birth to dies, or, if some dim trace of it remains, we must wade through such a labyrinth of scholia and notes to find it, that we forget we were looking for a pleasantry, and find ourselves deep in serious research. The satire of Aristophanes is imperishable, because we possess Thucydides, and are perhaps better acquainted with the times of Socrates and Cleon than with the history of the last century; but the lesser wits, whose writings have no such political significance, become as unintelligible as dull to later ages, which may account for the little care taken to preserve them—a few fragments being all we have left of the numberless writers of comedy and parodies who are mentioned as having once been famous. Let us only imagine how well a volume of "Punch" would be understood, in the fortieth century, by a future antiquary, in some distant land, speak-

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ing some new and unkindred language, and belonging by every habit of life and thought to a new and totally different era. What long conjectural notes he would write on the orthography of Mrs. Jane Gimlet's letters; and how the fine distinctions between the "snob," the "gent," and the "swell," would inevitably be lost upon him! while he would pity the poor half-civilized beings who could be amused by a pun or a *bon mot* utterly incomprehensible to him who knows not the minute delicacies of pronunciation, which give them all their force and spirit. We must, therefore, be content to own ourselves incompetent judges of the comic powers of Hegemon and his brother parodists, and accept the testimony of their countrymen rather than our own imperfect conclusions, drawn from very scanty evidence.

We shall not find much among the older specimens of modern parody to tempt us to linger over them. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the burlesques of Scarron and Dassouci created a rage for every kind of extravagant buffoonery in France, to correct which fatal bad taste in literature, Boileau wrote his celebrated "Art of Poetry," and Balzac employed the Jesuit, Vavasseur, to compose a learned treatise, "De Ludicra Dictione," in order to prove that it was a style unknown to the Greeks and Romans. But an unbridled spirit of mockery and ridicule does not possess a country's literature until the national mind is diseased beyond the power of recovery by gentle measures; and to attempt to correct it by a treatise or a poem is as likely to succeed as a proposal to cure the plague by a course of lectures on its symptoms. Scarron's "Virgile Travestie" is the type of a large class of comic versions of grave and poetical subjects, in which a small amount of wit is eked out by a large admixture of vulgar ribaldry as unentertaining as it is offensive.

Priam girds on his rapier, while his queen repeats her paternoster, and Dido wears a turban with ostrich feathers, when she entertains Æneas and his friends as follows:—

"Les beaux conviés sans souci,
A manger faisoient des merveilles;
Chacun vuida plusieurs bouteilles,
Et branla si bien le menton
Tant sur le veau que le mouton,
Qu'il ne resta rien sur la table
Qui fût d'homme de bien mangeable:
Si quelque os encore resta
En levant les nous on l'ôta.
On mit sur table une bouteille;
A son aspect on s'emerveille;
Æneas dit un chanson,
Et sans attendre un Echanson,
Lui-même emplit de vin sa coupe,
Puis à la santé de la troupe
Mit le tout dans son estomac:
Didon demanda du tabac,
Mais elle n'en prit pas deux pipes.
* * * * *
Elle dit, la face inflammée,
Qu'on me donne mon gobelet;
Aussitôt dit, un beau valet
Mit ce gobelet vénérable,
Avec grand respect sur la table.
Belus et les Rois de Sidon
Grands pères de Dame Didon
Usoient de ce vase a deux anses,
Quand ils faisoient des alliances;" &c.

and thus ten dreary books are filled with anachronisms and descriptions of manners worthy of a tavern, which become unbearable after a few pages, and tempt us to repeat Boileau's sentence on "les vilaines pièces de Scarron." But as the first performance of the kind, "Virgile Travestie" was extravagantly admired and applauded; complimentary odes and flattering epigrams poured in upon its author, and the fashion being set, the same style was attempted in England by Charles Cotton, the translator of Montaigne's Essays. He wrote a burlesque of the first and fourth books of the Æneid, which he called "Scarronides, or Virgil Travesties," which is even less clever and more offensive than its type. Of a far higher kind, and belonging more properly to our present subject, was the famous "Splendid Shilling," by John Philips, pronounced by Steele to be "the finest burlesque poem in the English language;" and which Dr. Johnson deigned to approve, on account of its merit as an "original design," forgetful or ignorant of the elder claims of the Greek parodists, and in particular of Matron, the author of the above-quoted "Attic Banquet," which is as close a parody of Homer as the "Splendid Shilling" is of Milton, and conceived on very much the same plan. We quote an example of the modern performance for the sake of comparison:—

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale,
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall* repairs,
When, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

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Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love;
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury surrounds
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers, or from a tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polished jet
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambrio-Briton, (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale,) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese
High overshadowing, rides, with a design
To vend his wares or at th' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectarious wines that well may vie
With Massick, Setin, or renowned Falern.

This unquestionably clever parody was the corner-stone of John Philips's fame. He published it, while yet a young man, at Christ Church, Oxford, and it was at once so universally admired, that, in 1704, he was selected by St. John and Harley to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough's great victory; the Earls of Halifax and Godolphin having retained the pen of Addison for the same occasion. "Blenheim" was the result of this commission: it is perhaps as good as Addison's "Campaign;" and both of them are better than poems written to "order," on subjects perfectly uncongenial to the poet's mind, usually are, or can be. Philips was a mild, retiring, shy man, greatly addicted to smoking, which was the prevailing accomplishment at the University in his time, from the example of the famous Dean Aldrich; and, excepting in "Blenheim," he never wrote a poem in which he has not in some way introduced his pipe, and sung the praises of tobacco. By those who look upon the "Paradise Lost" as an all but sacred book, and think it little short of an inspired revelation, the "Splendid Shilling" was deemed a profane insult, nearly allied to blasphemy; and Dr. Johnson has left a solemn and awful warning (on literary grounds) to those whom Philips's success might tempt to take the same liberty. It is to this effect:—"To degrade the sounding words and stately construction of Milton by an application to the lowest and most trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur which hitherto held its captives in admiration; the words and things are presented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain. But the merit of such performances begins and ends with the first author. He that should again adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life, must expect but a small part of the praise which Philips has obtained; he can only hope to be considered as the repeater of a jest." If this sentence were to be rigorously enforced, few parodies, and still fewer burlesques, would escape condemnation. We believe, however, that the respective rights of the sublime and the ridiculous may be preserved intact, without going the whole length of the Doctor's implied censure; and that no one is the less capable of appreciating real poetry for having read Boileau's "Lutrin" and Garth's "Dispensary." We refer those who wish to see the question of what is, and what is not, legitimately open to ridicule, treated *in extenso*, to the two bulky volumes before us by Professor Flögel, who devotes two hundred and seventy pages to a profoundly analytical and philosophical investigation of the origin, nature, use, and benefit of laughter generally, and treats of its different causes and aspects under thirty-seven distinct heads. He is able also to inform us, on the authority of a certain Italian sage, how to judge of a man's character and disposition by hearing him laugh. The melancholy man's laugh is a poor thin hi, hi, hi! the choleric temperament shows itself in a he, he, he! the phlegmatic indulge in a cheerful ha, ha, ha! and a sanguine habit is betrayed by its own characteristic ho, ho, ho! But, before we decide under what circumstances, and upon what subjects, this universal propensity may be innocently excited, let us pause for a moment to inquire what is the original seat, the *primum mobile* of all ludicrous ideas.

It is related of a certain Parmeniscus, a rich man of Metapontum, that having visited the cave of Trophonius, he was deprived of the faculty of laughter, and consulted the oracle on the means of recovering it. He was told to return home to his mother, and promised that on his doing so, he would be cured of his infirmity. He went home, but nevertheless was as unable to laugh as ever, till by chance he went to Delos, and in the course of sight-seeing, entered the temple of Latona, where he expected to see a very splendid statue in honor of the mother of Apollo, in this her own peculiar shrine. But instead of the beautiful image he was prepared to admire, he beheld a rude shapeless figure

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of wood; at which spectacle he involuntarily burst into a laugh, and continued thenceforth to enjoy his lost faculty. In this legend, whether historical or symbolic, we have the true philosophy of the ridiculous.

Surprise, either at some sharp contrast, or unusual combination, in words, things, or ideas, is the first feeling evoked by an appeal to our sense of the ludicrous. We have all a standard of beauty and fitness, more or less distinct, by which we measure and compare the external impressions we receive; and to find our standard suddenly at fault, and our preconceived notions of propriety unexpectedly defied, without being absolutely outraged, is a sure provocative of mirth. "For the act of laughter," says Sir Thomas Brown, "which is a sweet contraction of the muscles of the face, and a pleasant agitation of the vocal organs, is not merely voluntary or totally within the jurisdiction of ourselves, but new, unusual, or unexpected jocundities, which present themselves to any man in his life at some time or other, will have activity enough to excitate the earthiest soul, and raise a smile from most composed tempers." The savage is always grave: he has too few ideas to have formed to himself any ideal of what should be or is likely to be, and hence nothing surprises him which is not grossly tangible, and no humor "excitates" him unless it be of the broadest and most practical kind. The worst enemies of the Emperor Nicholas have told nothing so barbarous as the story which relates how the only occasion on which he has been known to indulge in a hearty laugh was when, some few years ago, the Empress went to Berlin on a visit to her brother, and the Czar followed and overtook her, so that on her arrival there she was received and welcomed by her imperial husband, whom she believed she had left safely behind at St. Petersburg. At this eminently practical "jocundity," his imperial Majesty's rudimentary sense of humor is said to have been immensely tickled;—an illustrious confirmation of our theory that surprise is the foundation of all laughable ideas. The endeavor to call forth this surprise by placing the heroic and the grotesque side by side, is an obvious expedient, and one which in rough and unskilled hands has been apt to degenerate into dull profanity and facetious bad taste. "The hand which cannot rear a hovel, may destroy a palace," and a very small amount of invention will suffice to set the noblest and most sacred things in a ridiculous light. This is most especially the case with parody, which cannot be good unless the subject parodied be in some measure grave, but which nevertheless shocks more than it amuses, if that subject be one associated with thoughts and feelings to which honor and reverence are due. For parodies are essentially comic, and there is a region which they cannot enter without being as much out of place as "Punch" would be at a funeral, or fireworks in the chamber of death. Whatever speaks to men's best sympathies and genuine feelings, cannot be parodied without desecration, nor will the brightest wit atone for a like profanation of words or things which have become identified with pious thoughts and heroic deeds. Who could tolerate a caricature of Landseer's touching picture of "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," or forgive a comic version of the Great Duke's funeral? These wake emotions too deep and sincere for any laughable incongruity to intrude itself, and we should resent as sacrilege the attempt to found a jest upon them. But human life and affairs offer abundant food for satire, without intruding on the few Holy Places; and while he respects these, the satirist is the moralist's best ally, as he has ever been the reformer's herald. We look to his piercing arrows when clumsier weapons fail, and many a folly and vulgarism in thought and literature has been scared by a happy sarcasm, as English sapphics were annihilated by the "Knife Grinder."

Since the whole amusement of Parody depends upon its being in sharp contrast with the subject parodied, the easiest mode of producing the requisite disproportion between the two has been that very commonly employed, and works of a religious and devotional character have been the first to undergo the process. The words and style of the Bible, as the best known and most reverenced of all, have naturally not escaped; and parodies of Scripture have been the favorite medium for political satire and ecclesiastical hate. Luther, a fierce satirist himself, could not abstain from a grim pleasantry of this kind, and gave a new version of the first verse of the first Psalm, as follows: "Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the way of the Sacramentarians, nor sat in the seat of the Zuinglians, nor followed the counsel of the Zurichers." The "Chronicles of the Kings of England" record the glories of Elizabeth's reign in the phrase of the Hebrew Books of Kings, and are a fair specimen of parodies of this class. We quote a few verses from them:

Now Elizabeth was twenty and five years old when she began to reign, and she reigned over

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England forty and four years, four months, and seven days, and her mother's name was Anna Bullen. And she chose unto herself wise and able ministers, and governed her kingdom with power and great glory.

The sea also was subject unto her, and she reigned on the ocean with a mighty hand.

Her admirals compassed the world about, and brought her home treasures from the uttermost parts of the earth.

Wisdom and strength were in her right hand, and in her left were glory and wealth.

She spake and it was war; she waved her hand, and the nations dwelt in peace.

Her ministers were just, and her counsellors were sage; her captains were bold, and her maids of honor ate beefsteaks for their breakfast.

Stern Puritans and loyal cavaliers availed themselves largely of Scripture phraseology to give zest to their caustic witticisms, and reviled each other in mock Litanies and Visitations of Sick Parliaments. In Lord Somers' tract there is a "New Testament of our Lords and Saviours, the House of our Lords and Saviours, the House of Commons, and the Supreme Council at Windsor," which gives "The Genealogy of the Parliament from the year 1640 to this present 1648. The Book of the Generation of John Pim, the son of Judas, the son of Beelzebub."

"2. Pim begat a Parliament, a Parliament begat Showd, Showd begat Hazelrig, and Hazelrig begat Hollis."

"3. Hollis begat Hotham, Hotham begat Martin, and Martin begat Corbet," and so on throughout the first chapter of Matthew; and the third opens with: "In those days came Saltmarsh the Antinomian, and Dell the Independent, and preached to the citizens of London," followed by the wars between Charles and his Parliament, in the same strain; but the wit is not dazzling, and the taste more than doubtful. We cannot, however, leave these examples of misapplied Parody without quoting by far the best specimen we have met with—namely, "Old England's Te Deum," by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. A form of words consecrated for centuries to religious uses, and in which men have poured forth praise and thanksgiving to their Maker, cannot be parodied without wounding feelings deserving of respect, and shocking hallowed associations; and herein we deem this and all other parodies on such subjects misplaced and inexcusable; but Sir Charles was a wit and a man of fashion of the early part of the last century, and we may be thankful for so clever a specimen of his comic powers which will as well bear quotation as the following:—

We complain of Thee, O King, we acknowledge Thee to be an Hanoverian.

All Hungary doth worship Thee, the Captain Everlasting.

To Thee all Placemen cry aloud, the House of Lords and all the Courtiers therein.

To Thee, Carteret and Bath continually do cry.

Warlike, warlike, warlike Captain-General of the Armies! Brunswick and Lunenburgh are full of the brightness of our coin.

The venal companies of Peers praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of Ministers praise Thee.

The noble Army of Hanoverians praise Thee.

The holy Bench of Bishops throughout the land doth acknowledge Thee.

Thine honorable, true, and steady son.

* * * * * *

O King, spare thy people of England.
And now squeeze thy people of Hanover.
Govern them as Thou has governed us,
And confine them to their turnips for ever.
Day by Day we sing ballads unto Thee.

And we bawl against Hanover, ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O King, to keep us this year without thy Hanoverians.

The Lord have mercy upon us; the Lord have mercy upon us.

O King, let thy mercy lighten our Taxes, as our credit should be in Thee.

The productions for which the memorable prosecutions of William Hone were instituted in 1817, were of precisely the same character as this, and would probably have been as little known and as soon forgotten, but for the three days' trial which elevated an obscure bookseller into a political martyr, and invested three ill-judged and not remarkably good parodies with the dignity of "impious, profane, and scandalous libels." We have to thank this "mere blunder," as Lord Dudley called it, for the failure of the arbitrary measures enjoined by Lord Sidmouth's famous Circular, giving authority to all magistrates to issue a warrant against any person charged with publishing "blasphemous and seditious pamphlets," and for the amendment which has since been made in the law of libel. These three obstinate trials and triumphant acquittals marked one of the last and hardest struggles in the long war between the Statute Book and the Press, and we can hardly again witness the tragi-comic spectacle of a poor threadbare bookworm coming into court fortified with precedents from the "Foundling Hospital for Wit," and quoting profane old parodies for eight hours at a time. *Tempora mutantur.* Just three hundred years before, a volume of obnoxious parodies was the subject, not of "an information filed by his Ma-

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jesty's attorney-general," but of a papal bull. In 1517, Leo X. vented his wrath against "some sons of wickedness lost to all fear of God and man," who had assailed the Papacy on its weakest side, and given it a wound more deadly than the fixing up of Luther's thesis on the church at Wittenberg. The famous "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," the authorship of which has been as much discussed as that of Junius's letters, sent a laugh ringing through Germany more dangerous than all the learning of theologians. The ignorance and superstition of the monkish orders and the cumbrous pedantry of the schoolmen were mercilessly shown up in these anonymous letters, with admirable humor; and their style parodied so inimitably, that the monks themselves believed them to be genuine and written in their interest, with a simplicity worthy of the Leicestershire clergyman who observed upon the "Rejected Addresses," "I do not see why they should have been rejected. I think some of them very good!" Very, terribly "good" were those pestilent letters which convulsed Erasmus with laughter;—so good, that the Pope required every copy of them to be burned within three days of the publication of his anathema, under penalty of the ban. "The punishing of wits," says Lord Bacon, "enhances their authority;" the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," is the *chef-d'œuvre* of German wit still, but who remembers the papal bull?

The examples we have cited cannot be accepted as absolutely good parodies, inasmuch as the subjects of them are ill chosen, and a parody is not complete unless it fulfils two conditions: that it shall itself turn upon some legitimately comic idea, and that the original subject be in some way fairly open to ridicule, either from bad and affected style, false or exaggerated sentiment, or from being sufficiently unimportant and uninteresting to render it harmless to jest at its expense. Rarely are both these rules observed, and the comic humor that can satisfiy the first of them is too seldom united with the refined taste which will keep it within the prescribed limits. And hence it is easier to quote examples of what Parody should *not* be, and define it, as Cowley has done wit, by negative, than to find specimens which are entirely satisfactory. We might multiply illustrations like those we have already given, and instance similar ill usage of works whose beauty and pathos should have exempted them; but the parodies which will agree with our canon are few, though we can cull enough from them to show that they may be pointed without being profane, and satirical without scurrility. We need hardly allude to the "Rejected Addresses:" twenty editions in the course of thirty years testify to their unabated popularity, and justify the applause they won on their first appearance. They are perhaps the most felicitous examples we possess of skilful Parody; rarely has so much keen personal satire been so little blemished by coarseness or vulgarity; and it is the authors' boast that, of the twelve writers imitated, "not one ever betrayed the least soreness, or refused to join in the laugh that we have occasioned." The only attempt of a similar kind which will bear comparison with them is "The Book of Ballads," by Bon Gaultier, which contains six imitations professing to be by the unsuccessful candidates for the Laureateship on the death of Southey, and one of these, "The Bard of Erin's Lament," appears to us superior to the Messrs. Smith's "Living Lustres," in imitation of the same poet. But Bon Gaultier labors under a disadvantage from which they were exempt: he is a poet; and cannot help writing musical verse even when imitating less flowing numbers than Moore's. In the "Rejected Addresses," we never for a moment feel that the author's idea or execution is above his work; he has caught with nice tact the points in his author which will bear ridicule, and parodied them admirably, for the most part; but we never suspect him of being able on his own account to write like Lord Byron, or think like Coleridge; he never wastes a poetic image, nor leads us to deplore that so much imagination should have found no worthier theme; and this may be one cause of his excellence as a parodist. But the ballads of Bon Gaultier are, many of them, good poetry, spoiled and disfigured by an alloy of street slang, which deforms their beauty as compositions without making them amusing as parodies. This is especially the case with "Don Fernando Gomersalez," which falls little short in spirit and diction of the glowing lays it is intended to burlesque, and would be quite as good, but for the introduction of the low matter of fact from Astley's, which renders it an inharmonious compound of Spanish chivalry and the foot-lights and canvas of the stage. Here is a sample:—

Give me but the armor, Monarch, that I wore within the field,
Give me but my trusted helmet, give me but my dinted shield;
And my old steed, Bavieca, swiftest courser in the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I'll do the business, king.

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Then they carried down the armor from the garret, where it lay—
Oh! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn away;
And they led out Bavieca from a foul and filthy van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dog's-meat man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whinnied loud and free,
And in token of subjection knelt upon each broken knee;
And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's eyelids rose,
As he fondly picked a beanstalk from his coughing courser's nose.

"Many a time, O Bavieca, hast thou borne me through the fray!
Bear me but again as deftly through the listed ring this day;
Or, if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come to pass,
Time it is, my trusted charger, both of us were sent to grass!"

The readers of Mr. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" will remember "The Admiral Guarinos," which the above vulgarizes rather than parodies:—

"Give me my horse, my old gray horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned with plate on breast and head,
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture: I'll yield it on the spot."

* * * * *

"Much marvelling, then said the King, 'Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his gray steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall: seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse hath bent him to be a common drudge."

When the knight came out, the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the king,
For the horse he pranced and capered, and furiously did fling;
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger, like a lamb, with calm and gentle grace.

Even more displeasing is the following from "The Lay of Mr. Colt," which adds to the offence of parodying one of Mr. Macaulay's most stirring lays, the graver fault of raising a laugh at a revolting and horrible case of murder committed at New York, the trial for which, a preliminary note informs us, "is, perhaps, the most disgraceful upon the records of any country:"—

The clock is ticking onward;
Hark! Hark! it striketh one!
Each felon draws a whistling breath:
"Time's up with Colt; he's done!"

The sheriff looks his watch again,
Then puts it in his fob,
And turns him to the hangman,—
"Get ready for the job."
The jailer knocketh loudly,
The turnkey draws the bolt,
And pleasantly the sheriff says,
"We're waiting, Mister Colt!"

* * * *

And when the lamp is lighted
In the long November days,
And lads and lasses mingle
At the shucking of the maize;
When pies of smoking pumpkin
Upon the table stand,
And bowls of black molasses
Go round from hand to hand;
When slap-jacks, maple-sugared,
Are hissing in the pan,
And cider, with a dash of gin,
Foams in the social can;
When the good man wets his whistle,
And the good wife scolds the child;
And the girls exclaim convulsively,
"Have done, or I'll be riled!"
When the loafer sitting next them
Attempts a sly caress,
And whispers, "Oh! you possum,
You've fixed my heart, I guess!"
With laughter and with weeping,
Then shall they tell the tale
How Colt his foeman quartered,
And died within the jail.

The gem of Bon Gaultier's heterogeneous collection is, "The Queen of France," which is an admirable imitation of the old Scotch ballad style, but it is too long for insertion here, and is, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers.

As an almost faultless example of what we have styled legitimate Parody, we quote "A Latter-Day Fragment" from "Punch," which appeared apropos to the Bloomer movement in 1851:—

"A mad world this, my friends, a world in its lunes, petty and other; in lunes other than petty now for some time; in pettylunes, pettilettes, or pantalettes, about these six weeks, ever since when this rampant androgynous Bloomerism first came over from Yankee land. A sort of shemale dress you call Bloomerism; a fashion of SISTER JONATHAN'S. Trowsers tight at ankles, and for most part frilled; tunic descending with some degree of brevity, perhaps to knees, ascending to throat and open at chemisette front, or buttoned there; collar down-turned over neckerchief; and

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crowning all, broad-brimmed hat; said garments severally feathered, trimmed, ribboned, variegated, according to the fancies and the vanities: these, chiefly, are the outward differences between Bloomer dress and customary feminine Old Clothes. Not much unlike nursery-uniforms you think this description of costume, but rather considerably like it, I compute. Invisible are the merits of the Bloomer dress, such as it has. A praiseworthy point in Bloomerism, the emancipation of the ribs: an exceeding good riddance, the deliverance from corset, trammelling genteel thorax with springs of steel and whalebone, screwing in waist to Death's hour-glass contraction, and squeezing lungs, liver, and midriff, into an unutterable cram. Commendable, too, the renouncement of sous-jupe bouffante, or ineffable wadding, invented, I suppose, by some Hottentot to improve female contour after the type of VENUS, his fatherland's, and not Cythera's. Wholesome, moreover, and convenient, the abbreviation of trains, serving in customary female Old Clothes the purpose of bosom and no other: real improvements, doubtless, these abandonments of ruinous shams, ridiculous unveracities, and idolatries of indescribable mud-Pythons. . . . Disputes about surplices in pulpit, and albs elsewhere, give place to controversies in theatres and lecture-halls concerning pettylunes and frilled trowsers; paraphernalia, however, not less important than canonicals, as I judge for one. . . . But here are we, my friends, in this mad world, amid the hallooings and bawlings, and guffaws and imbecile simperings and titterings, blinded by the November smoke-fog of coxcombries and vanities, stunted by the perpetual hallelujahs of flunkeys, beset by maniacs and simpletons in the great lunes and the petty lunes; here, I say, do we, with Bloomerism beneath us bubbling uppermost, stand, hopelessly upturning our eyes for the daylight of heaven, upon the brink of a vexed unfathomable gulf of apehood and asshood simmering for ever."

It would be hard to find a more complete specimen of thoroughly commendable parody than this: as a contrast to its elephantine cumbrousness, we may quote a poetical specimen scarcely less good of its kind, by Winthrop M. Praed, the most elegant of all writers of "*vers de societe*:"—

On seeing the Speaker asleep in his Chair, in one of the Debates of the first Reformed Parliament.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker: 'tis surely fair,
If you mayn't in your bed that you should in your chair;
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Ay and No,
Talking by night and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill;
Sweet to the children that work in the mill;
You have more need of repose than they—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence;
Statesmen will howl and patriots bray:
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away!
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

And here again, the parody is perfectly fair; for the original song in "Guy Mannering" is not so unapproachably beautiful as to suffer any wrong by the imitation, and the only defect we can discover in the latter is, that it is hardly close enough. The nearer the original is kept to, and the fewer the alterations needed to produce a totally opposite meaning, the more complete is the parody: as, for instance, two lines of Pope:

Here shall the spring its earliest *sweets* bestow,
Here the first *roses* of the year shall blow,

by the alteration of two words only, were thus applied by Miss Katharine Fanshawe to the Regent's Park, when it was first opened to the public:

Here shall the spring its earliest *coughs* bestow,
Here the first *noses* of the year shall blow.

And thus one of the best of the political parodies of the Irish melodies which came out in the *John Bull* newspaper, adapted the words of "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," to Alderman Wood in his *cavaliere servente* character:

Rich and furred was the robe he wore,
And a bright gold chain on his breast he bore,
But ah! his speaking was far beyond
Waithman himself with his snow-white wand.

"Humpty, dost thou not fear to stray,
With the lady, so far from the king's highway?
Are Britain's sons so dull or so cold,
As still to be cheated with tinsel for gold?"

"Mistress Dumpty, I feel not the least alarm,
No placeman ever dare do me harm;
For though they vote her and me a bore,
They love their own heads and places more.'

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On he went—in her coach to ride,
While he cozened the lady who sat by his side;
And lost for ever was she who was led
By Humpty's honor and Dumpty's head.

Moore's poetry contains enough of "false and exaggerated sentiment" to deserve parodying. Beautiful as many of his songs are, they are too full of wine to be always sober, and sometimes rise into a strain so exuberantly nonsensical, that, but for the airy gracefulness of the verse, we might almost mistake them for intentional burlesques of the somewhat incoherent sentimentalism of the boon-companion school. Whether is the idea conveyed by the parody or the original the best in the following?—

When in death I shall calm recline,
When in jail I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Bear my best coat to some pawnbroker near,
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine,
Show him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here.
And ask him a price that's not too dear.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
Bid him not search for bank-notes in the pocket,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
For they were lugged out to pay an old debt,
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
And all he'll find will be an old locket
To bathe the relic from morn till night.
Of Sal's, she gave me when last we met.

We cannot pursue the parody further—it degenerates, as parodies are apt to do, into mere vulgarity, mistaking slang for wit, and attempting to render that laughable which is simply despicable, in contempt of Aristotle's definition of comedy, as being "a fault or deformity *of such a kind as is neither painful nor destructive.*" Let us appeal once more to "Punch," the repository of most of our wit and not a little of our wisdom—to furnish us with another illustration of what parody should be, namely, legitimately comic itself, a skilful adaptation of a well-known original, and that original neither too good to be above, nor too bad to be beneath, ridicule. Do not all these essentials meet in "Valor under Difficulties?"

March, march, pipe-clayed and belted in;
That is to say, you must march in good order;
March, march, broiling sun melted in,
Stocks all so tight that on choking you border.
Martinet's anger dread
If you can turn your head,
Martinet, stiff as the knights of old story.
Shave and make ready then,
Half-strangled Englishmen!
March on, as well as you're able, to glory!

But we have dwelt long enough on a theme which, after all, we must be content to rank among the tricks of composition.

Rather than all things, Wit let none be there;

and, as a jest book is very melancholy reading, and guessing riddles one of the most exhausting of recreations, the best parodies, if we have too many of them, will at last depress the most buoyant spirits and pall upon the most fun-loving appetite. They all belong to the secondary class of wit, that which is less original than imitative—and it betokens a phase of mind neither safe nor healthy when these and other like feats of literary sleight-of-hand and intellectual jugglery are in eager demand. The tendency of many of our popular writers to produce startling comic effects at any price, and to wring a jest out of the gravest materials, is a noticeable and ugly feature in our present literary taste, and one which, if we may believe historical parallels, bears a dark interpretation. This is not the place to inquire whether such a tendency be the result of a wide-spread dislocation of opinion, which leads men to hide their uneasiness and their doubts behind a mask of gayety; or whether it be the unaffected expression of real unbelief in any thing higher, and the natural product of an age which has too little faith in the unseen to be in earnest. But whichsoever it be, the symptom is a dangerous one, and threatens to give us, instead of the learned satire of the Scriblerus Club and the pungent wit of later humorists, a spurious compound, half levity and half slang, betraying a decadence in graver things than squibs and weightier than parodies.

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From Sharpe's Journal.

A GLANCE AT THE SERVIANS.

BY MISS A. M. BIRKBECK.

The Servians are divided, politically as well as numerically, into two almost equal parts; for, whilst in the north of Turkey they enjoy, under present circumstances, virtual independence, those dwelling within the Austrian frontier form part of a military system which they dislike as much as its originators, and whereby they are subjected to a humiliating thraldom. As the public possess but little accurate knowledge of the Austrian Servians, we have selected them for the subject of our present sketch.

We find so early as the fifteenth century, records of Servian communities in Sclavonia, bearing the name of Shokacrs, and living promiscuously with the Croats, whose customs and religion they generally adopted. The mass of those Servians, however, who dwell on the Austrian side of the Save and Lower Danube, and, from the time of their settlement there up to the present day, have made themselves so conspicuous by their wild and independent spirit and constant intercourse with their countrymen beyond those border rivers, immigrated as late as the end of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Leopold I. They are the descendants of those tribes who, owing to religious and political persecution, resolved to leave their home, and colonize the southern borders of the adjoining country, which, having been laid waste during the protracted struggle with Turkey, were offered to their envoys on condition that they should defend them against the inroads of the common enemy. The first troop of emigrants, led by their patriarch Arsenius, and numbering 40,000 families, crossed the Danube in the year 1688. At the news of their happy arrival and settlement, other bands followed at different times; so that the total number of the Servian population along the borders now amounts to about 800,000.

The district inhabited by them is the continuation of the great Hungarian plain, which, bounded on the west by the Lower Danube, and on the east by the Transylvanian Alps, forms the most fertile part of that country, and is known under the names of Bacska, Banat, and Syrmium.

The aspect of the steppes, or Pieszta is imposing. The gently undulating surface presents a boundless level, varied by few, if any, of Nature's charms, and with scarcely a trace of human dominion. The draw-wells, with their long poles rising against the sky; at long intervals, a Csárda* or a Tanya,† and, after a journey of a day or two, a village, with its tent-like houses, and double-spired church, scarcely serve to remove the impression of solitude and stillness.

During a journey across the steppes the traveller has ample opportunity of observing the surprising fertility of the land. The soil is a rich black loam, yielding, year after year, the most abundant produce. The crops scarcely ever fail; on the contrary, it sometimes happens that the finest wheat is left lying upon the fields, owing to the want of hands and markets. The richness of the ground renders manuring superfluous, indeed, injurious. The mildness of the climate promotes luxuriant vegetation, so that, with the exception of oranges and olives, most southern products flourish. Maize stalks reach the height of a man on horseback, the wheat bends to the ground under its own weight, and the melons are famed for flavor and size. The cultivated tracts are surrounded by extensive pastures, fragrant with aromatic herbs, upon which numberless herds of half-wild cattle roam throughout the year. The intervening lakes and morasses are the resort of myriads of wild fowl, pelicans, herons, &c., which, on the approach of a human being, rise in immense flocks into the air, and, like a cloud, darken for a moment the light of the sun. Thither herds of hogs and buffaloes repair in summer, and find ample food and water.

Surrounded by Nature's bounties, the Servians live mingled with Hungarians and Ger-

* Csárda, or Hedge Jun, an uninviting-looking hovel, where the traveller finds but scanty fare, and yet more scanty accommodation.

† A Tanya or farm consists of a group of huts and outbuildings, with a large courtyard, filled with stacks of hay and straw, and guarded by savage shepherd dogs, of great size, covered with white, shaggy hair.

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mans in their scattered and populous villages, some of them containing nearly 20,000 inhabitants. As there is land in abundance, a village is spread over a large tract, and produces, on approach, a dreary impression from the general scarcity of trees. The streets are unpaved and immensely wide, skirted by deep one-storied cottages, built of unbaked bricks and thatched with reeds or straw, with the gable ends towards the street. Beneath the two front windows is usually a rustic seat, shaded by a solitary tree, and before this stands the dunghill, the ordinary indication of a Servian dwelling. A cottage of this description is inhabited by one family only, and contains two dwelling rooms, divided by the kitchen. Beyond this come the larder, dairy, stables, and the various outbuildings for agricultural use; the whole enclosed by a spacious yard and garden, presenting altogether an aspect of prosperity and plenty. We will imagine that the gospodar or master has just returned from the field in his cart, to which two fleet horses are attached, or in his heavy wagon, drawn by three pair of oxen. Whilst his boys surround the vehicle and unharness the animals, the gospodar welcomes us as his guests; for hospitality is one of the domestic virtues of the dwellers on the Pieszta. We accept the friendly bidding and follow him to the kitchen, which serves also for a hall, is well supplied with copper and earthenware utensils, and contains a large raised hearth upon which all the cooking is done, and above which, in the lofty chimney, are seen sides of pork suspended for smoking. The whitewashed walls of the dwelling-rooms are hung with a goodly array of pots, and with gaudy-colored woodcuts or pictures upon glass, representations of the saints most worshipped in the Greek Church, as Nicholas, Basyl, George, also the Holy Virgin, and the Archangel Michael. Near these paintings there is probably a bedstead, piled up to the ceiling with feather beds. In a corner stands a stove of considerable size, and opposite to it a heavy oaken table, on which the covered loaf and salt always stands ready to be placed before the guest, with a jug of wine or a bottle of brandy.

In Hungary the Servians are known under the name of Ráizok. They, however, call themselves Shokacrs and Illyrians; the former belonging to the Roman Catholic, and the latter to the Greek Church. The Illyrians inhabit the Banat and Bácska, whilst the Shokacrs live in Syrmium, and on the military borders amongst the Croats. Though of the same origin, and speaking the same language, the difference in their religion has variously affected the character and habits of the Servians, and drawn a strongly-marked line of demarcation between them. Long subjection under the Turkish yoke has made the Greek Servian fanatical, suspicious, and vindictive. He hates every other race, every other faith: and though he has a natural predilection for freedom and independence, still, from ignorance and bigotry, he is the willing slave of his priest, who, alike uneducated, becomes in his turn a tool in the hand of the first skilful intriguer. The Catholic Servians are more gentle and conciliating. Their priests, also, as is the case amongst the Romish clergy in Hungary, are more enlightened and tolerant. A Greek priest has seldom more knowledge than that acquired in some miserable village or cloister school; yet he exercises boundless influence over his flock. His income is derived chiefly from the voluntary contributions of his community, and from the produce of a few acres of land, which he tills with his own hands; also, from the sale of holy pictures and relics—used as charms against illness and evil spirits. The monks and higher dignitaries of the Greek Church are condemned to celibacy, but the village priest is permitted to marry once. The primate of Moscow is also the primate of the Servians, and the Emperor of Russia the acknowledged head of their Church, and the representative of the Almighty on earth. In all their prayers the Emperor Nicholas takes precedence of their own sovereign, and they look to Russia as their deliverer from some evil existing only in their own unenlightened brains.

The language is a Sclavonian dialect, resembling the Russian. But here, again, a difference so far exists between the two sects that, whilst the Greeks retain the Russian, the Catholic uses the Latin characters. So it is with their dress. The latter have adopted the Croat habiliments; with the former, the old costume of the mountains still predominates; the men wearing fine white calico shirts and drawers, short jackets, flat broad-brimmed hats or high fur caps, and sheepskin thrown over their shoulders.

The Servians are tall, slight, and well made, with dark complexions, rather the result of climate than a characteristic of their race; for blue eyes are frequently to be seen amongst them. The men wear long hair and moustaches; their features are regular, but with a somewhat suspicious and sinister expression. In advanced life they become emaciated from frequent fastings and from the too

free use of brandy, (rakie.) The Servians are naturally idle, and this disposition is materially promoted by the ease with which they gain their living, together with their religious customs; their holidays forming a third part of the year, during which time they dare not work, unless upon the fields of their priests, by which little labor they are taught they are working for their salvation. The women are handsome, and delight in decking themselves in silks and finery of all descriptions. Their caps are thickly ornamented with gold tinsel, over which a veil is thrown. Like the Croatian women, they use paint from an early age, and adorn their ears with rings, and their necks with rows of coral beads. Bright colors are most admired; even their boots and shoes are often made of red or yellow leather. Amongst their superstitious customs, homage to the Genius of Spring, though savoring of paganism, evinces a spirit of poetry. On Saint George's eve, the girls of a village, dressed in their best clothes, collect the sweetest field flowers, and wander forth in troops to the nearest river or lake, into which they throw their offering amidst singing, dancing, and merry-making.

Brought up in profound ignorance, and influenced by so many prejudices, it cannot be wondered that their imagination is perpetually beset by witches and ghosts, who we suppose play a prominent and certainly a very mischievous part, even in their most trivial occupations. At the head of their evil spirits stands the vampyre, an active and destructive monster, without any defined shape; but, nevertheless, universally acknowledged and dreaded. The superstition is, that the vampyre rises from the corpses of those who have died excommunicate, or who, owing to their ill conduct through life, have descended to the nether regions. To the spirits of such persons the Servians attribute supernatural power over the living, whom they are said to be able to visit and torment at pleasure. The vampyre rises from its grave at midnight, and glides through the keyhole into the room of the sleeper, whose blood it gradually sucks out. The victim ere long expires, and in turn becomes a vampyre, carrying on after death the same terrible practice. Whenever one or two sudden deaths occur, they are ascribed to a nocturnal visitor of this kind, and the inhabitants at once resort to the most efficacious means for putting a stop to the visits of the evil spirit. As a community is seldom without some member who bears evil reputation to his grave, the finger of the public points to him as the cause of the calamity, and the people, sometimes led by the priest and magistrate, betake themselves to the cemetery to subject the suspected corpse to a lynch-law process. The grave is opened, its occupier again brought to the light of day, and on the priest's granting a formal absolution of his sins, the corpse, at the command of the magistrate, is fixed to the coffin by a stake, to prevent it from again rising; and in some cases, when the efficacy of the stake is doubted, the body is burned and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Next to the vampyre rank the witches. Although represented here, as everywhere, in the harmless form of a decrepit old woman, they too are supposed to be invested with superhuman powers, and are made responsible for all the petty accidents of daily life that befall either man or beast. It is believed, that the Devil lends them his powerful aid during life, and afterwards, in consideration of his services, carries them off after a fixed period amidst a storm of hail and thunder. This invisible abduction always happens before the corpse reaches consecrated ground. As an illustration thereof, we may here relate the following anecdote:—A few years since, an aged woman, suspected of witchcraft, died in one of the Servian villages. In opposition to strong public feeling, the last rites of religion had been performed, and the coffin was borne towards its resting-place, followed by a concourse of her neighbors. The procession set out under a cloudless sky, but as it approached the cemetery, all at once a furious storm broke forth. The coffin was abandoned, and the attendants ran right and left in search of shelter from the violence of the tempest. In a short time, however, the weather cleared up, and the funeral train was again about to proceed, when, on lifting up the coffin, the men declared that it felt empty. Suspecting some mischief, they opened it, and lo! instead of the corpse there lay naught save an old broom.

The Servians possess a decided warlike spirit, which, kept within proper bounds, is capable of great things. But various ferocious and lawless propensities greatly diminish their worth as allies, and as adversaries render them more troublesome than dangerous. Like the Croatian borderers, they are, notwithstanding their courage, less fitted for a lengthened combat in line, than for the defence of entrenchments and villages. But most of all are they adapted for surprises and razzias, whereby momentary and individual valor may turn the fate of the day in their

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favor. In war, they know no mercy, and perpetrate atrocities and excesses of the wildest kind. Of this, the inhabitants of Hungary have had many fearful proofs. Scarcely had the Servians settled down in their new home, than, in the third year of the eighteenth century, they were summoned by the Emperor of Austria to muster all their available forces against the Hungarians, who, under the guidance of Prince Rakocsy the younger, had risen in insurrection. The Servians had only bound themselves to fight the Turks; but the occasion was too enticing for them to allow it to escape, though at the expense of their hosts. A prospect of rich booty far outweighed the dictates of honor and gratitude, and they set out in large numbers, marching between the Theiss and Danube, and extending their incursion as far as the Carpathians. They carried on a warfare like that which they had been wont to wage against their former master, the Turks; that is to say, with fire and sword. Wherever their terrible bands passed, there every trace of life and of civilization disappeared. Thus they went on plundering and murdering during the whole of the Hungarian war of Independence, from 1703 till 1709. The witnesses to these unheard-of cruelties learned to speak of the Servians with a shudder, and bestowed upon them the cognomen of savages, which afterwards became proverbial. As long as their bands would be of any use, their vanity was flattered, and their hopes of independence kept alive by glowing promises. No sooner, however, was peace restored, than the promises were forgotten, and under Maria Theresa, who would gladly have seen in each of her subjects either a monk or a nun, the Greek Servians were compelled to adopt the Romish faith. The consequence of this forcible attempt at proselytism was a general rising, which was suppressed first by the sword, and then by the execution of hundreds of their chiefs; the most orthodox being compelled to leave the country. Several thousand families wandered to Russia, where they were favorably received, and afterwards formed a colony called New Servia. Seeing how their services to Austria had been remunerated, and how little chance they had of realizing their ambitious designs on that score, the Servians struck into an opposite course, and in the year 1790 petitioned the Hungarian Diet as to their definitive fusion with Hungary. The Diet, forgetting past wrongs, made the greatest efforts to free all their tribe from the military rule of Austria, but succeeded only in favor of a third part, who were incorporated with the counties they lived in.

The experience of a constitutional existence soon convinced at least the more intelligent amongst them, that their interests were closely connected with those of the other races in Hungary, and that by promoting the welfare of the latter they would also advance their own. Time went on, and at length the memorable year 1848 arrived. In the first glow of enthusiasm, the aristocratic Diet, with one single stroke, razed to the ground all the feudal barriers, that were represented as obstructive of general prosperity and civilization; abolishing the tithes and all seignorial rights; introducing a uniform taxation, trials by jury, &c.

The dynasty, terrified at the sight of such radical reforms, and anxious and determined not to allow their firm establishment, threw the apple of discord amongst the various races, by persuading them, and more particularly the Servian priesthood and several of their leaders, that the moment for realizing their favorite project, of forming an independent Servian state, had at length arrived. The populace, easy misled and fanaticised, gathered in large meetings and demanded, together with the Croats, an entire separation from Hungary, alleging that the Magyars wanted to suppress their religion and language. The remonstrances of the Hungarian ministry were of no avail; on the contrary, rather hastened the outbreak of the crisis. On Easter Monday, 1848, a Servian mob unfurled the flag of rebellion against the constitution, and commenced a civil war by exacting a division of property on communistical principles, and then by the slaughter of the Hungarian and German magistrates and the nobles. The fire, long and cleverly kindled, spread rapidly over several of the southern counties and the borders. With the tacit consent of Austria, whole batallions of borderers as well as bands of freebooters from Servia Proper, swelled the number of the rebels, and the southern boundary of Hungary by degrees became the arena of the most fearful carnage and depredation, carried on almost with impunity; owing to the secret understanding of the Austrian generals, who at the commencement commanded the Honveds and National Guard sent against the rebels. Hence the Servians were enabled to convert their villages into entrenched camps, from whence they carried on a desultory warfare, raising their armed force to 40,000, commanded by their national generals Theodorovics and Kaicsanin.

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At the end of the war the Servians, expecting an adequate reward for their enormous sacrifices in aiding to preserve the dynasty, solicited the fulfilment of the promises made to them by the latter. Great must their mortification and rage have been on finding they were paid precisely in the same manner and with the same coin as were their ancestors. And when they began to press their claims, their leaders, who had worked the most zealously for the Hapsburgs, were arrested, and either thrown into prison or executed. Then the district was placed under martial law; the Servian colors, white and red, prohibited; the newspapers suppressed; and in their public transactions, as well as in their village schools, the German language introduced. Nay, Austria, as if in mockery, united the three counties, where the Servians are most numerous, into a district, calling it the Vojvodina, and appointing a general at the head, with the full power of administering martial law,—instead of the repudiated constitution of 1848.

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PORTRAITS OF FRENCH CELEBRITIES.*

It is not our intention to say a word in this article on the political condition of France. We are now not merely closely, but intimately, allied with the Emperor of the French, (we have been nearly a quarter of a century allied with the French people,) are embarked in a common and righteous cause with him and his government, and we must do Louis Napoleon and his ministry the common justice to say, that, up to this moment, both have performed their parts, in reference to the Russo-Turkish question, with honor, with loyalty, with courage, and with effect. Under these circumstances, criticism on matters more immediately concerning the French than the British people, were alike untimely and unwise. While a Russian enemy is at the gates, such observations may be profitably postponed, without surrendering one strong opinion or one honestly-entertained conviction. There is now in France a good deal of material and manufacturing prosperity—workmen of all classes, more especially in the capital, are actively employed — immense improvements are being carried on in Paris—there is more luxury, a greater display, and a more profuse expenditure among the official and commercial classes, than at any former period; and while these things last, it is not our business, more especially in the urgent crisis of war, to sound a note of alarm, and to proclaim that constitutional liberty may be trucked and bartered against an extended commerce, or that certain outward signs of prosperity are unreal, fictitious, and delusive. Though, however, we are for the present silent on topics connected with high questions of liberty, policy, and finance among our Gallic neighbors, it is our duty to say a word or two on the state of periodical literature and journalism among them.

Periodical and general literature, we deeply regret to observe, if not perfectly inanimate, is near a state of inanition. Works of an independent or speculative character, in politics or literature, rarely issue from the press, and when they do appear, are subjected to a strict censorship. As to journalism, if we use the word in the ancient sense, it has undergone a complete transformation. The only newspaper which has a safe, because an official existence, is the authentic journal of the government,—the "Moniteur," to which, perhaps, may be added the "Pays," formerly the organ of M. de Lamartine—now the instrument, though not always the recognized organ, of the government, und r the

* 1. *Causeries de Lundi.* En huit tomes, deuxième Edition. Paris: Garnier Frères, Libraires, Rue des Saints Pères et Palais Royal. 1853.

2. *Le Moniteur, le Pays, le Journal des Débats, le Siècle, le Constitutionnel.*

3. *Nouveaux Portraits Littéraires.* Par Gustave Planche. Paris. Libraire d'Amyot, Editeur. 1854.

4. *Les Contemporains.* Par Eugene de Mirecourt. Quatrième Edition. Paris: J. P. Roret. 1854.

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editorship of M. de la Guerronière, a member of the "Corps Legislatif," who is also connected with the "Constitutionnel." True, the "Débats," the "Siècle," the "Constitutionnel," and two or three other unimportant journals, still have "a local inhabitation," but they are without the vitality or spirit which distinguished them, whether for good or for evil, up to the 2d December, 1851. We are not now pronouncing whether the press of France, in exercising the liberty it enjoyed in the eighteen years between 1830 and 1848, did not frequently misuse and abuse that liberty. But admitting that it did so, and that it often exercised its power wantonly rather than wisely, we yet maintain that the old law, or, if that were found insufficient, one or two more stringent enactments, might have sufficed to contain, within all proper bounds, the comments of the most vehement writers. In the worst days of the worst anarchy and hottest civil contentions of 1848, 1849, and 1850, neither the "Débats" nor the "Siècle" ever forgot in their political articles what was due to themselves or to their readers, and yet these journals are now as much under the surveillance of the Prefect of Police, and may, should they commit an error, be as harshly treated, or as summarily suppressed, as though their writers had administered to every mischievous passion and fantasy of the hour. Albeit, however this strictness, not to say rigor, is exercised in regard to political questions, it must be admitted that literary topics are treated with great freedom and ability, both in the "Débats" and the "Constitutionnel." Though the "Débats" has lost some of its principal literary writers, such as M. Cuvillier Fleury, M. Alexandre Thomas, and others, and has experienced a yet greater misfortune in the death of the principal proprietor, the late M. Armand Bertin, a man of infinite tact and discretion, yet, under the able and dexterous direction of M. S. de Sacy, its literary articles are now as distinguished as in the most flourishing period of its career. Incontestably superior as the London press is now, and has for the last twenty years been, to the French, in the staple of its political writing, it is very inferior to that press in the character and tone of its literary and critical articles. The leading newspapers of Paris have, in truth, for more than half a century, as carefully and as elaborately examined and criticised new works as the best of our reviews.

Among the many distinguished and able men engaged in this career of critic and reviewer, is the gentleman whose volumes we have placed at the head of this article.

Mr. Charles Augustin St. Beuve, of whom we speak, is a native of Boulogne-sur-Mer, in which town he was born just antecedent to the Empire, in the last days of 1803. His early studies were creditably made at the College of Boulogne, whence he proceeded to Paris, in his nineteenth year, to devote himself to the study of medicine. But soon after his arrival in Paris, M. St. Beuve abandoned the teachings and lectures of the *Ecole de Médecine* to dedicate himself wholly to literature. Such a decision on the part of a highly educated youth, though very common in France, is comparatively rare in England. The *homme de lettres* among our Continental, and more especially among our French neighbors, is held in much more general esteem than in England. Nor is the profession of a literary man of competent learning and good abilities by any means so precarious as among ourselves. Literature is more regularly and systematically a profession than among us Britons, and, till lately, there has been a greater demand for, and a larger supply of it. The *dêbût* of M. de St. Beuve in the journal called the "Globe," was somewhere about the year 1824 or 1825. This print, then very recently founded, exercised a very considerable influence as well in politics as in literature. Its chief proprietors were among its most distinguished contributors. Of these we may cite the names of M. de Remusat, M. Duvergier d'Hauranne, the Duke de Montebello, M. Amédée Thayer, M. Guizard, and M. Dejean, some of whom attained the rank of ministers and ambassadors, whilst others were provided for in lucrative but less distinguished positions. The "Globe" at the period of which we speak was *Doctrinaire* in politics and Romanticist in literature; and in the first article written in it by M. St. Beuve, the young *Boulonnais* proclaimed himself the champion of the Romantic school, without, however, going the length of defending the eccentricities of Victor Hugo. To these earlier literary opinions M. de St. Beuve has with some judicious modifications adhered. He developed them most elaborately in his "Tableau de la Poésie Française," published originally in 1828, and reproduced in a new edition in 1841. For now nearly thirty years M. St. Beuve has occupied a considerable, and for twenty years one of the first places in the periodical literature of France, as a critic and literary commentator. Nor have his labors as critic pre-

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vented him from enriching the literature of his country with original works of poetry and fiction, as well as history. Since 1829 he has given to the world "Poésies de Joseph Delorme;" "Les Consolations;" "Pensées d'Août;" "Volupté," and the "History of Port Royal," in three volumes, which appeared between 1840 and 1843.

When it is remembered that while these worke were in course of preparation M. St. Beuve was a writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," in the "Globe," and in the "Revue de Paris," and a lecturer and professor at Lausanne and at Liége, his industry and fertility will appear the more remarkable. That he is a person of varied learning, no one can doubt. But erudition, as is too often the case with persons of ordinary minds, has not obliterated in him originality or the power of observation, or dried up that vigor and spontaneity and thought and expression, and that shrewdness of appreciation too seldom found among mere bookworms. M. St. Beuve is not merely a man of learning and letters, but he also a man of the world. The government of Louis Philippe did itself great honor in making him one of the conservators of the "Bibliothèque Mazarin" in 1840, and the French Academy also fittingly performed its part in electing the historian of "Port Royal" among its members in 1846.

We are not now about to criticise a work which is too much of a literary to be a satisfactory history of Port Royal, but we must say, without pronouncing on a performance which is not before us in our critical capacity, that the pages in it devoted to Pascal are, in their way, masterly. M. St. Beuve has never personally committed himself in the party politics of his country; but he is known to profess moderate opinions, and, indeed, so much may be learned from his writings, whether in reviews or in newspapers. Like the great majority of literary men of high character, M. St. Beuve looked on the Republic with no friendly feeling. The events of 1848, it is supposed, induced him to accept, at the hands of King Leopold, a professorship of literature at the University of Liége, from which he returned to the capital of France at the close of 1849. After a year of study and solitude in Belgium he felt a desire for more active and genial occupation; and the notorious Véron, then principal proprietor and manager of the "Constitutionnel," hearing of the return of so eminent a critic and academician, resolved to secure his services for the literary portion of his journal. The Doctor accordingly waited on St. Beuve, offering to open the "Constitutionnel" to him, every Monday, on topics purely literary and critical. The preposition at first somewhat startled the academician. But Dr. Véron, like an artful tradesman, was supplied with cut and dried reasons, which finally prevailed over the scruples of M. St. Beuve. It was announced in the "Constitutionnel," in the last days of September, 1849, that though literature might be for a moment eclipsed, yet that it could never die in France, and that the momentary calm then prevailing induced the conductors of the journal to believe that the time was arrived when the Parisian public would return to its former tastes and habitudes. It was then dexterously insinuated that M. St. Beuve participated in these hopeful opinions, and that he would use his pen *comme quelque chose de vif de frequent et de court*, on literary topics, every Monday, from the first of October. Accordingly, on the following Monday, which was the first of the month, M. St. Beuve's articles appeared; and the best proof that Dr. Véron did not misjudge his public is, that these articles have now gone on for four years and a half without intermission. Eight volumes, of about 400 pages each, have already been produced in the more permanent form of a book by the Messrs. Garnier, and we understand a ninth is in course of preparation, and will appear before the end of the year.

M. St. Beuve made his *débût* in the "Constitutionnel" by a review of the "Essais de Morale et de Politique" of M. St. Marc Girardin, one of the most distinguished critical and political writers in the "Débats;" a man remarkable not merely for the soundness and justness of his appreciation, but for full scholarship and a penetrative sagacity. The reader, we trust, will carefully distinguish between St. Marc and Emile de Girardin, who resemble each other in nothing but in name. Emile Girardin is the notorious editor of the "Presse," whose history has been given in a former number of this review;* whereas St. Marc Girardin is a ripe and good scholar, a man of stainless character and conduct, who gained distinguished honors at the college of Henry IV., who obtained the prize from the French Academy for the *Eloge* of Bossuet, in 1827, a piece of writing remarkable for its lucid originality and good sense, and which procured for its author not merely an association with the eminent writers in the "Débats," but a professorship of rhetoric in the college of Louis-le-Grand. Once placed

* *British Quarterly*, No. VI., for May, 1846.

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in the position of professor, and writer in an eminent journal the career of high ambition was fully opened to M. Girardin—and herein we may take leave to remark, there is a wide difference between the practice in England and in France. The successful scholar, writer, and critic was, among our neighbors, speedily made, under the monarchy of Louis Philippe, a Master of Requests at the Council of State, soon after succeeded M. Guizot as substitute at the Faculty of Letters, and, in 1834, was elected a member of the Chamber, in which he continued to sit till 1848. During these fourteen years, M. Girardin was a frequent literary and critical contributor to the "Débats," and M. St. Beuve does this eminent man only justice, when he states that his influence not merely on the educated youth, but on the literary mind of France, has been real and appreciable. In the "Essaïs de Littérature et de Morale" which M. Girardin criticises, M. Girardin did as much as any man of his time to destroy that false taste in literature and that vicious ambition in politics which has produced so indifferent a succession of writers, and so incapable a crop of ministers and administrators. Since the events of December, 1851, M. Girardin has not been so frequent a contributor to the "Débats" as in the days of the late monarchy. This is to be regretted, for his views are solid, safe, and progressive, and he is one of those who have abundant faith and hope, not merely in the possibility, but in the durableness and ultimate triumph and certainty of Parliamentary Government.

The first criticisms of M. St. Beuve on Lamartine were written two-and-twenty years ago, (that is to say, in 1832,) and may be found in the "Portraits Contemporains." * It cannot be denied that M. Sainte Beuve then took a more favorable view of the poet than he does now, but we are far from charging him with any injustice or inconsistency on this head. M. Sainte Beuve was then a young man of thirty or one-and-thirty, and Lamartine was in the splendor of his fame as a poet, enjoying position, fortune, and renown, neither wearied, disenchanted or used-up in literature or in politics, nor forced to write for bread after the fall of two dynasties, the rise and fall of a Republic, and the uprearing of an Empire to which he was conscientiously opposed. Time, circumstances, and events are great innovators, great modifiers of opinion and points of view, and here in the case of Lamartine time and events have operated wonders. When M. Sainte Beuve wrote of the author of the "Meditations" in 1832, Lamartine was known as a poet and only as a poet. He had never come before the public as a writer of prose fiction, still less as a political and controversial writer—as a member of the Chamber—or as the head of a party or of a Provisional Government. There was nothing then in the aspect or appearance of M. de Lamartine calculated to rouse the hatred or jealousy of rivals or opponents. It is not so now; and let it be above all remembered, the critic who reviews Lamartine is twenty-two years older, and has already passed the time of illusions, having arrived at the mature age of fifty-three. In the character and talent of Lamartine there was, at the period the "Portraits Contemporains" were written, every thing to attract and invite the sympathies of a generous nature. There was a magical richness of coloring, a quiet and meditative sensibility, harmony, delicacy, rhythm, a style formed on the model of Bernardin de St. Pierre, of Jean Jacques, and of Chateaubriand. There was, moreover, then a facility, an abundance, a freshness and newness in the tone and manner of Lamartine, which are wanting now. Let it be also said that there was in the "Meditations" and the "Harmonies" a richness and a spontaneity which we seek for in vain in subsequent productions. We have as high a respect and regard for Lamartine as the most enthusiastic of his admirers; but we are forced to admit that in the "Confidences," in "Raphael," in the "Nouvelles Confidences," and in "Genevieve" there are passages upon passages which it were well for the fame of their author had never been written. There are souvenirs, remembrances, and thoughts which it were better to leave in "dumb forgetfulness"—there are pages in the history of the human heart and mind which ought never to be revealed under any circumstances. To divide one's joys and sorrows—one's affections and antipathies—one's household life, one's matin and vesper employments and whole *manière d'etre* into episodes—or chapters—to make them into divisions marked out by brackets, numbers, or asterisks, and to reveal these secret jottings down—these examinations of conscience—to the gentlest of all gentle and indulgent publics, seems to our poor fancy an indiscreet and unwise, and, therefore, a misplaced confidence.

Augustine, termed in the Roman Catholic Church a Saint Jean Jacques, an unmistakable sinner, and a man of whom we might say

* Paris: Didier. 1846.

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many unpleasant things, notwithstanding all his genius and eloquence, undoubtedly published Confessions. But, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding, we think the practice exceptional and far better omitted. It is, no doubt, a very fine and noble thing, as M. Gustave Planche says, to desire to repossess one's family property, and to discharge the mortgages and encumbrances that are eating into the very marrow of the estate—it is, questionless, natural for a man not to wish to cut down or to sell the beech and the oak under the shade of which he has ridden and coursed in youth, or under which he has, mayhap, indulged in the reveries of a too believing boyhood. It is well to wish to continue the old tenants on the land in certain farms, and the old laborers, too, in certain cottages. But if these desirable things cannot be effected without revealing to the public every ardent word uttered in hot youth—every vow breathed by too eloquent lips—every sigh and tear shed in passion or in sorrow—then, for the interests of sound literature, and sound morality too, it were better the family estate should go to the hammer, and the equity of redemption to be lost and gone, than to have real and personal estate preserved at such a fearful cost of boundless confession.

All these objections seemed at one time or other to have occurred to the mind of Lamartine himself, who is essentially and before all things a gentleman and a man of honor. But, nevertheless, "les Confidences" were printed, and published too. We do not deny that there are many beautiful and splendid passages in these volumes, as there are beautiful and splendid passages in every production put forth by this gifted man; but on the other hand there are revelations and disclosures made in these "Confidences," committing others as well as the poet, confidences that should have been for ever held sacred. The infancy of the poet, his early education, the development of his mind and heart, are given with irresistible grace and truth. But other details are entered on, neither interesting nor agreeable—details insipid, lachrymatory, out of place, and in a word displeasing and disagreeable to every right-minded man. There is infinitely too much of Lamartine's own and of his mother's beauty, of his bluish-black eyes, (*des yeux d'un bleu noir*,) of his silken and curly hair, of his model figure, etc., etc. It is natural and laudable that a son should praise the beauty and mental endowments of his mother, but that he should enter into minute physical details concerning her beauty, sensibility, expression, seems somewhat inconsistent with our English, if not, indeed, also with old French notions. There should be, as M. Sainte Beuve remarks, a modesty in speaking of our parents, whether male or female. Racine hesitates even to speak of his father.

> "Virgile, qui d'Homère appris à nous charmer,
> Boileau, Corneille, *et toi que je n'ose nommer*,
> Vos esprits n'étaient-ils qu'etincelles legerès."

When, therefore, we find M. de Lamartine speaking of his mother as *si imbibe de sensibilite qui ruisselait comme une caresse eternelle*, our emotions are the very reverse of pleasurable.

M. St. Beuve is as little enamored with Raphael as with "les Confidences," and yet Raphael, it is said, represents Lamartine himself, though he speaks of *l'admirable beaute de son visage et l'expression angelique de son regard*. Believing this to be so, M. St. Beuve exclaims, "*Je ne sais rien de moins interessant qu'un homme qui se mire et qui s'adonise*," and there are few in England or America who will not echo this opinion.

We have already expressed the objection that we feel to confessions on the part of an author. Confessions, if made at all, however, should be open, perfect, unreserved, and not one-sided. Now, every one knowing a little of the world, must feel that these expressions of Lamartine are not wholly ingenuous or distinguished by a perfect *abandon* and unreserve. On the contrary, they are marked by reticences and reservations, by suppressions, transpositions, and travesties, as M. St. Beuve takes occasion to prove. Yet, withal, they contain here and there splendid passages, fine and happy touches, exquisite word-painting, and most artistical arrangement and grouping. As much may be said, too, of the "History of the Girondins." That is a most popular—possibly the most popular of all Lamartine's productions; but is it a good book?—is it, with all its beauties of style and expression, history? No; it is not history: but, as M. Planche truly says, an anecdotical biography of certain personages. It is a series of episodes beautifully written—the narrative artistically ranged and gorgeously grouped with a view to effect. There is not so much elaboration—such a struggling for effect in the "Histoire de la Restauration," but the work has been carelessly and hastily put together. Whole passages and chapters have been re-written from the pages of Lubis and Vaulabelle, and their errors of the spelling of proper names and places have been adopted without ex-

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amination, and therefore without correction. The hard necessity which compels Lamartine to work like a galley-slave of letters is deeply to be mourned, but even this necessity is no justification of any man undertaking more than he can conscientiously accomplish. To pay his creditors and to discharge his estate, Lamartine has, to use a common phrase, worked double tides, but in so doing, however noble the motive, he has injured his own fame. Yet this is the man thus working for his daily bread, as well as to redeem his property, whom a malignant slanderer in the English press—there is happily but one such man connected with journalism—this is the man who was pronounced a plunderer by a Derbyite organ. Had Lamartine plundered the Treasury in 1848, there would have been no need of his ruining his health and injuring his literary reputation in the years which have followed, to meet liabilities incurred long previously.

We wish not to say much on the commentaries which Lamartine has recently appended to the "Meditations" and the "Harmonies." Some of these are to the last degree trivial, and their introduction can only be accounted for by the sordidness of some speculating publisher who has insisted on having so much manuscript for so much money.

M. St. Beuve intimates that Lamartine lends no willing ear to remonstrances of friends on topics such as these, exclaiming—"*Qu'importe! qu'on dise tout ce qu'on voudra j'ai pour moi les femmes et les jeunes gens.*" This is not an exact picture of the truth. The truth is, it is injudicious friends, and speculating publishers, who occasionally overbear the better judgment and feeling of the distinguished writer, and induce him to give to the public trifling personal details in which the world at large takes little concern. Be this, however, as it may, every man of independent mind, and every friend to genius, will be glad to learn that M. de Lamartine has, by incredible exertions, nearly freed himself from debt, and is now placed in a position in which he can dictate terms to publishers, instead of being dictated to by that fraternity.

Though the subjects chosen by M. St. Beuve for his "Causeries" are as frequently mediæval as modern, we prefer selecting for observation, and comment, as far as in us lies, men of the day. In writing of M. de Montalembert as an orator, M. St. Beuve renders this gifted speaker every justice. So long as there was a free public assembly in France, but more especially from June, 1848, to December, 1851, M. de Montalembert unquestionably made his power felt by every party in the state. Previously to 1848, he was identified with two or three great questions. He defended Poland, he attacked the university, he claimed an unlimited liberty of teaching for the clergy, regular and secular—for the parish priests and curates, as well as for the various religious orders. But from 1848, his sphere became enlarged, and, according to M. St. Beuve's view, he ceased to be "*un orateur de parti pour se montrer un orateur tout à fait politique.*" There can be no doubt whatever that, as a debater, Montalembert rose with the occasion, and became as formidable in the Chamber as our own Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby) was in the English Commons, from 1830 to 1844. In figure, person, tone of voice, style, and manner, Montalembert somewhat resembles the Lord Stanley of twenty years ago. There is the same fluency and force of language, the same wonderful lucidity and admirable distribution and arrangement of subject, unaccompanied by the occasional recklessness and indiscretion of our own "Hotspur of debate." Though M. de Montalembert is now only forty-four years old, yet he has been nearly a quarter of century before the Parisian public. A singular circumstance placed him *en evidence* so long ago as in 1831. He was then a disciple of the Abbé Lamennais, (at that period an ultramontane Romish churchman,) and a very active writer, under Lamennais, in the "*Avenir.*" It was in the "*Avenir*" that Montalembert made his *debut* in loudly demanding, in the name of the charter, that liberty of teaching (liberty for the Roman Catholic Church) for which he has struggled ever since. With a view the better to contest this right, M. de Montalembert, with two friends—M. de Coux and the Abbé Lacordaire—opened a gratuitous school. The school had only been two days in existence when the Commissary of Police appeared armed with authority to shut it up. The three "*maîtres d'ecole,*" as they called themselves, were summoned "*en police correctionelle.*" This was the very thing M. de Montalembert desired, with a view to excite public attention, by provoking discussion. But before the question came on, M. de Montalembert's father died, and the young man became invested with the privileges of the peerage. Thus suddenly becoming peer of France, on the eve of the threatened abolition of the peerage, the young speaker first addressed the House of which he had become a distinguished mem-

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ber, as an accused person, almost as soon as he had attained his majority—in fact, in his twenty-first year. His extreme youth, his grace, his ease of manner, the neatness and concision of his diction, produced a most favorable impression on his judges. He was condemned, as a matter of form, in a small fine, and four years afterwards appeared in that same Chamber to plead for that "*enseignement ecclésiastique*," and, in addition, to urge and develop those absolutist theories which, uttered in any less mellifluous accents than his own, would have been received with disfavor or "derision." Many qualities—possibly, as M. St. Beuve says, some defects—are necessary to an orator, above all, when he starts forth so very young in his public career. He must be confident, self-assured, even to rashness. "I should belie my conviction," says the critic, "if M. de Montalembert had not this self-confidence in a high degree. With an affected humility for the holy see, never was there a young speaker who exercised with greater play and power his high faculties, his ironical and disdainful humor, or who, under the guise of a profound religious conviction, was less considerate or forbearing towards an adversary." "The *bête noir* of Montalembert, in the time of Louis Philippe, was the university of France, and against this institution he marshalled and battalioned all the force, clerical and lay, of ultramontane Catholicism"—in other words, all the narrow Wisemanism and Cullenism of France. In this struggle M. de Montalembert continued till 1848, when he had attained the summit of his renown. From 1844, he was justly considered the second orator in France, —the first, undoubtedly, being the gifted Berryer. His discourse on the incorporation of Cracow, delivered on the 21st January, 1847, was one of the most memorable ever pronounced in the Chamber of Peers. The eloquence was picturesque, and palpitating with life and feeling. Denouncing the iniquitous partition of Poland, and laying down the axiom that, sooner or later, injustice brings with it its own chastisement, Montalembert exclaimed, "*La nation opprimée s'attache aux flancs de la puissance opprimante comme une plaie vengeresse immortelle.*"

After the Revolution of 1848, M. de Montalembert was elected a member of the first assembly as a *Représentant du Peuple*, as it was then called. By many it was supposed that this election into an ultra-popular assembly would put a complete extinguisher upon his talent. But on the contrary, Montalembert, seemed to grow in vigor and firmness and, above all, in suppleness and dexterity. Nor did these latter qualities exclude large and broad views, or that zeal and enthusiasm always incident to such ardent convictions. No man did better service than Montalembert in June, 1848, in speaking on the question of property in reference to the project of the decree for taking possession of the railways. Often and sorely was he interrupted in the course of this session, but he always fell on his feet, for, to use the words of M. St. Beuve, "*il joint aux autres qualities de l'orateur celle de la riposte et de l'apropos.*"

We are no admirers of the political or religious views of M. de Montalembert, but we must express our perfect concurrence in an opinion which he enunciated on the 19th October, 1849, in speaking of the affairs of Rome. "The clear result of the anarchy of the last few years," said he, "has not been the dethronement of a few kings, but the dethronement and destruction of liberty. Kings have reäscended their thrones," he sadly said, "but not so with liberty." M. de Montalembert speaks with perfect facility and self-possession. He is quite as much at his ease as a gentleman talking to a circle of friends at an evening party. He gesticulates very little, but he possesses "the arrow for the heart," as Byron calls it, the sweet voice, clear, resonant, and silvery as a bell. A great French authority on oratory has said, "*On a toujours la voix de son esprit.*" The mind of Montalembert is clear and piercing, and his voice is the index of his mind. But albeit a beautiful and a classical speaker, Montalembert is a bigot in opinion and an ultramontane advocate of the Papacy; and it is said, and we believe truly said, that he wants moral and political courage.

As a writer, M. de Montalembert has published a history of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, a personage with whom his wife's family (she is of the ancient and wealthy house of the Counts of Merode) is said to claim consanguinity.

One hears little of late of M. Thiers, once so busy and bustling. But though the ex-minister is not much in the eyes or mouths of men, his history is read as eagerly as ever, and on the eighth and ninth volumes of that history M. St. Beuve makes some ingenious comments. Speaking of the first Bonaparte, he remarks that when the great captain first appeared in public life, society in travail demanded a saviour, and the public cry called on one of those rare and powerful organizations thoroughly comprehending human nature. Napoleon, he truly says, was one of these

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men. But though he had a head and an arm sufficiently powerful to rescue a nation on the brink of a precipice, and to place it again, so to speak, on its feet, yet his temperament would not allow him to leave it in repose. his genius delighted in adventure. He loved the emotion, the risk, and the game of war, the *gaudia certaminis.* "*Je ne sais,*" says M. de St. Beuve, "*qu'on n'oserait jamais rien de grand si l'on ne risquait à un moment le tout pour le tout.*" Our critic does full justice to the wonderful clearness of M. Thiers, and truly, we believe, states that, in reference to the Spanish campaigns, the ex-minister has had access to documents which have not been seen or examined by any other writer. In the chapter of his volume headed "Baylen," M. Thiers draws a comparison between the French and the English soldier. It is scarcely to be expected that this comparison should be in every respect correct, yet, in the main, justice is rendered to the solid qualities of our troops.

"The English soldier," says M. Thiers, "well fed, well dressed, proceeding slowly, because he is divested of personal ardor, is firm and invincible in certain positions in which the nature of the ground seconds his enduring character. But if you force him to march to attack and to conquer difficulties overcome only by vivacity, by boldness, by enthusiasm, he is at fault; he is steady and firm, but not enterprising. As the French soldier, by his ardor, his energy, his promptitude, his adventurousness, was the predestined instrument of the genius of Napoleon, so the steady, but slow soldier of England, was made for the narrow" (here M. Thiers is unjust) "but sagacious and resolute mind of Sir Arthur Wellesley."

On this passage M. St. Beuve sensibly and curtly remarks, how much in the long run prudence and tenacity have the advantage over genius and power, and energies misused and abused.

At a period when we are making war ourselves on a considerable scale, and when the attention of the public is, above all things, concentred on the dress and accoutrements of our soldiers, it may not be unnecessary that the public should know that, at the period of the winter campaign of Spain, the attention of Napoleon was chiefly directed to two things—to the shoes and cloaks of the army.

In speaking of the memoirs of the campaigns of Egypt and Syria dictated by Napoleon, M. St. Beuve, in a subsequent portion of his first volume, makes some sensible remarks on the military style of Napoleon.

His military style may be compared with the most perfect styles of antiquity on such subjects—with the pages of Xenophon and Cæsar. But in the works of these two distinguished captains the tone of recital is more silky and subtle—at all events, lighter and more elegant.

The style of Napoleon is more blunt and abrupt, and I would say drier, if from time to time traits of imagination did not shed a light on his composition. The thoughts which Pascal left behind him in the form of notes, and meant for his eye alone, recall, by their despotic accent, to use the words of Voltaire, the character of those letters and dictated pieces of Napoleon.

M. St. Beuve consecrates some pages to the eminent preacher Lacordaire, headed "Le Père Lacordaire, Orateur." This remarkable priest, who, for the last fourteen years, has created for himself a most distinguished place in the pulpit, is characterised by the boldness of his views—by great originality and occasionally great felicity of expression. "I had the honor long ago to know intimately," says M. St. Beuve, "the Abbé Lacordaire, and I have never seen or heard him since without being moved by his words and accents." There are some curious circumstances in the history of Lacordaire. He is the son of a doctor, and was born, in 1802, at the village of Recy-sur-Ource, five leagues from Châtillon-sur-Seine. He studied from 1810 to 1819, at the Lycée of Dijon, in which city he afterwards became a law student. His provincial course of law finished, he became a *Stagiare* in Paris about 1822, and soon after commenced to plead with considerable success.

But pleading did not satisfy the craving of his mind, and he desired something better. Exclaiming with Réné, "*Je suis rassassié de tout sans avoir rien connu,*" he renounced the bar in 1824, and entered at St. Sulpice. In 1830 and 1831, we find him engaged with Lamennais and the young Montalembert in the "Avenir." In the latter year, when the question raised by this journal was before the Chamber of Peers, it was Lacordaire who replied in a vigorous but impromptu speech to the remarks of the Attorney-General Persil. It was in the "*Conferences*" which he preached at the College Stanislas, in 1834, three years afterwards, that Lacordaire first became known as a preacher. A little while afterwards, the pulpit of Nôtre Dame was opened to him by the Archbishop of Paris. At this cathedral he continued his sermons for two years, exercising considerable influence over the students of the capital, when suddenly and at once he left for Rome with a view to assume the habit of a Dominican.

That habit he has worn in France since

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1841, and, wonderful to say, without any diminution of his popularity. Sermons in the Roman Catholic Church, and more especially in France, are so different in tone and spirit from any thing we are accustomed to in these countries, that we had rather be excused from saying any thing in reference to Lacordaire's discourses even as mere literary works. The *oraison funèbre,* in which the *père* is supposed to excel, is generally a pompous, turgid, and tawdry panegyric, in which simplicity and good taste are too often set at naught. True, there are exceptions in some of the *oraisons funèbres* of Bossuet and Fléchier. But the great mass of these *Eloges* are obnoxious to the remarks which we make.

Lacordaire (says M. St. Beuve) pronounced three funeral orations—that of O'Connell, that of the Bishop of Nancy, (Forbin Janson,) and that of General Druot. The oration on O'Connell pleases me little. It is not free from the declamation common to these times. Each age has its idolatries—the idolatry of the age of Louis XIV. was royalty—that of ours is popularity. The sacred orator has too much respected popularity in the person of the great agitator, who, when living, spared neither mendacity nor invective to arrive at his ends. The second oration, that on M. Janson, the bishop, is simple and true; and the third is a *chef-d'œuvre* among modern productions. It may be read after the *oraisons funèbres* of Condé and Turenne. If Bossuet still remains great and incomparable, how much preferable appears this work of Lacordaire to any of the productions of Fléchier!

The Revolution of February, 1848, opened the doors of the National Assembly to Lacordaire. But after the invasion of the Assembly, on the 15th May, he resigned, and has since confined himself to preaching in the Church of the *Carmes.*

There are some remarkable and valuable observations of St. Beuve in criticising the "Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre," by M. Guizot. It must, as the critic says, be acknowledged to the honor of M. Guizot—and that is one of the causes of his personal importance—that literature as well as history have never been for him more than a means, more than an instrument of action, of teaching, and of influence. M. Guizot early adopted certain ideas and systems, and by all ways and means, by the pen, by word of mouth, in the professor's chair, in the Chamber, in power as well as out of power, he has left nothing undone to naturalize those ideas and to cause them to prevail in France. Thus it was after the Revolution of 1848. Fallen suddenly from power, he again raised his flag under the form of history; and as an historical writer, disquisitionist, and critic, he has more artfully and successively combated the existing system than any one of its numerous opponents. Guizot has, perhaps, labored more than any Frenchman of his time. He has written more than any of his contemporaries, and he is, besides, one of those men whose instruction is the most varied and vast—who is acquainted more than most men with languages ancient and modern, and yet he is not a *littérateur* properly so called. Both Guizot and Thiers are political men who commenced their career as writers; they have passed through the wicket of literature to other employments, and have again recurred to literature in the hour of need, but neither of them, and least of all M. Guizot, belongs to the class of men of letters whom Napoleon called "Coquettes." Literature has never been his end, but only his means.

We agree with M. St. Beuve in thinking that Guizot is not a painter in history. Even when he narrates, as in his "Life of Washington," as St. Beuve remarks, it is a certain abstract beauty of which he gives you the idea. His power of expression is strong and ingenious, but he is not picturesque. Sometimes he can use the graver, says our critic, but never the pencil.

As a professor Guizot spoke well, but yet without any extraordinary bursts. There was neatness, perfect lucidity of exposition, frequent repetitions of abstract terms, but little elegance of style, and little warmth of feeling. But on the parliamentary stage it was different. Here Guizot had the warmth incident to his ambition. On this scene, as our critic truly remarks, he felt himself at home and at ease, and he grew great with the occasion. From 1837, as St. Beuve says, (he might go further back, even to 1834 and 1835, and say that from that epoch,) Guizot had revealed his great parliamentary talent. There was about him a wonderful faculty of exposition, an air of authority, and a marvellous serenity, considering how the storm raged and the lightning flashed around him. His faculty of speaking on these occasions was not merely a high gift, but a great power, and he often laid the parliamentary tempest. But, as is shrewdly remarked by the author before us, there were two atmospheres—an atmosphere within and without the Chamber; and the atmosphere without was more charged with the electric fire of discontent than the atmosphere within. Hence the explosion of February, 1848.

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A very few days after M. St. Beuve had reviewed Guizot's "Discours sur la Révolution d'Angleterre," he treated on M. de Feletz and literary criticism. Of M. de Feletz, a principal writer in the "Débats," some account was given in the sixth number of the "British Quarterly Review."* Since that article was written, M. de Feletz has passed to the quiet to which we are all passing. This amiable, accomplished, and clever old man, who, under a polite and polished exterior, the utmost urbanity, and the most pleasing and gracious manners, concealed a benevolent heart, expired at Paris, on the 11th February, 1850, in his eighty-third year. Since his death two able pens have done this remarkable man justice; the one M. Villemain, in his "Souvenirs littéraires," the other M. St. Beuve. It is a theory of M. St. Beuve, and it is a theory not without plausibility, that when a strong or powerful man appears after an epoch of social and political revolution, setting public affairs in order, and putting every thing to rights, literature and criticism lend him a helping hand. Thus, under Henry IV., and after the League, there was Malherbe; under Louis XIV., Boileau; and, in 1800, after the Directory, and under the First Consul, men of the stamp of Malherbe and Boileau, the writers in the "Débats," persons of mind and sense, judicious, clever, and learned. In 1801, the "Débats" counted amongst its writers, Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, Delalot, St. Victor. There are appreciations of these writers from the mouth of Feletz which M. St. Beuve records, and which we regret we cannot extract. It were impossible, however, to exclude the following kit-cat sketch of Feletz himself:—

M. de Feletz, who so well appreciated Hoffman, resembled him in some things, but in others was a person *sui generis*. A man of the world, safe, social, and companionable, he never considered the calls of society as an obstacle to his peculiar talent or to the preparation of the staple of his labor. Society, indeed, with him, was rather a help and an inspiration than a hindrance. When I use the term labor, the word is improper; for De Feletz, in writing, only conversed and whiled away the time. Born in Perigord, of a noble family, after excellent studies at Ste. Barbe, at which college he professed, during some years, philosophy and theology, he passed through the Revolution with constancy and dignity, undergoing all the persecutions that honor a victim. In 1801, still young, he found himself ready and ripe for letters and *la société renaissante*. He lived in, and was sought by the best company. His mornings were devoted to the reading of the authors then in a course of reprinting—to La Bruyère, to Montesquieu, to Hamilton, and to l'Abbé Prévost. He wrote in an easy tone that which would suggest itself to an "*esprit juste et fin*" at a first reading. The subjects which best suited his tastes, and in which he succeeded best, were those which had relation to the eighteenth century. Upon the letters of Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, upon the memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, and the Abbé Galiani, he has written pages which may be read with pleasure. He has, above all, judged excellently well Madame du Deffand, *l'aveugle clairvoyante*, as she was called.

In a fortnight after he had so well criticised de Feletz, M. St. Beuve discoursed to the Parisian public on the letters of the Marquise du Deffand. Most well-informed persons know the history of Madame du Deffand, and we will not repeat it here. Married to a man whose only recommendation was his birth, she left him in disgust. In her early days she was certainly no model of virtue. "*Elle fut la maîtresse du Régent* (says M. St. Beuve) *et de bien d'autres*." But be this as it may, however, towards 1740 her *salon* had become the centre of the very best company. She was allied with every thing that was illustrious in the great world and in the world of letters. A friend of Voltaire, she was also a friend of Montesquieu and D'Alembert. The distinctive character of her talent was to seize on the truth without illusion of any kind, whether in reference to persons or to things.

Some twenty years afterwards, in her sixty-eighth year, this clever lady was afflicted with blindness. She then inhabited an apartment in the Convent of St. Joseph, Rue St. Dominique. She lived in the great world as though she were not afflicted with the saddest infirmity, forgetting this infirmity as far as she could, and causing it to be forgotten by others by force of her address and agreeableness. Rising late and turning night into day, giving suppers at her own apartment or supping out, she had for familiar friends the President Hénault, Pont de Veyle, the Choiseuls, the Maréchales de Luxembourg and de Mirepoix, and others too numerous to mention. This was about 1765. In the autumn of that year there arrived in Paris an Englishman most distinguished by his cleverness and wit. This was Horace Walpole, and with that name is bound up the great literary and most romanesque event of Madame du Deffand's life. The kind old lady was instantly smitten with the bold, lively, ingenuous, and vivid character of Walpole, so unlike any thing she had encountered for half a century. She found in our countryman all the qualities

* Vide "British Quarterly Review" for May, 1846, p. 481, article "Journalism in France."

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she admired, and this lady, *qui n'avait jamais aimé d'amour*—this lady, whose feelings were caprices without a touch of romance—who, in the matter of friendships, even, had only three serious ones in her life, two of which were with women and in one of which she was deceived — this satirical and mocking lady suddenly became tender, excited as well as pleased, with an active and passive solicitude for Horace, in a word, with a *grande passion* which set her beside herself. Blind, and at sixty-eight years of age, she found a void in her heart until the vacant place was filled by an Englishman who was young enough to be her son, for he had not yet attained his fiftieth year—an Englishman sought after and mixing in the youngest, the best, and the most fashionable society of the day.

The correspondence of Horace Walpole with Madame du Deffand is one of the most interesting books in the French language. The capricious and fantastical owner of Strawberry Hill, writing of Madame du Deffand, in 1769, says:

> At seventy-three she has the same liveliness and fire as at twenty-three. She makes couplets, sings them, and remembers every thing, and enjoys every thing. As lively in her impressions as Madame de Sevigné, (what praise, remarks Saint Beuve, in the mouth of Walpole,) she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste. With the frailest of bodies, her vital energies enable her to lead a life which would very soon kill me if I lived here. If, for instance, we return at one in the morning from supping in the country, she proposes to you to take a turn on the Boulevards, or at the fair, because it is too early to go to bed.

There are no letters that throw a more curious light on the history of Louis XV. and the earlier years of Louis XVI.'s reign than those of Madame du Deffand.

It is truly remarked by M. Gustave Planche, the title of whose volumes we have placed at the head of this article, that the judgments of M. St. Beuve have changed in reference to some of the persons whom he criticises, and in no instance more so than in the case of M. Chateaubriand. This is unquestionably so, but it should be remembered that when M. St. Beuve spoke of the "Mèmoires d'Outre-Tombe," in 1834, twenty years ago, he had only heard certain portions of them read at the house of Madame Récamier at Abbaye-aux-Bois, and that since then the whole work has been published to the world in all the permanence of print. The critic has since become older and wiser. He judges the eight volumes in his study alone, without the illusions of wax lights and flowers, and the presence of the *crême de la crême* of that society which used to cluster round the beautiful Madame Récamier.

The fact really is, that these memoirs of Chateaubriand have not had the vogue that was expected. They were so much talked of before the publication, and so much puffery was used concerning them, that the public was disappointed Add to this that the volumes appeared about the period of the Revolution of 1848, and were continued through 1849, when the productions of younger candidates for literary favor, such as "Les Confidences," of Lamartine, were in the market. Admitting the talent, grace, and eloquence with which the volumes are written, the world has felt that there is in them a pervading personality and egotism, a vanity and self-glorification which appear inseparable from the nature of Chateaubriand. Side by side with noble touches—with passages of magical grace, suavity, and pathos, there are wretched puerilities and exhibitions of the most contemptible vanity and the most tawdry taste. In style, like almost all the great masters, Chateaubriand has many manners, but it seems to be on all hands agreed that his best literary manner was from 1809 to 1811, the epoch of "Les Martyres" and "L'Itinéraire."

Another reason why the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe" are unpopular is, that the writer treats somewhat mercilessly his contemporaries, whilst the fine and the noble part is always reserved for Chateaubriand himself.

Men of letters are scarcely better dealt with than political men in the memoirs: in fact, the personality and egotism of Chateaubriand were all-absorbing. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* is his motto under every form of government. He says, quite roundly speaking of himself, *la Légitimité ou la République; Premier Ministre dans l'une ou bien dictateur dans l'autre.*

It should also be observed, notwithstanding all his fine phrases about democracy, liberty, etc., that Chateaubriand is ever an aristocrat at heart. He has a peculiar pleasure and pride in unfolding his pedigree and muniments of ancient title, and in telling us that his father and brother believed they were younger branches of the Dukes of Brittany. As emigrant, as royalist, as writer, as debater, as ambassador, you have always before you the unmistakable egotist who commences every other sentence with the personal pronoun I.

The memoirs, to use the words of George

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Sand in a familiar letter to a friend, are full "*de grandes poses et de draperies.*" In the depths of his humility and assumed modesty you can see that Chateaubriand is proud at heart. Independently of this, he is full of inconsistencies, political and moral. In the very next pages to those in which he chaunts an *Io triumphe* for that invasion of Spain in 1823 which he calls his Spanish war, he boasts of being and would pass himself off as the most liberal minister of the Restoration. Like almost all Frenchmen, young and old, Chateaubriand speaks in his memoirs of his various flames, but in these recitals there is a double fatuity—the fatuity of being still considered *dans sa première jeunesse,* and also the other folly of being adored and worshipped by the sex on account of his literary renown. There may be a little cynicism, but there is a good deal of truth in the remark of M. St. Beuve, that it was not the affection of this or that object that Chateaubriand sought, it was the souvenir—the dream—the worship of his cherished youth, which had long passed away, but which, like many old fools, he believed to be eternal.

Chateaubriand tells us little of his inner life in these eight volumes of "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." But when in Paris, that mode of life was well enough known to all men who lived somewhat in the world. The day of M. de Chateaubriand was divided into a regular series of stations, to use a word taken from the Roman Catholic Church. So long as he could move about with cane in hand, a flower in his button-hole, and the ruffles of his shirt artistically disposed, he passed from one to two o'clock in such a house—from two to three in such another, from three to four, such another, till the moment arrived that he made a kind of official representation and parade in the open air. In the evening he never went out, dedicating that portion of the day to Madame de Chateaubriand, who made him dine with old Royalists, with preachers, bishops, and archbishops.

The judgment which M. St. Beuve passes on Chateaubriand as a political man is severe, but it is merited. The man who in early life, writing of Chamfort, remarked, "*Je me suis toujours etonné qu'un homme qui avait tant de connaissance des hommes eût pu épouser si chaudement une cause quelconque,*" could not have entertained any very fixed principles. This sentiment, written at an early age, gives the measure of Chateaubriand's convictions. In 1800 he reëntered France as a returned emigrant, and frankly rallied to the Consulate. In the preface to the first edition of the "Génie du Christianisme," in a passage afterwards suppressed, Bonaparte is compared to Cyrus. Yet this was the man who waged war to the knife against that same Bonaparte in his famous pamphlet "de Bonaparte et des Bourbons," published in 1814. From the day he embraced the Restoration, he had nothing but hatred and obloquy to bestow on the fallen government. Nor was his conduct under the Restoration consistent. His political life from 1814 may be divided into three epochs—the period of pure Royalism, extending from the 30th of March, 1814, to the 6th of June, 1824—the Liberal period, from the 6th of June, 1824, the day of his dismissal, down to the fall of the Restoration—and thirdly, the period of Royalism and of Republicanism after July, 1830, when Chateaubriand salved over his conscience in saying to the Duchess of Berri, "*Votre fils est mon roi,*" simultaneously giving one hand to Carrel and the other to De Beranger, with a view to conciliate the future Republic. To explain these contradictions, as M. St. Beuve suggests, one must have recourse to the literary and political character of M. de Chateaubriand, which was the essential and fundamental portion of his nature.

Above all things Chateaubriand loved popularity; it was his idol as much as literary renown; and both passions combined, the love of popularity and the desire for literary renown, constantly compromised his character as a political man. M. de Villèle, a sagacious and most able and practical man, said of him, "*On ne peut gouverner avec lui ni sans lui.*" M. St. Beuve justly blames Chateaubriand for many of the revelations made in his memoirs touching living men. This he attributes to the combination of the *literary* and political character found in the same man. The observation is, we think, unjust to literary men. It is to the vanity of Chateaubriand that this error is to be traced, and not to the accident of his being a man of letters. M. St. Beuve contrasts the reserve, prudence, and caution of Sir Robert Peel in reference to the publishing of his posthumous memoirs, with the indiscretion of Chateaubriand. There can be no doubt that Sir Robert was all his life a cautious and prudent man, qualities seldom found allied with a genius like that of Chateaubriand.

It has been observed, that the necessity of writing on every Monday on a critical subject has occasionally taxed the ingenuity

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of M. St. Beuve, more especially when there was a dearth of new books. This may have been so, and probably it was one of the reasons why our critic dedicates an article to the Duke de Broglie. Not that there is any reason why the duke should not be sketched and spoken of, for he is not only a learned man, a man of letters, an author, a politician, and a statesman, but one of the most universally respected characters in all France. Royer-Collard, a man highly respected himself, used in his latter days to say, that there was nothing so rare in France as a respected man; yet, if he returned to this earth now, he would perceive, after two revolutions, which he did not live to witness, that the Duke de Broglie is as much respected as he would have been in the best days of French history. The Duke is the only thinker of his race. He has been all his life a reading, a reflective, and a laborious man. Every morning of his life, as well now in his seventieth year as when he was younger, he sets himself down in his study to read, to write, or to reflect on some subject or subjects which he has in hand. It is not wonderful that a personage with such remarkable aptitude for labor and so good a memory, is enabled to enjoy the literature of the principal nations of Europe in the original languages. The Duke de Broglie reads English, German, Italian, and Spanish, with equal facility. Though he served the Empire in a civil capacity, he never was deceived or dazzled by it, or believed that such a form of government contained within itself the seeds of stability. In 1809, he entered as auditor into the council of state, and became intendant and administrator in Hungary, Croatia, and the Illyrian provinces. He subsequently passed some time in Spain as secretary-general of of the French administration. In 1812, he was attached to the embassy to Warsaw, next to the Viennese embassy, and he accompanied the Count Louis de Narbonne to the Congress of Prague. In the interview which the young De Broglie had with Napoleon, it would appear that the defects of that extraordinary man made a greater impression on him than his remarkable qualities. In 1816, the Duke married the daughter of Madame de Staël. He had the misfortune to lose this estimable woman in the year 1838.

As a politician M. de Broglie is truly described by M. St. Beuve as *libéral d'instinct et au fond.* No doubt events, and, above all, the events of the last six years, have considerably modified M. de Broglie's opinions; but it ought to be remembered that before the revolution of 1830, and under the elder branch, the duke struggled and labored for every opinion prized by constitutional Englishmen. His earliest speeches and opinions identified him with the *gauche.* On all questions of individual liberty and the liberty of the press, he was uniformly on the right side. He brought to the consideration of these questions an intimate knowledge of the subject—a familiar acquaintance with history, and the large views of a statesman. His studies have ranged over a multitude of topics, and he is one of those men who love to trace principles to their source. In the tone of his mind and the character of his influence, the Duke de Broglie somewhat resembles our own Marquis of Lansdowne. There is something eminently judicial and dignified in his bearing. There is nothing of vehemence of passion, or of personality in his oratory. He enlightens and instructs rather than enflames his auditory, and appeals rather to their understanding than to their feelings. He has written a good deal in "La Revue Française," and has ever taken a zealous interest in the slavery question. He was named commissary of the French government to arrange with Dr. Lushington the question of the final extinction of slavery, and for the last six months of the reign of Louis Philippe he worthily represented that monarch at our own court. Under the Provisional Government the accepted no functions, and he was not a member of the Constituent Assembly. But he was elected to the Legislative Assembly, in which he exercised considerable influence, though he never spoke. Since the 2d of December, 1851, M. de Broglie has temporarily withdrawn from public life, awaiting with a firm hope the period when, on the restoration of constitutional government, he may creditably take a part in the management of public affairs.

There is no living writer—perhaps there never was at any time in France—a writer who more embodied in his works the sentiments, feelings, prejudices, and passions, of his countrymen than De Béranger. This is one of the reasons of his almost miraculous popularity. The pieces of this wonderful *chansonnier*, as he calls himself, are as much relished in the *chateau* as in the *chaumière*, in the ladies' *boudoir* as in the '*grenier où l'on est si bien a vingt ùns.*' M. St. Beuve has written two criticisms on De Béranger—one in 1835, in the *Portraits Contemporains*, and the other in 1850, which is now before us. The critic does not deny that they somewhat

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differ, but he asks candidly and fairly whether one is not to correct and modify one's impressions and judgment by age and by experience. Assuredly that is a privilege which no one will deny M. de St. Beuve. He has exercised such a privilege judiciously in the case of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. But these eminent men published works unworthy of their former fame between 1830 and 1850, whereas De Béranger has written nothing since M. St. Beuve first criticised him in 1835. As De Béranger was in 1835, so he was in 1850; so that there was certainly less justification for the critical remarks on the great *chansonnier* than in reference to the two other eminent Frenchmen. Far are we from saying that De Béranger is faultless. There are inequalities and feebleness in certain of his pieces. Some of them are distinguished, to use the epithet of a learned academician, by *sécheresse*, and others of them by obscurity. But on the whole his strains are eminently national and popular; they are distinguished by alternate tenderness, pathos, and fire,—by an ardent love of liberty and independence, and a hatred of tyranny and oppression. There is not a Frenchman who has fought the battles of France in any country in Europe or out of it, who does not feel his blood tingle, and his spirit and soul and heart rise within him as he reads *La Vivandière*, *Le Cinq Mai*, *L'Aveugle de Bagnolet*, *L'Exile*, *La Retour dans la Patrie*, and other songs, in which De Béranger makes allusion to the military glory of his country. When it is considered that this gifted being never drank of the milk of the schools, and made himself what he is—the glory of France, and the wonder of men in so many nations—his genius will appear the more remarkable.

The history of De Béranger is a curious one, and we may be pardoned, notwithstanding the limited space within which we are confined, for entering a little into detail. Like Molière and others of the greatest geniuses of France, he was born, seventy-four years ago, in Paris, in the house of his father and old grandfather, an honest tailor of the Rue Montorgueil. The abode in which he was cradled and first saw the light no longer exists, for it was one of those houses recently thrown down to make place for the *Marché aux Huitres*. Till the boy was nine years of age, he remained with his father and grandfather, and led the life of a veritable *gamin de Paris*. After the taking of the Bastille, an event which he celebrated in song forty years afterwards in the prison of *Ste. Pélagie* or *La Force*, De Béranger was sent from Paris to Peronne to the care of an aunt, a sister of his father, who kept a small inn in the faubourg of the town. This good woman had somewhat to do with the development of his faculties, for she put in the boy's hands a few books purchased at random, among which were a *Telemachus* and some odd volumes of Racine and Voltaire. In his fourteenth year he was placed as an apprentice with a printer of Peronne, and there, working at case, studied the structure and harmony of his native language, of which he ultimately became so consummate a master. At seventeen years old the young man returned to his father's house at Paris. He had not been more than a month in the capital when some vague idea of authorship took possession of his mind. He first sketched a species of satirical comedy, in which effeminate men and masculine women were ridiculed; and anon tried his hand at an epic poem, called *Clovis*, an unfruitful product, on which he spent much time and labor. All this while the young man felt the extreme of penury, and was hard put to it for a subsistence. He had serious thoughts of turning his steps towards Egypt, whither a young general, the favorite of fortune, had wended his way; but he was dissuaded from this project by a member of the expedition who had returned to France. Meanwhile the young author had forwarded some of his verses to Lucien Bonaparte, who at once authorized the modest *chansonnier* to receive for his own account the pension to which the generous donor was entitled from the Institute. This was a helpful aid in a pinching crisis. Nor did the good offices and works of Lucien cease with this generous act. He put De Béranger into communication with Landon, who employed him on the *Annales du Musée*, of which De Béranger contributed five volumes. He also recommended him to Arnault, who employed the humble young man as copying and forwarding clerk at the *Secretariat de l'Université*. In this position De Béranger remained full twelve years, scribbling with government pens and government ink on government paper, *La Gaudriole*, *Fretillon*, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, &c. At the end of this period he stood next to or on a level with *Désaugiers*. But the success of *Les Gueux* and *Les Infidelités de Lisette* raised him to the very highest rank. He was received at the *Caveau* with open arms as the first lyrist of France. After the appearance of *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens*, the famous Etienne* of the *Constitutionnel* gave

* For an account of Etienne see *British Quarterly Review*, No. VI., Article, "Journalism in France."

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a dinner in his honor, to which some of the ablest men were invited; and the host and his company hailed him as the man who had raised the *chanson* into the dignity of the ode. The first complete collection of the *chansons* was made and published in 1821. There now wanted but prosecution and punishment, the admirers of Béranger would say—and they are millions—but persecution and martyrdom to make the song-writer the greatest and most popular man in France. He obtained prosecution and persecution. Though most ably defended by Dupin in 1821, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The edition of 1825 escaped the vigilance of the law officers of the crown. But the edition of 1828 procured for its author a sentence of nine months' imprisonment. These nine months were months of ovation and triumph for De Béranger. Notwithstanding the requisitories of partisan attorney-generals, and the fulminations of passionate, partial, and reäctionary judges, all Paris—all France went to visit the captive poet. The beauty, the bravery, the eloquence, the grace, the wisdom, the wit, and the enthusiastic youth of the capital and provinces, day after day, jostled and disputed for the honor of placing crowns of flowers on his head, or of laying at the feet of the *chansonnier* every species of creature comforts. Grapes and pines of the finest flavor —wines of the rarest vintages—vegetables of the earliest season—and all that earth and sea affords of delicacies, were poured on De Béranger in almost pitiless profusion. Books in the richest bindings, engravings of the best masters, were lavished on him. Never was the truth of the lines,

> 'Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,'

more fully verified. Each and every day he had a levy of visitors. His imprisonment augmented fifty-fold his popularity, already very great, and redoubled his ardor and boldness in the good cause. He married all the finest souvenirs of the first half century of his existence to immortal verse; derided, sneered down, and exposed the faults and crimes of the government, and defended human liberty and humanity itself, with a poetic and religious zeal, the result of a profound conviction and of an honest, fervid nature. Sometimes his strains were full of pathos sadness, sometimes gay and mocking, sometimes sparkling and lively as a glass of *Aï mousseux.* But whether gay or grave, whether lively or tender, De Béranger always touched the inmost fibre of the national heart of France. De Béranger possesses the *bonhommie* of Montaigne and La Fontaine. Like these great and eminently French authors, he sometimes throws his own individuality before his reader; but the personal pronoun, in his case, is never unpleasing, for you feel that it is not introduced from egregious vanity, as in the case of Chateaubriand.

De Béranger hailed with joy the revolution of 1830, and celebrated its results, here and there, in half-a-dozen strophes which live in the memories of Frenchmen in every quarter of the globe. In 1833 he gave to the public a new collection of songs, generally of a more grave and serious character than the two first volumes. Since 1833 or 1834 he has published nothing, we believe, but a song written for Chateaubriand, at the request of the ex-minister. Our readers are aware that De Béranger is not of the Academy, though he might easily have obtained his election, had he made the least effort, or expressed the least desire to be one of the forty. But, independent in mind, and a philosopher in the best sense of the word, the poet desires no other title than that of simple *chansonnier.*

No man in France did more than De Béranger to bring about the republic. Universal suffrage requited him by sending him unasked to the National Assembly. But the poet sought to decline the honor, and implored the Assembly to accept his resignation. "The burden is too heavy," said he, "for my failing strength." The tender of his resignation was solemnly and unanimously rejected. The poet, however, was not to be baulked. He solemnly declared to his friends, and gave under his hand, that he would not continue to sit, and the Assembly opposed no further obstacle to his retirement. On the occasion of his taking his seat, he was received with acclamations and cheers. When it was known that he was resolved to retire, the announcement was received with manifestations of regret. At the period of his resignation the poet lived at Passy. He has since transported his household gods to the Rue d'Enfer, in a remote quarter of Paris not far from the Luxembourg.

The relations in later years of Béranger with Chateaubriand, with Lamennais, and with Lamartine, are alluded to by M. St. Beuve. It must be said, that these eminent men sought the poet and songwriter, and that the simple *chansonnier* did not make the first advances. Of the three, the most eager

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to cultivate De Béranger was Chateaubriand. Béranger, says St. Beuve, equals any one of these eminent men by the richness of his conversation and by the fertility of his ideas, and he surpasses them "*par l'insinuation et l'adresse du détail.*"

Béranger is familiarly described, in a letter of 1846, by a friend who went to visit him, as walking after dinner alone, in a small square garden, large as a man's hand, without spectacles on his pimpled face, young in mind, lively, agreeable—nay, charming, notwithstanding his sixty-six years, now arrived, by efflux of time, at seventy-four.

Then, as now, De Beranger wished to play the part of adviser to all his friends. He advised Chateaubriand concerning his memoirs; Lamartine, concerning his health, prescribing for him bark; and Lamennais, concerning a legacy which he advised the Abbé to renounce. Béranger, says the writer of the letter, in conclusion, would be perfect if it were not for one pretension—the pretension of wishing to pass as the only sage and philosopher of his time. M. St. Beuve considers him as one of the greatest, but not the greatest, poet of our age. He places him in the second group, with Burns, Horace, and La Fontaine. Are these last, however, in the second group? We think not; and there we are at issue with M. St. Beuve. Burns, Horace and La Fontaine, says St. Beuve, were never the poets of a party, and, therefore, they are more elevated, and of an order more universal than De Béranger. But De Béranger was never the poet of a party, but the exponent of the feeling of a nation. Neither Horace, in his epistles, nor La Fontaine, in his fables, have played the part of flatterer to any vice or any folly. But, has De Béranger? He has chanted, and, if you will, somewhat too much caressed and cherished the military glory of France, but Frenchmen in general call this patriotism, and an error on virtue's side.

Before the time of De Béranger, the *chanson* in France was not considered a literary or poetical effort. Gay, amusing, and flowing, it often was, no doubt. But De Béranger threw into it tenderness, pathos, patriotism, the finest sense and the finest feeling in the simplest and fewest words. He introduced into poetry the concision and good sense of Voltaire, without any portion of a scoffing or more malicious spirit than would be accounted zestful. So long as France is a great nation, and so long as its language endures, so long will the poetry of De Béranger be read with pleasure and delight.

We would willingly dwell on other passages in the interesting volumes of M. St. Beuve, but we have fully filled the space allotted to us, and must refer the curious reader to the volumes if he wishes to know more of their contents.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EVELYN AND PEPYS.

The "long results of time" bring about strange combinations. Meeting and crossing each other here and there on their living way, there yet could be no less likely union in the thoughts of posterity or in the history of their time than that of the two names which head this page. The most frank and unreserved of autobiographers, knowing many compunctions but no shame; and the most courtly and polished of antique gentlemen, perpetually holding himself erect on the poise of natural self-respect and formal dignity, Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, of all men most unlike each other, come down to us, side by side. The one unfolds his brisk panorama, the other solemnly exhibits his stately picture. Wicked human nature, always least alive to propriety, looks respectfully, but with a yawn, upon the one, but chuckles aloud, shaking its head for decorum's sake, with infinite amusement and unrestrained laughter, over the other. How the two chroniclers might esteem their different degrees of popularity, or if the disclosure of all his wicked ways would shame Mr. Secretary Pepys at last, the curiosity which he satisfies so frankly has no means of ascertaining now; but it requires no great penetration to per-

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ceive with what stately disgust his patrician companion, who leaves behind him nothing to be ashamed of, would turn from this wicked little impersonation of bustle, vanity, and spirit, who smuggles along the solemn highway of history by the Lord of Wotton's side.

In spite of all the vices of the time, the very climax and culmination as it was of public riot and license, of universal depravity and fashionable vileness, it keeps its hold strangely upon the imagination, perhaps, as the close of the picturesque in English history. It was hard to believe in domestic peace after so long an interval of broil and battle; and the unmitigated disaster of the civil war, and the rugged heroical sway of the Commonwealth, if they braced the kingdom and its people for all imaginable hardships, left them shiftless and undefended against the enervating influences of luxury. No sooner had the iron gripe of Cromwell faltered from the reins of state which he alone could hold—no sooner had the sunny light of holiday burst forth again over a land so long held fast by the stern claims of duty and necessity—than all England yielded itself up, flushed and languid, to the unaccustomed pleasure. With song and story in his train—with misfortune and exile past to endear him to the human heart of the nation—with fluttering imps, gay in the stolen robes of Loves and Graces, scattering flowers upon his way, the banished Charles, a youthful gallant, burst gay upon the fascinated sight which for many a day had forgotten pageants. The traditionary splendors of Elizabeth, the meaner merrymakings of James, the austere magnificence of that melancholy Charles whom many honored as a martyr, and all knew in the majesty of fate and sorrow, had links of association with this new period which the Commonwealth altogether lacked. The hereditary monarchy resumed its place with triumph, and the king who could speak of his royal ancestors through many a previous generation, grasped to the instincts of the people, in a way which the kingliest man on earth, being the son of his own deeds alone, must always fail to do. The kingdom flashed into a sudden uproar of unreasoning enjoyment. No one asked if it was, after all, so mighty a felicity for England that the king should enjoy his own again. The country blindfolded itself with hearty purpose and good-will, and, breaking forth of all its late restraints, gave itself up heart and soul to the frolic, glad to forget what went before, and unthinking of all that should follow when its pranks were done.

Youth and high spirits masked with a natural and graceful illusion the license of the court; and so long as the crowned head was new in its dominion, no intrusive familiarity stepped in to draw aside the veil. The country, which enjoyed so thoroughly its own riotous festival, was perfectly pleased to look on with indulgent complacency on the more prolonged rejoicings of the king; a brisk activity of pleasure stirred the universal pulses. Long ago, one must be idle if one would be gay; but now there was none of all your sober craftsmen so constantly occupied as your man of pleasure. Where great affairs of state were deliberated—where vast projects were put forth by one imperial will and executed by many stout and valorous hands in comparative silence—every corner was alive now with some device of entertainment—something to beguile and cheat the time, which Cromwell found so short and fleeting for all *he* had to do; and when sober men began to resume their common life once more, they turned still a smiling glance upon those gardens of Armida, those fabulous bowers of youth and luxury and royal pleasure, which enclosed the king.

But, after all, there is no such wearisome thing in the world as a prolonged unnatural holiday. Capricious England grew tired of its play—the dusty heated afternoon eclipsed the fresh glories of the morning. The revels that looked so bright at first, began to pall. It was no longer the exuberance of youth, but the coarse mirth of custom that rang in shouts as loud as ever from the high places; and the astonished nation, stopping short in its own dance, looked with disenchanted eyes upon the whirl of careless gayety, which hid from royal sight and observation the life of the country and the well-being of the world. No virtuous man, were he ever so great a votary of the royal martyr, could contrast the clear daylight of the great usurper's rule and this hectic illumination, without an involuntary sigh for the sovereign power which was no longer an honor and a defence to England. The sober sense of the nation sickened at this heedless tumult of gayety; all that was pure and honorable shrank back in horror from the undisguised debauchery of these polluted palaces; the national pride

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was at once offended and humiliated by defenceless coasts, and a presuming and unpunished enemy, while rumors of French influence meanly submitted to—of French bribes still more meanly accepted—sank the once worshipped king into the depths of popular contempt. But there is seldom so great an evil in present existence as to shut out fear of a greater, and the Duke of York, the unwise and unprosperous James, was his brother's guardian angel. "No one will kill me to make you king," said the Merry Monarch to his successor; and it was the greatest defence which remained to this idol of the popular fancy—this waster of the most royal gifts of Providence—and the strongest tie which bound the undeceived and discontented country to its failure of a king.

Religious persecution and intolerance, far from chary of their alliance at any time, took kindly to the profane sovereign, and made no scruple in using his power. Good, passive, law-obeying Puritanism, forgetting its old usage of resistance, suffered itself to be slain with edifying resignation. And the time-bred monsters too—the Popish plot, fabulous or real—the pseudo-Protestant plot, which hunted this spectre into mad chaos and unbelief—agitated the public mind with fright and indignation; and heavy and real disaster added its crushing and repeated blow. One such event as the Great Plague or Fire of London seems enough, in ordinary course, for a generation of men; and we can scarcely understand the strain of nerve and courage which resisted, or the passive unreflective endurance which lived through such overwhelming calamities. Nor only lived through—but, dancing on the graves of pestilence, and over the ashes of destruction, spread its unwholesome gayety around without a pause.

Yet, sparkling with profane wit, rich in wanton beauty, profusely endowed with the lesser talents which sparkle in their generation more than the great lights of genius, there is no period more picturesque in costume, more animated in grouping, or more pictoral in general light and shadow. Dawning Science, that has not yet quite forgotten its old tricks of legerdemain, but mixes up the half-discovered grandeur of its vast new truth, with pranks of old astrology and nimble sleight-of-hand—Art, that comes a full-grown giant from over the sea, holding up a mirror by the courtly hands of Lely and Kneller, to the voluptuous Graces of the court, and overflooding with perukes and laced coats the ancestral picture galleries of all England—the two great faculties of curiosity and wonder, primitive capacities almost exhausted in our day, peering everywhere with a hundred eyes; and, on the other hand, Learning marching solemnly on to its sum of knowledge, yet making itself a very prodigy of industry and research, by the way. Through this and in it, and through a hundred little intricacies of official jobbery, of political intrigue, of private broils, and match-makings, flows such an overflowing and abundant soul of energy as puts life and breath into the whole. A corrupt and self-degrading state, with every element of ruin in its bosom; yet in such rude might of vitality—every purse throbbing with strength, every vein full-blooded, every muscle sound—that the current of its perpetual activity sweeps our languid footsteps into it with an irresistible attraction—the stream hurries on its course with such a visible impetus of life.

And what even the brilliant record of Macaulay cannot do for Dutch William, and his austere and virtuous heroism, a crowd of self-biographers have done for the times of lawless Charles. When the broad and general story fails, it is rare that a bit of sun-bright daguerreotype—a homely clear succession of every days threaded upon some individual life—is unsuccessful in catching the eye and rousing the interest; nor is there any period so fertile in such as this and the preceding generation. The records of Mary Hutchinson, the wife-like story of Lady Fanshaw, and those breathings of ascetic piety and meek devotion, which startle us so much, from the pen of a maid of honor in the dissolute court of Charles—the diaries of Mrs. Godolphin—add touches of feminine nicety to Evelyn's gentleman-like chronicle, and the unparalleled revelations of Mr. Secretary Pepys; not to speak of narratives less known—the journals of pious Non-conformists, and sketches of personal experience, which, by some necessity laid upon them, hosts of those good people have felt it their duty to leave behind. We had almost added to the list that person of real flesh and blood, the citizen of London who indites the true history of the Great Plague; and, but that scoffers say he is no more to be relied upon than the redoubtable Crusoe, his brother and kinsman, no bit of individual story throws more light upon the time than does his. We can spare it, however, in the profusion of autobiographical riches, concerning the authenticity of which there can be no dispute; and passing Master Defoe on the one side, and my Lord Clarendon, authentic, but ponde-

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rous, on the other, there are still abundant materials from which to glean the history, both public and domestic, of this lively and animated time.

Shut your eyes, gentle reader! forget that there are steam engines and iron ways, reformed Houses of Parliament, public meetings, variable funds, and invariable income taxes, in this working-day world. Let the old sunshine of romance break upon you through the old rich foliage of that old old England, which was in story and in rhyme, if it never was in the sober light of every day. Never stop to inquire if the road is safe at night; rather admire the antique pistols in this knave's holsters, and that stout steed of his, which was never intended to run away, you may be certain, if all the highwaymen between Thames and Humber cried, "Stand!" Stout rascals are those riders, too, as good for a blow as any of their inches who ride upon the other side of the law; and with such an escort the gilded coach goes at a leisurely pace along the warm and sandy track, threading the mazes of shadow and sunshine that checker all this quiet way. Perhaps the worthy gentleman within is doing a bit of his *Sylva*, or taking notes upon his tablets, or making mental memorandums for his diary, which he will fill in when he gets home; and looking back upon his composed and guiltless memory, such vistas of trim gardens rise to his vision, such a sheen of dazzling fountains glitter in the sun, such fair and goodly terraces, such winding alleys of green shade, such artful delusions and tricks of perspective expand before him, that these fair, bright, homely fields map themselves out to his fancy in labyrinths and mazes of intricate art, and nature smirks out of her quaintly fashioned livery, but keeps her bloom and her luxuriance still, and flings her flowers and green leaves in handfuls at the feet of Evelyn, in mockery of all he would do to restrain her freedom—yet in loving mockery withal. Not to inspect another newly-completed and princely garden, but to see some "incomparable pieces" of Titian or of Raphael, and to tell the noble amateur of Grindling Gibbons and his wonderful feats of carving, with benevolent purpose of enriching this humble genius, the Master of Sayes Court drives to town; thence to kiss hands at court, perhaps, and, with pious horror and courtly curiosity, to become aware of the unbecoming pomp and extravagance of my Lady Castlemaine; thence to the Royal Society, where are many curious tricks of science strangely mingled and mixed up with great discoveries, to be seen and heard of, and where learned and lordly dilettantism does not disdain a gossip now and then to lighten graver discussions; and thence, with encounter of many notable names and historical personages by the way, to coach again, and home at a quieter pace along the dewy road, where the laborer hastens to be housed before nightfall, and the outriding knaves look to their pistols,—for though the country is quiet, the road has no great name by night.

Or if, most worshipful spectator of these elder ages, your taste directs you to a gayer scene—lo, only a street apart, "mighty fine" in the new camlet suit, whose bravery he enjoys with genuine delight and a professional appreciation, in his new curled black peruke, his eyes twinkling with curiosity, with fun and wickedness, see Mr. Secretary at his desk in his office, perhaps, discussing with natural acuteness some matter of business, or warily receiving a letter which feels heavy, but which the official's unsuspecting faculties will take no cognizance of at present. If you have real business to transact, and can but catch this twinkling eye, you will forthwith entertain a higher opinion of Mr. Secretary Pepys; for a clear understanding and some sharp bits of insight are in the pleasure-loving officer of the Admiralty, and he does not fail to despatch your affairs out of hand with the true economy of promptitude, having various more pleasurable engagements in his faithful memory. And now it is noon; perhaps Mr. Pepys has a venison pasty at home, where his wife, "poor wretch," grumbles to know of the gay programme of her husband's afternoon, yet is not without projects of her own, and is little less fine in her tabby gown, turned and newly laced, than Samuel himself; and now, having locked up our office like a good subject and honest official, having dined with our wife at home like a loyal and loving husband, and generally satisfied all the requirements of duty and propriety—now for our own private and particular delights. It is odd if these twinkling eyes do not make observations at the playhouse, piquant and relishing, of the regnant Mrs. Nelly, or the presumptuous my lady, who fills with scandalized but most lively curiosity a hundred lookers-on more scrupulous than Mr. Pepys; and perhaps a little episode behind the scenes gives a still more piquant conclusion to the beloved divertisement. Then, it may be, we have a stroll in the Exchange, to cheapen gloves of a famous beauty, who does not disdain to

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vend her delicate wares, embroidered in gold, to the court gallants, among whom we swagger with the best; and close by here is some singular rarity, which may be a fine picture, or an old awful emblazoned manuscript, an artful automaton, or a conjuror, to whom many-bladed knives and burning coals are wholesome daily fare, but which, whatever it is, we do not fail, with most observant curiosity, to see and take diligent note of. From this we hasten, with still more pleasurable anticipations, to present to our Valentine the embroidered gloves we have just purchased from the humbler beauty, but passing near our own house, encounter, much discomfited, the French servant of a Mr. Somebody whom our wife has had acquaintance with in France, and are straightway overwhelmed with a host of suchlike small jealousies as we ourselves complacently compassionate in our wife; after which, though on returning home we have a very nice supper and much music, playing on the viol ourselves with great relish, and listening to the songs of our companions, we find the day somewhat beclouded, looking back upon it, especially as our wife, "poor wretch" no longer, is discovered in high spirits; and so, having posted our diary, "to bed," with more virtuous resolutions for the morrow.

So, according to the representation of each, is the daily life of John Evelyn and of Samuel Pepys. A large amount of business somehow or other manages to get transacted by the bustling hands of the pleasure-loving secretary; and it is wonderful how much grave and decorous festivity, sight-seeing, and merry-making, accumulate in the busy days of the lofty gentleman, his neighbor and contemporary. Both have their hands full of perpetual negotiations; not a manœuvring mamma in a fashionable novel makes more matches than the learned and courtly Evelyn; and as for Samuel, his gloryings over one successful enterprise of the kind, his delight at my lady's acknowledgment of his cousinship, and his tribulations on account of the bashful bridegroom, are as amusing as they are characteristic. No modern glossings over of the bargain, no sentimentality of attachment or congenial feelings, are necessary in these honest records; it is enough, as well for the high-principled Evelyn as for the less particular Pepys, that the estates and possessions of their *protégés* are congenial, and afford mutual satisfaction, whereupon they proceed with downright sincerity to the less important matter of personal introduction, nor leave the passive pair, whom we can scarcely suspect of being the principal performers, till their little drama of a day is fairly concluded with settlement signed and responses given, and another wedding added to the records of fate. Other negotiations besides these occupy the active minds of the contemporaries. Mr. Secretary has much in his power, and can procure contracts, victuallings, shipbuildings, for such honest craftsmen as recommend themselves in a due and satisfactory manner to his humane or official preference; and Mr. Evelyn stands, a sort of self-constituted plenipotentiary and ambassador, between the arts and their noble patrons—between the great nobleman who does not know the value of his antiquities, and the eager representative of learning who would fain possess them; and, nobler and better office still, a voluntary almoner between the rich and the poor. Both are men of singular energy, brave, active, and full of vigor, long livers, keen observers, each with an insight of his own; and whether we admire the courage which keeps Mr. Pepys in London at his post through all the horrors of the plague—a courage which he cannot help admiring himself, with a mixture of wonder at his own intrepidity—or the promptitude which brings Evelyn to court through the hot and perilous streets of the still burning city, with his "plot" for a new London—it is impossible to mistake the readiness for emergencies, the strength of exertion, and quick perception of necessity which distinguish these most dissimilar men.

With a stately bow of respect, owed fully more to his own importance than to his audience, John Evelyn presents himself to the courteous hearing of posterity. Third son of Richard Evelyn of Wotton, descendant of sundry families and persons of repute, whose names figure in county lists and on white marble tombstones, it would not beseem the well-born and well-mannered patrician to burst upon us without an introduction. He who at six years old sits for his picture, and at a still earlier period lays foundation-stones of local churches, is marked already by the public seal a small representative of all constitutional dignities, church and state; and it is by no means difficult to realize the miniature man, or rather miniature gentleman and courtier, in his little velvet coat and dainty ruffles, his cravat of point-lace and inch of sword. Yet there is a satisfaction in knowing that little Evelyn has heart to be idle, after all, and is able to indulge, though solemnly and with self-reproof, in the whims and erratic studies of youth. Farther on we have

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even dancing and trifling added to the catalogue, though not without a suspicion that all the lofty stripling's trifling and dancing are only additional modes of perfecting the education which is not complete without these lighter appendages. Talk of modern education, with all its strain and all its facts and figures! but what is this to the positive coat-armor of accomplishment and perfection in which the youthful gentleman of King Charles I. was expected to endue himself?—not an easy working-day costume, flexible to ordinary human modes of operation, nor a fancy suit of æsthetics and philanthropies, such as does credit to the youth of leisure and wealth in these days, but such a pomp of buckram and embroidery, such wonderful Admirable Crichtonism, such virtuosity, that modern accomplishments must fall back dismayed before the ponderous splendor, and modern schoolmasters — let them be abroad as much as they will—shrink in conscious inferiority from the task of competing with this ancient manufacture of the polished gentleman—a curious production of antique fashion and slow pace, it may be, yet we cannot deny with rare and noble qualities, and a solemn grace the glory whereof has departed from this realm of England many a day and long.

To complete this weighty and elaborate process of self-manufacture, and not without a prudent motive, by the way, of removing himself from the disastrous scene of civil war, wherein, as Mr. Evelyn wisely says, he and his brothers, from the locality of their estates, would have but exposed themselves to certain ruin, without doing corresponding service to the cause of King Charles, our youthful Paladin sets forth upon his travels, father and mother being dead by this time, and the family home at Wotton become his brother's inheritance. After a most stately and edifying fashion these travels are conducted; and when he has visited Rome and the greater cities of Italy, Evelyn returns to Paris to marry a very young and very fair wife, daughter of the English ambassador there, whom he has to leave very shortly, making his will with all solemnity, to look after his affairs in England. After an absence of a year and a half, he returns to Paris, King Charles of blessed memory being by this time the saint and martyr instead of the struggling monarch of his scattered party. By and by, a formal return of the family is made to England, where they manage to live very comfortably, as it seems, and not without much interchange of pleasant visitings and occasions of rejoicing, multiplying and growing rich during the time of that "unnatural usurpation" which kept the virtuous Charles II. from his father's throne. There is nothing more remarkable in all contemporary histories of a troubled era than the quiet tenor of every day, which, after all, public events agitate so little. To see, instead of the intense, engrossing excitement which we look for, the busy plotting and perpetual ferment of so singular a period of national transition, and so high a tide of faction and party feeling, long lapses of quiet days, wherein common people go about common business, when sales are made and peaceable marriages, babies born and gardens planned, when travelling gentlemen have leisure to get robbed, and virtuoso ladies to make collections of china, and all the world to go on by the hour, according to its wont, in the calm unconsciousness of human custom, has a singular effect upon the distant spectator-vision of posterity. Good posterity of two hundred years hence, perusing with curious interest these worn and yellow pages for sake of the insight they may throw upon the perplexing history of the great Russian war! not a doubt you will find in the brown enclosure of Maga something on the subject to convince you that British soil trembles all over with eager interest—that at board and fireside there is no other matter worthy of discussion—that troops and supplies—far-away movements of fleets and armies — far-off echoes of artillery and din of battle, ring through every household. Believe it not. The howl of little Johannie, newly tumbled down stairs, is a much more moving sound than the Cossack war-cry in the distant fight; and not a resounding gun of all these armaments shall thrill our domestic heart with such potential horror as those three sharp strokes at which, with an instinctive shudder, we acknowledge the presence of the tax-collector, the most dread officer of state. In like manner yonder ancient days pass over the heads of John Evelyn and Mary his wife. A royal martyr and a royal exile, an "unnatural usurpation," even a sequestered church, entirely fail to overthrow the natural balance. Daily human life, which can make nothing of the seven-leagued boots of history, but must tread on its ordinary pace with its prosaic ordinary footing, walks through revolutions blindfolded, nor ever finds out what burning coals it has passed over, nor what pitfalls it has escaped, till long after, looking back upon them in the light of recollection, when many a time the pulse quickens and

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the heart to perceive dangers at the time unknown.

With no such solemn introduction as his more dignified contemporary, Mr. Secretary Pepys bustles into our presence on the eve of a new time. Left entirely in the dark, not only in respect to the color of hair and stature of person belonging to the paternal Pepys, but to the very existence of such an individual, Samuel, spruce, full-grown, and curious, comes with a sudden leap out of chaos and the unknown, and reveals himself, no growth of years, no proper little boy, and much-educated young man, but an achieved and complete personage, a *fait accompli* to our admiring eyes—with a wife and a servant Jane, a faithful adherence to "my Lord," a place in an office, a house in Axe Yard—where, nevertheless, he lives in the garret—a suit with great skirts, (for Pepys is not Pepys without his costume,) and a private condition "very handsome, esteemed rich, but indeed very poor." In such aspect is it that Samuel Pepys rises upon the horizon, a man even then of much business and many occupations—young, alert, and full of curiosity, "a rising man," as the phrase goes—missing no opportunity of either advancement or emolument, and quite ready to strike in with the tide, however it may turn; not much caring, as it seems, whether Charles Rex or Richard Protector win the day, so that my Lord, and of natural consequence my Lord's dutiful and serviceable kinsman, have a sufficiently good chance of getting to the top of the wave.

By and by, the lesser stars and satellites of Samuel appear in the firmament. Not to speak of the poor wife, who burns her hand making ready the remains of a turkey for the Sunday's dinner, and who has rather a secluded life of it in the garret at this present writing, but who for the rest seems to have wonderfully little to grumble at—very much less than she comes to have by-and-by in Samuel's own person—and is my dear wife, and affectionately considered—there appears the father, whom Samuel finds in his "cutting-house" at his honest trade of tailor, and of whom, with his mother, he has a very unsatisfactory leave-taking on his going to sea, "without having them to drink or say any thing of business one to another,"—a brother John, who becomes visible as a scholar at Paul's school, having his declamation overlooked and corrected for him by Samuel, who is a good brother—another, Tom, cursorily mentioned afterwards as carrying home a new coat with silver buttons to the rising Admiralty official,—and sundry "cozins," who cross the stage now and then, giving and receiving dinners, advices, and such matters of ordinary reciprocity. The ground is strangely shifted in this second family group, from the lofty kinsfolk of Wotton and Godstone, the ambassador father-in-law, and magnificent connections of Evelyn and his wife; yet by no means contemptible people are these merry citizens, pleasure-loving and feast-giving, with their own pretensions, quite as decided, though of a lesser order of greatness. The time is manifestly a crisis, and vexed with cross currents of intelligence from every hand, poor good Richard Cromwell having broken down under the weight of his father's truncheon, the woeful Rump not knowing what to make of its dreary burden of life, and General Monk advancing towards the city—a powerful but uncomprehended fate, touching whose intentions the public mind is in great doubt and wonder. This public mind, like Pepys' own, seems to be fully more eager to hear of change than active to bring it about, and waits with great curiosity and eagerness, as the exhausted public mind, not fertile in expedients, is apt to wait for the command and leading of some visible Influence great enough to give authority to the general wish. At the coffee-house—at the House itself, where there is an undeniable "muddle," and nothing half so grateful as coffee—in Westminster Hall, at church, and in every public place, all sorts of rumors are to be heard of, till rumor grows almost weary of perpetual self-contradiction. About this time occurs a pretty glimmer of picture, which shows that Samuel has an eye for the picturesque. General Monk has been appointed general-in-chief of all the forces in the three kingdoms, and there is a universal satisfaction, although no other positive changes seem to be known. In Westminster Hall Pepys meets with Locke and Purcell, famous masters in their melodious art, and the three go to a coffee-house, where they are placed at windows overlooking the water. Before them lies the Thames, "the silent highway"—not over-silent, one may conclude, in this time of public excitement—and full of the swift-shooting wherries and gay barges, more graceful to see than coach and omnibus, which make a constant communication between the City and learned and stately Westminster. Purcell and Locke and Pepys himself, who is no contemptible musician, sing "brave songs" by the windows of the coffee-house. The air tingles with the joyful sound of bells; the February afternoon,

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sunny and red, shines on the animated river, and, looking down its gay and busy tide, the chronicler says, "Here out of the windows it was a most pleasant sight to see the city, from one end to the other, with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the city, and the bells rang everywhere."

Almost immediately my lord emerges from the darkness, goes to sea—which is to say, lies in the Channel, waiting the turn of events, —taking with him this faithful historian; and finally has the honorable office of bringing home the king. The most noticeable thing in this part of the record, and the most amusing, is the unfailing industry and pains of Samuel in picking up all the small perquisites and fees pertaining to his office. His "half-piece," which he gets from a person who would be chaplain; his whole piece and twenty shillings in silver from the captain whose commission he draws; his various droppings in of little streams of revenue; his addings up and thanksgivings for the same; together with his simple delight in being addressed as S. P., Esq., and his satisfaction in sitting at table with my lord, and having so much honor in the fleet. How these transactions might look at the present day, or if any one above seventeen dare acknowledge to his inmost heart a stray spark of pleasure in the Esquire on the back of a letter, is quite a different matter. Samuel Pepys makes no boggling at his official dishonesty, if dishonesty it was; his vanity is so simple, genuine, and warm, that one almost likes him for it; and we believe that never one of the public whom he has admitted so largely into his confidence, grudged him a farthing of that £30 which Samuel devoutly thanks Heaven he is "worth" on the conclusion of his voyage.

Up to the same period of time his contemporary has progressed in stately prosperity—has become the purchaser of Say's Court, the ancestral property of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne; the father of several children, and the sorrowful survivor of one infant prodigy, whom he calls the light of his life; has owned to a human thankfulness in paying every farthing of debts he owes;—that the immaculate Evelyn should ever have permitted himself to be in debt seems the wonder! And now, having taken an active part in plotting for the Restoration, as soon as this was practicable, is in high favor at the restored Court, a friend of both Charles and James, and a most joyful and triumphant sympathizer in their changed fortunes. Shrewd Samuel, who is no enthusiast, looks on with a cooler eye of observation; Evelyn rejoices, with stately propriety, but with all his heart.

The beginning of the new reign confers upon each a public appointment, and hereafter they gradually approach each other. Pepys, at the close of another year, has made a leap from his £80 to near £300, advancing steadily to the higher elevation—and Evelyn, suave and courtly, and full of devices for the spread of the arts and the enlightenment of the age, having a ready eye for all ingenious, learned, and curious spirits, among whom there can be little doubt Samuel has an admirable right to be placed. The canvas widens and enlarges; busy London throbbing with gay life and energy; a world of new affairs in hand, a new reign and a youthful ruler—a throng of foreign guests and congratulations, and a very flood of home-returning exiles open to our view. Foremost on the scene is the King—of whom no one as yet has begun to speak evil, and who, amid gorgeous processions, and in the splendor of his ancestral palace, is still the ideal type of monarchy to his rejoicing people—and the Duke, who gives signs of vigor, honesty, and spirit, and is still an orthodox Protestant, so far as appearances go; no time yet for poor Cavaliers to feel the bitter pangs of disappointment—no time for balked and ruined creditors of the Crown to bewail the unrewarded misery of their loyal sacrifices; a host of new delights and new enterprises sprang into sudden being, and a long retinue of placemen, after Pepys' fashion, or perhaps after a fashion still less honest, nursing their £80 into £300, and much contented with the process. Rising men everywhere making themselves visible—rising statesmen, wits, philosophers, and favorites—and abundance of interest to fill the public mind on every topic, and keep the busy throng perpetually astir.

Evelyn has already propounded to Mr. Robert Boyle his plan for a philosophic assembly of mutual edification, and already there is word of a youth of incomparable genius, Mr. Christopher Wren, who is calling new buildings into being in the classic regions of *Alma Mater;* so here we have already the unformed Royal Society, and the unbuilt St. Paul's, glimmering to the daylight. But, alas! less advanced in civilization than might have been expected from his silver buttons, Mr. Secretary Pepys is visible, correcting his cookmaid Luce, in the passage of his house, for leaving the door ajar, and much

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troubled to be seen in the act of administering the chastisement by Sir W. Penn's boy, who will tell it to the family—which fright, however, does not prevent this vigilant master from beating the same or another girl with a stick some time after, for domestic misbehavior. Mr. Pepys has not only a cookmaid now, but gives dinners, and has my ladies calling upon his wife, to his intense satisfaction; his dining-parlor is hung with green serge and gilded leather, and he grows a person of importance—yet we fear, by this token, is still only externally refined.

Meanwhile Prince Rupert, emblem of fiery Cavaliers, subdued into the arts of peace, shows Evelyn, with his own hand, how to grave in mezzotinto—strange to hear of this, with Edgehill and Marston Moor, and the red-hot reputation of the impetuous soldier in one's memory! And there gleams across the scene a vision of Henrietta Maria—old Henrietta Maria, no longer the beautiful inspiration of royal councils, the hopeless perverter of royal faith, the idol of that melancholy, constant, doomed king of hers—but a dowager and superannuated old lady, at the head of a little subsidiary court, telling Evelyn tales of sagacious dogs, yet sometimes growing garrulous over her escapes and troubles in the time of the rebellion: strange change of time once more. And now we hear of the execution of Harrison and others of the judges of King Charles, and of the meaner and less excusable revenge taken upon the remains of the great Usurper, the imperial rebel Cromwell. "Oh, the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!" writes Evelyn, speaking of this deplorable piece of vengeance. "Look back at October 22d, 1658, (Oliver's funeral,) and be astonished! and fear God, and honor the King! but meddle not with them that are given to change!" Of the same event, when ordered by Parliament, Pepys records a somewhat different opinion: the thing troubles him, "that a man of so great courage as he (Oliver) was should have that dishonor, though otherwise he might deserve it enough." Far beyond the reach of his insulters was the dead; but after such dishonor as it was in their power to inflict, the restorers of Charles II. buried the bones of Oliver at Tyburn under the gallows, on the first-observed fast for the "Martyrdom" of Charles I.,—a vulgar and impotent conclusion to the solemn tragedy which already connected these two names.

There is, however, something of a lull in politics, and pleasure is the business of the day. Mr. Pepys, for his part, contrives to weave his occupations and enjoyments together with singular industry, and never undertakes an official journey, or goes about a piece of public duty, without abundant provision for "being merry," and making use of every opportunity that falls in his way. Even Evelyn sees innumerable plays; and the clerk of the Admiralty, more given to dissipation than Evelyn, has to make solemn resolution against these fascinating vanities. We read with a little amusement the graver historian's record—"I saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, played; but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so much abroad;" which Pepys confirms by a similar observation of "Saw *Romeo and Juliet* the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do." Like every other present time, "this refined age," we presume, gave itself credit for fastidious taste and nice discrimination; and neither Evelyn's scholarly mind and graceful likings, nor the natural judgment of Pepys, has been able to judge by a higher standard than the opinion of their time.

The matter-of-fact and even-handed fashion in which religious observances are conjoined with these amusements, is one of the most remarkable features in the volumes before us. The scruples which vex many a righteous soul touching ordinary matters of conformity to "the world" were scarcely to be expected here; but the church-going and sermon-hearing takes place so quietly, and so entirely lacks any disturbing effect upon the profane levities that surround them, that we stand aside in silent admiration. The most famous orators of the Church—Jeremy Taylor, Dr. South, Ken, and Hall, and Tillotson, and many a lesser light—illuminated the high places of orthodoxy; and a host of industrious and learned Nonconformists, led by a few notable divines, as great in their way as the daintier Episcopates, edified the pulpits of the city. Steadier church-goer than Mr. Secretary Pepys it would be impossible to find; and after a year of the new reign, his enlightened appetite even labors hard to reconcile itself to Lenten fare—while his penitence for sleeping during a sermon, and that laudatory certificate of church attendance and membership—a certificate which, with a little alteration of form and diction, might satisfy the strictest kirk-session in Scotland—show a certain honesty in his profession. There is, indeed, so perfect an honesty in this entire journal of his, that

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Samuel's religiousness claims full credit at our hands, such as it is—yet, nevertheless, it is true that Samuel might be a very heathen for any restraint his religion puts upon him. Compunctions afterwards it may produce; but prudence, and not piety, checks Mr. Secretary before the act, however piety may come in behind to prick the offending conscience. Yet whatever he does, Samuel never misses going to church; and if it be to see a pretty Mistress Somebody, or if he chances to fall asleep before the sand in the hour-glass has measured out the heads of the sermon, Samuel fails not to pray a "God forgive me," as he records his sin. Nor is he by any means alone in this union of vice and devotion. The royal reprobate himself hears many a sermon, and there are solemn preachings, very frequent and very eloquent, to the household—with what effect upon the household manners and mode of life it is difficult to perceive. Nor is this all. We are accustomed to think of this period as the most entirely reprobate and abandoned in all our national history, yet nevertheless true it is, and of perfect verity, that piety also flourished in those days; piety—genuine meek devotion—and a divine and undefiled faith. Within the unwholesome atmosphere of that court of Charles, doing dutiful homage to the poor, swart, uncomplaining Portuguese Katherine, brushing against the very skirts of Portsmouth and Castlemaine, living under the polluting eyes of Rochester and Sedley, and, still worse, of their master, piety was even here. The last place in the world to look for such a strange and alien visitant, yet there the angel found it possible to exist; and perhaps nothing less than the ascetic routine of perpetual devotion, the sad, self-absorbed, and self-inspecting pietism of Mrs. Godolphin could have preserved the heavenly principle alive in such a place. Duty, too, after its kind, and the superstitious loyalty in which the ancient Cavalier families were sedulously bred, must have come in to close those meek, uncriticising eyes to the vileness of the illustrious vice before them; yet, withal, it shocks our modern notions, to realize this mingling of the pure and the impure, and to excuse this toleration of high-seated iniquity. How chary is the good religious Evelyn in his comments, how slow to condemn "his Majesty," how much inclined in loyal reverence to do what domestic love does so often—and be bitter on the evil influences—the temptations and the tempters who "lead away." How the king would have been a great monarch, "had not his easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and depraved wretches, who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts;" how "he was a prince of many virtues, debonair, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel;" and how "he would doubtless have been an excellent prince had he been" something exactly the reverse of what he was. After this fashion only, and with manifest pain and reluctance, Evelyn permits himself to condemn; and it is easy to perceive with what a pang of humiliation and disappointment the old high-minded, honorable Royalist must have owned to himself this pitiable failure of the royal blood to produce any thing worthy of the throne, which that "arch rebel" and "unnatural usurper" had filled after so kingly a fashion. The testimony of two ambassadors, who had served the Commonwealth first and then the king, and who complained of the lessened respect paid to them, when sent by Charles; the evident diminution of English influence everywhere; the unwise and unprosperous wars, rashly undertaken and ill conducted—though always saved, by little outbursts of vigor and courage on the part of the generals, from entire discomfiture and shame; the wanton extravagance of the court, and corresponding dishonesty, penuriousness, and bankruptcy in public affairs, were all so many sore assaults upon the old enthusiastic party of Cavaliers, whose sufferings and plottings, in which neither land nor life were spared, and whose insane rejoicing and triumph over the accomplished restoration were so utterly put to shame by the result. They had buried Oliver at Tyburn—but all the gold in England could not purchase Oliver's imperial mantle to fall upon the shoulders of this impotent and careless king.

Very much more distinct—for Pepys was not restrained either by personal attachment or exaggerated loyalty—is the deliverance which he gives upon Charles and his reign. Unmitigated is the public discontent, according to Mr. Secretary, and the people look wistfully upon the times of stout old Oliver, when England was great among the nations, and pure, if something rigid and straitened at home; when the public money supplied the public necessities, and there was no vicious and disreputable court to sap the national finances and credit, and make the national establishment a Castle Rack-rent on a larger scale. "Why will not people lend their money?" cries an afflicted my Lord Treasurer, when the Commissioners of the Navy

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carry their accounts and complaints to him. "Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?" In the Council Chamber, and such an honorable presence, Mr. Secretary makes no response, but does not fail to record a very clear opinion on the subject, in the privacy of his own closet at home. The boldness of Samuel's secret chronicle even discloses more courageously than he himself does, the opinions of Evelyn, "who," says Pepys, "is grieved for, and speaks openly to me his thoughts of the times, and our ruin approaching—and all by the folly of the king."

With an incalculable amount of pleasure-making, and that strange cross-fire of report and incident, which make the daily narrative, so minute and clear in all its details, something perplexing as a whole, we make our circumstantial progress with Mr. Secretary through several slow-paced years, and are able to decide with absolute certainty where our hero has dined on almost every day of the whole period—what was his company, and what his fare; whether he made merry upon venison and pullets, or had fish, because it was Good Friday; or felicitated himself that he had come to sufficient estate to have a hash of fowls for the little private supper of himself and his wife at home. Nor are we less enlightened as to the extent and increase of Samuel's wardrobe, and the finery of his wife, which last he rather grudges, yet is complacent in. Steadily growing in wealth, he grows in splendor withal; abounds in new-fahioned luxuries; sets up a magnificent coach, with gilt standards and green reins, and every thing handsome about it; wears silk on working-days, and procures for himself a suit ornamented with gold lace, so overpoweringly grand that he keeps it by him long in fear and trembling, afraid lest it be too fine for public exhibition, as indeed it afterwards proves to be. Private domestic incidents there are not many to animate the record, though Samuel's misdemeanors bring him at last into a state of much uneasiness at home, where his poor wife's suspicions and jealousies give him a troubled life of it, and even put the guilty Secretary in bodily fear and dolor: it is, however, some satisfaction to perceive that Samuel at last heartily sets himself to overcome this, and succeeds very tolerably, as it seems; his wife being a persuadible woman, who will hear reason after all. And an important man in his office grows Samuel, the very soul of its business and diplomacies, its triumphant defender before Parliament, when, as the spokesman of the arraigned Naval Commissioners, he covers himself with modest glory. Nor does Mr. Pepys make less progress in the general world, where he is adopted into learned and courtly circles; becomes a member of the Royal Society, an intimate of Evelyn's, known at court, and familiarly recognized by duke and king. Neither the Plague nor the Fire sends him from his post; and his account of both of these events is very distinct and graphic, with that indubitable air of eye-witness and sufferer which gives reality to the tale. The irrestrainable curiosity which makes him follow funerals against his will during the reign of the one, and his manifold tribulations under the other—his shoulder of mutton without a napkin, his dirty and undressed plight, his borrowed shirt and precarious rest, the little personal inconveniences which mark the period quite as clearly as the public calamity, are all very plainly set down; yet his own measures are those of an active and careful public servant, there is quite as little doubt of that. And Samuel escapes uninjured in home and person, in goods and family connections, from both the great national disasters of his time.

But the naïve and plain-spoken autobiographer has a period put to his disclosures. Samuel must relapse into the veiled propriety of ordinary story. Samuel must be content in future with only such a record as all the world may see—for these twinkling curious eyes of his may not avail him longer for his secret ciphering, and it is with a great pang that he yields to the necessity, which is "almost as much as to see myself go into the grave," he says disconsolately, and so concludes a chronicle which has no equal—the clearest picture ever displayed to the world of a mind and conscience in perfect undress, with not a thought concealed.

And had darkness rested still upon the mysterious characters of Pepys' Diary, not Evelyn himself had shown a better example of respectability to aftercoming beholders. The Pepys who writes letters to those contemporary people with whom it is necessary to stand well, is a very different Pepys from him of the journal; and we are half inclined to take for irony the serious compliments and much respect with which he is saluted by the notable compeers, who know him so much less than we do. It is a curious fact this, among the many curious facts which this self-exposure reveals to us; no doubt Mr. Pepys knew Mr. Evelyn a great deal better than we know that well-mannered and worthy gentleman—but not a hundredth part so well informed was Mr. Evelyn, not so learned was

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Mrs. Pepys herself in the character of Samuel, as are we.

In a corresponding space of time, over which he walks with strides of a greater measure, we find that Evelyn has a much larger share of the troubles of common life. He loses several children, among them one of those learned and pious youthful ladies, of whom he numbers several among his friends; none is fairer, sweeter, more pious, or accomplished, than his own Mary, and his grief has satisfaction in recording her perfections. Of this daughter, who died at nineteen, and of the wonderful little Richard long ago dead, at six years old, the father speaks with a full heart. It is "grit," like a river, overflooded and running wide, this grief of his, in respect to these children; and it is singular to note how differently the death of his son John, in the prime of manhood, when Evelyn himself is old, affects his calmer faculties, and how he can couple with the brief obituary a notice of my Lord of Devonshire's misfortunes on the turf.

But even sorrow does not turn aside his life from its full current. John Evelyn is as busy a man, after his grave fashion, as Samuel Pepys, and a very much more disinterested one, since neither fee nor compliment seems to come in his way, and his charge of the sick and wounded in these harassing naval wars, his embarrassment how to provide for hosts of prisoners, having neither houses to receive nor money to support them, give him little satisfaction in his public labors. Providing chirurgeons and medicaments, and himself overseeing these poor maimed victims of warfare, everywhere finding accommodation inadequate, and means insufficient, Evelyn travels from town to town of his district with most conscientious zeal; nor, though the employment is very far from being an agreeable one, does he fail to devote himself to it with good-will and his best endeavors. A long margin of time is left over, however, for his own personal pursuits; and all the wonders of the time are welcome to Evelyn, who dabbles in all the arts and sciences, and has a smattering of every branch of learning under the sun. It is now that, by his skilful negotiations, Harry Howard of Norfolk bestows the Arundel Marbles upon Oxford, and a library upon the Royal Society, for which first good office Evelyn has the solemn thanks of the University, and is with much pomp and circumstance created Doctor of Laws; and now it is that he reads his paper upon forest trees —the *Sylva* by which he is principally known as an author—before the Royal Society, of which he may very justly be called the founder and parent, and to which he introduces various magnates, foreign and native; among them the Duchess of Newcastle and Queen Christina of Sweden, with both of whom our stately cicerone is considerably amused in his courteous way. And now it seems that among the palace-builders of this extravagant era no one is contented without the approval of Evelyn, and we hear of him carried by this noble lord and that illustrious earl to inspect improvements and new erections, the growth of new and sudden fortunes, or the increase and reparation of old. Terraces and lofty elevations, parks and labyrinths and curious gardens, exotic plants and rare flowers, with every practicable device of landscape-gardening, pass in brilliant review before his eyes, and Evelyn maintains his place of critic loftily, and praises with discrimination, always retaining some small matter of disapproval. In one of the earliest pages of his Diary he tells us of the place where, as an infant, he was sent to nurse, "a most sweet place towards the hills, flanked with woods and refreshed with streams, the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk;" and the taste remains with him all his life, since we find him permitted by his brother to make an artificial lake and hermitage at Wotton in his youth, and subsequently perceive him curious in landscape-gardening during his travels and early life abroad. In gardening, as in all other arts, this age is emphatically "curious," and as full of quips and conceits in its plantations as in its literature. Here is one strange instance seen abroad; it is at the palace of the Count de Liancourt in Paris:—

> Towards his study and bed-chamber is a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged; to this there is another part, supported by arches, in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary out of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, where it sinks down at the wall. It is a very agreeable deceit. At the end of this garden is a little theatre made to change with divers pretty scenes, and the stage so ordered with figures of men and women painted on light boards and cut out, and by a person who stands underneath made to act as if they were speaking, by guiding them, and reciting words in different tones, as the parts require.

Have we not seen in the modern Royal Academy, within the range of these very few years, sundry acres of verdant canvas, which might add marvellously to a suburban gar-

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den "by the addition of a well-painted perspective?" At this present moment there rises upon our memory a gigantic oak, overwhelming in its multitudinous foliage. What "an agreeable deceit" might this prove, if it were but hung to advantage upon some bit of intrusive wall, in the narrow grounds of a London mansion! and how delightful the delusion, looking through scrubby lilacs and acacias, to find the forest king in all his pride, where nothing but a smoky line of brick and mortar was wont to be!

But however the fashion of the art was, there can be no dispute of Evelyn's high authority in all matters of landscape-gardening, nor of the perpetual reference made to him. Of the great nobles of England many had returned from exile to find their patrimonial homes desolated by the civil war, or impaired by Roundhead occupation; there had been sieges, assaults, defences, among these houses of the great, and the age had a taste for magnificence, for costly rarities, and "curious" decorations, so that all who could, and many who in real ability could not, set about the costly work of building and improving. Mr. Evelyn's journeys from one lordly seat to another are almost as frequent and as laborious as are his official pilgrimages; and Mr. Evelyn is equally great on internal decoration, and on the embellishments and accessories without. The fair chambers, "pargetted with yew and divers woods," the rare tapestries of dining-hall and withdrawing-room, the Indian cabinets of my lady's elegant retirement, and the accumulation of rare and fantastic curiosities in my lord's closet, are all matters of interested comment to our virtuoso. A cabinet of coins or a painted ceiling, an "incomparable" picture or a magnificent toilet—every thing comes under his inspection; but of all other matters the thing in which it seems most difficult to satisfy the taste of Evelyn is, the fundamental matter of the site. Wotton is always in his eye—Wotton, where, after his illness, he goes to be recovered by his "sweet native air," and which is clearly next to his heart at all times. He finds a great many imperfections in the positions of his friends' houses; one is too far from the water—one from the wood—another lies in a hollow—another has no windows towards the prospect—the disadvantages are manifold; and it is rare to find the critic entirely satisfied, let him go where he will.

Specially consulted and authoritative in this, there are few arts or ingenuities known which come amiss to Evelyn; a learned and wonderful infant prodigy—a philosophical cooking apparatus (would that Monsieur Papin had bequeathed his wonderful machine to the present generation, to the gladdening of many a housewifely heart, which mourns over bones and sinews unresolvable into the savory jelly of the philosopher's supper!)—a wonderful conjuror—alternate in Evelyn's notice with Grindling Gibbons, his special *protégé*, whose "incomparable" carving he is the first to bring into repute—with that other "incomparable" genius, Dr. Christopher Wren —with famous travellers and great inventors, with foreign *savants* and notables, each and all of whom contribute something to the constant accumulation of knowledge which Mr. Evelyn notes so carefully. And he who plans benevolent infirmaries and makes "plots" for a new city, who plants a great society of philosophy, and does distinguished service to an illustrious college, has time withal to be interested even in the fashions of the time, and to present to the king a pamphlet called "Tyrannus, or the Mode," recommending a Persian costume, which is afterwards temporarily adopted, though Evelyn modestly declares that "he thinks" it cannot be in consequence of this advice of his. Added to all these, he has matrimonial negotiations, executorships, dispensings of alms from sundry quarters, and all manner of family duties and offices of friendship upon his hands. Every day, and all day long, John Evelyn *lives*; there is no time for vegetation in this full and energetic existence.

And now there comes an abrupt conclusion to the reign of Charles. Death comes fiercely in a paroxysm and agony upon the hapless king, and in a few hurried days all is over, and James is regnant in his brother's place. His brother's eminence in vice throws James into the shade, and makes, on the whole, rather a decent creditable private man of this narrow-sighted despot. There is great hope of his beginning, for, after all, a certain honesty of intention is in the new king, and he has served the public with honor in his day. We have no longer Pepys to refer to for the unvarnished truth of public opinion, but Evelyn records his own expectations of a respectable and prosperous reign. A brief trial, however, brings some doubt upon this subject; Popish officers begin to swarm in public employments—even that dreaded animal the Jesuit makes its appearance in open daylight at Whitehall; the Parliament is assaulted by bribes and flatteries and threatenings on every side. Toleration, a new word in the Papistical mouth, begins

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to be demanded with a voice gradually increasing in haughtiness, and at last and suddenly the Prince of Orange appears on the troubled scene. Hurrying to and fro, hopeless bewilderment, desertion, panic, as in a house assaulted by unseen midnight enemies, darken the air for another brief space of time; and then the scene is changed after a confused and disordered fashion, and we perceive William, very silent, very reserved, very Dutch, and not very gracious, perhaps even a little scornful of those time-serving deserters of his predecessor, setting himself down deliberately and solemnly in the royal place.

But Mr. Evelyn says not a word of William; only one mention of "the morose temper of the Prince of Orange, who showed little countenance to the noblemen and others, who expected a more gracious and cheerful reception when they made their court," falls from his guarded lips. Farther, the new king is despatched with the briefest notice—his acts, his travels, his ordinances, and his death, receive only such a record as the merest official might give them; perhaps because the old English courtier is too proud to acknowledge offence on his own part with one who has at least redeemed the Church and commonweal—perhaps because he has in reality little opportunity of knowing this self-absorbed and secret royalty, who is not given to communication. The personal friendship of Charles and James, though Evelyn's upright soul could not much approve of either, must still have left a grudge against this foreign supplanter of their race, and the current of the historian's life begins of itself to run dry and thin, a narrowed stream. His children die, and are married; Sayes Court, where he has so long been hospitable, is let to one tenant and another, and gets devastated by rude Czar Peter and his train; and the old man, getting nearly eighty, goes to Wotton, to which he succeeds as male representative of his family when he reaches his full fourscore years. Gayer and more graphic in his letters than in his solemn and authoritative Diary, it is thus the patriarch writes of his own household estate and comforts shortly before his brother's death:—

My grandson is so delighted in books that he professes a library is to him the greatest recreation, so I give him free scope here, where I have near upon 22,000, [*query*, 2000 ?] (with my brother's,) and whither I would bring the rest, had I any room, which I have not, to my great regret, having here so little conversation with the learned—unless it be when Mr. Wotton (the learned gentleman before-mentioned, the friend of Dr. Bentley) comes now and then to visit me, he being tutor to Mr. Finch's son at Albury, but which he is now leaving to go to his living—that without books, and the best wife and brother in the world, I were to be pitied; but with these subsidiaries, and the revising some of my old impertinences, to which I am adding a discourse I made on Medals, (lying by me long before Obadiah Walker's Treatise appeared,) I pass some of my Attic nights, if I may be so vain as to name them with the author of those criticisms. For the rest, I am planting an evergreen grove here to an old house ready to drop, the economy and hospitality of which my good old brother will not depart from, but *more veterum* kept a Christmas, in which we had not fewer than three hundred bumpkins every holyday.

We have here a very convenient apartment of five rooms together, besides a pretty closet, which we have furnished with the spoils of Sayes Court, and is the raree-show of the whole neighborhood, and in truth we live easy as to all domestic cares. Wednesday and Saturday nights we call lecture nights, when my wife and myself take our turns to read the packets of all the news sent constantly from London, which serves us for discourse till fresh news comes; and so you have the history of a very old man and his not young companion, whose society I have enjoyed more to my satisfaction these three years here, than in almost fifty before, and am now every day trussing up to be gone, I hope to a better place.

Pepys, by this time retired to Clapham, and living with his former clerk, William Hewer, is childless, wifeless, and solitary in his old age, but it is comfortable to know that the ancient house of Evelyn survives in his grandson. And the Admiralty clerk has retired from all his offices—from public life entirely, indeed—while Evelyn is still alert and busy, laying the foundations of Greenwich Hospital, and laboring in his vocation still, though the more virtuous chronicler is the elder man. We can only judge of Samuel by his letters now, and these letters are epistles of edifying propriety, grave, temperate, and modest, with less hyperbole, and even less lightness of tone, than Evelyn's own. The contemporaries seem to change characters in their correspondence; it is the patrician who now condescends to playful self-disclosure, whereas the Samuel of the Diary, with all his wicked vanities, his levity, and self-indulgence, is lost in the decorous Mr. Pepys, so conscientious as to give up his appointments on the abdication of his royal patron, so learned in all the arts and sciences as to qualify him for the President's place among the philosophers of the Royal Society, altogether a notable and famous man. His old peering curiosity, dignified into philosophical research, sets about inquiries touching

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the second-sight, on which subject there are various letters from Lord Reay, and one from no less a name than Clarendon, son of the chancellor, and uncle to the queen, and curious mathematical questions, wherein he has a correspondent no less illustrious than Sir Isaac Newton. With Evelyn, Pepys boasts a frequent and most complimentary correspondence; nor does he want the respectful salutations of learned university doctors, and other magnates of the times; and in his learned leisure at Clapham, a patron of the arts, a benefactor of Alma Mater, a notable virtuoso in his own person, we look with much bewilderment for our ancient friend Samuel, with his twinkling merry eyes, and wicked wishes, his simple honest vanity, and all his unveiled devices, for good and for evil. Perhaps he is only another specimen of the moderating effects of old age—perhaps only a shining exemplar of the facility with which a man can disguise himself from the observation of his fellows. Whatever the cause is, Pepys dies at last, full of honors—honors which he might have kept for ever, to the edification of posterity, but for these guilty volumes in the Pepysian library, which betray the respectable Samuel. If Samuel could but have foreseen that John Smith, illustrious name! hidden afar in the profound depths of time and nature, who was destined to bring the hidden record of all his evil ways to light!

With his own decorous and dignified hand Evelyn brings his record to a close. A sad record it comes to be in these last years. Autumn and coming winter are darkening over the wood; the leaves and the fruit fall heavily graveward; one and another passes before him into the other country, and solemnly come these birthdays, silent remembrancers of his own approaching end. So the old man sets his house in order, commits himself to God, and begins to be "exceeding ill, his indisposition increasing;" and, thus devout and well appointed, the master of Wotton goes forth upon his last journey, takes farewell of his fair gardens, his incomparable rarities of art, his books, and his labors, and all his delights—goes forth, and is no more.

Charles, who looks as if he might have been a heroic king, had he but had the fate to be a true one; Oliver, born in the purple, a man to whom empire and rule were a natural heritage; Charles II., poor vicious soul, whose name it is best to speak softly, and forget; James, unwise and limited, a natural-born servant, not a king; William, who is an institution, and no person; and lastly, good round-about Queen Anne—all except the last come to the culmination and conclusion of their reign and fate during the two contemporary lives whose course we have followed. A great rebellion—an unnatural usurpation—a happy restoration—a glorious revolution—follow each other in these eventful years, and liberties and crowns lost, gained, and bartered, crowd upon the pages of history with almost unexampled speed. History, following Sir Walter's famous prescription, can but make a "great stour" of it all, with here the sworded arm of Cromwell, and there the austere and self-contained figure of William, subduing the vexed and fiery elements; and we are fain to turn aside to the lower range of atmosphere, the homely domestic firmament, which may indeed catch a frequent stain and cloud from those flying thundery vapors, but is still the unchangeable human sky, with its sunrise and its nightfall, constant as our own. How the common life goes on through all the paroxysms of national existence, how the mightiest crisis of an empire fails to overset the natural balance of a working-day, how tables are spread and houses erected in spite of wars and rumors of wars, how hearts are deeper touched with the old primitive emotions of nature than with all the politics of kingdoms—is a lesson of singular interest; and nothing can show it more plainly than do the books and personages before us. Public personages, good posterity, but human men—living their own immediate days one by one, without much thought of your opinion of them, and being no more influenced than they could help by the convulsions of their time. To us who can sit by, and look on, well-bred spectators of a distant battle—growing mightily impatient, in the mean time, that no battle is made for our entertainment—it is rather difficult to realize the small discomposure which a battle close at hand gives to the accustomed nerves of the seventeenth century; but it is well to know how soon the grass grew again over the devastated field, how quickly the mounds of the slain were mantled over with the reverent veil of nature, and how little the daily routine and household use and wont could be disturbed. Nothing among us threatens the return of such a time as that which produced John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys: the day is over, and may not come back again; but this stout old British land, a sturdy liver, which managed to breathe throughout all that tempest, is hale and strong for many a tempest more; and i

would not be easy to over-calculate the national strength and equipoise which come from this fact, that we do not as a nation rush into the vortex of a great event in public tumult and frenzy, but that every British citizen and member of the commonweal has his private life as well, and lives it thoroughly, let public commotions fare as they may.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

HUGH MILLER.

I.—THE YOUTH.

Men may learn much from each other's lives—especially from good men's lives. Men who live in our daily sight, as well as men who have lived before us, and handed down examples for us in the lives of others formed after their own model, are the most valuable practical teachers. For it is not mere literature that makes men—it is real, earnest, practical life, the life and example of the home, and the daily practical life of the people about us. This it is which mainly moulds our nature, which enables us to work out our own education, and build up our own character.

Hugh Miller has very strikingly worked out this idea in his admirable autobiography just published, entitled "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is extremely interesting, even fascinating, as a book; but it is more than an ordinary book—it might almost be called an institution. It is the history of the formation of a truly noble and independent character in the humblest condition of life—the condition in which a large mass of the people of this country are born and brought up; and it teaches to all, but especially to poor men, what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself. The life of Hugh Miller is full of lessons of self-help and self-respect, and shows the efficacy of these in working out for a man an honorable competence and a solid reputation. It may not be that every man has the thew and sinew, the large brain and heart, of a Hugh Miller—for there is much in what we may call the *breed* of a man, the defect of which no mere educational advantages can supply; but every man can at least do much, by the help of such examples as his, to elevate himself and build up his moral and intellectual character on a solid foundation.

We have spoken of the *breed* of a man. In Hugh Miller we have an embodiment of that most vigorous and energetic element in our nation's life—the Norwegian and Danish. In the times of long, long ago, these daring and desperate northern pirates swarmed along our eastern coasts. In England they were resisted by force of arms—for the prize of England's crown was a rich one; and by dint of numbers, valor, and bravery, they made good their footing in England, and even governed the eastern part of it by their own kings until the time of Alfred the Great. And to this day the Danish element amongst the population of the east and north-east of England is by far the prevailing one. But in Scotland it was different. They never reigned there; but they settled and planted all the eastern coasts. The land was poor and thinly peopled; and the Scottish kings and chiefs were too weak—generally too much occupied by intestine broils—to molest or dispossess them. Then these Danes and Norwegians led a seafaring life, were sailors and fishermen, which the native Scots were not. So they settled down in all the bays and bights along the coast of Scotland, and took entire possession of the Orkneys, Shetland, and Western Isles, the Shetlands having been held by the crown of Denmark down to a comparatively recent period. They never amalgamated with the Scotch Highlanders; and to this day they speak a different language, and follow different pursuits. The Highlander was a hunter, a herdsman, a

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warrior, and fished in the fresh waters only. The descendants of the Norwegians, or the Lowlanders, as they came to be called, followed the sea, fished in salt waters, cultivated the soil, and engaged in trade and commerce. Hence the marked difference between the population of the town of Cromarty, where Hugh Miller was born in 1802, and the population only a few miles inland; the townspeople speaking Lowland Scotch, and dependent for their subsistence mainly on the sea, the others speaking Gaelic, and living solely on the land.

These Norwegian colonists of Cromarty held in their blood the very same piratical propensities which characterized their forefathers who followed the Vikings. Hugh Miller first saw the light in a long low-built house, built by his great-grandfather, John Fedders, "one of the last of the buccaneers;" this cottage having been built, as Hugh Miller himself says he has every reason to believe, with "Spanish gold." All his ancestors were sailors and seafaring men; when boys they had taken to the water as naturally as ducklings. Traditions of adventures by sea were rife in the family. Of his granduncles, one had sailed round the world with Anson, had assisted in burning Paeta, and in boarding the *Manilla* galleon; another, a handsome and powerful man, perished at sea in a storm; and his grandfather was dashed overboard by the jib boom of his little vessel when entering the Cromarty Firth, and never rose again. The son of this last, Hugh Miller's father, was sent into the country by his mother to work upon a farm, thus to rescue him, if possible, from the hereditary fate of the family. But it was of no use. The propensity for the salt water, the very instinct of the breed, was too powerful within him. He left the farm, went to sea, became a man-of-war's man, was in the battle with the Dutch off the Dogger Bank, sailed all over the world, then took "French leave" of the royal navy, returning to Cromarty with money enough to buy a sloop and engage in trade on his own account. But this vessel was one stormy night knocked to pieces on the bar of Findhorn, the master and his men escaping with difficulty; then another vessel was fitted out by him, by the help of his friends, and in this he was trading from place to place when Hugh Miller was born.

What a vivid picture of sea-life, as seen from the shore at least, do we obtain from the early chapters of Miller's life! "I retain," says he, "a vivid recollection of the joy that used to light up the household on my father's arrival, and how I learned to distinguish for myself his sloop when in the offing, by the two slim stripes of white that ran along her sides, and her two square topsails." But a terrible calamity—though an ordinary one in sea life—suddenly plunged the sailor's family in grief; and he, too, was gathered to the same grave in which so many of his ancestors lay—the deep ocean. A terrible storm overtook his vessel near Peterhead; numbers of ships were lost along the coast; vessel after vessel came ashore, and the beach was strewn with wrecks and dead bodies, but no remnant of either the ship or bodies of Miller and his crew was ever cast up. It was supposed that the little sloop, heavily laden, and laboring in a mountainous sea, must have started a plank and foundered. Hugh Miller was but a child at the time, having only completed his fifth year. The following remarkable "appearance," very much in Mrs. Crowe's way, made a strong impression upon him at the time. The house door had blown open, in the gray of evening, and the boy was sent by his mother to shut it:—

"Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray hazy spread a neutral tent of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw any thing, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she, too, had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother, going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it: its coincidence with the probable time of my father's death, seems at least curious."

The little boy longed for his father's return, and continued to gaze across the deep, watching for the sloop with its two stripes of white along the side. Every morning he went

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wandering about the little harbor, to examine the vessels which had come in during the night; and he continued to look out across the Moray Forth long after anybody else had ceased to hope. But months and years passed, and the white stripes and square topsails of his father's sloop he never saw again. The boy was the son of a sailor's widow, and so grew up, in sight of the sea, and with the same love of it that characterized his father. But he was sent to school; first to a dame-school, where he learnt his letters; worked his way through the "Catechism," the "Proverbs," and the "New Testament;" and then emerged into the golden region of "Sinbad the Sailor," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Aladdin and the wonderful Lamp." Other books followed—"The Pilgrim's Progress," "Cook's and Anson's voyages," and "Blind Harry the Rhymer's History of Wallace;" which first awoke within him a strong feeling of Scottish patriotism. And thus his childhood grew, on proper childlike nourishment. His uncles were men of solid sense and sound judgment, though uncultured by education. One was a local antiquary, by trade a working harness-maker; the other was of a strong religious turn: he was a working cartwright, and in early life had been a sailor, engaged in nearly all Nelson's famous battles. The examples and the conversation of these men were for the growing boy worth any quantity of school primers: he learnt from them far more than mere books could teach him.

But his school education was not neglected either. From the dame's school he was transferred to the town's grammar-school, where, amidst about one hundred and fifty other boys and girls, he received his real school education. But it did not amount to much. There, however, the boy learnt life—to hold his own—to try his powers with other boys—physically and morally, as well as scholastically. The school brought out the stuff that was in him in many ways, but the mere book-learning was about the least part of the instruction.

The school-house looked out on the beach, fronting the opening of the Firth, and not a boat or a ship could pass in or out of the harbor of Cromarty without the boys seeing it. They knew the rig of every craft, and could draw them on the slate. Boats unloaded their glittering cargoes on the beach, where the process of gutting afterwards went busily on; and to add to the bustle, there was a large killing-place for pigs not thirty yards from the school door, "where from eighty to a hundred pigs used sometimes to die for the general good in a single day; and it was a great matter to hear, at occasional intervals, the roar of death rising high over the general murmur within, or to be told by some comrade, returned from his five minutes' leave of absence, that a hero of a pig had taken three blows of a hatchet ere it fell, and that even after its subjection to the sticking process, it had got hold of Jock Keddie's hand in its mouth, and almost smashed his thumb." Certainly it is not in every grammar-school that such lessons as these are taught.

Miller was put to Latin, but made little progress in it—his master had no method, and the boy was too fond of telling stories to his schoolfellows in school hours to make much progress. Cock-fighting was a school practice in those days, the master having a perquisite of two-pence for every cock that was entered by the boys on the days of the yearly fight. But Miller had no love for this sport, although he paid his entry money with the rest. In the meantime his miscellaneous reading extended, and he gathered pickings of odd knowledge from all sorts of odd quarters,—fr[illegible] workmen, carpenters, fishermen and sailors, old women, and above all, from the old boulders strewed along the shores of the Cromarty Firth. With a big hammer which had belonged to his great-grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, the boy went about chipping the stones, and thus early accumulating specimens of mica, porphyry, garnet, and such like, exhibiting them to his uncle Alexander, and other admiring relations. Often, too, he had a day in the woods to visit his uncle, when working as a sawyer—his trade of cartwright having failed. And there, too, the boy's attention was excited by the peculiar geological curiosities which lay in his way. While searching among the stones and rocks on the beach, he was sometimes asked, in humble irony, by the farm servants who came to load their carts with sea-weed, whether he "was gettin' siller in the stanes," but was so unlucky as never to be able to answer their question in the affirmative. Uncle Sandy seems to have been a close observer of nature, and in his humble way had his theories of ancient sea-beaches, the flood, and the formation of the world, which he duly imparted to the wondering youth. Together they explored caves, roamed the beach for crabs and lobsters, whose habits uncle Sandy could well describe; he also knew all about moths and butterflies, spiders,

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and bees—in short, was a born natural history man, so that the boy regarded him in the light of a professor, and, doubtless, thus early obtained from him the bias toward his future studies.

There was the usual number of hair-breadth escapes in Miller's boy-life. One of them, when he and a companion had got cooped up in a sea cave, and could not return because of the tide, reminds us of the exciting scene described in Scott's "*Antiquary*;"—there were schoolboy tricks, and schoolboy rambles, mischief-making in companionship with other boys, of whom he was often the the leader. Left very much to himself, he was becoming a big, wild, insubordinate boy; and it became obvious that the time was now come when Hugh Miller must enter that world-wide school in which toil and hardship are the severe but noble masters. After a severe fight and wrestling-match with his schoolmaster, he left school, avenging himself for his defeat, by penning and sending to the teacher that very night, a copy of satiric verses, entitled "The Pedagogue," which occasioned a good deal of merriment in the place. In a few weeks after, Miller was bound apprentice to a working mason.

II.—THE MAN.

His boyhood over, and his school training ended, Hugh Miller must now face the world of toil. His uncles were most anxious that he should become a minister; for it is the ambition of many of the aspiring Scotch poor, to see one of their family "wag his pow in the poopit." These kind uncles were even willing to pay his college expenses, though the labor of their hands formed their only wealth. The youth, however, had conscientious objections; he did not feel *called* to the work; and the uncles, confessing that he was right, gave up their point. Hugh was accordingly apprenticed to the trade of his choice—that of a working stone-mason; and he began his laboring career in a quarry looking out upon the Cromarty Firth. This quarry proved one of his best schools. The remarkable geological formations which it displayed awakened his curiosity. The bar of deep-red stone beneath, and the bar of pale-red clay above, were noted by the young quarryman, who even in such unpromising subjects found matter for observation and reflection. Where other men saw nothing, he detected analogies, differences, peculiarities, which set him a thinking. He simply kept his eyes and his mind open; was sober, diligent, and persevering; and this was the secret of his intellectual growth.

Hugh Miller takes a cheerful view of the lot of labor. While others groan because they have to work hard for their bread, he says that work is full of pleasure, of profit, and of materials for self-improvement. He holds that honest labor is the best of all teachers, and that the school of toil is the best and noblest of all schools, save only the Christian one,—a school in which the ability of being useful is imparted, and the spirit of independence communicated, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He is even of opinion that the training of the mechanic, by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealings with things actual and practical, and the close experience of life which he invariably acquires, is more favorable to his growth as a Man, emphatically speaking, than the training which is afforded by any other condition of life. And the array of great names which he cites in support of his statement, is certainly a large one. Nor is the condition of the average well-paid operative at all so dolorous, according to Hugh Miller, as many modern writers would have it be. "I worked as an operative mason," says he, "for fifteen years,—no inconsiderable portion of the more active part of a man's life; but the time was not altogether lost. I enjoyed in those years fully the average amount of happiness, and learned to know more of the Scottish people than is generally known. Let me add, that from the close of the first year in which I wrought as a journeyman, until I took final leave of the mallet and chisel, I never knew what it was to want a shilling; that my two uncles, my grandfather, and the mason with whom I served my apprenticeship (all working-men (had had a similar experience; and that it was the experience of my father also. I cannot doubt that deserving mechanics may, in exceptional cases, be exposed to want; but I can as little doubt that the cases *are* exceptional, and that much of the suffering of the class is a consequence either of improvidence on the part of the completely skilled, or of a course of trifling during the term of apprenticeship — quite as common as trifling at school—that always lands those who indulge in it in the hapless position of the inferior workman."

There is much honest truth in this observation. At the same time, it is clear that the circumstances under which Hugh Miller was brought up and educated, are not enjoyed by all workmen,—are, indeed, experienced by comparatively few. In the first place, his parentage was good—his father and mother were a self-helping, honest, intelli-

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ligent pair, in humble circumstances, but yet comparatively comfortable. Thus, his early education was not neglected. His relations were sober, industrious, and "God-fearing," as they say in the north. His uncles were not his least notable instructors. One of them was a close observer of nature, and in some sort a scientific man, possessed of a small but good library of books. Then Hugh Miller's own constitution was happily framed. As one of his companions once said to him, "Ah, Miller, you have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength; the world will never hear of me." It is the *stamina* which Hugh Miller possessed by nature, that were born in him, and were carefully nurtured by his parents, that enabled him as a working-man to rise, while thousands would have sunk, or merely plodded on through life, in the humble station in which they were born. And this difference in *stamina*, and other circumstances, is not sufficiently taken into account by Hugh Miller in the course of the interesting and, on the whole, exceedingly profitable remarks which he makes in his autobiography, on the condition of the laboring poor.

We can afford, in our brief space, to give only a very rapid outline of Hugh Miller's fifteen years' life as a workman. He worked away in the quarry for some time, losing many of his finger-nails by bruises and accidents, growing fast, but gradually growing stronger, and obtaining a fair knowledge of his craft as a stone-hewer. He was early subjected to the temptation which besets most young workmen—that of drink. But he resisted it bravely. His own account of it is worthy of extract:—

"When overwrought, and in my depressed moods, I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shop as high luxuries; they gave lightness and energy to both body and mind, and substituted for a state of dulness and gloom one of exhilaration and enjoyment. Usquebhae was simply happiness doled out by the glass, and sold by the gill. The drinking usages of the profession in which I labored were at this time many; when a foundation was laid, the workmen were treated to drink; they were treated to drink, when the walls were levelled for laying the joists; they were treated to drink when the building was finished; they were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad; treated to drink when his 'apron was washed;' treated to drink when his 'time was out;' and occasionally they learnt to treat one another to drink. In laying down the foundation-stone of one of the larger houses built this year by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a royal 'founding pint,' and two whole glasses of the whiskey came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of usquebhae an overdose, but it was considerably too much for me; and when the party broke up, and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of a favorite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me, a small edition of the *Essays of Bacon*, a good deal worn at the corners by the friction of the pocket, for of Bacon I never tired. The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, *I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage;* and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination." A young working mason, reading *Bacon's Essays* in his bye-hours, must certainly be regarded as a remarkable man; but not less remarkable is the exhibition of moral energy and noble self-denial in the instance we have cited. Yes, Hugh Miller had the *stamina* in him, as a boy and as a youth, and hence he has now the stamina of a Man.

It was while working as a mason's apprentice, that the lower old red sandstone along the Bay of Cromarty presented itself to his notice; and his curiosity was excited and kept alive by the infinite organic remains, principally of old and extinct species of fishes, ferns, and ammonites, which lay revealed along the coasts by the washings of the waves, or were exposed by the stroke of his mason's hammer. He never lost sight of this subject; went on accumulating observations, comparing formations, until at length, when no longer a working mason, many years afterwards, he gave to the world his highly interesting work on the Old Red Sandstone, which at once established his reputation as an accomplished scientific geologist. But this work was the fruit of long years of patient observation and research. As he modestly states in his autobiography, "the only merit to which I lay claim in the case is that of patient research—a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me; and this humble faculty of patience, when rightly developed, may lead to more extraordinary

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developments of idea than even genius itself." And he adds how he deciphered the divine *ideas* in the mechanism and framework of creatures in the second stage of vertebrate existence.

But it was long before Hugh Miller accumulated his extensive geological observations, and acquired that self-culture which enabled him to shape them into proper form. He went on diligently working at his trade, but always observing, and always reflecting. He says he could not avoid being an observer; and that the necessity which made him a mason, made him also a geologist. In the winter months, during which mason-work is generally superseded in country places, he occupied his time with reading, sometimes with visiting country friends—persons of an intelligent caste—and often he strolled away amongst old Scandinavian ruins and Pictish forts, speculating about their origin and history. He made good use of his leisure. And when spring came round again, he would set out into the Highlands, to work at building and hewing jobs with a squad of other masons — working hard, and living chiefly on oatmeal brose. Some of the descriptions given by him of life in the remote Highland districts, are extremely graphic and picturesque, and have all the charm of entire novelty. The kind of accommodation which he experienced may be inferred from the observation made by a Highland laird to his uncle James, as to the use of a crazy old building left standing beside a group of neat modern offices. "He found it of great convenience," he said, "every time his speculations brought a drove of pigs *or a squad of masons* that way." This sort of life and its surrounding circumstances were not of a poetical cast; yet the youth was now about the poetizing age, and during his solitary rambles after his day's work, by the banks of the Conon, he meditated poetry, and began to make verses. He would sometimes write them out upon his mason's kit, while the rain was dropping through the roof of the apartment upon the paper on which he wrote. It was a rough life for poetic musing, yet he always contrived to mix up a high degree of intellectual exercise and enjoyment with whatever manual labor he was employed upon; and this, after all, is one of the secrets of a happy life. While observing scenery and natural history, he also seems to have very closely observed the characters of his fellow-workmen, and he gives us vivid and life-like portraits of some of the more remarkable of them, in his *Autobiography*. There were some rough, and occasionally very wicked fellows among his fellow-workmen, but he had strength of character, and sufficient inbred sound principle, to withstand their contamination. He was also proud,—and pride, in its proper place, is an excellent thing,—particularly that sort of pride which makes a man revolt from doing a mean action, or any thing which would bring discredit on the family. This is the sort of true nobility which serves poor men in good stead sometimes, and it certainly served Hugh Miller well.

His apprenticeship ended, he "took jobs" for himself,—built a cottage for his aunt Jenny, which still stands, and, after that, went out working as journeyman mason. In his spare hours he was improving himself by the study of practical geometry, and made none the worse a mason on that account. While engaged in helping to build a mansion on the western coast of Ross-shire, he extended his geological and botanical observations, noting all that was remarkable in the formation of the district. He also drew his inferences from the condition of the people,—being very much struck, above other things, with the remarkably contented state of the Celtic population, although living in filth and misery. On this he shrewdly observes,—"It was one of the palpable characteristics of our Scottish Highlanders, for at least the first thirty years of the century, that they were contented enough, as a people, to find more to pity than to envy in the condition of their lowland neighbors; and I remember that at this time, and for years after, I used to deem the trait a good one. I have now, however, my doubts on the subject, and am not quite sure whether a content so general as to be national may not, in certain circumstances, be rather a vice than a virtue. It is certainly no virtue when it has the effect of arresting either individuals or peoples in their course of development; and is perilously allied to great suffering when the men who exemplify it are so thoroughly happy amid the mediocrities of the present that they fail to make provision for the contingencies of the future."

Trade becoming slack in the north, Hugh Miller took ship for Edinburgh, where building was going briskly on, (in 1824,) to seek for employment there as a stone-hewer. He succeeded, and lived as a workman at Niddry, in the neighborhood of the city, for some time; pursuing at the same time his geological observations in a new field, Niddry being located on the carboniferous system. Here also he met with an entirely new class

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of men—the colliers—many of whom, strange to say, had been *born slaves;* the manumission of the Scotch colliers (as already stated in a previous number of this Journal) having been effected in comparatively modern times—as late as the year 1775! So that, after all, Scotland is not so very far ahead of the serfdom of Russia.

Among the laborers employed in the masons' squad, was one John Lindsey, between whom and the Crawford peerage lay only a narrow chasm, represented by a missing marriage certificate. But he was never able to bridge the chasm across, and he had to toil on in unhappiness, in consequence, as a mason's laborer. "I have heard," says Mr. Miller, "the call resounding from the walls twenty times a day—'John, Yearl Crawford, bring us another hod o' lime.'" His remarks upon his fellow-laborers, upon their character, habits, and moral and religious qualities, are full of interest; but we cannot here venture upon quotation. There was a strike among the masons, in which Miller was a passive actor, for he found there was a good deal of tyranny in the proceedings of the leaders, against which he secretly revolted. His observations led him to the conviction that the men who really think for themselves in such affairs are overborne and put to one side by "mere chatterers and stump-orators."

Returning to the north again, Miller next began business for himself in a small way, as a hewer of tombstones for the good folks of Cromarty. This change of employment was necessary, in consequence of the hewer's disease, caused by inhaling stone dust, which settles in the lungs, and generally leads to rapid consumption, afflicting him with its premonitory symptoms. The strength of his constitution happily enabled him to throw off the malady, but his lungs never fairly recovered their former vigor. Work not being very plentiful, he wrote poems, some of which appeared in the newspapers; and in course of time, a small collection of these pieces was published by subscription. He very soon, however, gave up poetry writing, finding that his humble accomplishment of verse was too narrow to contain his thinking; —so next time he wrote a book, it was in prose, and vigorous prose too, far better than his verse. But Miller had meanwhile been doing what was better than either cutting tombstones or writing poetry: he had been building up his character, and thereby securing the respect of all who knew him. So that, when a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and the manager cast about him to make selection of an accountant, whom should he pitch upon but Hugh Miller, the stone-mason? This was certainly a most extraordinary selection; but why was it made? Simply because of the excellence of the man's character. He had proved himself a true and a thoroughly excellent and trustworthy man in a humble capacity of life; and the inference was, that he would carry the same principles of conduct into another and higher sphere of action. Hugh Miller hesitated to accept the office, having but little knowledge of accounts, and no experience in bookkeeping; but the manager knew his pluck and determined perseverance in mastering whatever he undertook; above all, he had confidence in his character, and he would not take a denial. So Hugh Miller was sent to Edinburgh to learn his new business at the head bank.

Throughout life, Miller seems to have invariably put his conscience into his work. Speaking of the old man with whom he served his apprenticeship as a mason, he says, "He made conscience of every stone he laid. It was remarked in the place, that the walls built by Uncle David never bulged nor fell; and no apprentice nor journeyman of his was permitted, on any plea, to make 'slight work.'" And one of his own uncle James's instructions to him on one occasion, was—"In all your dealings, give your neighbor the cast of the bank—'good measure, heaped up and runing over'—and you will not lose by it in the end." These lessons were worth far more than what is often taught in schools, and Hugh Miller seems to have framed his own conduct in life on the excellent moral teaching which they conveyed. Speaking of his own career as a workman, when on the eve of quitting it, he says, "I do think I acted up to my uncle's maxim; and that, without injuring my brother workmen by lowering their prices. I never yet charged an employer for a piece of work that, fairly measured and valued, would not be rated at a slightly higher sum than that at which it stood in my account."

Although he gained some fame in his locality by his poems, and still more by his "Letters on the Herring Fisheries of Scotland," he was not, as many self-raised men are, spoilt by the praise which his works called forth. "There is (he says) no more fatal error into which a working-man of a literary turn can fall, than the mistake of deeming himself too good for his humble employments; and yet it is a mistake as common as it is fatal. I had already seen several poor wrecked mechanics,

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who, believing themselves to be poets, and regarding the manual occupation by which they could alone live in independence as beneath them, had become in consequence little better than mendicants,—too good to work for their bread, but not too good virtually to beg it; and looking upon them as beacons of warning, I determined that, with God's help, I should give their error a wide offing, and never associate the idea of meanness with an honest calling, or deem myself too good to be independent." Full of this manly and robust spirit, Hugh Miller pursued his career of stonehewing by day, and prose composition when the day's work was done, until he entered upon his new vocation of banker's accountant. He showed his self-denial, too, in waiting for a wife until he could afford to keep one in respectable comfort,—his engagement lasting over five years, before he was in a position to fulfil his promise. And then he married, wisely and happily.

At Edinburgh, by dint of perseverance and application, Mr. Miller shortly mastered his new business, and then returned to Cromarty, where he was installed in office. His "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" were published about the same time, and were well received; and in his leisure hours he proceeded to prepare his most important work on "The Old Red Sandstone." He also contributed to the "Border Tales," and other periodicals. The Free Church movement also drew him out as a polemical writer; and his "Letter to Lord Brougham on the Scotch Church Controversy" excited so much attention that the leaders of the movement in Edinburgh invited him to undertake the editing of the "Witness" newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party; he accepted the invitation, and still holds the position of editor of that paper.

Here we leave this charming, and also thoroughly healthy, biography, the study of which is well worthy the perusal of working-men, and indeed of all men. Its teaching is most sound, and its lessons are most valuable. "While my story," he says in conclusion, "must serve to show the evils which result from truant carelessness in boyhood, and that what was sport to the young lad may assume the form of serious misfortune to the man, it may also serve to show that much may be done by after-diligence to retrieve an early error of this kind,—that life itself is a school, and Nature always a fresh study,—and that the man who keeps his eyes and his mind open will always find fitting, though it may be hard, schoolmasters, to speed him on in his life-long education."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

ESPARTERO.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The military and political events which terminated in the independence of the United States, may be criticised as dilatory, as fortuitous, and as not marked by the stamp of human genius. That revolution produced more good than great men. If the same may be said of the civil wars of Spain, and its parliamentary struggles after freedom, it should be more a subject of congratulation than of reproach. The greatness of revolutionary heroes may imply the smallness of the many; and, all things duly weighed, the supremacy of a Cromwell or a Napoleon is more a slur upon national capabilities than an honor to them. Let us then begin by setting aside the principal accusation of his French foes against General Espartero, that he is of mediocre talent and eminence. The same might have been alleged against Washington.

Moreover, there is no people so little in-

* *Biographie des Contemporains:* Espartero. Paris, 1848

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clined to allow, to form, or to idolize superiority as the Spaniards. They have the jealous sentiment of universal equality, implanted into them as deeply as it is into the French. But to counteract it, the French have a national vanity, which is for ever comparing their own country with others. And hence, every character of eminence is dear to them; for though an infringement on individual equality, it exalts them above other nations. The Spaniard, on the contrary, does not deign to enter into the *minutiæ* of comparison. His country was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the first in Europe; its nobles the most wealthy, the most magnificent, the most punctilious, the most truly aristocratic; its citizens the most advanced in arts and manufactures, and comfort and municipal freedom; its soldiers were allowed the first rank, the sailors the same. The Spaniards taught the existence of this, their universal superiority, to their sons; and these again to their offspring, down to the present day. And the Spaniards implicitly believe the tradition of their forefathers, not merely as applied to the past, but as a judgment of the present. They believe themselves to be precisely what their fathers were three hundred years ago. They take not the least count of all that has happened in that period: the revolutions, the changes, the forward strides of other nations, the backward ones of their own. A great man, more or less, is consequently to them of little importance. They are too proud to be vain.

This part of the Spanish character explains not a few of the political events of the countries inhabited by the race. In all those countries, individual eminence is a thing not to be tolerated. It constitutes in itself a crime, and the least pretension to it remains unpardoned. Even Bolivar, notwithstanding his immense claims, and notwithstanding the general admission that nothing but a strong hand could keep the unadhesive materials of Spanish American republics together,—even he was the object of such hatred, suspicion, jealousy, and mistrust, that his life was a martyrdom to himself, and his salutary influence a tyranny to those whom he had liberated.

There did exist in Spain, up to the commencement of the present century, a grand exception to this universal love of equality, which is a characteristic of the Latin races. And that was the veneration for royalty, which partook of the oriental and fabulous extreme of respect. Nowhere is this more manifest than in the popular drama of the country: in which the Spanish monarch precisely resembles the Sultan of the Arabian Nights, as the vicegerent of Providence, the universal righter of wrongs, endowed with ubiquity, omnipotence, and all wisdom. Two centuries' succession of the most imbecile monarchs greatly impaired, if not effaced, this sentiment. The conduct of Ferdinand to the men and the classes engaged in the war of independence, disgusted all that was spirited and enlightened in the nation. A few remote provinces and gentry thought, indeed, that the principle of legitimacy and loyalty was strong as ever, and they rose to invoke it in favor of Don Carlos. Their failure has taught them and all Spain, that loyalty, in its old, and extreme, and chevalier sense, is extinct; and that in the peninsula, as in other western countries, it has ceased to be fanaticism, and survives merely as a rational feeling.

Royalty is however the only superiority that the Spaniards will admit; and their jealousy of any other power which apes, or affects, or replaces royalty, is irrepressible. A president of a Spanish republic would not be tolerated for a month, nor would a regent. The great and unpardonable fault of Espartero was, that he bore this name.

Another Spanish characteristic, arising from the same principle or making part of it, is the utter want of any influence on the side of the aristocracy. For a Spanish aristocracy does survive: an aristocracy of historic name, great antiquity, moneyed wealth, and territorial possession. The dukedoms of Infantado, Ossune, Montilles, &c., are not extinct; neither are the wearers of these titles exiled or proscribed; nor have their estates been confiscated or curtailed. But they have no influence; they have taken no part in political events; and are scarcely counted even as pawns on the chessboard of Spanish politics. The Spaniards respect superiority of birth, but their respect is empty. It is rather the respect of an antiquary for what is curious, than the worldly and sensible respect for whatever is truly valuable. The greatest efforts have been made by almost all Spanish legislators and politicians, to make use of the aristocracy as a weight in the political balance, and as a support of throne and constitution. But as Lord Eldon compared certain British peers to the pillars of the East London Theatre, which hung from the roof instead of supporting it, such has been the condition of all Spanish peers or proceres in any and every constitution. They supported the government of the time being; were infallibly of the opinions diametrically opposite to those of the deputies; and increased the odium of the ministry,

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whether *moderato* or *exaltado*, without giving it the least support. The rendering the upper chamber elective, as was done by the constitution of 1837, has not remedied this. When Christina fell, the upper chamber was to a man in her favor; so did the whole upper chamber support Espartero, when he fell. In short, the attachment of the peers in Spain is ominous; it betokens downfall.

The crown and the clergy, in fact, had labored in unison to destroy and humble the power of the aristocracy, as well as of the middle classes. They succeeded but too well; and in succeeding, they also strengthened that democratic principle of equality which is a monkish principle. But the crown, and the monasteries, and the aristocracy, have all gone down together, whilst the middle classes survive, and have become regenerated with a second youth. It is only they who have any force in Spain. It is the cities which take the initiative in all changes and all revolutions. For any government to incur their displeasure, is at once to fall; none has been able to struggle against them. These juntas raised the war of independence, and performed the Spanish part of their self-liberation. They again it was who enabled Christina to establish at once her daughter's rights and the name of a constitution. They afterwards compelled her to give the reality, as well as the name. And it was they, too, who drove Don Carlos out of the country, in despite of the tenacity and courage of his rustic supporters. He was driven from before Bilboa, and from every town of more respectability than a village. He was welcomed by the peasants and their lords, but every collection of citizens rejected him, and he and absolutism were obliged to fly the country.

There is one class, which at the close of revolutions is apt to turn them to its own profit, and become arbiter of all that survives in men and things. This is the army. In nations however which have no external wars, it is extremely difficult for the army or its chiefs to win and preserve that mastery over public opinions, which is needed to insure acquiescence in military usurpations. The French revolution, as we all know, turned to a warlike struggle between France and Europe; in which France was represented by her generals and armies, and in which these but too naturally took the place of civilian statesmen and representative assemblies. In the more isolated countries of England and Spain, the activity and the glory of the military terminated with the civil war. The career of arms was closed; the officers lost their prestige; and Cromwell, though tolerated as a *de facto* ruler, was never looked up to, either as the founder of a military monarchy, or of a new dynasty. A Cromwell would have met with more resistance in Spain; civilian jealousy is there as strong as in England; and Cromwell there was none. The Duke of Victory's worst enemies could not seriously accuse him of such ambition.

Baldomero Espartero was born in the year 1792, at Granatula, a village of La Mancha, not far from the towns of Almagro and Ciudad Real. In his last rapid retreat from Albacete to Seville, the regent could not have passed far from the place of his nativity. His father is said to have been a respectable artisan, a wheelwright, and a maker of carts and agricultural implements.

This artisan's elder brother, Manuel, was a monk in one of the Franciscan convents of Ciudad Real, capital of the province of La Mancha. It is one of the advantages amongst the many disadvantages of monasticity, that it facilitates the education and the rise of such of the lower classes as give signs of superior intelligence. The friar Manuel took his young nephew, Baldomero, and had him educated in his convent. Had Spain remained in its state of wonted peace, the young disciple of the convent would in good time have become, in all probability, the ecclesiastic and the monk. But about the time when Espartero attained the age of sixteen, the armies of Napoleon poured over the Pyrenees, and menaced Spanish independence. It was no time for monkery. So at least thought all the young ecclesiastical students; for these throughout every college in the peninsula almost unanimously threw off the black frock, girded on the sabre, and flung the musket over their shoulder. The battalions which they formed were called *sacred*. Nor was such volunteering confined to the young. The grizzle-bearded monk himself went forth, and, used to privation, made an excellent *guerilla*. The history of the Spanish wars of independence and of freedom tells frequently of monkish generals, the *insignia* of whose command were the cord and sandals of St. Francis.

Young Espartero took part in most of the first battles and skirmishes in the south of Spain, and made part of the Spanish force, we believe, which was shut up and besieged by the French in Cadiz. He here, through the interest of his uncle, was received into the military school of the Isla de Leon, where he was able to engraft a useful military education on his former ecclesiastical require-

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ments: for to be a soldier was his vocation, and his wish was not to be an ignorant one. The war of independence was drawing to a close when Espartero had completed his military studies, and could claim the grade of officer in a regular army. But at this same time, the royal government resolved on sending an experienced general with a corps of picked troops to the Spanish main, to endeavour to reëstablish the authority of the mother-country. Morillo was the general chosen. Espartero was presented to him, appointed lieutenant, and soon after the sailing of the expedition was placed on the staff of the general.

The provinces of the Spanish main were then the scene of awful warfare. It is needless to inquire on which side cruelty began: the custom of both was almost invariably to sacrifice the lives, not only of captured foes, but of their relatives, young and aged. The war, too, seemed interminable. A rapid march of a general often subdued and apparently reduced a province in a few days, the defeated party flying over sea to the islands or to the other settlements: but a week would bring them back, and the victors in their turn thought fit to fly, often without a struggle. Even an engagement was not decisive. A great deal of Indian force was employed, and, in many respects, the Spaniards or Spanish-born came to resemble them in fighting. The chief feat of the action was one brilliant charge, which, if successful or unsuccessful, decided the day. For, once put to the rout, the soldiers never rallied, at least on that day, but fled beyond the range of immediate pursuit, and often with so little loss that the fugitives of yesterday formed an army as numerous and formidable as before their defeat. How long such a civil war would have lasted, is impossible to say, had not foreigners enlisted in the cause, and formed legions which not only stood the brunt of a first onset, but retreated or advanced regularly and determinedly. The foreign legion was the Macedonian Phalanx among the Columbians. Owing to it the Spaniards lost the fatal battle of Carabobo, and thenceforward made few effectual struggles against the independents, except in the high country of Peru.

Espartero had his share of most of these actions. As major he fought in 1817 at Lupachin, where the insurgent chief, La Madrid, was routed. Next year he defeated the insurgents on the plains of Majocaigo, and in 1819 Espartero and Seoane reduced the province of Cochalamba. Soon after, the revolution that had for result the establishment of the constitution broke out in Spain; and the political parties to which it gave rise began to agitate the Spanish army in Peru. Then the viceroy, who held out for the absolute power of Ferdinand, was deposed; and the other generals, La Serna, Valdez, and Canterac, declared for liberty abroad as well as at home, though they still fought for preserving the links that bound the South American colonies to the mother country. Espartero was of this liberal military party, and served as colonel in the division which under Canterac and Valdez defeated the Peruvian independents at Torrata and Maquega, in January, 1823; actions which led to the evacuation of the Peruvian capital by the congress. The Peruvians then summoned Bolivar and the Columbians to their aid, whilst the two parties in the Spanish army, royalist and independent, divided and began to war with each other, on the news arriving of the restoration of Ferdinand. This afforded great advantage to Bolivar, and that chief pushed them with so much vigor, that the contending royalist parties ceased their strife, and united to overwhelm, as they thought, the Columbians under Paez, the lieutenant of Bolivar.

The Columbians had, however, learned to stand in action, and their cavalry even to return to the charge after being routed. Their obstinacy in this respect, here displayed for the first time, routed the old Spanish cavalry, hitherto thought so superior; and won the battle of Ayacucho, which dismissed to Spain all upholders of Spanish supremacy. The officers and generals sent home under this capitulation have been since known under the epithet of *Ayacuchos*. Among them were Canterac, Valdez, Rodil, Seoane, Maroto, Narvaez, Carrabate, Alaix, Araoz, Villalobos. Espartero had been previously sent home with colors and the account of success in Peru; success so soon reversed.

When these generals returned, there were of course many prejudices against them. They had taken no part in the liberal movement at home, which had nevertheless begun in the ranks of the army. Their having taken previous part in the war of independence ought to have pleaded for them; but most of them had been too young to have been then distinguished. Riego and Quiroga were the military heroes of the day. The soldiers of the constitution made indeed but a poor stand against the French invading army; still their efforts were not destined to be altogether vain, and the country preserved

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its gratitude towards them. On the other hand, Ferdinand and his ministers showed no inclination to favor or employ the *Ayacuchos;* the royalist volunteers and the monks were the only militants that the old court trusted; and thus the largest body of officers of experience were inclined to range themselves under the constitutional banner, whenever it should again be hoisted.

The years from 1825 to 1830 were spent by Espartero as colonel of the regiment of Soria, which was quartered the most part of that time in the island of Majorca. Previous to going there he commanded the depot of Logrono, on the Ebro, where he became acquainted with his present duchess, Señora Jacinto de Santa Cruz. Her father, an old officer, a brother of the late captain-general in the south of Spain, was one of the wealthiest proprietors of the banks of the Ebro, and Señora Jacinta was his only child. The father was not willing to give her to the soldier, however high his rank. But the marriage took place, as such marriages do, the determination of the young overcoming the scruples of the old. The present Duchess of Victory was renowned for her beauty and conjugal attachment.

The death of Ferdinand opened a new era for Spain. His will conferred the succession upon his daughter, and the regency upon her mother. As the only hope of preserving the crown to Isabella, and influence to herself, Christina summoned to her counsels the liberals. They were of many shades; she chose the most monarchical; but was gradually obliged to accept the councils and aid of those who frankly meditated a liberal constitution. The ousted prince, Carlos, appealed to the farmers and the priesthood of the northern provinces; the absolutist powers of the east supplied him with funds; and the war began.

With very few exceptions all the military men embraced the side of the queen and constitution. The army felt no inclination to undergo once more the yoke of the priesthood. And even old royalist generals, such as Quesada and Sarsfield, turned their arms willingly against the Carlists. The *Ayacuchos,* or officers who had served in America, showed equal alacrity; especially those who, like Espartero, had even on the other side of the Atlantic been favorable to a constitution. Maroto was the only one of them, who, at a later period, took command under Don Carlos.

The first constitutional general, Sarsfield, was successful. He delivered Bilboa, the first seat of the insurrection and ever afterwards the key of the war, from the insurgents. Espartero was appointed captain-general of the province. But the apparition of Don Carlos in person, the funds he commanded, and the promises he made, gave fresh importance and duration to the war.

The greatest and most effectual military achievements are often those least talked about or noticed. The general who can organize an army fitly, often does more than he who wins a battle; though indeed it is the organization that leads to the winning of the battle. The organization of the British army was the first and the greatest achievement of the Duke of Wellington; and it was for the Carlists the great act and merit of Zumalacarreguy. Espartero did the same for the Spanish constitutional army, and thereby enabled it to overcome, by degrees and in partial encounters, the formidable and spirited bands opposed to it. Valdez, who commanded after Quesada, and who had been the old commander in Peru, committed the great blunder of fighting a general action against mountaineers; whom if he beat he did not destroy, whereas their repulsing him was his ruin. Rodil, more cautious, ran about the hills to catch Carlos. Mina, with a regular army, waged a war of partisans with peasants, who were far better partisans than his troops. Cordova, who succeeded, kept his army together; and handled the Carlists so roughly in one action that they shrunk from attacking him. But he conceived the same fears; declared that the war could only be carried on by blockading the insurgent provinces; and finally resigned.

Espartero had till then distinguished himself more as a brilliant cavalry officer, and a spirited general of division, than as a military leader of first-rate merit; but his honest, frank character, his abstinence from the heat of political party, and the opinion that he wanted political genius and ambition, led to his appointment by the more liberal government which then took the helm. The first care of the new commander was to restore discipline, by a severity till then unknown in the constitutional army. His execution of the *Chapelgorris* for plundering a church, is well remembered. His efforts to keep the army paid, often compromised his own private fortune; and placed him in many quarrels with Mendizabal and the finance ministers of the time. He certainly gained no pitched battles: but from Bilboa round to Pampeluna he kept the Carlists closely confined to their mountain region, punished them severely

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when they ventured forth, and never allowed himself to be beaten.

Nothing could be more advantageous than Zumalacarreguy's position; entrenched like a spider in an inaccessible and central spot, from whence he could run forth with all his force upon the enemy. Then, by threatening Bilboa, the Carlist general could at any time force the Christino general to take a most perilous march to its relief. Twice, indeed three times, were the Christinos forced to make this perilous march—the second time the most critical, for then Bilboa certainly could not have been saved but for the energy and aid of the British officers. To Lapidge, Wylde, and others, was due the deliverance of Bilboa. Espartero was then suffering under a cruel illness. No sooner however was the Luchana river crossed by British boats, than he sprang on horseback, forgot bodily pain in martial excitement, and led his troops through the Carlist cantonments and entrenchments, once more to the gates of Bilboa.

In despair, the Carlists then tried another mode of warfare. They left the northern provinces, and undertook expeditions through all the rest of Spain, to gain recruits and provisions, if possible, and to find another Biscay in the mountainous south. The indifference of the population caused this to fail, and Don Carlos returned to the north. The aim of his general was then turned to the possession of Bilboa and Santander, strong places, which if mastered, the Carlist insurrection might repose there and act on the defensive. To secure these points, more formidable entrenchments were raised on the heights leading to these towns. Don Carlos hoped to form a Torres Vedras on the hills of Ramales and Guardanimi. The great exploit of Espartero was his series of successful attacks upon these entrenchments in May, 1839. He drove the Carlists from all of them with very great loss; and from that moment the war drew to an end. The spirit of insurrection was broken, and justice allotted to Espartero the title of DUKE OF VICTORY.

The military struggle over, and the open rebellion put down, the parliamentary but scarcely more peaceful struggle between the two parties calling themselves constitutional, became prominent. When the emigration of the Spanish patriots took place in 1815 and 1823, in consequence of the absolutist reäction of Ferdinand, some of the emigrants betook themselves to England, some to France. Though paid little attention to by the governments of either country, the Spanish emigrants were cordially received by the liberal opposition in both countries; and each came to admire and adopt the ideas and principles with which he was placed in contact. If Arguelles admired the frank school of English liberty, which allows popular opinion its full expression; Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa adopted the more cautious tenets of the French doctrinaires, or moderate liberals, who were for giving freedom but by handfuls, and who maintained that domination and influence should be confined to the enlightened few, and sparingly communicated to the ignorant many. One can conceive the existence of such a conservative party as this in England, where such influence exists, and where the aristocratic and well-informed classes do possess this influence. But the necessity of creating and raising these classes, as was the case in Spain, and the impossibility of getting churchmen and old aristocrats to act moderate toryism when they had been steeped and bred in absolutism, rendered the policy of the moderados a vain dream. They had no upper classes, no clergy, no throne behind them: for that of Isabella required, rather than gave support.

Conscious of this weakness, and seeing nothing Spanish around them on which they could lean, the moderados placed their reliance on France, and trusted to that alliance to keep peace in Spain, and win recognition from Europe. Louis Philippe had been enabled to do in France something like what they labored to effect in Spain: although he had been obliged to abandon an hereditary peerage, and to base his conservatism on the fears and prejudices of the upper class of citizens and commercial men. Spain wanted this class, yet Count Toreno and his friends endeavored, with less materials, to effect in Spain more than had been done in France.

In the conflict between moderado and exaltado, Espartero had remained completely neutral. His sole anxiety during the war was to have his army well supplied. He saw that the exaltado minister did not do this with due effect, and as his army approached the capital in pursuit of the Pretender, he allowed it to remonstrate. This very unwarrantable act overthrew the exaltados, and brought back the moderados to power. It was generally believed, however, to have been the result of an intrigue of the staff, who imposed upon the easy nature of the general. Espartero was known, not-

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withstanding his anxiety to improve the supply of his army, to have regretted the unconstitutionality of the step which produced this ministerial revolution. The circumstance shows, at least, how little inclined was Espartero to pay court to the ultraliberals, or to aim at assumptions of power through their influence.

After the convention of Bergara, which pacified the north, the war still continued in Aragon, and the army was kept actively employed under Espartero in that province and in Catalonia. There was no doubt, however, as to the issue. The moderados, in power, and delivered from the fear of Carlos and absolutism, entered at once on the fulfilment of their principles, and the establishment of more conservative bases of administration, than those which existed. For this purpose they took the most imprudent step that could have been devised. Had they attacked the press, and restrained its license; had they checked the turbulence of the lower classes, even by laws against association; had they passed the most severe penalties against conspiracy—the Spaniards would have borne all: but the moderados thought fit to attack the institution which is most truly Spanish, and that in which all classes of citizens, upper and lower, are most deeply interested. The moderados attempted to change the municipal institutions of the country, and to introduce a new and centralizing system in imitation of the French, and in lieu of the old Spanish system of *ayuntamientos*. Their elected municipal body and magistrates were certainly the key of the parliamentary elections, of the formation of the national guard, of local taxation, and in fact of all power. But to attack them was the more dangerous; and the first mention of the plan raised a flame from one end of the peninsula to the other. The French court pressed the queen regent to persevere, saying that no sovereign power could exist in unison with the present state of local and municipal independence: the queen regent did persevere, and obtained a vote of the cortes.

The Duke of Victory had at that time peculiar opportunities for judging of the sentiments of the great towns of Aragon and Catalonia and Valencia: his army was quartered amongst them, and his supplies were drawn in a great measure from them. All these towns had made great sacrifices during the war, and their indignation was great at finding that the first result of that war should be a deprivation of their liberties. The Duke of Victory, how much soever he had hitherto kept aloof from politics, now wrote to the queen regent, and remonstrated with the ministry on the danger of persisting in the contemplated measures. His counsels were received with secret derision; but as the towns could not be repressed without the aid of the army, the general was told that no important resolution should be taken without his concurrence. He in consequence quieted the apprehensions and agitation of the townsmen.

The ministry persisted not the less in carrying out the law: but fearing the resistance or neutrality of Espartero, they begged the queen regent to go in person to Catalonia, under pretence of sea-bathing, in order to exercise her influence over what was considered the weak mind of the Duke of Victory. The French envoy, indeed, opposed this journey; and predicted with much truth, that if once the queen regent trusted herself to the army, and to the population of the great and liberal towns of Saragossa, Barcelona, or Valencia, she would be forced to withdraw the obnoxious law.

Christina and her ministers both persisted. Both knew Espartero's devotion to the queens, and they reckoned on his chivalrous nature to fly in the face of danger, rather than shrink in prudence from it. She set forth, and the Duke of Victory hastened to meet her, at Igualada. Christina recapitulated all the theoretic and doctrinaire reasons of her ministers for humbling the pride and independence of the great Spanish towns; the Duke of Victory replied that perhaps she was right, though it seemed ungrateful thus to repay the towns for their late sacrifices and devotion to the constitutional cause. But right or wrong, another consideration dominated: and this was the impossibility of enforcing the law without producing an insurrection of the towns. "They could be easily reduced by a few common shot and cavalry-charges." The Duke of Victory replied, "That they might be so reduced, but that *he* refused to be the instrument or the orderer of such measures. But he was ready to resign."

The queen and ministers knew, however, that the resignation of Espartero then would have led to a military insurrection; for the soldiers and officers had already suspected that they were about to be dismissed, and without compensation. The end of the interview was, that the Duke of Victory must keep the command at all events; and that Christina would consult her ministry, and at

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least not promulgate the law with the royal sanction till after further consultation and agreement with the commander-in-chief. Christina hastened to Barcelona, met two of her ministers, and forgot in their exhortation the advice of the general and her promises to him. The consequence was the double insurrection, first of Barcelona and then of Valencia, which compelled her to abdicate.

Such were the events that produced the interregnum, and left the regency to be filled by the cortes. It was evident from first that no one could fill that post to the exclusion of the Duke of Victory; and yet it must be owned there was great repugnance to elect him on the part of a great number of deputies. The honest patriots dreaded to see a soldier at the head of a constitutional government, and demanded that one or two civilians should be associated with him in a triple regency; but the greater number were of course the interested, the place and power-hunters; these saw in a triple regency many more chances of rising by favor, and obtaining office, than under a single regent, a military man, accustomed to order his aide-de-camp about, and utterly unskilled in appreciating address in intrigue and skill in courtiership; they, therefore, also demanded the triple regency, and at first there was a decided majority for this decision. It was then that the Duke of Victory declared, that the triple regency might be the best mode of rule during the minority of the queen, but that for himself he was determined to make no part of it. It would, he said, be a divided, a squabbling, and a powerless triumvirate. The true patriots then saw the danger of setting aside the general and the army, the instant after both had saved the municipal liberties of the country; they saw the probable result of setting up three not very eminent persons to perform together the all-important office; and waiving their objections to Espartero, they agreed to vote him sole regent.

Thus was the Duke of Victory appointed, and he ever after showed his gratitude to the thorough liberal and patriotic party, who trusted him on this occasion. To them he delivered up the ministry: to them he promised never to interfere with the government, but to live as a constitutional ruler, above the strife and struggles of parties. In this the Duke of Victory was wrong: he should have opened his palace, lived in the throng, listened to the plaints, the desires, the feelings of all parties, and made himself adherents amongst all. The Spaniards tender eminence only on the condition of its being affable, and look upon kings, as we said before, with a kind of Arabic sentiment, as summary righters of wrongs, and controllers of all that is iniquitously done by their servants administering power. Espartero thought he acted the sovereign most fully by shutting himself in a small palace, by doing business regularly, and by eschewing all the pleasurable and representative part of his functions. He understood little of the minutiæ of politics, and cared not to talk of them. He gave no dinners, no balls, no *tertullias*, no card-tables. In short, his salary was clean lost to the courtiers and placemen, and would-be placemen. The women declared him to be a very dull Regent, and their condemnation was fatal.

The most inveterate enemies of the Regent were, however, the new and bastard portion of the Liberals—those whom the French ministerial papers called *Young* Spain: men jealous of the old Liberals of 1809 and 1821, who looked upon Arguelles and Calatrava as out of date, and who considered themselves representatives of a new and practical school of Liberalism, superior to any yet discovered. Caballero and Olozaga were the chiefs of the party: but these gentlemen, however able as orators and writers, had never succeeded in attaching to them more than an insignificant number of followers. Timid, tortuous, and time-serving, they were of that class of politicians which can harass a ministry, but are incapable themselves of forming an administration. The Regent was sorely puzzled how to deal with them. Their speeches in the Cortes were backed at times by a large number of votes; but when he summoned them to his presence, and bade them form a ministry, they always declined. They had a majority for opposition, they said, but not for power. This might have puzzled a more experienced constitutional sovereign than Espartero. Soldierlike, he bade them go about their business. He was wrong. He ought, on the contrary, like Louis Philippe in similar circumstances, to have facilitated their formation of a ministry; he ought to have smiled upon them; he ought to have lent them a helping hand; and then, after they had been fully discredited by a six months' hold of power, he might easily have turned them adrift, as the King of the French did M. Thiers.

Secure in the affection and support of the old stanch liberal party, the Regent never dreamed that these could be overcome by men affecting to be more liberal than they.

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But Spain was not left to itself. The French court became exceedingly jealous at this time of the Regent's intentions respecting the marriage of the young queen. They sent an envoy, who was called a family ambassador, and who as such pretended to immediate and uncontrolled access to the young queen. The Regent resisted, the envoy left, France was more irritated, and then determined on the Regent's downfall. Thirty journals were almost simultaneously established in Madrid and different parts of the peninsula, all of which set up the same cry of the Regent's being sold to England, and of Spain being about to be sacrificed in a treaty of commerce. Barcelona, most likely to be affected by this bugbear treaty, was of course the centre of opposition; and there, under the instigation and with the pay of French agents, open resistance was organized, and insurrection broke forth. The subsequent events are known: the bombardment, the reduction, the lenity of the Regent, the impunity of the Barcelonese, and their perseverance even after defeat in braving authority.

The army was then tampered with: at least some regiments. The Spanish officer, though brave, is unfortunately a gambler and an idler, with little prospect of making way in his profession by talent or by promotion in war; all chances of the latter are at present cut off; promotion is now to be had only by revolutions, since, if these are successful, the military abettors rise a step. Then there are court ways of rising in the army: a handsome fellow attracting the attention of the queen or of a lady in whom king or minister is interested: and all these chances were precluded by the dull, moral regency of Espartero, to whose self and family and ministers such ways and intrigues were utterly unknown. The young officers longed for the reign of the queens, young or old, and "down with Espartero" was first their wish, and then their cry.

Indeed from the first the Spanish officers were disinclined to Espartero as general, and much preferred Cordova, a diplomatist and a courtier; but the soldiers on the other hand preferred the Regent. With this class, then, especially with the non-commissioned officers, the efforts of the conspirators were chiefly made. Calumnies were circulated, promises lavished, the soldiers attached to the service were promised grades, the rest were promised dismissal to their homes: in fine, the army was debauched, and when the Regent wanted to make use of it as a weapon of defence, it broke in his hands and pierced him.

The condemnation on which Espartero's enemies, the French, lay most stress, is his want of skill in maintaining himself in power. Success with them covers every virtue. The want of it exaggerates every defect. There was a discussion at Prince Talleyrand's one evening, as to who was the greatest French statesman in modern times. Each named his political hero. Talleyrand decided that Villèle was the greatest man, on the ground that in a constitutional country he kept the longest hold of power: adding, that the best rope-dancer was he who kept longest on the cord. The great proof of political genius, according to Talleyrand, was to stick longest in place. The rule is a wretched one, and yet Espartero would not lose by being even in that way judged: for no Spaniard has kept such prolonged command and influence, none have attained more brilliant ends. The Treaty of Bergara, and the Regency, are two successes that might well content a life. And after all, Espartero was long enough regent to allow Spain to enjoy tranquillity under his rule, and to afford every one a taste and a prospect of what Spain might yet become, under a free, a peaceable, and a regular government.

A greater and more rare example offered to Spain by the Regent's government, was the honesty of its political and financial measures. There was no court nor court treasurer to absorb one-third or one-half of every loan and every anticipation, nor could the leasers or farmers of the public revenue obtain easy bargains by means of a bribe. Such things were disposed of by public competition; and Calatrava in this respect left behind him an example, which will render a recurrence to the old habit of proceeding too scandalous and intolerable.

So, morality and simplicity of life, though a cause of dislike with courtiers, with place and money-hunters, was, on the contrary, a rare and highly-appreciated merit in the eyes of the citizens. No one cause occasioned more disgust and revolts in Madrid than the scandals of the court of Madrid. Its removal was a great bond of peace, whatever people may say of the salutary influence of royalty!

The party attached to the regency of the Duke of Victory as the best symbol and guard of the constitution, lay chiefly in the well-informed and industrious class of citizens, such as exists in great majority in Madrid, Saragossa, Cadiz. In Catalonia the manufacturers and their workmen were against

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him, from a belief that he wished to admit English cotton. Seville is an old archiepiscopal seat, where the clergy have great influence; and the clergy there, as well as rivalry of Cadiz, occasioned its resistance. There is, one may say, no rustic population in the south. All the poor congregate in towns, or belong to them, and form a mass of ignorant, excitable, changeable opinion, that is not to be depended upon for twenty-four hours. There is throughout a strong vein of republicanism, and a contempt for all things and persons north of the Sierra Morena: so that nothing is more easy than to get up an *alborato* against the government of the time being. The north of Spain, on the contrary, depends upon its rural population; and is slower to move, but much more formidable and steady when once made to embrace or declare an opinion. Throughout the north, neither citizens nor servants declared against the Regent. It was merely the garrisons and troops of the line. Such being the force and support of the different parties, one is surprised to find that Espartero so easily succumbed, and we cannot but expect that his recall, either as Regent or general, is sooner or later inevitable.

The career of the Duke of Victory being thus far from closed, it would be premature to carve out his full-length statue: to be too minute in personal anecdote, too severe or too laudatory in judging him. Our materials too are but meagre; though the "Galerie des Cotemporains" which heads our article is a popular and meritorious little work. Our present task is, however, sufficiently discharged. Señor Flores promises at Madrid a life of Espartero in three volumes; and the Duke of Victoria and Spain are subjects that we shall have ample occasion and necessity to recur to.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

The Americans of the United States, in almost all their literary varieties, are pretty close followers of English prototypes. Bryant is a smaller Wordsworth; Longfellow, a minor Tennyson; Washington Irving, a modern Addison; Cooper was the Walter Scott of the ocean and the prairie. Prescott and Bancroft are the Robertson and Hume of the New World. Perhaps the country is too young, too prosperous, too dollar-hunting, to have time to throw out a vigorous national literature, racy of the soil. Emerson is, perhaps, the most original thinker and writer in the States; and he, too, has been called the American Carlyle. At all events, he has fed mainly on foreign philosophers, chiefly on Plato and Montaigne. He might have been a European, a Greek, or a Roman, there is so little that is American in his thought or his diction.

But the Humor and the Fun of the United States *are* really native and original. We cannot call this fun Wit, for it has no polish or refinement in it Indeed, it is generally coarse—what we would call low humor. It is downright screaming; in fact, the fun of a young country. It has none of the finish, epigrammatic expression in form, and smart play upon the ideas in substance, which characterize French wit; nor any of that subtle, allusive, punning, ironical humor, in which Swift, Walpole, Goldsmith, Sidney Smith, Fonblanque, and other English and Irish wits so strikingly excelled. American humor delights in boundless exaggeration; and is ludicrous because of its gross incongruity. Yet this is wit, after a sort. Perhaps the essence of the ludicrous consists in *surprise*, in unexpected explosions of thought, often by bringing dissimilar things together with a shock, as when a Yankee editor of a cheap journal proclaimed, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, the price of the *Star* is only one cent!" or, as where another Yankee was found of so uncompromising a republican spirit, that he would not even wear a crown to his hat!

The United States Americans—at least those of them whom we have met with—are by no means a laughing people. Their looks are severe and stern. They do not seem to *enjoy* life much. They cannot take a joke, but "rile up" if a depreciating remark is made to them, especially about their country, which,

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of course, "beats creation." They follow business with such intensity of purpose, that they seem to think laughing quite beneath them. They have little pleasure in recreations, as their own writer, Mr. Brace, tells us. They do not play at cricket, as we do; nor have boating clubs, nor recreation societies, nor any thing lighter than skittles, which they take solemnly. Yet laughter is in some sort natural to all men, and proper for all men at fitting seasons. And even Americans *can* be made to laugh; though, to effect this result, the humor requires to be of the strongest, roughest sort. Sometimes it is like a somersault, heels over head; or a grimace and grin; or an ejaculation of boundless incongruity. When the American humorist inflicts a kick, it is so emphatic that he sends the subject of it "into the middle of next week!" When he describes a bass singer, he will tell you that he "sang *so low* in the first act, that it was feared his voice could not get back in time to finish the opera!" and of the girls in Rhode Island, that "they beat the Eye-talians by a long chalk, for they go clean out o' hearin', like a lark!" A tall man is *so* tall, that when he gets home late, he puts his arm down the chimney and unlatches for himself the street door! A fellow goes into a field and falls asleep, but catches cold because he has forgotten to shut the gate! (This last, however, is stolen from the Irish.) Instances of ludicrous absence of mind are also great favorites with the Americans; and the odd corners of our own newspapers have been full of absurdities of this kind, which we borrow from them—such as that of the young lady who posted herself instead of her letter, and did not find out her mistake until asked whether she was "single!" Wellerisms, also, were for a long time great favorites across the Big Pond; and the Americans rang the changes upon Samivel's humor until we were quite sick of the thing. It will be observed that there is little wit in this sort of writing. It is simply grotesque, and monstrously absurd. A scythe made so sharp that the shadow of it cuts off a man's leg; game dressed so high that an epicure is obliged to get out of his garret-window to eat it; a man so badly off in Ohio that he can afford to kill only half a pig at a time; a Yankee editor's wit so sparkling, that the authorities prohibit his approach to a powder-magazine or a cotton-warehouse; a man in Kentucky so enormously big, that when he died, it took two clergymen and a boy to preach his funeral sermon—such are specimens of the outrageous humor which meet our eyes in the American newspapers.

American humor has, however, its varieties. The nation has already been sufficiently long in existence to have acquired peculiar features and even local characteristics. There is no mistaking the regular New England Yankee. His lean, wiry figure, sallow complexion, nasal twang, sly, quaint, cold, practical, and sarcastic manner, at once point him out, wherever he goes. Farther south, in Virginia and the Carolinas, the manners and conversation, the character and pursuits, of the middle and aristocratic classes, are more genial, or, as we would say, more English. Out west again, the characteristics of the people are altogether different—they are a rough, strong, rather wild race—the immediate descendents of the men who hewed for themselves clearings in the forest, subdued the wilderness, drove back the Red men, and fought the wild bear in his lair. The Americans themselves recognize these varieties in the local characteristics of their people; and hence, we have the *Hoosiers* of Indiana; the *Suckers* of Illinois; the *Pukes* of Missouri; the *Buck-eyes* of Ohio; the *Red-horses* of Kentucky; the *Mud-heads* of Tennessee; the *Wolverines* of Michigan; the *Eels* of New England; and the *Corn-crackers* of Virginia.

But the popular humor of the States is nearly all of the same coarse, exaggerated, outrageously ludicrous kind. The New England humor is more sly, quaint, and sarcastic, something like that of the Scotch, whom the New Englanders resemble in many respects. Take the following as an illustration, as told by J. C. Neal, the author of *Charcoal Sketches:*

"Down on the Long Wharf there was a queer little feller, called Zedekiah Hales, who wasn't more than four feet high, and had a lump between his shoulders. A hull squad of British officers got round Zedekiah, in State street, and were poking all sorts of fun at him; he bore it, 'cause as how he couldn't help it. One of thim, a reg'ler-built dandy captain, lifting up his glass, said to him:

"'You horrid, deformed little creature; what's that lump you've got on your shoulder?

"Zedekiah turned round and looked at him for a minute, and, says he:

"'It's *BunkerHill,* you tarnal fool, you!'"

No doubt Zedekiah had the best of the laugh here. The same writer gives a portrait of a "genuine" Philadelphian patriot,

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Peter Brush, a go-the-whole-hog politician. Thus Peter *loquitur*:

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specs, and say, 'Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this, I haven't done any thing of the kind, because none on them wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king, but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office—to borry nothing of them. Princes, pooh! Put not your trust in politicianers—there's my sentiments. You might just as well try to hold an eel by the tail, I don't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicianers, or you'll get a hyst.

"Ten years ago it came into my head that things weren't going on right, so I pretty nearly gave myself up tetotally to the good of the Republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brimful of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salivation of freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess which side was going to ruin, and I stuck to it like wax; sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes a-tother, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up just in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after, and what good could I do if I wasn't on the elected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing the loaves and fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they didn't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say, 'Go away, you white man, you ain't capable!' * * * * Both sides served me jist alike.

"Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot, going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes; blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, and all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? why, for nix. If any good has come out of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my arnings. I can't git no office. Republics is ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after: I scorns the base insinuation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but take care of the Republic; and I've only got half—nothing to do. Being took care of was the main thing. Republics *is* ungrateful: I'm swaggered if they ain't. This is the way old sogers is served."

But to find the genuine "screaming" "horse" humor, we must go into the far west, into the backwoods, the mudflats, and prairies, of the remote and newly-settled districts. Go where the bear and buffalo abound, and then you are sure to fall upon the trail of the genuine humorist. Get "Hoss Allen of Messouri," or "Colonel Crockett, of Kentuck," or the "Big Bear, of Arkansas," to tell you a story, and then be sure you will have the real American flavor. Mr. T. B. Thorpe is one of the best of these story-tellers, and his "Big Bear of Arkansas" is amazingly rich and ludicrous, though too coarse for quotation in these columns. His description of "fat bar" approaches almost to the sublime. But every thing is fat in the Arkansas State; for it is "the creation State, the pushing-up country, a State where the *sile* runs down to the centre of the arth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it! Then its airs—just breathe them, and they will make you snort like a horse. It's a State without a fault—it is."

Colonel Crockett, a real character, was a prime specimen of this sort of humorist, and his descriptions of his courtship, of his election canvasses, of his bear and coon hunts, are of the most ludicrous kind. He professed to grin a coon to death; and once by mistake grinned the bark off a tree. But he grinned himself into Congress for Tennessee, and made the most ludicrous speeches. His descriptions of certain specimens of the sex are outrageously absurd. One woman he describes as "ugly as a stone fence, and so ugly that it almost gave me a pain in the eyes to look at her. She looked at me as savage as a meat-axe. I instantly felt like *going*. I screamed out like a young painter, [panther,] though I was so mad that I was burning inside like a tar-kiln, and I wonder that the smoke hadn't been pouring out of me at all points." And here is another of his portraits of a gentle western maiden, a regular "screamer," whom he went "a-coorting:"

"She told me that her Sunday bonnet was a hornet's nest, garnished with wolves' tails and eagles' feathers, and that she wore a bran new gown made of a whole bear's hide, the tail serving for a train. She said she could drink of the branch without a cup; could shoot a wild-goose flying; and wade the Mississippi without wetting herself. She said she could not play on the pianne, nor sing like a nightingale, but she could out-scream a catamount, and jump over her own shadow; she had good strong horse sense, and

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knew a woodchuck from a skunk. So I was pleased with her, and offered her all my plunder if she would let me split the difference and call her Mrs. Crockett.

"She kinder said she must insult her father before she went so far as to marry. So she took me into another room to introduce me to another beau that she had. He was setting on the edge of a grindstone at the back part of a room, with his heels on the mantelpiece! He had the skull of a catamount for a snuff-box, and he was dressed like as he had been used to seeing hard times. I got a squint into one of his pockets, and saw it was full of eyes that had been gouged from people of my acquaintance. I knew my jig was up, for such a feller could outcoort me, and I thort the gal brot me in on porpus to have a fight. So I turned off, and threatened to call again; and I cut through the bushes like a pint of whisky among forty men."

Mr. MacClintock has also written some capital sketches of Yankee Life, in strong caricature: *Johnny Beedle's Courtship* is the best, but it is very rough. We are, however, disposed to regard Mr. Lowell, the poet, as one of the most genial and moderate of the Humorists of America.

James Russell Lowell, the American, is better known among us as a serious poet than as a humorist; and yet he is decidedly greater in the latter capacity than in the former. We cannot help feeling, while we read his poems, that they are but echoes—at one time of Spenser, of another of Wordsworth, at another of Keats, and lastly, of Tennyson. He is not better than any of these; he is not equal to any of them. More recently he has taken to reform subjects, and worked them up in poems; but politics and poetry cannot always, cannot often, be made to harmonize. Solid prose better suits such severe subjects as democracy, annexation, slave emancipation, temperance, and tariff-reform. If a man has got any thing to say on these subjects, it is not necessary that he should *sing* it in rhythmic measure. It is better that he should say his say in fitting words, in the form of prose, which is capable of greater force, or at least precision, than can be reached in the hampered form of rhyme. In poems on such subjects there is too often foaming without fits, show of strength without real force, and much violent wrenching of words without any genuine result.

But in his humor Mr. Lowell is altogether successful. There he is at ease, homely and natural. It is never gross, as so much American humor is, but delicate and penetrating, though sometimes broad, almost farcical, yet in either case irresistible. It does not depend for its success upon mere slang and misspelling, which is all that there is to recommend the works of some other adventurers in this department. His humor is subtle, discriminating, shrewd, genial, yet thoroughly Yankee.

Mr. Lowell first appeared as a humorist in the *Biglow Papers*. These purport to be a collection made by the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A. M., pastor of the first church in Jalaam, of the papers, poetical and otherwise, of his young parishioner, Hosea Biglow. Hosea has great ambition to get into print, and submits his "littery efforts" to his pastor, who was not backward to recognize in them a certain wild, puckery, acidulous, (or, as the Yankees say,) *shut-eye* flavor, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome, to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit. Mr. Wilbur first duly counselled his promising young parishioner to study Pope and Goldsmith, and he accordingly tried one or two pieces in their style; but the youth objected that Mr. Pope's versification was like the regular ticking of one of Willard's clocks, in which one could fancy, after long listening, a certain kind of rhythm or tune, but which yet was only a poverty-stricken *tick*, *tick*, after all; and that he had never seen a sweet-water on a trellis growing so fairly, or in forms so pleasing to his eye, as a fox-grape over a scrub-oak in a swamp; adding, that the sweet-water could only be disfigured by having its leaves starched and ironed out, and that "Pegasus" hardly looked right with his mane and tail in curl-papers. So the Rev. Mr. Wilbur left young Hosea Biglow to follow the bent of his natural genius; and American writers generally would do well to follow the same, without thinking so much of either Pope, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson.

Mr. Wilbur, in his preface to the *Biglow Papers*, gives a very graphic account of the founding of New England, which we cannot pass over: "New England," says he, "was not so much a colony of a mother-country, as a Hagar driven forth into the wilderness. The little self-exiled band which came hither in 1620 came not to seek gold, but to found a democracy. They came that they might have the privilege to work and pray, to sit on hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the Spirit so willed it. * * As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud is long in wearing out of the stock. The

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wounds of the old warfare were long a-healing, and an east wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmaster, Necessity. Neither were they plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilarious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy, Hunger; longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket; not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need; accustomed to move the world with no τοῦ στῶ, but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstances beget here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron enthusiasm, such unwilling humor, such close-fisted generosity."

But to the *Biglow Papers* and their humor. The principal subjects discussed in them, are the Mexican war and the slavery question, seen from a popular or rustic point of view. If the reader can master the dialectic peculiarities of the following extracts, he will find some genuine humor in them, and not a little shrewd sense. We believe the *Papers* are also valuable as furnishing a repository of the current patois of the New England States, as well as the tone of thought and mode of viewing public questions which prevails in most of them.

The first letter is from Ezekiel Biglow to the editor of the *Boston Courier*, enclosing a poem by "our Hosea" on the recruiting then going on for soldiers to serve in the Mexican war. It begins thus:

"Mister Eddyter:—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all natur. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kinda's though he'd jest com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed as much as 20 Roosters' tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut natur hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

"wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin another ses she; don't you be skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosey he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot right of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he aint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit."

We can only give a few verses of Hosea's "Pottery," composed in answer to the recruiting sergeant's invitation to him to "List, list, O list!" They are genuine Yankee:

Thresh away: you'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yourn—
'Gainst a knowin kind o' cattle,
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold of me!

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you'll have to wait;
When cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late;
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Whether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The etarnal bung was loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors that's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on *'em* goin',
Though they *be* so very bold;
Aint they a prime set o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't, they will sprout,
(Like a peach that's got the yellers,)
With the meanness bustin' out.

Hosea is a thorough Peace-man, and goes the whole hog in that line, calling war murder, in plain terms:

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'Taint your epyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

But although Hosea was able to resist the drum and fife of the recruiting sergeant, it appears that a "yung feller" of the same town, Birdofreedom Scawin by name, whose great ambition was to sport a "cocktale" on his hat, had been tempted to volunteer to Texas; and, feeling a good deal of disgust at the military profession, he writes home a letter which falls into Hosea Biglow's hands, and which Parson Wilbur says "oughter at once Bee printed." Mr. Scawin, it appears, finds real sojerin a very different thing from holiday reviewing, much more disagreeable, and he is disgusted accordingly:

This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin';
A chap could clear right out from there ef't only looked like rainin';
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners,
(Fear o' gittin on 'em spotted,) an' a feller could cry quarter,
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu much rum an' water.

It is very different, however, in Texas. Hard work, hard fighting, and no time for bandanners. Mr. Scawin also makes a very alarming discovery about the particular shape of the bayonet, which he thus comically alludes to:

It's glory,—but in spite o' all my tryin to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, a-ridin' to the gallus;
But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell ye I felt streaked,
The fust time ever I found out WY BAGGONETS WUZ PEAKED:
* * * * * * *
This goin' were glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,
An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;
O, wouldn't I be off, quick time, ef't worn't thet I wuz sartin
They'd let the daylight into to me to pay me fer desartin!"

Poor Birdofreedom Scawin, however, now that he was fairly in for it, was obliged to fight with the rest, and next time we hear of him, he has lost a leg and an eye, got numerous ribs broken, and been stripped of several of his fingers. As for the loss of the leg, it was no great matter:—

There's one good thing, though, to be said about my wooden new one,
The liquor can't git into it as't used to in the true one;
So it saves drink; and then, besides, a feller couldn't beg
A gretter blessin' than to hev one ollers sober peg;
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer follerin a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is jest to Kingdom Come.

He finds he can also dispense with his lost eye, for the one that remains he finds quite big enough to see all that he will ever get by losing the other. But the loss of his fingers is more serious, as his powers of arithmetic are thereby taken away from him, and he can no longer cast up his calculations on his finger-ends. As for Texas, now conquered, it entirely disappointed Mr. Scawin. Instead of a country flowing with rum and water, as Canaan flowed with milk and honey; instead of gold being dug up in as great plenty as taters are in America during harvest-time; instead of precious stones and "propaty" to be had for the gathering, there were horrid insects, abominable water, scarcity of food and many very hard knocks. Here is Mr. Scawin's graphic account of the climate,—its long droughts and then sudden deluges—and the reader will observe in the description the extremely clever picture of female perplexity in Prude's management of her tea-pot:—

The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter
Our Prudence hed, thet wouldn't pour (all she could du) to suit her;
Fust place, the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so's not a drop 'ould dreen out:
Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust clean out,
The kiver hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea an' kiver
'Ould all come down *kerswosh!* ez though the dam broke in a river.
Jest so 'tis here; holl months there ain't a day o' rainy weather,
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin' heads together
Ez t'how they'd mix their drink at sech a milingtary depot,—
'T 'ould pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin' teapot.
The consequence is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed to leave here,
One piece o' propaty along,—an' thet's the shakin' fever;
Its reggilar employment, though, an' thet aint thought to harm one,
Nor 'taint so tiresome ez it wuz with 't other leg an' arm on;
An' it's a consolation, tu, although it does n't pay,
To hev it sed you're some gret shakes in any kin o' way.

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Consoling himself with this philosophy, Mr. Scawin looks to the future, but doesn't see his way so clear. He finds he has got some "glory," which may, "arter all," turn out a good investment; but as for solid pudding, it has not yet come to hand. For (speaking of the common soldiers) he says:

We get the licks,—wer'e just the grist thet's put into War's hoppers;
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the coppers.
It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in't,
An' aint contented with a hide without a bagnet-hole in it;
But glory is a kin' o' thing *I* shan't pursue no furder,
Coz thet's the off'cers parquisite,—yourn's only jest the murder.

Mr. Scawin forthwith thinks of making use of his wooden leg for the purpose of hopping into Congress. He will set up as a candidate for office, on the strength of his "milingtary" reputation, for—

There ain't no kin' o' quality in candidates, it's said,
So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a wooden head.

As for principles, he has none, but if any cantankerous elector should ask for them, he will answer that he has a wooden leg got in the service of his country; and if harder pressed for something more definite, he will reply that he has had one eye put out. Then for a popular cry of the "Old Hickory" kind, Mr. Scawin thinks he will do:—

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"—that's wat the people likes;
Sutthin combinin' morril truth with phrazes sich as strikes;
"Old Timbertoes" you see's a creed it's safe to be quite bold on,
There's nothin in't the other side can any ways git hold on;
It's a good tangible idee, a suthin' to embody,
That valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy;
Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you need 'em,
Sech ez the "One-eyed Slarterer," the "Bloody Birdofreedom;"
Them's what takes hold o' folks that think, ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes.

There is only one little difficulty which Birdofreedom Scawin admits, which is, that in order to be a proper candidate for the presidency, he must own a nigger of some sort, and, therefore, he requests his friends to raise subscriptions amongst them to enable him to purchase the requisite qualification—that is, "enough for me to buy a low-priced baby."

Mr. Scawin writes a third letter, from which it appears that he retires from the contest for President, as sick of political as he had been of "milingtary campaigning." But, from the specimens we have given, it will be observed how rich is the vein of humor which runs through his observations.

There are other pieces in the *Biglow Papers* quite as good as these. The speech of "Increase O'Phace, Esquire," at an extrumpery caucus meeting, is full of humor, mixed with shrewd common sense. Take the following little extract as an example:—

I'm willin a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
Because it's a crime no one ever committed.
But he musn't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin the people's own shins.

"The Pious Editor's Creed" is a terrible satire on Yankee politics—more severe than any thing that old country writers have yet said of them. Parson Wilbur is disposed to derive the name of *Editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which the American editor esteems himself called. "He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand labor to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweedledum*, and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the other thousand preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweedledee*." Here are a few extracts from "The Pious Editor's Creed:"—

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur ez Paris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Pharisees;
It's wall enough agin a king,
To dror resoves and triggers,—
But libberty's a kind o' thing
That don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people wunt
A tax on teas an' coffees,
That nothin' aint extravygunt,—
Purvidin I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin onderstood
An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

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I du believe in special ways
  O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
  An' buttered too fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
  On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin public trusts
  To very privit uses.

I du believe with all my soul
  In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal,
  An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm that forges yokes
  At my fat contracts squintin',
An' *withered be the nose that pokes*
  Into the gov'nment printin'!

I du believe in prayer an' praise
  To him that has the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' that pays,
  But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
  This lays all thoughts of sin to rest,
I *don't* believe in princerple,
  But O, I DU *in interest.*

I du believe in bein' this
  Or that, ez it may happen:
One way or t'other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by principles nor men
  My president course is steadied,—
I scent *which pays the best,* an' then
  Go into it bald-headed.

I du believe wutever trash
  'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicans can thrash
  Right inter brotherly kindness;
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n ball
  Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
  MUST BE DRUV IN WITH BAGNETS.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing that I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.

Hosea Biglow puts some questions to a popular candidate, who sends an answer of a very comical description. The candidate is of the class "artful dodger"—one that won't give a pledge. Yet he pretends to be very straight-forward, though all the while he is, as the Yankee say, "riding on the fence." Here are his views anent the Mexican war, which some of our peace-men in the House of Commons may imitate to advantage next time they appear before their British constituents:—

Ez for the war, I go agin it,—
  I mean to say I kind o' du,—
That is, I mean that, bein' in it,
  The best way is to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
  I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civilization *does* git forrid
  SOMETIMES UPON A POWDER-CART.

We cannot, however, proceed further with quotations from these clever and highly-humorous *jeux d'esprit.* But we cannot refrain from giving a short piece by Mr. Lowell in an altogether different vein—one which, perhaps, he thinks the lightest of, having thrown it off in a careless mood; and yet it is the most characteristic little poem which he has yet written. It is so thoroughly American—so native—so true. Why *will* not Americans write after nature, instead of after Wordsworth and Tennyson? Let Mr. Lowell write more in the following strain—commonplace and vulgar as it may seem, yet thoroughly true to nature—and he will do more to create a school of popular American poetry, than by writing no end of "Rosalines" and "Legends of Brittany." The piece which we refer to is unfinished. It is entitled "The Courtin," Time — twilight. Ezekiel goes a courting Huldy, who is sitting in the kitchen all alone, peeling apples by the firelight. The piece has the finish of a Dutch picture:—

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
  An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted,
The old queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
  Looked warm from floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, *an' know'd it, tu,*
  A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew,
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
  Some doutfle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
  But hern went pity Zeekle.

* * * * *

Here the poem ends. Perhaps to carry it much further would have been to spoil it. But even as it stands, it is a gem. We only wish that Mr. Lowell would write more in this vein. He might even do so in English if he liked, instead of that *lingo.*

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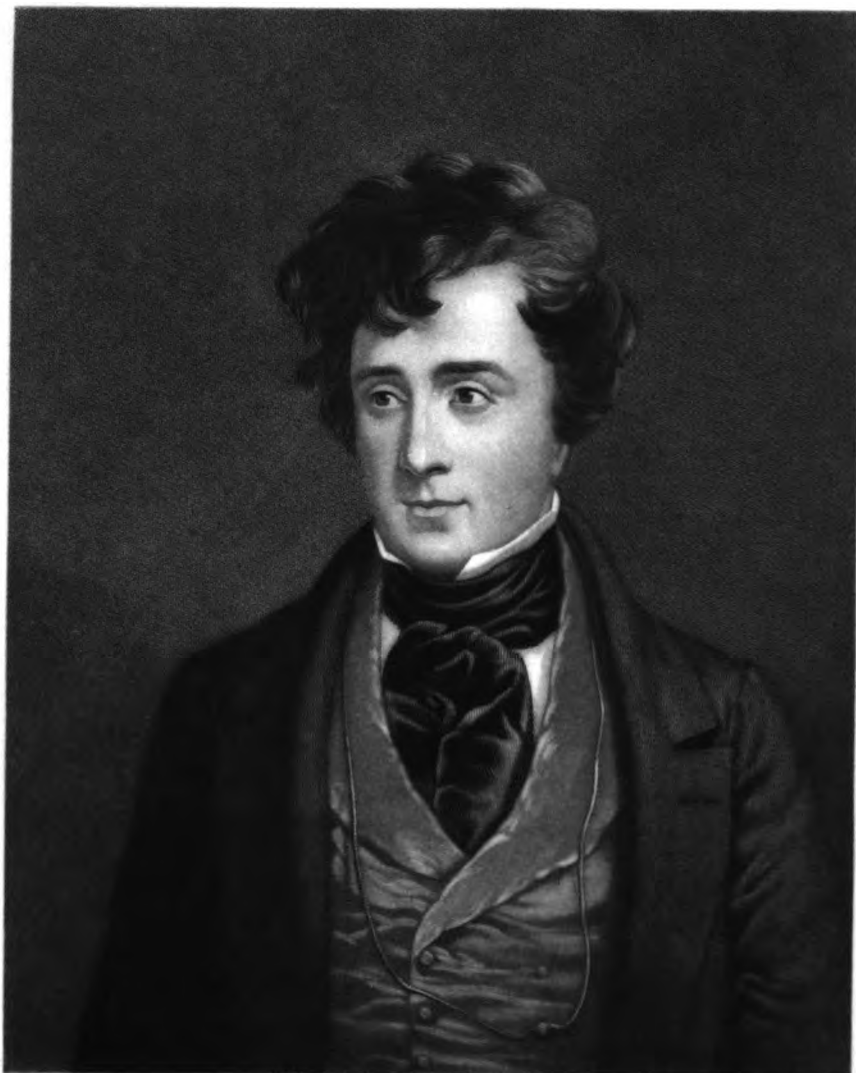

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† The Plantagenet succession was hardly an exception; Matilda can be barely counted as a queen-regnant: and her husband and son were not more foreign to the English nation than the existing royal family.

apparent is the first who has derived the title of Prince of Wales from a maternal parent. And Elizabeth, the greatest of our queens, and one of the greatest of our sovereigns,

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THE

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OCTOBER, 1854.

From the Quarterly Review.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER FAVORITES.*

It has been remarked by Sismondi, that the effect of the Salic law in the succession of a kingdom is to render the royal family more strictly national, while one in which female succession is allowed is perpetually exposed to the chance of receiving a foreign dynasty. Of the long line of kings of France, every one was a Frenchman, while England and Spain have each been more than once transferred to foreign rulers through the operation of the contrary law. But it is a curious circumstance, that whenever this has occurred in England,† it has never taken place through the marriage of a queen-regnant, but always through that of some princess not in the immediate line of succession, whose posterity has appeared to claim the throne after several generations. Probably few persons seriously dreamed that the union of Margaret of England with James of Scotland would lead to that of the two British kingdoms under one sceptre; still fewer doubtless imagined, when the decorous Palsgrave carried off his laughing bride from the court of their first common sovereign, that within a century both realms would receive as their king the prince of a German state of which few Englishmen in those days had heard the name. But none of the queens-regnant who have preceded her present Majesty can be made responsible for the good or the evil of introducing new blood into the royal line. Two, indeed — if we count, as is hardly fair, the second Mary, three —of their number were married to foreign princes, but none left surviving issue, only one bore children at all. The present heir-apparent is the first who has derived the title of Prince of Wales from a maternal parent. And Elizabeth, the greatest of our queens, and one of the greatest of our sovereigns,

* 1. *The Lives of the Queens of England, &c.* By Agnes Strickland. Vols. VI., VII. London. 1843.
2. *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., &c.* By Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. London. 1847.
3. *The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of the Family History.* By George Lillie Craik. Vols. I., II. London. 1848.
4. *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, &c.* By the Hon. Walter Bouchier Devereux. 2 vols. London. 1853.

† The Plantagenet succession was hardly an exception; Matilda can be barely counted as a queen-regnant: and her husband and son were not more foreign to the English nation than the existing royal family.

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desired no worthier epitaph than that "she lived and died a Virgin Queen."

But more than this, two among our queens-regnant have been conspicuously national sovereigns. The last Tudor and the last Stuart, the daughter of Henry VIII. and the daughter of James II., were the last of our rulers who were English by both parents. Their maternal ancestry was not drawn from kings and kaisers, but from simple English subjects, and those of no very exalted rank or pedigree. Both were indeed the daughters of peers, but neither Anne Boleyn nor Queen Anne was born in the peerage; the former indeed was doubtless the cause of her father's elevation. The whole dynasty to which Elizabeth belonged was one under which royalty was more thoroughly national than it had been for many centuries before, or than it has ever been since. The marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde was looked on as something strange, and almost monstrous; but such was not the feeling a century earlier. The royal personages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries intermarried more habitually with Englishmen and Englishwomen than those of any subsequent age, or indeed of any preceding one since the Norman Conquest. It was the point of time most favorable to such a practice. The last vestiges of its foreign origin had just been wiped away from the dynasty, and the aristocracy founded by the Conqueror; the system of modern European politics which regards all crowned heads as forming a distinct caste, intermarrying only within their own august circle, was not as yet fully established. In England again especially, the constant revolutions and changes of the succession brought the crown within the reach of remote branches of the royal family, who had nothing but their genealogy to distinguish them from the rest of the nobility of the realm. Anyhow, the pedigree of Queen Elizabeth would have appeared painfully defective in the eyes of a German herald. She would have been utterly unable to make out her sixteen quarterings of royal or even noble dignity. We have oftener to pick our way through the obscure genealogies of rustic knights and plodding citizens than along the magnificent series of the Percies or the De Veres. As if to mock every notion of the kind, when any unusually illustrious name does appear, it is the result of some strange mesalliance which drew attention even at the time. Elizabeth's grotesque title of Queen of France might have been backed up by a lineal, though not male, connection with St. Lewis and Hugh Capet, or more recent date than her descent from the "she-wolf," from whom that fantastic claim was originally derived; but this was only because a handsome Welsh gentleman had pleased the eye of a daughter of France, the widow of the conqueror of Agincourt. In tracing her direct royal descent through the contending houses whose claims had centred in her father, we shall not find a foreign ancestor until the two lines converge in a pair of whom any nation would have been proud, Edward of England and Philippa of Hainault. It is impossible to doubt that this thorough nationality of the Tudor and later Plantagenet sovereigns had something to do with the popularity with which they were almost always surrounded.

Before and after, England had kings—Normans, Scots, or Germans—ignorant of her language, or careless of her interests: during this very period Mary lost perhaps more of the national affection by her Spanish marriage, than by a whole hecatomb of martyrs; but Henry VIII. and his younger daughter, whatever else they were, good or bad, were the thoroughly English offspring of English parents, identified in every point of language, habits, and feelings with the common mass of their people, who saw in their ruler only the most exalted of their own number, and did not abhor the despotism of one who was felt to be the true impersonation of the national character.

While both father and daughter were alike the objects of popular attachment during their lifetime, the daughter alone has retained the affection of posterity. In fact, we find it no easy matter to believe that our eighth Harry could ever have been a popular monarch. The England, however, of those days was used to see royal and noble blood poured out upon the scaffold; and there seems reason to believe that the strange compounds of religions which he devised harmonized well with the feeling of his day. Men rejoiced to get rid of the never-failing grievance of the Pope's supremacy, and of some of the grosser practical delusions and superstitions; but the mass of mankind in all ages are alike attached to the religious ceremonies to which they are accustomed, and heedless about theological dogmas which they do not comprehend. Such a state of mind was exactly met by the church of Henry VIII.: national and regal vanity were alike flattered by the erection of an insular Pope in the royal person; men's senses were no longer insulted by the Rood of Boxly or the holy phial of Hales; but the divine might still maintain the orthodox faith of pontiffs

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and councils, and the layman was still surrounded at his baptism, his marriage, and his burial, by the same rites which were endeared to him and his fathers by the practice of countless generations. Henry appeared in his own time as a gallant and magnificent monarch, under whom the country enjoyed a peace to which it had been unaccustomed for nearly a century; he gave his subjects as much religious reformation as they desired, and no more than they desired; his worst proceedings too were always done under a legal guise, for he found parliaments, judges, and convocations ready to sanction every caprice of his despotism. Such a one was easily forgiven those deeds of wanton bloodshed which have rendered his name a byword among posterity. The like too was the case with his daughter: the act which the warmest panegyrists of Elizabeth are driven to palliate is a dark stain upon her memory; the act from which she herself shrunk, and of which she meanly tried to throw the responsibility upon others, was not even an error in the eyes of her loving subjects. Mary Stuart, the deposed and captive queen, excited no feeling of romance or chivalry in the breast of the ordinary Englishman of her own time; he saw in her only the foe of his religion and the rival of his sovereign; crowds of petitions prayed that justice might be done upon the offender, and her execution was hailed with the same signs of public rejoicing as a coronation or a royal marriage.

Elizabeth, then, and all that pertains to her, is recommended to our attention not only by the acknowledged greatness of her character and the important events which marked her reign, but as a sovereign more thoroughly national and more thoroughly popular than any of her predecessors or successors during several centuries. She was not merely the sovereign, she was the head, the kinswoman, the representative of her people. Every feature of her character is thus invested with a special interest, one that is redoubled when we consider the foibles, the vices, and the crimes of which she stands convicted or charged. Elizabeth as drawn by her admirers, and Elizabeth as drawn by her enemies, appear like the portraits of two wholly distinct women. And yet neither portrait is to be set aside as an entirely fictitious one. We need not dispute whether the shield is gold or silver, whether the chameleon is green or blue. The glorious qualities which are held up to admiration by the one side, the degrading weaknesses which the other points out to our contempt, are both of them plainly to be recognized in the records of her life. Our only business is to consider how the two could be so strangely intermingled in the same character, and how the most ludicrous and contemptible foibles never interfered with her veneration at the hands of that public opinion which is generally more disposed to forgive the crimes than the follies of its princes.

The knight approaching the shield from one side alone might well pronounce it to be all golden. The first aspect of Elizabeth's character is that of the wisest and mightiest of a line of rulers, surpassed in might and wisdom by none that history has recorded. It has seldom been the lot of England to fall under the sway of *rois fainéans*, such as have made their dignity contemptible in the eyes of many foreign nations; a succession of them she has never seen. Most of our kings have been men of more than average ability; several of them have been men of preëminent genius. But, since the mighty Norman first set foot upon our shores, one prince alone has worn his crown who can dispute the first rank with the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Anne Boleyn. The first Edward, great alike in war and peace, the founder of our commerce, the refounder of our law, may indeed claim a place by the side of one who in so many respects trod in the same line of policy. He was the first, and, till Elizabeth arose, well-nigh the last, who felt that the sceptre of the old Bretwaldas was a nobler prize than shadowy dreams of continental aggrandizement; before the true greatness of either of them, the glories of Crecy and Agincourt sink into insignificance. During the forty-five years which beheld England under the sway of Elizabeth, she rose from a secondary position among the powers of Europe to a level with the mightiest of empires. And this not by dazzling and unsubstantial conquests, but by the steady growth of a great people led on by the guiding hand of a great ruler. The best comment on this fact is the history of preceding and succeeding centuries. We can trace no germ of the gradual and comparatively peaceful progress of the nation in the wild aggressions which were the favorite policy even down to the time of Elizabeth's own father. Still less can we recognize the glorious England of Elizabeth in the despised England of the reign of Charles II., when she became a pensioner of France. Under Elizabeth arose that naval greatness which has since formed our chief glory: under her auspices Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh extended alike the dominions of their sovereign and the limits of the habitable world.

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She first raised her own England to the rank of mistress of the ocean, and laid the first foundation of another England on its farther shore. She carried the name and the glory of her country into regions hardly trodden by an English foot since the days of Alfred. She could not only boast of hurling defiance at Parma and at Spain, but her diplomatic and commercial intercourse embraced the Czar of Muscovy and the Sophi of Persia. She was looked to by all Europe as the bulwark of Protestantism and of liberty, and was recompensed by the offer of foreign crowns which she had the wisdom to refuse. At home she established and maintained a government which for those times was both firm and gentle, a despotism which drew its power from the national affection. Nearly her whole reign was one triumphal procession; everywhere her people gathered around her as round a parent; gracious and accessible to all, no petitioner was repulsed from her presence. Stern and unbending when necessity required it, she knew how to give way with grace, or, by anticipating remonstrance, to avoid the necessity of yielding. She reared up the fabric of a church, free alike from the superstitions of the Papist and the licentiousness of the Puritan. In abolishing a foreign jurisdiction and a corrupt ceremonial, she preserved a regular order of church government, and a ritual at once simple and decorous. And all this was essentially her own doing. She was surrounded by able counsellors; but no stronger proof than this can be given of her own ability. In days when kings governed as well as reigned, the predominance of a great minister is no doubtful sign of the existence of a great sovereign. And assuredly no counsellor, however able, could have forced Elizabeth into any course contrary to her own will and judgment. Whatever was done in the name of one who so dearly loved the authority she was born to exercise, must, if not the fruit of her own mere motion, at least have had the deliberate sanction of her searching intellect. Versed in all the learning and accomplishments of her age, delighting in the gayety and splendor of a court, she never forgot the duties of a real ruler in the idleness and dissipation of the vulgar mob of princes. She maintained the credit of her kingdom abroad without plunging into unnecessary or expensive wars; she encouraged the arts of peace without suffering the decay of a martial spirit; she maintained a magnificent court, without its being purchased by the misery of the nation. The true parent of her people, she won the love in which she delighted; she ascended the throne amid their acclamations; and if, from the satiety which comes with long familiarity, she did not descend to her grave amid their tears, her memory soon became dearer to them than ever from the contrast she presented to her inglorious successor, and remained thenceforward embalmed among the most precious recollections of their past history.

Let us now change our course, and approach the object of controversy from an opposite quarter. An aspect may indeed be found in which the shield can hardly be considered even as silver, but its material might well be deemed to be a baser metal. The mighty queen is transformed into a weak, if not a vicious, woman; her personal character is well-nigh surrendered, and even her political capacity does not come out unscathed. Caprice, affectation, and coquetry appear as the leading features of the one; vacillation, parsimony, and persecution are stamped as the indelible characteristics of the other. From youth to old age she was the slave of the most egregious personal vanity: Queen and heroine, sacred Majesty and Defender of the Faith, were titles less acceptable to the royal ear than the flattery which extolled the royal person as surpassing the beauty of all women past, present, or to come. The sovereign of seventy was never more delighted than when her courtiers exchanged the respectful demeanor of subjects for a strain of amorous adulation which might have disgusted a sensible girl of seventeen. Her earliest determination was to live and die a virgin queen; but throughout her reign the strength of that determination was exhibited by continually running to the brink of temptation. Her whole life was a chronicle of love-passages, or what affected to pass as such. Every foreign prince who thought the throne of England a convenient resting-place, every subject who professed that loyalty and chivalry had been fanned into a warmer devotion, was sure of encouragement in the wooing, even though the winning might be denied him. The court of the virgin monarch was ruled by a succession of favorites, admitted to a perilous, if not a guilty familiarity; the carpet knight and the dancing lawyer swayed the deliberations of her council no less than the grave statesman and the experienced warrior. But in proportion to the license she allowed herself was the severity of the discipline she inflicted on others. The refounder of the Protestant Church regarded the most lawful matrimony

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as something altogether unbecoming in the priesthood, and as a hardly allowable liberty even in the laity. The marriage of a bishop was expiated by the confiscation of a manor; that of a female of royal blood was the surest passport to the interior of the Tower. Her personal habits were those of one who had thrown off alike the dignity of the monarch and the gentleness of the woman; her diversions seem to have surpassed the ordinary brutality of the times; the "most godly queen" interlarded her discourse with oaths worthy only of a Rufus or a John; she boxed the ear of one courtier, and spat upon the fringed mantle of another. The hand of the sovereign was open to receive, and shut when she should repay; her military schemes were ruined by an unworthy parsimony; at home she quartered herself in the houses of her subjects, and neither justice nor mercy ever stood in the way of her exacting to the uttermost farthing the pecuniary obligations even of her most honored servants. Her government was constantly that of a despot; the rights of Parliament were openly jeered at; patents and monopolies enriched her favorites with wealth wrung from the scanty fare of the peasant and the artisan. Although the sincerity of her personal religion was doubtful, she enforced a conformity with her external standard by a rigorous persecution in all directions. While the fires of Smithfield still received an occasional Protestant, the lay votary of Rome had to struggle through life with confiscation or imprisonment, and his spiritual adviser lived in a perpetual apprehension that the last sight afforded him in this world would be that of his own bowels committed to the flames before his eyes. Vacillation and obstinacy contended for the mastery in her councils; the sovereign's will was indeed law, but that will seldom remained the same for two consecutive days. In great and small matters alike, the "varium et mutabile" betokened the true womanhood of one who had yet cast off the gentler feelings of her sex. No man could calculate on her course on a progress; no man could calculate on the ultimate punishment or ultimate pardon of a convicted offender. A marriage treaty was entered upon, broken off, recommenced, and finally repudiated; a death-warrant was alternately despatched and recalled, and the responsibility thrown at last upon her confused or deluded agents. Without lineal heirs, with a heritage ready to be claimed by a contending hereditary and parliamentary right, an absurd personal caprice led her to expose her kingdom to a disputed succession, rather than give any one a direct and undoubted interest in her death. In a word, if she had attained to some of the virtues of the other sex, she had acquired with them some of its less amiable characteristics, while of her own she retained nothing but, to say the least, some of its most degrading weaknesses.

We are conscious of a certain amount of exaggeration in both these sketches, in which we have by turns spoken the language of her ardent admirers and of her bitter opponents. There are lineaments in both portraits which rest more on popular conceptions than on historical evidence, but both are true in the main, and each expresses one side of a strangely mingled and contradictory character, which cannot be better summed up than in the words of one of the most eminent of her councillors, that "one day she was greater than man, and the next less than woman."

It is with the private and personal character of this famous queen that we propose chiefly to deal at present. We have no intention of entering at large on the great external events of her reign. We shall not repeat the tale of the destruction of Spain's invincible Armada, nor engage in any minute consideration of her civil government or her ecclesiastical reforms. All these important matters we shall only regard so far as they throw light upon the individual character of her who was the chief agent in them. We shall rather endeavor to draw a portrait of Elizabeth as she was received by Leicester at Kenilworth, or by Burleigh at Theobalds, as she hearkened to the courtship of Anjou, and mourned over the grave of Essex. It so happens that this more personal aspect of Elizabeth's character has of late years had the public attention called to it by several writers of very various orders. The greatest of the Queens of England has naturally commanded her full share of attention at the hands of their biographer, and the career of Elizabeth accordingly occupies a thick volume in the last edition of Miss Strickland's series. The writings of this lady, notwithstanding a pervading poverty of style and an equally pervading feebleness of thought, and notwithstanding the graver faults of frequent inaccuracy and almost constant partiality, are by no means without their use. They have doubtless been far more in vogue with the general reader than the historical student, but we cannot but think they are more really valuable to the latter, both for the copious extracts they contain, and as pointing out sources of various and often neglected infor-

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mation. If not always a safe guide herself, she is at least useful as directing the reader to better and more trustworthy authorities.

Of our other writers, Mr. Craik has given us a valuable work under an ill-chosen title. The "Romance of the Peerage" is not, as might be supposed, a collection of high-wrought scenes and anecdotes, in which dukes and countesses form the actors; but is a work of much research and good sense, which should rather have been called by its secondary title only, "Curiosities of Family History." As tracing out in detail the private career, the family connections, marriages, and genealogies, of many of the eminent characters of Elizabeth's reign, it is of great service towards drawing a picture of her court, its manners, and its morals.

The "Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton" are still more misnamed than the work of Mr. Craik. The book consists of little else than a collection of letters—the majority of them state documents—to which Sir Harris Nicolas has attached a few very slight connecting links and occasional brief explanatory notes. His principal efforts have been directed to correcting the errors in the lively but inaccurate notice of Hatton, to be found in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors." The genuine portrait of the supposed dancer in high places proves to have no resemblance in many important particulars to the fanciful sketch which the Lord Chief Justice has drawn; and besides the illustration which the letters afford of the true character of Hatton, they throw much light on both the personal and political history of the princess in whose reign he played so important a part.

Finally, Captain Devereux has well and wisely employed the professional leisure of which he complains in his preface, in putting together two volumes on the lives of three eminent members of his own family. We wish family pride always took a turn as profitable to the interests of knowledge and literature, though certainly there are many persons with as long a pedigree as Captain Devereux, who could not find so much that is worth telling about the individual members of it. Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, is a name as familiar as any in history; Essex, the husband of Lady Frances Howard, though a less conspicuous character, is known to every one as the leader of the Parliamentary army; but the first earl, notwithstanding that he was indubitably the best and greatest of the three, will, we imagine, be almost a new discovery to the majority of the Captain's readers, and one which puts Elizabeth in a new and very extraordinary light. Captain Devereux's book is just what a biographical and family memoir should be —a help to history, but not trenching on its peculiar domain, and still less invading the tempting fields of romance.

With this general acknowledgment, we shall press into our service all the writers we have enumerated, along with those of earlier and more established reputation, in our attempt to give a general sketch of the courtly and domestic life of our greatest and weakest female sovereign.

Elizabeth was born at Greenwich Palace on the 7th of September, 1533. Every one remembers the rapturous exclamation of our great moralist:—

"Pleased with the place which gave Eliza birth,
I kneel and kiss the consecrated earth,—

lines which seem to convert the Protestant queen into a sort of Our Lady of Walsingham, and to represent a visit to her birthplace as equivalent to a Pilgrimage of Grace. England was at that moment on the eve of the great religious revolution, of which Elizabeth's own birth was in some sort the earnest. The monasteries were still standing; the bishoprics were still unplundered; the papal jurisdiction was not yet formally cast off; the papal ritual still flourished in all its splendor. But the die had been cast which had made an irreconcilable breach between England and Rome. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the aunt of Charles V., had been put aside from her royal dignity; and, in defiance of imperial and papal protests, the daughter of an obscure country knight had occupied the place which Queen Katharine had vacated. The marriage, the coronation, the birth, had followed each other in quick, in too quick succession. In the judgment of those who are precise in matrimonial chronology, the three events came too close together for the spotless reputation of Anne Boleyn, even if we regard the marriage of Katharine as so palpably null that no sort of process whatever was needed to set it aside. But as this last view was that in which the royal conscience ultimately settled down, Elizabeth came into the world, presumptive heiress to the crown of England, to the great disappointment of a father who passionately longed for male issue. Born to a throne, baptized with all the pomp with which the ancient ritual could surround a royal infant, in her third year she was converted into a merely illegitimate scion of royalty, being her-

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self supplanted as she had supplanted her elder sister. Her mother had been got rid of by the twofold and somewhat contradictory process of a divorce which pronounced her marriage null, and a beheading for adultery, which necessarily implied that it was valid. Notwithstanding, however, the lack of raiment which seems at one time to have befallen the infant princess, and on which Miss Strickland becomes minute and pathetic to a degree in which male critics can hardly be expected to sympathize, it does not appear that she was ever treated otherwise than with kindness, either by her father or by her successive stepmothers. She was always recognized as a member of the royal family, and appeared as such on all public occasions. In fact, after Henry's hatred to Anne Boleyn had been forgotten in four succeeding marriages, another divorce, and another decapitation, there seems no reason why he might not have acknowledged Elizabeth as his legitimate child. For as the axe had fallen on the neck of Anne a single day before her place was filled by her successor, the recognition of her daughter would in no wise have affected the legitimacy of Edward VI. This act of justice was, however, deferred till Henry's last will and testament recognized all his children in the natural order of succession, though, in a strictly legal point of view, it is impossible that *both* Mary and Elizabeth could have been his legitimate offspring.*

Our main subject in considering the personal history of Elizabeth is of course afforded by those negotiations for her hand which occupy well-nigh the whole of her life. From the age of ten to that of seventy, her marriage was perpetually on the *tapis*. At the outset, indeed, her father had to offer her, and that in vain, first to a Scottish subject, and secondly to the heir of Spain and the Indies. Her connection with Philip is certainly strange; he first refused her, then married her sister, then was refused by her, and finally became her great religious and political rival.

But passing by these mere political schemes, the private romance of Elizabeth's career commences at a tolerably early period. Her father's death left her, at the age of fourteen, a girl of precocious intellect and attainments, of pleasing manners, endowed with a considerable revenue, a contingent right to the throne, and some claims to personal beauty. Whether her charms were either so extraordinary or so permanent as it was loyal to maintain during the first three years of the seventeenth century, it is certain that in the middle of its predecessor,* if not strictly beautiful, she was a well-grown girl, with a good figure of which she made the most, and with well-formed hands which she always took pains to display. The first wooer of one so well provided in mind, body, and estate, was no other than the brother of the woman for whose sake her mother had been sent to the block, and herself branded with a sort of modified and temporary bastardy. Thomas Seymour, the younger brother of the Protector Somerset, a handsome, ambitious, and unprincipled man, was a formidable rival to his brother, who had been placed in so much higher a position by the favor of Henry. A barony and the office of Lord High Admiral might have seemed a considerable elevation for the younger son of a plain Wiltshire knight, but it certainly was a small matter compared with the monopoly of honor and power enjoyed by his brother. Seymour is said to have been an old lover of Katharine Parr before the promotion of that lady to the highest and most dangerous of her many matrimonial positions. If his royal brother-in-law had cheated him out of the third turn, he at least remained ready to take advantage of the next vacancy; and thus, before Henry was well in his grave, he became the fourth husband of the liberated queen-dowager. Whether the very brief period of her widowhood did not witness two courtships on her lover's part; whether, before he applied for the queen, he had not made an unsuccessful attempt upon the princess, is open to some doubt. But it is very certain that Katharine's fourth and not very prolonged experience of married life was embittered by the open attentions of her husband to the young step-daughter to whom she discharged the office of a parent. It might almost be doubted whether an incident in the career of Elizabeth's own mother had not been transferred to a wrong place, when we read of the queen-dowager's

* It may, however, be said that, as each was the offspring of a mother recognized at the time as the legitimate wife, they both stood on a different ground from ordinary illegitimate children, with whom nothing but the merest legal subtlety could confound them. This practical common-sense view seems to have been ultimately taken both by Henry and by the nation at large.

* "Well-favored" and "neat" are the strongest expressions contained in the well-known description of Naunton, p. 79.

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jealousy being excited by suddenly finding her young charge in the arms of her husband. The opportune death of Katharine opened the way for his ambitious hopes; his courtship was redoubled; but instead of making him the brother-in-law as well as the uncle of a king, with the fair chance of being the husband of a queen and the stock of a new dynasty, it led him to what in those days was the usual fate of ambition—an execution by a bill of attainder, which was promoted by his brother, and at least not impeded by his royal nephew.

The details of Seymour's courtship of Elizabeth are somewhat extraordinary, and must have surpassed even the ordinary grossness of the age. Her biographer reveals a good deal, and further particulars which a female pen might naturally refuse to transcribe, may be found in the less scrupulous pages of Dr. Lingard. It does not say much for Elizabeth that proceedings of this kind did not hinder him from winning her affections. She acknowledged that she would have married him, could he have obtained the consent of the Council—a marriage without that consent would, by her father's will, have forfeited her right to the succession—and it is difficult to see how any thing but a genuine passion could have inclined her to a match in every way so inferior. When matters had really gone thus far, scandal, as might have been expected, went still farther; rumor asserted that she was pregnant by him, and even went so far as to forestall the fearful legend of Littlecote Hall,* and to speak of "the child of a very faire yong lady, borne and miserably destroyed." The first of these assertions to her prejudice was at least sufficiently rife to require a direct denial on her part, which she makes, straightforwardly enough, and without at all mincing her language, in a letter to the Protector. Elizabeth, throughout her life, was fond of indulging in a cloud of pedantry and metaphor, through which it was sometimes far from easy to pierce to her real meaning, but, throughout life, she could, when necessary, speak to the point as well as any one. She complains that she is reported to be "with child by my Lord Admiral," which she repels, doubtless with truth, as "shameful slander." Without attaching any credit to a tale of this kind, we can hardly doubt that in Thomas Seymour we discover the first man who found the way to the heart of the royal maiden. But the love of Elizabeth was a perilous prize to win; the first and the last who shared it perished on the scaffold; and the fate of Seymour, of which she was but the occasion, was the precursor of that which Essex met at her own hands.

After such an affair and such rumors as these, the line which prudence dictated to her clearly was to conduct herself in such a manner as to make them seem their own refutation. She henceforth became the pattern maiden of her brother's court. "Sweet sister Temperance," as the young Edward playfully called her, amply merited that title as the very beau-ideal of Puritan propriety. The eschewing of all earthly splendor of apparel was in those more rigid times a badge of orthodoxy, which it certainly ceased to be when Elizabeth herself became absolute alike over fashion and conscience. Her father had bequeathed her valuable jewels, but we are told that for some years they lay unnoticed; the arrival of a bevy of fine ladies from France turned the heads of all the fair dames of the English court, but the Lady Elizabeth remained unmoved; every other head was "frounsed, curled, and double curled," but the Lady Elizabeth alone "kept her old maiden shamefacedness."

But if, in her external adornment, nature was to have her own way, her mind was to be enriched with all the ornaments of the age. Learning was then the rage; the religious disputes of the time required every one to be a theologian; the recent discoveries of the masterpieces of ancient wisdom required every one to be a scholar. Italy, at that day, attracted all eyes, as at once the home of revived art and learning, and the battle-field on which the potentates of Europe had for forty years fought out their quarrels. French had ceased to be the native language of English kings and nobles, but its acquirement was as necessary an accomplishment in those days as in our own. Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, are said to have been nearly as familiar to Elizabeth as English itself, and she was also well acquainted with Spanish and Dutch. All these she had mastered, with the exception of the two last, which were later acquirements, before she was sixteen. Her tutor Ascham guided her through the New Testament in Greek, through the mysteries of theology as expounded by the old light of Cyprian and the new light of Melancthon; he read with her Cicero and Livy, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the dialogues of Plato; the orations of Isocrates were also a favorite study, to which she added a more practical fruit of

* See the notes to Rokeby.

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the same age and city, than which no study could be more valuable for the future ruler of a great nation, the masterpieces of political strife bequeathed to us by the two great rival orators of Athens—Demosthenes and Æschines.

The death of Edward in 1553, and the eventual accession of Mary, brought Elizabeth into an altogether new position. The illegal and unjust will of the young king excluded her, no less than her sister, from the succession, and transferred it to the house of Suffolk in the person of Lady Jane Grey. How completely this proceeding was the work of the personal ambition of Northumberland, is clear from the bare fact that Elizabeth was set aside. The good of the Protestant cause would have been best consulted by her elevation; but Northumberland would not have been in that case the father-in-law of the Queen; at least he does not appear to have dreamed then how near he would be to obtaining that position as a posthumous honor. The two sisters were thus for a while constrained to make common cause; Elizabeth refused a large bribe from Northumberland to resign her claims, saying she had none during her sister's life; she entered London side by side with the Queen, and, up to the time of Wyatt's rebellion, retained her proper position as heiress-presumptive. Yet she was at once heiress and rival. Probably no sovereign and his contingent successor were ever placed in a stranger relation to each other. Nothing but the unconstitutional power which had been vested in the will of their father could have brought them into any other position than that of open rivalry. According to every technical principle of law or theology, if Mary was legitimate, Elizabeth was not, and could therefore have no claim to rank as princess; if Elizabeth was legitimate, Mary was not, and Elizabeth herself was therefore the lawful Queen. Rivals too they were in every personal respect; Mary the head of the Romish, Elizabeth of the Protestant party; Mary, the daughter of Katharine, the wife of Philip, the representative of foreign connection, amounting almost to foreign bondage; Elizabeth, the free English maiden, to whose hand every English noble might aspire, and round whose name every national feeling might freely centre. We might add, that a mean female jealousy might well have been expected to arise in the mind of the mature Mary, prematurely aged by neglect and anxiety, as she saw beside her a competitor in the full bloom of youth and grace. But in this respect at least Mary was unquestionably superior to Elizabeth, and no traces of rivalry of this description can be discerned at any time between them. While such manifold sources of jealousy were rife between the sisters, while Elizabeth's name was cried up by every disaffected party, while suspicions stronger than had brought many heads to the block accused her of actual complicity in Wyatt's rebellion, it was indeed no wonder that she became for a while the inmate of a prison. The wonder rather is, that with a strong party at home, backed from without by the most powerful prince in Europe, calling for her blood, she did not find the Tower a mere passage to Tower Hill. It was an age in which Henry had immolated his wives, Somerset his brother, Edward his uncles; it was unusual mercy or unusual prudence which spared Mary the guilt of a sister's as well as a cousin's blood.

The details of Elizabeth's life during this period throw as much light upon the character of her sister as upon her own. We regret to learn that very soon after the change of sovereign our heroine entirely laid aside "her old maiden shamefacedness," and began to bedizen herself with all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Queen Mary had no objection, either of taste or of conscience, against arraying either herself or others in magnificent apparel. The fine clothes and jewels which Elizabeth had left untouched during the sombre reign of her brother, were now called into active service; we are indeed told that it was only by sheer compulsion, in the character of a loyal subject and a dutiful younger sister, that she was induced to this act of backsliding; but it is at least certain that the habit, however unwillingly commenced, afterwards reconciled itself to the conscience of the royal maiden. We do not find that, when she had no one to consult but herself, she ever relapsed into her primitive innocence. The wardrobe bequeathed by Henry VIII. to the youthful princess must surely have been scanty, compared with the three thousand gowns left behind her by the aged queen; and it is a sad fact that, when nature no longer allowed the processes of "frounsing, curling, and double-curling" to be continued upon the genuine growth of the royal head, a selection had each morning to be gone through to determine which of eighty wigs was most worthy to lessen, for that day, the pressure of the triple diadem.

A graver change took place at the same time. With the outward badge of the straitest sect of Protestantism, Elizabeth gave up

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altogether the outward profession of the Reformed religion. She asked for Romish books to enlighten her mind, and their effect was speedily visible on her external conduct; she became a regular attendant at mass; she wrote to the Emperor himself for a due supply of crosses and chalices; she even invoked divine vengeance on herself if she was not a true Roman Catholic. Now, in an age of apostasy and dissimalation, it is really no great accusation against a young woman left to her own guidance, and who seems throughout her life to have retained a lingering affection for some of the Romish tenets and practices, that she had not the courage to be a martyr. It is not every one whose vocation it is to go to the block with Fisher, or to the stake with Latimer; but experience might have taught her how vain are all human attempts to bind the conscience, and led her, when she attained to power, to refrain from condemning men to a death of torture and ignominy for the sincere practice of a worship to which she had herself once found it expedient insincerely to conform.

During the reign of Mary, as Elizabeth became at once of matured age and nearer to the crown, it was only natural that the number of her wooers should increase. To one of them a romantic interest attaches. The noble house of Courtenay has obtained distinctions surpassing those of all other originally subject families. A branch of the house of Capet was content to merge its royalty in their name and inheritance; they have filled the throne of Constantine, and intermingled their blood with that of Plantagenet; and their decline and fall has been recorded by the same hand and in the same volumes as that of the Roman empire itself. Edward Courtenay was no very distant relative of the royal family; his grandmother, as well as that of Mary and Elizabeth, was a daughter of Edward IV.; but the family had already paid the penalty of so dangerous a proximity to the throne: the head of the father had fallen at the mandate of Henry, and the son had spent his youth within the precincts of the Tower. That Mary released him, took him into her favor, and restored him to a portion of his father's honors, are among the undisputed facts of history; that she designed him for her husband is at least probable; but an inquiry into the causes of his ultimate rejection lands us in a region of controversy, if not of romance. The old version is, that his passion for Elizabeth caused him either to reject or to be rejected by her elder sister, but the Roman Doctor Lingard and the female Protestant biographer, whose sympathies are usually with her Catholic heroines, alike repudiate it as "romantic" and "apocryphal;" while the former reveals the fact that it was on account of ignoble and less creditable loves that he lost the good-will of his royal kinswoman. Whether any real passion on either side existed between Courtenay and Elizabeth must probably remain a mystery; but it is certain that their names were constantly joined together in the public voice; every malcontent who made Elizabeth his watchword invariably coupled with her the handsome Earl of Devonshire as the selected partner of her throne. The reason for the choice is obvious; no one else who could well be proposed as a husband for the princess stood in any thing like so near a relation to the royal family. The houses of Scotland and Suffolk seemed to produce only female claimants; and Reginald Pole was at once farther removed than Courtenay from the succession, and was personally, of all men living, the least suited for the purposes of the conspirators.

Nor were foreign suitors wanting for the hand of our English princess. They began to pour in from divers quarters, north and south, some Protestant, some Catholic, some wooed by deputy, others who pressed their cause personally. King Philip vehemently supported the cause of his own kinsman, Philibert of Savoy; but neither Philip's patronage nor Philibert's own presence could prevail on the obdurate maiden. From the other end of Europe, Christian of Denmark and Gustavus of Sweden applied to the princess herself on behalf of their respective heirs, both of whom we shall find appearing again at a later stage of our story.

There is something taking in the notion of a union between our great Elizabeth and the son of the great Gustavus. The latter may pass, in some respects, for a modified and improved Henry VIII. He had, in common with Henry, separated the Swedish Church from Romish usurpation, without eradicating, like reformers elsewhere, all traces of ancient church government or of ancient ritual splendor. He did not, indeed, like Henry, behead or divorce his own wives, but he had a strong tendency to marrying the betrothed wives of other people. But if Gustavus far excelled Henry, his son Eric was hardly less inferior to Elizabeth. He was a pertinacious lover; especially after he had become entitled to woo on his own account, but at present his suit was made en-

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tirely through the agency of his father. It is worth stopping a moment to point out the theory entertained by Gustavus as to the proper manner of conducting royal courtships. Elizabeth rejected his suit as not coming through the Queen her sister; the Swede replied, that he designed first to address himself to her personally, "as a gentleman," and, if her consent should be gained, then to apply to her sister "as a king." He was doomed to be equally luckless in both capacities; the maiden herself utterly refused the gentleman, and threw upon her Majesty the task of transacting business with the king.

We have now to view our heroine translated to a grander sphere. November 17th, 1558, was a joyful day for England, and long after, it was observed as a national holiday. Mary had entirely lost, if she ever possessed, the affection of her subjects. Her somewhat austere virtues, her unbending rectitude, her sincere, though mistaken piety, would have rendered her respected in private life; on the throne they proved little better than stumbling-blocks. Elizabeth, her inferior in every moral quality, was a born ruler, and her people had already learned to recognize her as such. Mary had done more for the cause of the Reformation than either Henry or Edward; whatever lingering affection might have remained for the old doctrines or the old ceremonies was rooted up when they became identified not only with a persecution far more bloody than those of Henry, but with the religious supremacy of Rome, and political influence of the hated Spaniard. Elizabeth came to break alike the spiritual and the temporal fetter. No elective prince or ruler ever attained his dignity by a more unmistakable "vox populi" than that which guided Elizabeth to a throne marked out for her by the hereditary claims of a thousand years. Never was the sovereign more truly the embodied people. Herein we have the key to the tremendous powers which she so long exercised without a murmur. There is probably no despotic act of the Stuart period which may not be paralleled, in the letter at least, during the reign of Elizabeth, yet Elizabeth ran no risk of decapitation or expulsion, save at the hands of a few fanatics whom the nation abhorred. The law might be violated with impunity by the woman in whom the people recognized their own impersonation: a stricter observance was required from half-foreign princes, the chiefs of a court, rather than the leaders of a nation. Hers was the chastisement of a parent; theirs the unwelcome infliction of a pedagogue. She knew well how far to go, and when to stop; if any grievance extorted murmurs which could not be despised, formal complaint was anticipated by a voluntary concession. Her successors never yielded till the time was past when concession would have been of the least avail. If the sway of her last few years was less parental than that of her better days, it should be remembered that forty-five years of such worship as no other human being ever received could hardly fail to have some effect in spoiling any child of man. Her popularity diminished, but it never quite wore out. No rejoicings masked joy at her death in acclamations at the accession of her successor.

But we have rather to deal with her in her more private and less worthy character. We are less concerned with the acclamations with which her rejoicing people welcomed her as she rode in royal pomp through the streets of London, than with the true royal tact and grace with which she took care that not a tribute of affection should be lost upon her, nor a single subject find a repulse at the hand of his chosen sovereign. Still more concerned are we with the fact that the person who rode next to her on the eleventh day of her reign was her Master of the Horse, the Lord Robert Dudley.

This name at once opens to us a whole train of inquiry with regard to the personal career of this mighty sovereign. We never picture Elizabeth in solitary greatness; she at once rises to our mind's eye as surrounded by a goodly band of statesmen and warriors, the sharers alike of the deliberations of royalty, and of the enjoyments of her lighter hours. And this illustrious train speedily divides itself into two widely distinct classes. The two Cecils, and Walsingham, and Davison, to say nothing of the great prelates who were her fellow-workers in her ecclesiastical reforms, never appear in any other light than the ordinary one of men intrusted with high political and religious functions. But Leicester and Raleigh and Hatton and Essex appear, on any showing, in a character for which the court of no other English queen has afforded a parallel; and the *chronique scandaleuse* of their own day went so far as to refer them to a class for which analogies must be sought in the Neapolitan court of the fifteenth century, or the Muscovite of the eighteenth. It is unquestionable that the one class were the ministers of the queen, the others were the favorites of the woman. It is no less certain that they all adopted the language of lovers, and that some at least seriously aspired

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to a matrimonial crown. But their exact position with regard to their royal mistress remains somewhat of a mystery. That she indulged in strangely indecorous familiarities towards some of them is undoubted; that the breach of decorum ever developed into a breach of virtue has been often asserted, but never distinctly proved. Writers have generally assumed one side or the other, according to their religious views. Dr. Lingard probably made it a matter of principle to head a page—"Elizabeth. Her Paramours;" while Mr. Sharon Turner doubtless found it equally binding on his conscience to devote several pages of impassioned argument to the assertion of her undoubted right to her favorite and familiar title. An illustrious monarch of her own time—Henry IV. of France—on whom both creeds in succession sat somewhat lightly, settled, or rather unsettled, the question by his declaration, that of three inscrutable mysteries, one was, "to what religion he himself belonged," and another, "whether Queen Elizabeth were a maid."

Before we directly attempt to unravel this difficulty of Henri le Grand, we must distinguish between Elizabeth's mere suitors and those who were advanced to the higher rank of favorites. The former were of all nations; the latter, with a single exception, were supplied exclusively from among her own subjects. Her excessive love of admiration, combined with her no less excessive irresolution and procrastination, led her to look with a certain degree of complacency upon a vast number of suits on which it is clear that she never for a moment cast a serious thought. Yet even these form a curious feature in the great picture of her life and reign, and it may be convenient to clear them off our hands before we proceed to examine that succession of her favorites among whom the chronology of her reign may be divided.

First and foremost in the race after the new Atalanta was no other than Philip of Spain. The voice of scandal rumored that he had looked upon her with a favorable eye even during the lifetime of her sister; at all events, Mary could have hardly been in her grave before he was vigorously pressing his suit, whether of love or policy. How far a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth would have been abstractly lawful, we may leave to be argued between Dr. Pusey and Sir Frederick Thesiger on the one hand, and Mr. Binney and Mr. Stuart Wortley on the other; but it is clear that the daughter of Anne Boleyn could hardly have married her sister's husband without tacitly assenting to her own illegitimacy. This argument was urged by her councillors, but, according to her invariable custom of never entering on the question of her mother's marriage, could not have well been openly set before Philip. His suit, however, came to nothing. The refusal of Elizabeth, as usual, was not very decided, but Philip seems not to have waited for a more explicit rejection.

Next came our old acquaintance, Eric of Sweden, who maintained a zealous and pertinacious courtship of three years. Gustavus allowed his younger son John, Duke of Finland, to go and plead the cause of his brother. This was in 1559; the death of their father next year did not interrupt the wooing, which lasted till 1562. Eric seems, indeed, to have been really and truly one

"Qui nunquam visæ flagravit amore puellæ."

His suit by proxy was rejected; he would come himself; he had loved her in adversity, he still loved her in prosperity; not for her rank, but for her person and her virtues. God had inspired his love; for her sake he would give up his country and all that he had. She answered in the negative, both in French and English; but Eric would not believe in his rejection; she wrote in Latin to Gustavus; Eric called his father's scholarship in question, and affirmed he had mistaken her meaning. Gustavus died; Eric imagined that his brother was supplanting him in his wooing, as he eventually did in his kingdom; he recalled him and pleaded by his ambassador; eighteen pied horses and two chests of bullion came as love-tokens; the lover himself was to follow. Public expectation was rife; painters went so far as to portray the majesty of Sweden and of England on the same canvas; the offending engravings were suppressed by proclamation, and Elizabeth's court and council were perplexed by the solemn question of etiquette, how the northern monarch was to be received, "the Queen's Majesty being a maid." One more letter, not of invitation, at last hindered his coming; the throne of the Goths and Vandals was finally shared by "Kate the nut-girl," while the crowns of England, France, and Ireland still remained as a glittering prize for all the adventurous spirits of Europe.

Philip, failing himself, recommended his cousin Charles of Austria. Jealousy of the Swede prompted a second northern prince to try the luck of his house in the person of his

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nephew, Adolphus of Holstein. The Austrian wooed by proxy, and gained nothing whatever; the personal courtship of the Dane was at least rewarded with the knighthood of the Garter and a pension for life. There came also on the same bootless errand a Scottish subject, the Earl of Arran; but he retired at the first rebuff; so that Elizabeth complained that, while kings and princes continued their suits for years together, a private Scot could not condescend to ask a second time. Dearly must she have loved the process of wooing for its own simple sake.

We need not detain ourselves long with a son of the Elector of Saxony; with the second courtship of Charles of Austria, which was rather a political one on her own part; with Catharine de Medicis' offer of her son Charles, which was hardly serious, or with Elizabeth's coquetry with Henry IV. at the age of sixty-three. More singular than these is a mysterious offer from the Duke of Wurtemberg, of *assistance* to her Majesty, in case she designed to marry, which assistance she "graciously acknowledged, promising to deserve it hereafter." Anjou will take his place in the list of her most highly-favored suitors, and it is now time to run briefly through the list of her English admirers.

A simple knight, Sir William Pickering, was at one time deemed to have a fair chance of carrying off the prize which had been refused to the monarchs of Spain and Sweden. A subject of higher rank, the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, ventured to imagine that his sovereign would condescend to occupy a place which had been previously filled by two successive countesses. The sentiments of this nobleman towards Elizabeth seem to have gradually verged from one extreme to the other. At one period of her sister's reign he had been urgent for her death; he then became the head of the party which supported her against the machinations of her enemies; and finally became a declared suitor for her royal hand. On Pickering the Queen may have cast a momentary glance of favor; the chances of Arundel seem to have existed entirely in his own imagination. But both of them were far outshone by the abiding influence of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

This man was the younger son of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and grandson of Dudley, the minister of Henry VII. Father and grandfather had alike expiated their crimes upon the scaffold, whither they had been followed by a more guiltless victim in the Lord Guildford Dudley, who for a moment held the place of king-consort of England. Robert escaped the fate of grandfather, father, and brother; for thirty years he was the most influential subject in England, and in his end, whether or no he escaped the malice of domestic treason, he at all events kept his head and quarters from that posthumous exhibition which was the ordinary fate of politicians of his father's generation, and was not without examples in his own. The influence which this celebrated man attained over the heart of Elizabeth is the most striking example of mere personal favoritism in the whole course of her reign; of her other favorites, most were men of respectable, some of illustrious, capacity; but neither at the council-board nor on the field of battle did Leicester exhibit powers sufficient to rank him with Essex, much less with Raleigh. His commanding person, his elegant accomplishments, his magnificent entertainments, and zealous profession of devotion to his sovereign, seem to have been the only merits by which he won his place in her court and councils. In the superstition of the time it was held that some mysterious influence of the stars had united the destinies of a pair said to have been born in the same "auspicious hour." Certainly, if we were to trust the most elaborate portrait of him which has come down to us, it was not for his virtues of any description that he attained his place in the royal favor. According to the libellous author of "Leicester's Commonwealth," his habitual occupations were those of poisoning and adultery; the wrongs ordinarily perpetrated by a bad man in power, perversion of justice, removing landmarks, and the like, being rather thrown into the shade by his greater achievements in the other two lines. Desirous to marry the Queen, he made away with his first wife, Amy Robsart; but, not having then fully graduated in his art, he set about the business in a clumsy way—"she had the chance to fall from a paire of staires, and so to breake her neck, but yet without hurting of her hood that stood upon her head." Grown more expert by converse with Italian professors, the death of no small number of eminent persons was "assisted" by his nefarious skill. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was poisoned in a salad; Lady Lennox fell mortally ill soon after a visit from the Earl; the Earl of Sussex "received some dram that made him incurable;" Cardinal Chatillon, on the other hand, received a potion which killed him in a day. Lord Sheffield and the Earl of Essex paid the natural penalty of the beauty of their wives: in both cases the wife was se-

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duced, the husband poisoned, the widow married. To add to all this, the second process took place during the lifetime of the victim of the first; but, to do the Earl justice, the license which he assumed to himself he granted also to others; he even procured the disgrace of the Archbishop of Canterbury for not allowing the practice of bigamy to his Italian favorite, Giulio.

The greater part of these accusations, and many more of the like sort, are evidently the mere slanders of an embittered enemy. The charge of wholesale poisoning is one so easy to make and so hard to disprove, that it should never be credited without the strongest evidence. But putting aside exaggerations of this outrageous description, Leicester's character still remains one of much evil and little good. Like the second Buckingham of the Stuart reigns, he was the great patron of the Puritan party; but, like him, at no time of his life does he ever appear to have been remarkable for puritanic strictness of morals. The piety of his discourse and letters was highly edifying; he was regarded as an oracle on points of theology and casuistry; grave divines sought his judgment on subtle questions as to matrimony and continence, on which he seems to have acted at once as the spiritual director and the "horrid example."

The particulars of the event which has left the darkest stain upon his memory—the supposed murder of his first wife, Amy Robsart, shortly after the accession of Elizabeth—have hitherto rested upon the reckless libels of the author of Leicester's Commonwealth, and the gossiping traditions collected by Ashmole on the scene of the tragedy, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Mr. Craik, however, discovered in the Pepysian Library a remarkable correspondence on the subject between Dudley himself and one Thomas Blount, which, though it presents the case for the defence, confirms in a singular degree the material circumstances which had been previously handed down to us. The first letter, dated Windsor, September 9th, 1560, is from Dudley, and commences thus: "Cousin Blount, immediately upon your departing from me there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understand that my wife is dead, and, as he saith, by a fall from a pair of stairs. Little other understanding can I have from him. The greatness and the suddenness of the misfortune doth so perplex me, until I do hear from you how the matter standeth, or how this evil should light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruit, as I can take no rest." In order, therefore, that "he may purge himself of the malicious talk that he knows the wicked world will use," he begs Blount to cause a coroner's inquest to be held, and to see that the jury is composed of men who will "search to the bottom of the matter." Already the case begins to wear a suspicious aspect. Dudley at once leaps to the conclusion that he will be held to be the instigator of the murder—a proof at least that his character and his circumstances were, by his own confession alone, sufficient to make it probable. Blount, again, by a curious coincidence, had just left the presence of his kinsman when Bowes arrived from Cumnor with the news, which renders it probable that Blount himself was the original and secret bearer of the intelligence, and that the accomplice had in reality been concerting with his principal the steps they were to take.

Two days afterwards, (September 11th,) Blount replies to the letter of Dudley, and relates the particulars he has gleaned. "Methink, said I," he represents himself as remarking to a person who had narrated to him the incident of the death, "that some of her people that waited upon her should somewhat say to this. No, Sir, said he, but little; for it was said that *they were all here* [Abington] *at the fair, and none left with her.* How might that chance? said I. Then said he, it is said how that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sort to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; and thereof is much judged." She is even represented as being very angry with any one who wished to stay behind, and the special witness named as attesting this improbable piece of passion for so motiveless a purpose, "is Mrs. Odingstells, *the widow that liveth with Anthony Forster.*" One Pirto, who appears to have been a female servant, is represented as confirming the tale.

On the 12th, Dudley again writes to Blount, and sends a message to the jury, inviting them "to deal truly in the matter;" the foreman of whom shortly afterwards put himself in communication with the suspected husband, while Blount assures his great kinsman that a portion of the twelve "are very enemies to Forster," and hints that they bear him "malice." In this, again, we have the overstatement of conscious guilt, for it is extremely unlikely, with a knowledge of the interest which Elizabeth herself would take in the inquiry, that the coroner would have ventured to select the notorious enemies of the presumed assassin to try the cause. A

verdict was given that the death was accidental; and as far as we can judge from the evidence which remains, no other could have been pronounced, for there was not a single syllable of direct testimony to prove that Forster was the author of the deed. But when we consider how opportunely the death of Amy Robsart occurred for the ambitious projects of Dudley; how singular was the mischance of her being killed by a fall from the stairs; how obviously the tale is devised to account for the marks of violence upon the body; how greatly the suspicion of foul play is increased by the event occurring at the convenient moment when every one except Forster had been sent to the fair; how improbable was the story that the angry determination of Lady Dudley herself was the cause of her being left unattended in the house; how still more unworthy of credit it becomes when it oozes out that the witness to the fact is the creature of the murder; when these and many other circumstances are considered, it is almost impossible to resist the conclusion that the wife was assassinated that the husband might be free to wed Elizabeth. Such at any rate continued to be the opinion of the public, in spite of the evidence delivered at the coroner's inquest; and among the reasons which Cecil urged upon the Queen in April, 1566, against her marrying the Earl of Leicester, this is one—that "he is infamed by the death of his wife."

So long as Dudley had the slightest hope of the coveted advancement, he naturally abstained from any matrimonial ties, though his courtship of the sovereign appears at no time to have interfered with his pursuit of the frailer beauties of her court. Lady Sheffield unquestionably bore Leicester a son in 1572, the year after her husband died; she affirmed that he was the fruit of a private marriage; the earl admitted the paternity, but denied the marriage, which the poor mother was at least unable legally to substantiate. She afterwards, during Leicester's life, married one Sir Edward Stafford; but she averred that she took the step only because she found her hair and nails falling off, owing to the earl's pernicious arts, and therefore thought it prudent to yield her claim to him and console herself with a more faithful husband.

This Lady Sheffield, née Douglas Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, was a maternal cousin of Elizabeth's; so also was her rival the Countess of Essex. The maiden designation of the latter was Lettice Knollys, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, Treasurer of the Household, who is perhaps most celebrated as the stern Protestant at whose instigation the fool broke her Majesty's private crucifix. When her name is first brought into connection with that of Leicester, she was the wife of Walter, Earl of Essex, the first and greatest of the three heroes of Captain Devereux's biographies. At an earlier period Douglas is described as having an unsuccessful rival for Leicester's affections in her own younger sister; and from herself they wandered to the Countess Lettice, though the latter was several years her senior. Thus far the tale seems undoubted; but we are not called upon to believe the whole cycle of crime in the full proportions given to it by the author of the Commonwealth. In his envenomed pages Leicester and Lady Essex appear as something more than Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra, adding to the crimes of the latter another of which they are not accused, the destruction of their own unborn child. Mr. Craik admits the adultery, but acquits Lettice of a share in her husband's death, leaving the charge apparently "not proven" against Leicester. Captain Devereux rejects the whole story; and he certainly shows that the evidence tends to the belief that Earl Walter was not poisoned either by Leicester or the Countess. But we can hardly admit his argument, that if Leicester had won Lady Essex before her husband's death, he would not have married her two years after. The great obstacle to their marriage was clearly to be found in the hopes which Leicester had hitherto cherished of marrying the Queen; if these had vanished in the meanwhile, he may not have objected to a union which may have accorded with the dictates of his heart, while the lady would doubtless in any case have preferred to be lawfully married rather than remain a paramour. This requires us to look a little back.

For six years at least Leicester seems to have reigned undisturbed in the royal affections. In 1564 a new object crossed the path of Elizabeth. Christopher Hatton, afterwards Lord Chancellor, is commonly said to have danced himself into the Queen's favor. It is however certain, as Sir Harris Nicolas has shown, that he was not a mere dancer, that his abilities as a statesman were eventually found to be considerable, and that he possessed, if not learning, at least tact and sense enough to carry him respectably through the arduous functions of the Marble Chair. But it is equally certain that Hatton's position seems to have been, more than that of any

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other of Elizabeth's favorites, a strictly personal one. It may be remarked of all of them that they were seldom promoted to any of those great offices of state which were reserved for the Burghleys and Walsinghams. Hatton indeed proved in the end an exception, but his career of advancement was for a long time especially slow. For several years he attained neither rank nor distinguished office; yet he was high in the Queen's favor, which, in his case, took the very unusual form of munificence. He remained for some years only Mr. Hatton, the Gentleman-Pensioner, and then became Sir Christopher Hatton, the Vice-Chamberlain; but manors, church-lands and small lucrative offices flowed in upon him with a lavish stream, and his portion of plate on New-Year's Day averaged from twice to four times the allowance of the greatest nobles and highest favorites. The jealousy of Leicester was raised:* he is said by Lord Bacon to have introduced to the Queen a dancing-master whom he affirmed to be more worthy of her favor than Hatton, as being more skilful in the art by which the latter had won his place in her regard. "Pshaw," quoth her Majesty, "it is his *trade*." But, what is more important than anecdotes of this kind, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the year in which we first find Hatton at court is also the year in which Elizabeth made that proposal of a marriage between Dudley and the Queen of Scots, with regard to which so many conjectures have been hazarded. It is just possible that, if she were now smitten with a new passion, she may have really wished to provide her former lover with so honorable a place of banishment. Nor is the "playful tickling" of his neck, during the ceremonial of his investiture as Earl of Leicester, which most historians have recorded after Melvill, inconsistent with the supposition. The whole history of Elizabeth shows that the supremacy of one favorite did not exclude others from some share in her regard. Hatton may have been for the moment so far in the ascendant as to procure Leicester's removal, although some lingering affection for the latter may still have existed in her heart. In a word, she was not quite off with the old love, even when she was on with the new.

* Many years afterwards, (1584,) when the only legitimate son of Leicester died, Hatton wrote him a friendly and pious letter of consolation, to which the Earl replied in the same strain. The hopes of both were then at an end, and their old rivalry appears to have been succeeded by natural feelings of good-will.

Again, this very same year was the one in which she listened with so much more apparent seriousness than before to the suit of a foreign prince, Charles of Austria. Is it not possible that she may have felt her own weakness, and have wished to put an impassable barrier between herself and both her native admirers? That she did not persist in this purpose; that Leicester gained ground; that he ventured to ask for a final answer; that Burghley had seriously to argue against the marriage; that she finally promised at least to marry no other subject, are simply instances of her ordinary irresolution and change of purpose in such matters.

However this may be, Leicester and Hatton both continued to be favored by their royal mistress. In 1572 she appears to have bestowed her regard upon some fresh object, and Hatton consulted his friend Mr. Dyer upon the best means of maintaining his ground. It is evident from the reply that his own idea was to shame his fickle mistress by reproaches. His friend advised a submissive course, and urged, among other reasons, that "though in the beginning, when her Majesty sought you, (after her good manner,) she did bear with rugged dealing of yours until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fulness, it will rather hurt than help you." "You must consider," he said further, "with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; *who, though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman*, yet may we not forget her place, and the nature of it as our sovereign." In 1573 Hatton fell sick, and went abroad for his health, from whence he wrote some letters to the Queen, which confirm the inferences that would naturally be drawn from the language of Dyer; for they are the letters not of a subject to his sovereign, but of an ardent lover to his mistress. "Bear with me," is the conclusion of the first of these rhapsodies, "my most dear sweet lady. Passion overcometh me. I can write no more. Love me, for I love you. Shall I utter this familiar term, Farewell? Yea, ten thousand farewells! He speaketh it that dearly loveth you." A few days later, and he sends a second effusion, which contains these remarkable words:—"I would I saw your world at home, *how some seek that I have done*, which they shall find never. Some hope well and haste them on, but waste shall be their hire; and some despair, whom I allow the wisest, but not the most happy of these men. But, madam, forget not your lidds that are so often bathed with tears for your sake. *A more wise man may seek you, but a more*

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faithful and worthy can never have you. Pardon me, my most dear sweet lady, I will no more write of these matters." Hatton was her Majesty's "sheep," as well as her "lidds"—a contraction for eyelids—and he delights in his correspondence to call himself by these familiar terms of endearment. Nothing can be plainer than that he sought the Queen in marriage, and that she had encouraged the courtship. Many years after (1584) he acknowledged his "too high presumptions towards her Majesty; but, madam," he added, "leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered; and though you find them as unfit for me as unworthy of you, yet, in their nature, of a good mind they are not hatefully to be despised." Suitor after suitor made the false but natural inference that when Elizabeth gave or seemed to give her heart, she would also give her hand.

During all this time Leicester never appears to have entirely abandoned hope till the crisis of the famous courtship of Anjou. This began to assume a more serious character in the summer of 1578: in September of that year Leicester married Lady Essex. We are told that he had previously married her privately, but that old Sir Francis, her father, being more wary than his daughter, and fearful that she might be cast away like her predecessor, insisted upon a second marriage, which was indeed to be kept secret, but of which the legal validity was placed beyond doubt. It strikes us that the synchronism this year is no less worth noticing than that which occurred fourteen years before. Is not the explanation something of this kind? Leicester had now for twenty years been in pursuit of his object; he had done all that mortal subject and lover could do: he had perhaps killed his first wife; he had certainly abstained from giving her an indubitably lawful successor; he had wooed and worshipped year after year, and all in vain; three years earlier, perhaps as a last desperate effort, he had given his sovereign such an entertainment as never sovereign had received before; his masques had been played, his bears had been baited, his fire-works let off, his purse emptied, and all to no purpose: he was neither the Queen's husband nor more likely to become so than at the beginning of his suit; and now, after so long an interval, she was again beginning seriously to listen to a foreign suitor. Meanwhile, if the attractions of the Queen still retained their force, those of the woman may be supposed, in the ordinary course of things, to have considerably decayed; if he had once loved Elizabeth Tudor, he now loved Lettice Devereux; he turned, in mingled despair and pique, from his old fruitless pursuit, and grasped the object within his reach. We do not wish to judge the fair Lettice harshly, but we can certainly see nothing in a marriage under these circumstances inconsistent with the supposed amour during her husband's lifetime. The main reason why he should prefer a mistress to a wife was at last removed, and she might easily insist upon a legitimate sanction being given to their connection.

But in any case the marriage was kept secret from the Queen, till Anjou's agent, Simier, revealed it. Elizabeth's vengeance seldom fell lightly on those about her who married without her consent, and a marriage between her lover and her cousin was likely to be visited with more than ordinary severity. Leicester's marriage, especially at such a moment, must have been felt as a most stinging offence. It was a direct satire on her irresolution and inconstancy; it was a public proclamation that she had ceased to charm, or, at least, that she was not worth waiting for indefinitely. Pique might have led him to the act, prudence might resume its reign and prompt its concealment. Simier, the deputy lover of Anjou, if not a lover on his own account, naturally strove to set Elizabeth against Leicester, and, to bring matters to a head, revealed that he was now actually again a married man. Her wrath at the intelligence was as violent as might have been expected; he was commanded to confine himself to Greenwich Castle while a berth in the Tower was preparing. It was only the intercession of his constant adversary, Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, which saved him from a dwelling which so often proved a pathway to the block. The Countess herself, who had ventured thus openly to become the rival of her sovereign, was never afterwards, except upon a single occasion, permitted to appear at court. Yet the influence of the husband of Lettice was not permanently less than that of the wooer of Elizabeth; he still remained supreme in the court, and he tried his luck in the government of the camp. A patent was prepared, conferring on him the unheard-of title of Lord-Lieutenant of England and Ireland, and death alone seems to have hindered his actual investiture with its somewhat indefinite functions. Scandal affirmed that he fell into the snare which he had so often laid for others. In 1588 our friend Lettice, though now on the wrong side of forty, could, like the Queen herself, still command admirers. Christopher Blount,

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afterwards her third husband, was reported to be already her lover, and Leicester was rumored to have drunk of the same cup which he had drugged for her first and noblest partner. Anyhow, he died suddenly; Elizabeth wept for the man, but the crown debtor was quite another being, and his goods were presently sold for the benefit of her exchequer. Lettice lived to see her last husband perish on the scaffold in the same cause as her celebrated son by the first; but she herself abode in the flesh till 1634, when, at the age of ninety-four, she could still walk "a mile of a morning." Few other subjects of Charles I. could probably remember the death of Henry VIII. Born in the year which saw the execution of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, she found the title revived in her own person; and had six more years been allowed to her, to live out her full century, she might have seen the commencement of the struggle in which another Essex, her own grandson, fought by the side of another Cromwell.

The courtship of the Duke of Anjou, younger brother of Charles IX. and Henry III., of France, is certainly one of the most curious features in the reign of Elizabeth. He was nearer obtaining the prize than any other pretender, native or foreign, and seems to have been the only foreigner who had any real chance at all. As a mere matter of negotiation, this courtship was spread over a great number of years, and its full length and tediousness may be followed in Sir Dudley Digges's folio, intituled "The Complete Ambassador." But its culminating point lasted from 1578 to 1582. Like Eric, Anjou at first wooed by deputy, but, like Eric too, beginning to suspect the presence of a rival in his agent, he came over to press his own cause. The story will be found in any history of England. Elizabeth in her forty-ninth year, was unquestionably enamored of the young prince about half her age; they were actually contracted, and it seems to have been as much as the arguments of her ministers, the entreaties of her personal attendants, and the general voice of the nation, could effect, to prevent this grotesque union from being actually accomplished.

During the latter part of her reign the Queen confined herself to favorites chosen from among her own subjects. They were, to the very last, required to assume the demeanor and language of lovers; but we hear no more of any serious or definite proposals of marriage. Raleigh shone for a while as the rival of Hatton, but the place of Leicester passed, on his death, to his young step-son, Robert, Earl of Essex. As the son of Lettice Knollys, he was, of course, a distant cousin of Elizabeth's; and some surprise has been expressed that he never found the disgrace of his mother act as a bar to his advancement. The life and character of this celebrated man have been well traced out by his kinsman and biographer. He is one of those persons who just miss of being truly great. With an assemblage of individual qualities of the noblest kind, there was yet wanting some ruling principle to mould them into a character of harmonious excellence. He is, nevertheless, by far the most attractive hero of Elizabeth's reign. The wise men of her council, her Burghleys and Walsinghams, may be honored as they deserve in their own department; Leicester is more likely, on the whole, to excite censure than to win esteem; but for Essex we feel something like a personal affection. His frank and impetuous disposition, his personal accomplishments, his chivalrous daring in war, his more honorable mercy in the hour of victory, create an interest in him which mere statesmen and mere courtiers alike fail to excite. He obtained the rare distinction of being at once the favorite of the sovereign and the idol of the people; his personal qualities were those just suited to win the heart of the Queen, while his whole demeanor was no less adapted to conciliate popular affection. Even his foibles and vices were of a nature which the public at large is always willing to extenuate. He might be occasionally insolent and imperious alike to sovereign or subject; his gallantry in war might be but little tempered by the calm forethought of the true general; his gallantry in peace might often degenerate into licentiousness; but all these things might be readily forgiven in the young, high-spirited, and generous Earl. Like his step-father, he united a profession of religion with a neglect of its duties; but what in the one was probably but pharisaical hypocrisy, was in the other the common alternation of sinning and repenting. No man ever accused him of treachery, or duplicity, or secret poisoning; even in ordinary court intrigues he was liable to be distanced by every competitor. He probably never affected a sentiment which he did not feel, except—we cannot forbear the exception—when he employed the language of amorous devotion to his aged mistress. He died on the scaffold with more of legal guilt than most political victims of his age, but we may be sure with no treason or

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conspiracy in his heart of hearts. Elizabeth loved him as she had loved no man before; his death embittered many succeeding moments of her life; and in the opinion of some about her, contributed to bring down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. More than a year after his execution, she told the French ambassador that nothing now contented her spirit, or gave her any enjoyment: she spoke of Essex with sighs, and almost with tears, and was so much moved that De Beaumont found it necessary to give the conversation another turn. Yet so inveterate was the passion of Elizabeth for the game of courtship, that six months later, the same ambassador announced that she had been seized with a new inclination for a handsome Irishman, the Earl of Clanrickarde, who was said to resemble the ill-fated Essex. But he made no response to the advances of the Queen, who then declared that she could not love him because he recalled her sorrow for the man who had perished on the scaffold.

The main facts of the life of Essex are among the most familiar portions of English history, and for the details we cannot do better than refer our readers to the volumes of Captain Devereux. He has carefully investigated the well-known story of the ring, which Lady Nottingham is said to have kept back from the Queen, and thereby to have procured the Earl's death; but though nothing can be fairer than his statement of the evidence, we dissent from his conclusion that the tradition is true. But, instead of discussing these tempting questions, we must pass on to a more general estimate of the relations in which both Essex and his predecessors in the affections of Elizabeth actually stood to the sovereign, at whose court they were certainly something more than councillors or administrators of the royal will.

We have before observed that the private character of Elizabeth has been more frequently treated according to theological partisanship than weighed in the balance of historical impartiality. The delicate question of the exact relation between her and her favorites is one which, naturally enough, is rather evaded by both her female biographers, Miss Aikin and Miss Strickland. Dr. Lingard insinuates all he can to her prejudice; Mr. Sharon Turner takes up the gauntlet on her behalf with more zeal than discretion; Sir Harris Nicolas, perhaps in this matter a better authority than either, seems doubtful, but certainly inclines to the unfavorable view. Let us endeavor to look impartially on both sides. Were Leicester, Hatton, and the rest, more than the favorites—were they the actual paramours of Elizabeth? That they were more than political counsellors, that they were personal favorites, is evident: and we think there can be no doubt that the Queen was, in the strictest sense, "in love with" more than one of their number. It is perfect nonsense to talk, as has been done both in her time and in our own, of Leicester standing to her in the relation of a friend and a brother; it is palpable that her feelings towards him were those of an enamored woman; and she repeatedly declared that, could she prevail on herself to marry at all, he would be the man. Now such a marriage would have been contracted in defiance of every consideration of political prudence, and could only have been the result of a real passion. To argue that Leicester was not on the footing of a lover, because Elizabeth did not invariably grant his requests, and because she even seems on some occasions to have designedly thwarted him, argues a strange ignorance alike of human nature and of the famous dictum of the Latin Grammar touching the "amantium iræ." Because the daughter of Henry VIII. loved her royal power above all things, it does not follow that she did not love Robert Dudley second to it; because she fluctuated between the offended queen and the loving woman, it does not follow that the latter character never prevailed at all. Mr. Turner might as well argue that Henri le Grand had no love for the fair Gabrielle, because he told her that he had rather lose ten such mistresses as her, than one such counsellor as Sully. Hatton too, in the letters edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, addresses her with all the fervor of a real passion, widely different, as appears to us, from the affected and inflated language of Essex at a later period. Her love for Anjou led her to the brink of a marriage which would have made her the laughing-stock of Europe. When we come to Essex, the enormous disparity of years may perhaps have mingled a little of the tenderness of the grandmother with that of the mistress; but it is impossible to believe that her feelings towards him were exactly those which she entertained towards Lord Burghley or Archbishop Parker.

But because Elizabeth was deeply and passionately enamored of a succession of favorites, it is by no means necessary to leap to the conclusion that she actually sacrificed her honor to any one of them. Her calumniators and her admirers alike commonly argue as if passion implied vice; one side reasons that, because she was in love with Leicester, she must have been his mistress in

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a criminal sense; the others argue that, because she was not such a mistress, he could have been only a friend or a brother. But surely it is very possible to entertain a strong passion, and yet, from various considerations, to abstain from either its lawful or its unlawful gratification. It is surely possible for men or women to go on for years under the influence of such a feeling, running themselves into danger, and yet actually avoiding destruction; indulging, it may be, in perilous familiarities, and yet never taking the final step. Elizabeth, we have no doubt whatever, ran herself into great danger; she indulged in most unbecoming and almost degrading familiarities; she went to the very verge of virtue; but there is no positive evidence that she ever actually overstepped the line.

The most definite accusations against her come from the pens of envenomed enemies, religious and political. The Spanish and Popish factions, the partisans of Mary Stuart, had every motive to blacken the character of their great adversary. It will not do to admit "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" on the testimony of Cardinal Allen, or of the famous letter of the Queen of Scots. Yet even statements of this kind have a certain weight; they prove, at least, that she was not qualified to have been the partner of Cæsar; she might be above crime, but she was not above suspicion. Mr. Turner, a loyal subject of King George III., asks indignantly whether any one would hearken to similar accusations if brought, upon similar testimony, against Queen Charlotte or any other equally respectable lady. Undoubtedly not; but then no calumniator—none certainly in the position of either the Scottish Queen or the English Cardinal—would be so devoid of worldly wisdom as to bring them. Mr. Turner seems not to have known that calumniators, of any skill in their trade, commonly observe a certain verisimilitude; they at least endeavor to hit a real blot. They distort and exaggerate; they improve follies into vices, and vices into crimes, but they seldom attribute qualities to which the character assailed absolutely presents no approximation whatever. Aristophanes never accused Nicias of foolhardiness, or Lamachus of addiction to the principles of the Peace-Conference; Punch never hints that Mr. Cobden is a pensioner of the Sultan, or that Lord Shaftesbury holds a private retainer from the Vatican. To take Mr. Turner's own example, we are not aware that any man ever breathed an insinuation against the spotless virtue of Queen Charlotte; but, if we are not mistaken, her Majesty's real foibles were often made the subjects of exaggerated caricature. Elizabeth's calumniators must have had some ground to go upon; that is to say, her conduct was undoubtedly imprudent and unguarded; they of course chose to set it in the worst light, and probably invented the appropriate details. It is clear that rumor was sufficiently rife to be a matter of grave political consideration. One of Burleigh's objections to the marriage with Leicester was, that it would have been felt to be a confirmation of the prevalent reports that they had already dispensed with that ceremony. Camden, who was no Papist or Spaniard, testifies to the public jeering and scandal which followed, as was but natural, on the strange legislative enactment which denied all right to the succession to any but the Queen's "natural issue."

Mr. Turner gravely argues that Elizabeth's everlasting boasting and prating about her "virginity" is of itself a sufficient proof of her indubitable retention of that jewel. To us it seems that, except for the different manner of that age, it would have told entirely the other way. We should now-a-days immediately suspect a woman who perpetually sounded a trumpet before her on so delicate a subject. But such a conclusion with regard to Elizabeth would be as unreasonable as the opposite. Our notions on those matters have reached such a height of delicacy, that not only would no respectable woman go about asserting her own chastity, but she would even consider praise on that head as itself an insult, as implying the possibility of conduct of an opposite description. But such was hardly the feeling of Elizabeth's time. A lady then took it as a compliment to be addressed as "right virtuous;" and perhaps where Leicester had the ascendant it was consoling to be assured of the fact. Miss Strickland, with the notions of a lady of our times, is naturally scandalized at the fact that the Queen condescended to point out to a foreign ambassador that the position of their respective bedrooms showed the impossibility of the familiarity attributed to her and the Earl. A less delicate generation may have thought the surest proof the best. Elizabeth probably made these perpetual assertions of her own virtue as a sort of answer to the scandals against her; but it can really prove nothing either way that she wished the word "VIRGINITATEM" to appear in conspicuous letters upon her grave, or that she manifested a visible satisfaction of countenance when a Cambridge orator enlarged before her with great unction on the excellence of that monastic perfection.

As for the more precise charges brought

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against her, we may leave Dr. Lingard and Mr. Turner to discuss the exact topography of the palace after the changes which made the demonstration of royal chastity mentioned in the last paragraph no longer available. Leicester's chamber became after a while contiguous to her own—for a reason, according to Elizabeth herself, which neither friend nor foe seems willing to accept, namely, that his health suffered in his former quarters. The passages in the Hatton Correspondence have certainly also a suspicious air. And "If," says Sir H. Nicolas, "the expressions used by Dyer are to receive their usual interpretation, it is difficult to disbelieve the reports which were then so prevalent." We must confess that the dark hints contained in these letters have done more to shake our confidence in the perfect virtue of Elizabeth than all the minutiæ of scandal preserved by the rival Queen. The most natural interpretation would, we agree with Sir H. Nicolas, be at least favorable to the character of Elizabeth. But it is not absolutely conclusive. It proves that Elizabeth's passion for Hatton had carried her to lengths quite unbecoming her position; it does not positively prove that it had carried her to the extremest lengths of all. On our notion of the relation between them, she did certainly "descend very much in her sex as a woman;" and perhaps "frailties," not used in the technical sense, might not be too strong an expression. Still this testimony is quite explicit enough to hinder us from pronouncing a positive judgment in her favor, though individually we certainly incline to that side of the balance, and they are almost damaging enough to convert our verdict of "Not Guilty" into one of "Not Proven."

But we think the more favorable estimate of Elizabeth's character in this respect is perfectly consistent with facts. She inherited the susceptible and inconstant disposition of her father and aunt, together with the levity of demeanor which brought her mother to the block. Passion led her to the very brink of vice; pride, prudence, and principle combined to keep her from actually passing it. But why did she not marry? That keen observer and pleasant gossip, Sir James Melvill, told her the reason very clearly: single, she was both king and queen; married, she would have been queen only. Strong as was her passion for her successive favorites, she had a stronger passion still, the love of rule inherent in her Tudor blood. Her father could gratify both at once; his Annes and Janes and Katharines never interferred with his undivided royalty; but the husband of Elizabeth could hardly have failed to be, if not a master, at least a partner. Besides this, her egregious personal vanity delighted in the mere process of courtship; the maiden queen was the mistress and lady-love, the Aslauga and Gloriana of every man who chose to turn troubadour in her cause; the wife of Eric or Anjou, of Leicester or Hatton, must have been content with a more practical and decorous homage. In earlier days she diligently inquired of Melvill as to the comparative beauty of herself and her Scottish rival; she diverted her diplomatic cares by taking the ambassador's opinion as to the respective merits of the French, English, and Italian "weeds;" hearing that Mary was her superior in height, she pronounced her stature in excess, as surpassing that measure which was "neither too low nor too high." She not only refused the Swedish king a share in her portraiture, but she suppressed by proclamation all the efforts of the limner to depict her countenance as unworthy of the original, and put forth her own likeness by authority for the admiration of her loving subjects. And this weakness grew upon her with her age. Even when her face was "wrinkled," her teeth "darkish," her hair "tawny, *but not her own*,"* she still loved to hear how her ambassador in France set light by the beauty of Gabrielle, because of the far more excellent mistress whom he served. It gladdened her heart to hear how Gabrielle's lover himself took her picture, ("which nevertheless came far short of her perfection of beauty,") "beheld it with passion and admiration, kissed it, vowed that he would not forego it for any treasure, and that to procure the favor of the lively picture he would forsake all the world." She was not easily satiated with hearing how Raleigh "could not live alone in prison while she was afar off;" how he had been "wont to see her riding like Alexander, (?) hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a

* Hentzner, p. 84. Allusions to her age were not ever likely to be hazarded in her presence, except through inadvertence, as in the instance reported to his master by the Scotch ambassador, Lord Semple of Beltheis, in 1599, and quoted by Miss Strickland. "At her Majesty's returning from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would, as her custom is, go on horseback, although she is scarce able to sit upright, and my Lord Hunsdon said, 'It was not meet for any one of her Majesty's years to ride in such a storm.' She answered in great anger, '*My* years! Maids, to your horses quickly;' and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days."

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goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus." She forgot the queen in the woman when Essex told her that he "had been more subject to her natural beauty, than as a subject to the power of a king; for her own justice did conclude this within law, but the other his affection made to be infinite." She rejoiced to hear how he "preferred her beauty above all things;" how, "since he was first so happy as to know what love meant, he was never one day, nor one hour, free from hope and jealousy." Under her frowns he was "overcome with unkindness as before he was conquered by beauty;" when on foreign service, "he spiritually kissed her fair royal hands, and thought of them as a man should think of so fair flesh." But how great must have been the disappointment of their owner to find that, in his private discourse, she was described as "an old woman as crooked in mind as in body." Surely, by her own reasoning, this treason against her "natural beauty" might be held as more worthy of the block than any dereliction in the duty of "a subject to the power of a king."

Closely connected with Elizabeth's celibacy were two singular features in her character which are closely interwoven with one another; her dislike to marriage in others, and her unwillingness to declare her successor. The former, though one of the least amiable features of her character, seems to us to tell in her favor with regard to her own personal virtue. It was the happiness of lovers in any form, lawful or unlawful, to which she had so rooted an objection; in others, clearly because it was a satisfaction which she had denied to herself. If she frowned on Leicester for marrying her cousin, she imprisoned Raleigh for seducing her maid of honor. But the hardest measure she ever dealt was to the Earl of Hertford and Lady Katharine Grey, her persecution of whom really justifies the strong expression of Captain Devereux,* "that of all the generous and kindly emotions which warm the human heart, not one, as far as we know, ever found a resting-place in her bosom." A furtive marriage in one so near to the royal house as Katharine, hurried her and her husband to the Tower, and by a still more cruel mockery, their inability to bring legal evidence of the ceremony was visited by an ecclesiastical process for incontinency. The poor lady sank under her wrongs, falling a victim to the refined malice of Elizabeth, as her elder sister had done to the open severity of Mary.

* i. 191.

There was probably no time when it was less clear to whom the reversion of the royal estate of England lawfully appertained. Claimants there were in abundance — Mr. Hallam enumerates fourteen — but there was some objection to every one. Many of the claims, many of the objections, were indeed alike utterly futile; still there was enough to be said for and against each to render the question extremely complex, and to make a legislative settlement highly desirable. Hereditary right was in favor of the Scottish line, the descendants of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII.; but Henry VIII., in pursuance of the power specially vested in him by Parliament, had preferred those of his younger sister Mary, the widow of Louis XII., and wife of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. But there were doubts whether the descendants of Margaret's first husband, King James, were not excluded as aliens, while her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, from which the house of Lenox derived its claim, was very commonly regarded as invalid. In opposition to the rights of the Suffolk family, doubts were alleged whether Henry's will was duly signed. It was further whispered that Charles Brandon was at the time of his marriage with Mary the husband of another woman, in which case that princess would have left no legitimate descendants at all. Passing by this question, her line was scattered through various families, noble and ignoble, some of whose pretensions, as we have just seen in the case of the Hertford branch, met with but poor acknowledgment at Elizabeth's own hands. With the events of the previous century before their eyes, men might well dread the prospect of a civil war between the royal lines of *Stokes** and Stuart, to say nothing of the more distant rights of the Infanta of Spain, or the claims of the Holy See to the lapsed fief with which of old it had invested John Lackland. The Houses of Parliament, naturally enough, continually

* Let it not be forgotten that Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, daughter of Mary the French queen, and next in succession to Elizabeth under the will of Henry VIII., took for her second husband her Master of the Horse, Adrian Stokes. By her first marriage Frances had only daughters — Lady Jane Grey and two others; and at the time of her second, she was by no means so old as to render it improbable that she might become the mother of a son, who would have been at once the heir-apparent to the house of Stokes, and the heir-presumptive to the crown of England. Unluckily, however, the marriage did not prove fruitful, so that in a few years all chance of a *Stokes dynasty* succeeding to those of Plantagenet and Tudor passed away, probably for ever. See Romance of the Peerage, ii. 268.

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petitioned her Majesty either by her marriage to give the country a rightful and indubitable heir, or at least to allow some definite settlement of the succession. The Journals of Parliament of those days, which may be studied in the folio of Sir Symonds d'Ewes, contain some of the richest pieces of quaintness that we have ever come across. The two Houses in Elizabeth's time seem to have dreaded nothing so much as the old stigma of "Parliamentum indoctum." They ransacked the history of all nations that ever existed, and of some which we suspect never existed, to find precedents for their proceedings, and above all, arguments to prove that Queen Elizabeth ought to marry. In 1562, Mr. Speaker Williams, after offering her Majest one subsidy and two-fifteenths, exhorts her to select a husband; but not till after he has likened her to Cyrus and Alexander, and "Etheldred, a king in this realm," and has even dived farther into a still more remote antiquity, quite beyond our powers of research. She is compared to "Palestina the queen, reigning before the deluge, who made laws as well concerning peace as war;" to "Ceres the queen, which made laws concerning evil-doers;" and to "Marc, wife of Bathilicus, mother to Stillicus the king, who enacted laws for the maintenance and preservation of the good and well-doers." This last reference is quite above us, but we suppose there is a delicate hint as to the desirableness of another King Stillicus being brought into the world to carry on his mother's good government over England and Ireland. In 1566 the Houses are content to draw their instances from events better known to ordinary understandings. The Lords prove by the instances of Abraham, Hannah, and Elizabeth, ("whose name your Majesty beareth,") the advantages of leaving posterity; by those of the Empress Constance, and of Pedro, King of Aragon, that even religious votaries may for the good of kingdoms enter into the nuptial bond: by those of Moses and David, they demonstrate the advantages of naming a successor; by those of Alexander and Pyrrhus the evils which result from the contrary course. Mr. Speaker Onslow follows in the same vein, but confines himself to a single precedent; as her Majesty has defended the faith of Abraham, her faithful Commons trust that she may share Abraham's desire of issue. But neither prayers nor precedents, nor the plainest dictates of policy, could never induce her to name a successor; she would give no one a direct interest in her death, while she continued to look with an evil eye upon all the numerous claimants of her heritage. In utter defiance not only of the extreme theory of divine right, but of the commonest principles of an hereditary monarchy, it was made a matter of imprisonment and *præmunire* to maintain any one to be her heir, except that mysterious "naturalis ex ipsius corpore soboles," of which we have already heard. Never till her death-bed, at least, would she entertain the question, and even her dying declaration in favor of the King of Scots is now held by the best historians to be apocryphal.

In money matters Elizabeth does not shine. She boasted of sparing her subjects' pockets, but she certainly sometimes personally accepted of their gold and silver under circumstances which, according to our notions, were hardly princely. It was objected that her numerous progresses were often dictated by a desire to spare her exchequer by quartering herself upon her wealthy and hospitable subjects. To receive Elizabeth was a costly honor, which sometimes entailed the ruin of the entertainer. Her Majesty went beyond the precedent of King Xerxes himself; she not only exacted both dinner and supper for many succeeding days, but a well-filled purse of gold had to be prepared against her departure, to serve as the viaticum of the royal guest. A gift of the like nature, paid in hard cash into the royal palm, was also commonly expected when any municipal body was formally admitted to the royal presence. Yet were these very progresses among the surest means by which her nobler kingcraft sought to maintain the popularity which she so dearly loved. Not a subject was repulsed from her presence; every Englishman might have a personal audience, and personally plead his grievance before the English queen. On such occasions her tongue was kept back from curses, and her hands from blows; these were the portion of courtiers; good words and gracious smiles were the portion of her people. Prelates, and earls, and councillors trembled before her, but she knew well how to avoid the fatal rock of sovereigns; she took care never

'cerdonibus esse timenda.'

In the particular department of finance no claim of service or familiarity was admitted. Debts were rigorously exacted from the dead Leicester and the living Hatton; but the strangest tale of all is that of her pecuniary dealings with the first and noblest Earl of Essex. This gallant nobleman, on his expedition to Ireland, entered into a partnership

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with the Queen, by which they were to divide its expenses; but as the Earl wanted ready money, he borrowed 10,000*l.* of the Queen at 10 per cent., and mortgaged various estates, under penalty of annual forfeiture of a manor of 50*l.* yearly rent. The details may be studied in Captain Devereux's volume; suffice it to say, that many a fair manor had to be sold to defray the cravings of the royal money-lender, and that his young successor inherited "little or nothing towards the reputation of an earl's estate."

Elizabeth was coarse and savage in her personal tastes; we should almost think beyond the standard of her time, though from her capacity she might be fairly expected to have risen above it. We are told that she never mentioned the name of God without a marked pause and the addition of the epithet Creator; but there must be an implied exception of those cases in which the name was employed as the vehicle of the frightful oaths in which she constantly indulged. It was the vice of the age, but a vice from which a woman, a queen, and such a queen, might have been reasonably expected to be free; a vice which we can hardly conceive attaching to her sister or to her sister's victim. The same may be said of the barbarous nature of her favorite diversions. The reign of a maiden queen might well have been selected as the period to wipe out the national disgrace that the pleasures of Englishmen invariably involved pain to some living creature. But Elizabeth delighted in bull-baitings and bear-baitings beyond all recorded example; even the harmless ape was called upon to contribute by its sufferings to the royal diversion. In the nobler sports of the field the skill and excitement seem to have been less prized than the actual butchery; the stag, hunted down by man and beast, was brought to receive its death-wound from a hand which might more gracefully have been raised to command its deliverance. On some occasions she strangely mingled devotion and cruelty, while she ransacked the frozen zone to find objects for her inhuman pastime. She went to hear a sermon at St. Mary's, Spital, two white bears following in a cart—we need not say for what purpose they were destined at the conclusion of the discourse. Did the Church of England contain a divine courageous enough to have filled up the interval with an exhortation from the text—"The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel?"

From the inferior animals the step was in those days counted but small to the inferior types of the human race. Here Elizabeth has the additional guilt, not merely of continuing, but of commencing iniquity. In her reign, and under her auspices, England became first infected with the guilt of the slave-trade.

Such were the many failings which disfigured the fair fame of "Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic Faith: most worthy Empress from the Orcade Isles to the mountains Pyrenee."* We have had to deal mainly with her private and personal character; her more strictly political crimes or errors—if the first we must mention deserve either name—the imprisonment and death of the Queen of Scots, the embowellings of the Papist, and the burnings of the Anabaptist, are beyond the limits of our present subject. We have only to conclude with the remark already made, that her very failings form, in truth, the clearest testimony to her general greatness. The more we condemn the woman, the more we must admire the queen. Vain, irresolute, capricious, mean, cruel, jealous; jeoparding, if not surrendering, the choicest jewel of the female character, she never lost the love and veneration of her people; she has never failed to shine among the most glorious lights in the page of history. How great, then, must have been the intellectual grandeur, the capacity for government, the discernment of merit, which have in the eyes alike of her contemporaries and her successors obliterated moral failings of so deep a dye! Her faults are not even on the grand scale of criminality which might have seemed in a manner in harmony with the grandeur of her nobler qualities. They are the petty vices and weaknesses of a vain, malicious, and mean-spirited woman. Yet this same woman takes her place, by common consent, among the very ablest of our rulers; forty-five years of glory did England owe to her, between the contemptible administration of her immediate forerunner and her immediate successor; and the longer we contemplate her checkered nature, the more we are impressed with the truth of the dictum which we quoted at starting, that in Elizabeth there were two wholly distinct characters, in one of which she was greater than man, and in the other less than woman.

* Such was the style of her proclamation. See Strickland, vol. vi. p. 66.

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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

A TOSS-UP FOR A HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

The marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two ladies'-maids, were busy powdering, as it were with hoar-frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this marchioness, a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three-and-twenty years earlier, his majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of 100,000 livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevrault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that kings can be grateful, whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half-way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bougival to Saint Germain. Madam Dubarry's estate adjoined hers; and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable-ends and the wide-spreading chestnut trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hand that caught them in their fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the marchioness interrupted at times while she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"The King!"

Apparently, the marchioness was accustomed to such visits, for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting pearl-gray hunting-suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling-piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The king had come from Luciennes, almost alone, that is to say, with a captain of the guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, but a shower of hail had surprised him, and his majesty had no relish for it.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau when the shower commenced. He had come therefore to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer.

"Good morning, marchioness," said the king, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower, at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu. But don't put yourself out of the way, marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilies and the roses of your bewitching face. . . . Why, marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh, what fine oranges!"

And the king seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the marchioness, whose rosy finger-tips he kissed with an in-

finity of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges that he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent-bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance, easy as it is, marchioness, of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, sire, the functions of destiny."

The king opened wide his eyes, and stroked the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your majesty, that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the king.

"Imagine, sire; yesterday I found the countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down, in this way." And the marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the king; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choiseul! up, Praslin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, sire."

"And do you dabble in politics, marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, sire; for, in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself, just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Ay, ay," returned the king; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen — Monsieur de Menneval, who is a Crœsus, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection?"

"I'll tell you," said the dame. "You know, sire, that Monsieur de Menneval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Arouet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the court, from grandeur, and from turmoil. Nor are you unaware, sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious, burning with zeal for the service of your majesty, as brave as Monsieur de Menneval, and capable of going to the end of the earth—with the title of ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV. with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the marchioness, "I have been a widow these two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me—at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, sire; and, in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers and set some little value on the poets. But," added the dame, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah ha! the ambitious man!"

"Ambition does not shut out love, sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was longing to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval——"

"Very good," exclaimed the king, laughing; "now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Menneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since one can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah! what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both, each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game?"

"You, sire! Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

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"Ah!" exclaimed the lady: "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges—you mark them carefully; or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet-pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassadress."

"Excellent! Now, sire, let's see the result."

The king took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But, at the third pass, the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, sire!"

"So we are, marchioness; but the best thing we can do is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dash of West India rum."

"And Monsieur de Menneval? and Monsier de Beaugency?" said the marchioness, in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the marchioness, "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other; the marquis at one o'clock precisely; the baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the marchioness finished, the valet who had announced the king came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courlac, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern." And the king got up, taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, sire?" asked the marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush! marchioness."

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

CHAPTER II.

The marquis was a charming cavalier; tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble, imposing presence.

The marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss, and begged him by a gesture to be seated.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week! why, you were here yesterday!"

"Then I must have counted the hours for ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, marchioness."

"Perhaps so; it comes naturally;—I am tired."

"Ah, marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending *fête!*"

"That would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!"—

"You are still then as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

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"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious look of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of monarchs? And is not one's love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady-love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well-born, and consort not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuamakers and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation."

"Ah!" said the marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me, rather, of *fêtes* that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the cardinal, stands well at court. He has the king's ear, and better still, the countess's. He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself Madame the Ambassadress, treading on the platform of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him, with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him: "Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, marchioness!"

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, madame."

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one, without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency; "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlac. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in the presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. —Ah! I forgot."

"What, further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the king."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not at Courlac be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will—not—return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wearies me. I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, marchioness——"

"Hush! it's a bargain. Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the king, from his hiding-place and through the screen, "you

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will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, madame: it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying any thing."

It struck two. Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

CHAPTER III.

Monsieur de Menneval was at all points a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the troubadours of France in the olden time.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well-chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under cloak of a philosophic scepticism.

He trembled as he entered the marchioness's boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love, with a poetic simplicity and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the marchioness sighed, and said within herself: "He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the king, and thus addressed the baron:

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to every thing, and achieve every thing."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the king's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. Ift you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your excellency the ambassador to Prussia will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders: to obey you is my sole desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind," said she, trembling with joy and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The marchioness handed out the baron by the right-hand door, as she had handed out the marquis by the left; and then said to herself: "I shall be prettily embarrassed if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlac!"

Thereupon, the king removed the screen and reäppeared.

His majesty stepped quietly to the round table whereon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the marchioness, "I perceive, sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished marchioness.

"But, sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But——"

"It was no manner of use to us."

"You have decided then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Menneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

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"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the king, pointing to the valet who entered with a note from the marquis. "You'll soon see."

The widow opened the note, and read as follows:

"Madame, I love you—Heaven is my witness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the king. My life, my blood are his. I cannot, without forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his service——"

"Et cetera," chimed in the king, "as was observed by the Abbé Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur de Menneval."

Monsieur de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the king in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it, to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the king peeled the second orange and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry ambassador. In all this, I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sugar—and yet they pretend to say that I am a selfish monarch!"

From the Quarterly Review.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

A GOOD many years have elapsed since the attention of the country was very earnestly fixed upon the House of Commons, and during that period its place of meeting has been entirely changed, and some alterations have been introduced into its customs. As the generation which has arisen since 1832 is one which especially clamors for "facts," and is hardly satisfied to take a pin without being conducted through every room of the manufactory, and witnessing the process of wire-drawing, clipping, head-twisting, silvering, and sorting, let us so far fall into the habit of the day as to conduct Young England through the principal part of the Manufactory of Statute Law.

The manufactory itself, as is generally known, is situate on the left bank of Thames, close to the foot of the now doomed Westminster Bridge. It is a magnificent pile, of enormous extent, covering in fact nearly eight acres, and was erected to replace the parliamentary buildings which were consumed by fire on the 16th of October, 1834. There are nearly as many opinions on the character of the edifice as there are in regard to what goes on within its walls. Its Gothic architecture delights those who see in it a stone embodiment of our Constitution—the slow, irregular, but picturesque growth of ages; but, on the contrary, excites the animadversion of others, who conceive that a national building should be the type of a national civilization, or who, more probably rejecting any such sentimentality, simply prefer the comfortable apartments and well-fitting windows of our modern houses to the imposing chambers and obscuring lattices of our ancestors. The Earl of Ellenborough's proverbial simplicity of taste, which is conspicuous in the chaste and closely-reasoned speeches that have long made him a principal ornament of the distinguished assembly to which he belongs, recently induced his Lordship to say that "he should have liked to have seen a more severe style of architecture

* *The House of Commons.* By Charles R. Dod, Esq. London. 1852-53.

adopted—one which would have been more fitting for the purpose to which it was to be devoted, and which should have had stamped upon it the appearance of that eternity which we all desire our institutions should possess." And Lord Brougham, while paying a hearty tribute to the artistic skill displayed in the building, has "always been of opinion that it was barbarous in the extreme to erect a Gothic structure for parliamentary purposes in the middle of the nineteenth century, and would infinitely have preferred some more sober style." On both sides of this subject, as on every other, a great many strong and sensible things may be said. Those who have lost themselves in Sir Charles Barry's labyrinths—

"Whose wandering ways and many a winding fold
Involve the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denies recess"—

who have shivered in his lofty chambers, and murmured at the early darkness of his cells, have often wished that the multifold magnificence of the New Palace had been exchanged for the convenience and comfort of a modern structure, where the feudal system had been less thought of than easy communication and practical accommodation. On the other hand, those whom Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's cards have admitted to the House of Lords on the day when her Majesty attends to open or to close the sitting, who have witnessed the splendid and significant spectacle which is afforded upon such an occasion, warmly contend that no architectural arrangement could offer so fit a setting for the scene as the gilded and painted roof, the colored windows gleaming with royal effigies, the illuminated heraldry, and the alternating glow and sparkle of that glittering chamber.

There are malcontents of another kind, who allow the propriety of Gothic, but who raise objections to the way in which the subject has been treated. They allege, for instance, that the river front of the manufactory is a mistake, inasmuch as it is a long unbroken frontage, in a style which is beautiful chiefly from its breaks and variations, and that seen from the Thames, the façade reminds the irreverent of a Birmingham steel fender, the small turrets at corners doing duty for the places where the fire-irons repose. But while admitting that there may be some force in various objections of detail which are urged to the edifice as seen at present, we must contend that no final judgment ought to be passed until the completion of the building permits the architect to say that, having at length done justice to himself, he demands it of the spectator. We believe that it is impossible to estimate by anticipation the effect of the grandest feature of the work, the colossal Victoria tower; and at the slow rate at which its richness creeps skyward, six or seven years must still elapse before the crowning stone is laid. This gigantic column, aided by the effect of the graceful clock-tower, may, and probably will, so dwarf details into insignificance, that fault-finders will thenceforth be ashamed of their vocation. Meantime, the only word for Sir Charles Barry is—*excelsior*.

But it is to a single chamber in this mighty pile that we have to conduct the young Englishman, who, having seen in the outside world innumerable specimens of the way his country's laws are broken, has a laudable curiosity to see how they are made. We might begin with a pleasant picture of that youthful inquirer himself, and imagine him to be an ingenuous youth of agreeable countenance, and country education, who has a befitting veneration for the British Constitution, for patriotism, and for statesmanship, and who has committed to his plastic memory the best passages from Demosthenes, Cicero, and Chatham, and in whom not even the scenes at the elections for the borough near his own quiet home have been able to shake the abstract reverence in which he holds the collective wisdom of the nation. But an Ingenuus of this kind is not easily found in these days of precocity. There was a poor old woman, nearly blind, who used to wander about Smyrna, with one thought only to trouble her fast waning intellect, which was evinced in the ever-recurring moan:—"Where are all the children gone? There are no children now." With much less melancholy note—for we believe the hearts of the youth of England to be as sound and as noble as ever—we may ask, "Where are all the boys gone?" Railway communication, popular literature, and adventurous tailors do wonders for the rising generation, and there seem to be no boys. One day you are helping a flaxen-curled child to turn summersaults on a grass-plot, or to put together a dissected puzzle of Joseph, and the next time you meet, behold a young gentleman in an evening dress, with a faultless cravat, and a grave smile, who asks you, with some concern, whether it is really to be Madame Grisi's last season. So, if we take Ingenuus with us to the House, it is not in the hope that he will meet many of his kind in the galleries or the lobbies.

As Parliament usually meets at the end of

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January or the beginning of February, to rise about the second week in August, (the accession and fall of the late Derby administration temporarily deranged the practice,) it may be held to be an afternoon towards the middle of the session, some time in the month of May. We enter the Hall, remarking as we go that Barry's adaptation of his design to the purpose not only of preserving the glorious hall but of making it a grand feature of the Palace deserves all plaudit. There is a long curved line of idle people, drawn up from the door to the "Members' entrance," broken through the left side of the hall, and they stand there to see the members go in, while another detachment wait outside in the air to behold the senators come up in their carriages or on their horses. But we will not linger here, agreeable as it may be to gaze upon the notabilities of the House, or the graceful figures and pleasant faces of less known representatives, but will mount the steps at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and turn to the left. This is St. Stephen's porch; and it leads us into St. Stephen's Hall, of which we have only time to say as we traverse it that it stands upon the site of St. Stephen's Chapel, words so long the penny-a-liner's synonyme for the House of Commons. The statues are those of Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon and Walpole, and eight other worthies are to share the proud distinction. Enter this noble central octagon hall, into which the electric telegraph is laid, with wires to the clubs, so that a man may save his dinner and his country too, by keeping his eye on the regularly transmitted messages: "9.30. *Colonial Churches. Mr. Nimbus, still. Is reading a great number of extracts from Commissioners' Reports. House very empty.*" Or, "11.45. *Conduct of Ministers. Mr. Disraeli just up. Is taunting the Government with having been beaten seven times in eight days. House crowded.*" We are between two corridors. That to the right leads to the House of Lords, that to the left, along which we are to go, to the House of Commons. Thus, at a prorogation, the Queen on her throne and the Speaker in his chair face each other at a distance of some four hundred and fifty feet, and the eagerness of the Commons in their race from their own House to the bar of the Lords has more than once amused their Sovereign Lady. It used indeed to be an open race, but the start is now so managed that the Speaker and the Parliamentary leaders first "touch wood," as schoolboys say.

Through the corridor we enter the Commons' Lobby. Here Ingenuus will perceive considerable bustle. Members are perpetually coming in and out, and as the doors swing open, he gets a momentary view of the Speaker actively presiding over the House. Of the people in the lobby, some want orders for the gallery, some wish to know whether certain petitions have been presented, or certain questions asked, and those who are waiting for the Irish representatives are probably either gentlemen who correspond with the Dublin newspapers, and have come to get the latest political intelligence, or Hibernian adventurers who "depend" upon their friends to obtain them some place or other, "and in the mane time to lind them a thrifle." The good-nature of the Irish members is sorely taxed by this class of hangers-on, who stand here fidgeting and smirking to catch the patron's eye while he is talking to more distinguished acquaintances; but, on the other hand, the poor fellows are most reliable vassals, and their "Sure I will," on being asked to undertake any service, is a pledge always redeemed, unlike many another pledge to which they are frequently driven while waiting the emoluments of office. There is a post-office in this lobby for the convenience of members, which affords great facilities as regards hours—a fact, Ingenuus, which you will do well to conceal from your amiable wife, (should you marry and settle in Parliament,) as the old excuse for not writing to her—that you had to be down early at the House—is, you will perceive, untenable, if the truth be known to her.

A stranger is usually sent to the Strangers' Gallery, or, under more favorable circumstances, to the gallery below it, to which the Speaker's name is given. It is probable that before the night is over we may find it desirable to ascend to the former, but for the present, thanks to the agency of a member, we can enter the body of the House, and sit in one of those pens, or pews, by the side of the door. These are privileged places: members who require cramming by well-informed outsiders put their tutors here; here, too, are to be seen strangers who are personally interested in a discussion, as Baron Rothschild during the Jew debate—the London sheriffs in red gowns, when they bring up a civic petition—and on a field-night, still more illustrous visitors.

Behold yourself, Ingenuus, at last in the principal chamber of the manufactory of statute law. The apartment itself is not very imposing, but the dark oak and dark green benches give it a good business-like aspect. The chamber, as Sir Charles Barry planned

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it, was far more handsome, and not an unworthy working-day companion to the House of Lords. Instead of that roof, which looks like the inside bottom of a huge barge, and which slopes at a rapid and unsightly angle to the windows, which are mean, there was once a fine room here. An experimental sitting, however, was held on the morning of Thursday, the 3d of May, 1850, and, after this and some subsequent meetings, it was found that the fine room would not do. The principles of acoustics had not been studied, and Opposition members were incessantly rising and attacking clauses which the Government had struck out ten minutes before, while the supporters of Ministers were defying their antagonists to divide on amendments of which they had announced the withdrawal. It was felt that either the architectural beauty of the chamber must be sacrificed, or pantomime and the speaking-trumpet must be introduced into the British Constitution. Sir Charles Barry haunted the House in sorrow, as every successive debate more and more convinced him that his design would be disfigured; and though, no doubt, he believed in his heart that the Commons could hear quite as much as was good for them, he was obliged to give way. Let us record therefore, in justice to him, that on the date we have mentioned this was a bold and well-proportioned chamber, with a lofty ceiling, tall windows, and a mass of Gothic tracery in white stone. The only drawback was, that it was a place for debate, and that no debate could be heard. The barge roof was put on, the lowest division of the windows was alone left, and a still greater ruin was wrought, which is not visible from this part of the House. The end of the chamber on the gallery floor was occupied by a beautiful Gothic screen, whose tracery completed the character of the apartment. The barge roof has now hidden all the ornamental part of this screen, and the lower portion is a formal glazed partition, behind which strangers go to their gallery.

This then is the room in which laws are made for some hundred and forty millions of people, and in which through ages to come, in all human probability, laws will continue to be made for Britain and her dependencies. Ingenuus naturally supposes that the inauguration of such a building, the first piece of legislative business transacted in it, would be of an important kind; the fact being that the first petition presented was from an Irish provincial town about an impost which not one person in five hundred knows any thing about; the first speech delivered was by Mr. Wilson Patten upon formalities connected with the obtaining local acts, and the first division was upon the question whether Mr. A. Hastie should or should not be excused from attending a committee. The numbers may be worth mentioning as showing the attendance,—they were 183 to 41. Even the first formal debate was upon no more imposing a subject than an Irish Elections Bill. Such is the sensible and business-like way in which Englishmen are accustomed to manage serious affairs.

Opposite to Ingenuus sits the Speaker, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, an able man, whom everybody likes. Mr. Serjeant Yelverton being, in Queen Elizabeth's time, nominated to the office, rose and with much mock modesty disavowed his possession of any qualifications for the chair, "for," he said, "he that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well-spoken, his voice great, his courage majestical, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy." The "haughtiness" alluded to by Yelverton may be supposed to have meant loftiness, rather than the objectionable quality now implied in the word, and the whole description may be fairly applied to the present First Commoner. He was originally elected Speaker in 1839 on the retirement of Mr. Abercromby, upon which occasion he was chosen by 317 votes against 299 given for Mr. Goulburn. Since that time he has been thrice reëlected without opposition. When in active politics, the right hon. gentleman voted for Short Parliaments. Possibly his experience, in the chair, of the time it takes to drill a political recruit into a practical statesman, may have induced the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hampshire Yeomanry to reconsider the question. To his right—and to our young friend's left—sit the Ministers on the foremost bench in front of a huge table. That is Lord John Russell with the large hat. On one side of him sits Mr. Gladstone in black, and beyond is Lord Palmerston; on the other side of him are the lawyers and Sir James Graham. They are backed by the regular supporters of Government. Fronting them sit Her Majesty's Opposition: Mr. Disraeli, bounded by Sir John Pakington on this side and Mr. Walpole on the other, forms the centre, and beyond the latter gentleman is Mr. Henley. The Conservative Opposition fill the benches behind. Two gangways occur, one on each side of the House, and below these and nearer to Ingenuus, on the Government side, sit the Manchester school, and, on the front row, men of some mark. The good Sir Robert Inglis

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used to occupy one of these seats. His successor, Sir William Heathcote, sits on one of the back rows opposite, near the Irish ultramontane party, of whom Mr. Lucas, an Englishman, is the only one of any real parliamentary talent. Some of the Irish members are below the gangway, on the Government side of the House—the O'Connells for instance, and others. The galleries along the sides of the House are for the members, who sleep there a good deal, and the gallery behind the Speaker is exclusively devoted to the members of the press. The brass grating above the reporters' sanctum conceals a row of very comfortable nooks in which, by favor of the Serjeant-at-Arms, ladies are placed. Little can be seen of them, a white handkerchief or a bright ribbon just making itself visible in the gloom, but they can both see and hear very well; and it would be better if they confined themselves to these two gratifications, instead of talking and laughing so emphatically. The putting them behind a grating, which really excludes them from the chamber, may perhaps be held their justification for considering that they are entitled to comport themselves as they please. Ladies are admitted into the House of Lords, and conduct themselves with a decorum which proves that the Commons might have ventured on a similar courtesy.

Almost every member is armed with a document of which he appears anxious to be rid as soon as possible. This is the time for presenting petitions. Ingenuus has seen the process of getting up a petition in his quiet country house, and remembers the pains that were bestowed upon the phraseology, the grave discussion whether it might not seem more respectful to the Commons to use the word "regret" instead of "deplore," and what a struggle there was to get the phrase "Roman Catholic brethren" inserted instead of "Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen," and how the curates opposed it and the surgeon and lawyer supported it, and how, after a long squabble, they compromised with the "Roman Catholic population of these islands." How beautifully the petition was engrossed on parchment by one of Mr. Pounce's clerks, and how solemnly the leading signatures were affixed. How Mr. Hairsplit, the retired and serious attorney, signed, but affixed a protest that he did so in a sense only, and added several references to texts, that the House of Commons might look them up and quite understand his motives. How Mr. Quaver, the nervous gentleman, signed, but immediately afterwards wrote a long letter withdrawing his signature, and ultimately came to the post-office to affix it again, just as the petition was going away. And Ingenuus recollects, no doubt, the rest of the fidgeting, and hesitation, and self-complacency, and pomposity, with which the various other petitioners, according to their natures, performed the important duty, and how, finally, the solemn document was forwarded to the county member with letters, one to his club, the other to his private house, begging him instantly to acknowledge it, and to present it the first practicable moment. Now listen, for here comes a petition which has been prepared with similar awful care.

"Mr. Jones," cries the speaker.

Up gets Mr. Jones. "A petition, Sir, from the inhabitants of (name utterly inaudible) praying that the House will (several words utterly inaudible) Roman Catholics." And Mr. Jones hurries up with the document while the Speaker is putting the formal question that it do lie upon the table, and a clerk seizes it and rams it into a carpet-bag, and when the bag is quite full of petitions, it is carried out of the House; and it is our firm belief that not one member ever read your petition, Ingenuus, or looked out one of Mr. Hairsplit's texts, but that it was hurried up and carried out in precisely the same ignominious way. See how fast the process is going on, and how the members run up, throw down their petitions, and run back.

But this does not prevent petitions from being sent up by the thousand. Look into the papers to-morrow morning and you will see a list, a column long, in which the requisitions of the United Kingdom are specified with great precision. It may be observed that in the inverse proportion to the significance of the petitioners is the magnitude of the demands they make. The teachers and children of the Primitive Methodist (Anglicè, Ranters) Sunday-school of Aberdwyllenthewyddyll, North Wales, petition for the abolition of the Church of England, the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, and the instant withdrawal of our armies from the cause of the infidel Mahometans. A society called the Inherent-Manly-Right-Assertion Association, meeting at the Freethinkers' Casino, (dancing after debates,) Clerkenwell Green, submit a plan for remodelling the Constitution, giving every man of twenty-one a vote, and abolishing all taxes except on landed property. The Mechanics' Institute and Literary Forum of a Manchester suburb require a new system of Municipal

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Corporations, of which "skilled labor" is to be the basis, and which shall furnish every man with such a trade as he may select, buy him tools, and advance him capital to begin with. It will be admitted that the persons who thus "humbly pray the honorable House" receive no great injustice at its hands. Then again it has been of late years the fashion to estimate the feeling of the country by the number of petitions and signatures, instead of weighing the character, education, and position of the petitioners; consequently it is a point, when a political battle is being fought, to bring up these documents by hundreds, and members may be seen rising with large bundles. "I have, Sir, one hundred and sixty-three petitions from parishes in Yorkshire against the proposed — tax;" or one of enormous bulk will be heaved up: "A petition, Sir, with 17,191 signatures, from inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, against compulsory vaccination." For the Reform Bill of the present year there were *eleven* petitions, of which *four* only were absolutely in favor of a measure so much demanded by the nation. As to the miscellaneous subjects in which the aid of Parliament is prayed, the list of a single night's petitions shows that the celebrated simile of the elephant's trunk, that can pick up a pin or root up an oak, precisely indicates the popular notion of the powers of the House of Commons. On the self-same night it is prayed to against church-rates, against poor-rates, against highway-rates, against direct taxes, against indirect taxes, against the police, against interments in towns, against the closing of burial-grounds, against public houses, against the licensing system, against explosions in mines, against Temple Bar, against paper duties, against the war with Russia, against Lord Aberdeen, against the Court of Chancery, against tenants having to pay rent in Ireland, against keeping Sunday, against working over-hours; that the master of Killybolscoyne workhouse may be discharged; that the British Museum may be open seven days in the week; that the classics be no longer taught in public schools; that the brewers may be deprived of their monopoly; that British and not foreign music may be performed at Her Majesty's dinner-parties; that third-class railway carriages may be made as luxurious as first-class; that primogeniture may be abolished; that a man may be at liberty to marry his grandmother; and that no person shall be hanged under any circumstances whatever.

Ingenuus will probably ask how this list is obtained, for he finds that it is quite impossible to hear what is said at the presentation, and he sees that the reporters are talking to one another, and, apparently, taking few notes, or none. They are saved this trouble by an officer of the House, who obtains from any member who desires that it should be known that he has discharged his trust, a memorandum of his name, that of the petitioning locality, and the purport of the prayer. The list thus made out is handed to the leading newspapers.

But now comes a more stirring time. Questions are to be asked, and the Ministers are to answer them. There is a certain document, called "the paper," which is in everyone's hand, and which is the programme of the business of the evening—a parliamentary play-bill. It is printed every day, and retains the Latin heading, "*Saturni*, 29 *die Aprilis*, 1844," supposing that such Saturday were the day of sitting. Saturdays, however, are seldom invaded until late in the session. On this paper, after the orders of the day, comes a list of questions of some such description as the following:

Mr. Lucas. To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether he has heard the report that a midshipman of H. M. S. Roarer, off the West India coast, remarked to a companion that the image of the Virgin in one of the Catholic churches at the Havana reminded him of the black doll over a marine store-shop, and whether such midshipman is still retained in Her Majesty's service.

Mr. Williams. To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the sums of money which he is perpetually advertising as receipts from Tender Consciences are really received, and if so, what is done with the money; and whether any instructions are given to the police to trace the senders, who, having obviously long pursued a dishonest career, seek to quiet their self-reproaches by such reimbursements.

Mr. F. French. To ask Lord John Russell whether he has any objection to explain to the House the whole designs of our Government in the conduct of the war, and to produce copies of all the secret instructions given to our commanders.

But all the questions are not placed upon the paper. Of some the interrogator gives private notice to the minister whom he designs to question, and others are asked without notice, either on the ground that the events occasioning them (as the arrival of tidings of a battle) have only just occurred,

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or in the hope that no preparatory notice will be required. It is hardly necessary to say that the form of the answer depends at least as much on the character of the respondent as upon the nature of the subject. As regards the present Cabinet, the difference is considerable. Even if Lord John Russell intends to reply to the question at all, he usually speaks in rather an under-voice, and is moving from the table to sit down before he has quite done, by which means his last words are often lost. With attention, however, and if not very far off, you can make out his meaning; but if it is a case in which he does not particularly care about being heard and reported, the articulation is most artistically confused. As a rule, and unless the proposed question be a means of enabling the Government to state what it wishes should be known, Lord John Russell, doubtless without intending it, contrives to convey the impression that the interrogating a Minister of the Crown is, after all, rather taking a liberty. Not so Lord Palmerston. He springs to his feet, as if quite glad to have an opportunity of satisfying so very reasonable a curiosity as that of the honorable member who has asked the question. He then states the matter in his own way, makes the House feel that every thing is quite right, or if otherwise, that it is not Lord Palmerston's fault, and adroitly seasons the explanation with some jocose but good-natured allusion to the querist, which calls up a laugh. No man, however, can give, upon a serious question, a better weighed or manlier reply than the Home Secretary; but he well understands the art of silencing those whom his friend Mr. Canning used to call the yelpers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is grave enough. He poises himself upon the green box, and points his finger, as one who is not going to let you off until you quite understand the subject, and then he explains it to you at such length, and with such a *copia verborum*, that you feel quite ashamed of the unreasonable trouble you have given to a man who has so much else to attend to. He presents you with such an elaborate essay on the matter, looking at it in various lights, and analyzing its various bearings, doing it withal in so pleasant a voice and with so gentlemanly a manner, that you receive the address as a personal compliment. His answers contrast a good deal with those of Lord Palmerston. Supposing each minister were asked what day the session would be over, the Viscount would reply that it was the intention of Her Majesty to close the session on the 18th of August. Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise that inasmuch as it was for Her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be most acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with parliamentary etiquette to ask her ministers to anticipate such decision; but presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right honorable gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons, and the formal termination of the sitting of the Legislature, being two distinct things, he would say that Her Majesty's Ministers had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the 18th of August, and that such day would not be unfavorable for the latter, and therefore, if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would probably be that inquired after by the right honorable gentleman. Sir James Graham's long experience and shrewd practical habit of mind enable him to give one of the best answers which is heard in Parliament; but the low voice in which he usually replies prevents the House from having the full advantage of his information. The law answers of the Cabinet are given by the Attorney-General with promptness and clearness, and by the Solicitor-General with more elaboration, and with a precision most acceptable in print, but marred into apparent pedantry to the ear by the singular delivery of this accomplished lawyer.

Petitions and questions having been disposed of, and notices of motion given—that is, members having announced that on a certain day they intend to move for leave to bring in a bill, or for the appointment of a committee, or that a certain resolution be agreed to—what comes next? This is a Government night, which means that the business of the nation, as administered by the Government, is discussed before private members are entitled to be heard. The difference is enormous. For example, on Tuesday, which was not such a night, and private members had a right to begin the evening with their own subjects in the order in which they stood on the paper for that Dies Martis, a melancholy event occurred. Two liberal members, both patriots of great merit, and both dreadful bores, had motions on the paper. The subjects were very important. Ingenuus would have felt that out of the 654 members of the House, at least 650 should have attended, and if the other four were ill, they should have sent medical certificates.

1. Mr. Proser. To call the attention of

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the House to the want of educational provision for the humbler classes.

2. Mr. Droner. To call the attention of the House to the circumstances attending the arrest of a Jew pedlar, called Moses Shobbus, who on the 27th of March last was taken into custody at Ditchford fair while pursuing his regular and licensed business, and who was committed by Col. Baffy and the Rev. Peter Brown, magistrates, to the county jail on a charge of embezzlement, of which he has been ascertained to be innocent.

To constitute a House, there must be forty members present, including the Speaker; and when he took his chair at four o'clock, and began counting with his three-cornered hat, there were but twenty-three. It is even said that members who had come down to the House had not only refused to go in themselves, but had prevented others from entering until the counting was over. At least so Mr. Proser asserted, when on another night he adverted with patriotic wrath to the subject, and desired that Government would give him one of their own nights for his discourse, a proposition which was very unfavorably received. It may be well to add that undue blame must not attach to Parliament for this and similar occurrences. It was felt that Mr. Proser was of all men the most unfitted to deal usefully with a great subject; it was known that he had taken it up for the sake of promoting his own reputation, and it was foreseen that after a couple of hours or more of dreariness, citations from blue-books, and common-place oratory, Mr. Proser would have sat down, and been told by a member of the Ministry that his good intentions were appreciated, and that the facts he stated were admitted, but that the subject must be dealt with by Government, and not by a private member. These considerations it might be felt justified the no-house as regarded Mr. Proser; but how 654 members, less 23, could stay away when such a case as that of Moses Shobbus called for their indignation, Ingenuus must discover for himself.

There is no fear of such a catastrophe to-night, for it is, as we have said, a Government night, and the Secretary to the Treasury, that restless, pleasant-looking person, who is here, there, and everywhere, (his appearance has reminded somebody of Napoleon, with a tight boot on his mind,) has seen to his duty. "The clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day," says Mr. Shaw Lefevre. Supposing it were possible to "take" them all, there would be a goodly night's work before us; but the fact is, that the time will be almost exclusively occupied with a discussion on the second:

1. Ways and Means.
2. Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill. Second reading.

The homely-sounding phrase, "Ways and Means," which is the first item in the list, implies the machinery by which the funds are raised for meeting the national expenditure. In a Committee of Ways and Means the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes his proposals for taxation, and when the Committee has agreed to resolutions in favor of his propositions, they are re-cast, as bills, and are regularly passed by both Houses, the hereditary legislature having the right to throw them out altogether, but not to alter them. This committee is frequently the arena of a grand battle, but to-night it will not occupy more than five minutes, a merely formal vote being taken. Mr. Hume, however, interrupts, in order to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has introduced his promised alteration as to certain drawbacks, and the Chancellor courteously assures him that the subject has not been forgotten, but that some technical difficulty has prevented the blanks from being as yet filled up. Mr. Hume complains that this is really sadly irregular—here is another stage passed through, and nobody knows what he is voting—but, though disapproving, allows the matter to pass. The gentleman in wig and gown comes round to the front of the table, lifts up the mace, and restores it to its place; for when the House is in Committee the mace is off the table, but when the Speaker resumes his chair, the emblem of dignity is again laid before him. But perhaps the most amusing ceremony in which "the Bauble" figures is when a Master in Chancery comes with a message from the Lords. The Serjeant-at-Arms goes reverently up to the Speaker and announces the fact, and the Speaker kindly lends him the mace, that he may receive the Master in a more imposing manner. Armed with—almost staggering under—the gilded load, the Serjeant walks down the House to fetch the Master. The pair form in line, and come marching up to the table, the Master being more splendid in regard to costume, but the Serjeant borrowing the reflected glory of the mace. They bow at various stages of the journey, and the Master, having arrived, delivers the message of the Lords, the Serjeant standing by him with his grand weapon, and

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looking as if he were ready to castigate him on the spot if he should show any lack of reverence. Then they retreat, *pari passu*, bowing whenever it occurs to them, and in this retrograde movement the Serjeant has an advantage, his legs being unincumbered, whereas the heels of the other are in chancery, and his gown is traitorous. However, we have never seen a Master fall down, and perhaps the dexterity of the official is due to long rehearsals. Finally, the Serjeant having seen his companion back to the bar, comes up again with more reverences to return the Speaker his mace, and then bows himself back to his own chair, after these six promenades. Strangers do not always look respectfully upon this ceremonial, but nothing is so wholesome as etiquette between neighbors.

But now comes the real battle of the evening. The second reading of the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill is called. The process of considering an act of parliament is this: The measure, if an important Government one, is probably recommended, either specifically or by implication, in the Speech from the Throne. Early in the session the leader of the House usually announces the order in which the propositions will be introduced. He mentions that on a certain day he shall move for leave to bring in a bill for conferring the electoral franchise on certain criminals. A hear, hear, usually follows from his own side of the House, echoed by another from the opposition in a tone which intimates that there will be something to say against the measure. The notice duly appears in the paper, and on the appointed night the Minister explains the nature of his bill. Unless a very important principle is involved in the measure, and one which is patent at first glance, it is usual, after a brief discussion, which almost takes on the part of the opposition the nature of a provisional protest, to allow the bill to be introduced. But there are frequent and significant exceptions to this rule. Supposing, however, that, as in the present case, the bill was duly introduced and read a first time, (*that* reading being a form,) the question was fought out upon the second reading. It may be convenient to add here, that if the second reading be carried, the bill is subsequently discussed in committee, clause by clause, and this process frequently occupies many sittings, any member being at liberty to propose amendments,—debates and divisions often taking place on each. Sometimes those who could not defeat a measure on the second reading, succeed in so modifying it in committee, as to deprive it of much of its original and, to them, objectionable character. The bill is printed in a form which affords every assistance for reference. Not only the pages and clauses, but the lines being numbered at intervals, like those of a classic poet, and a synopsis being prefixed as an index, it is not difficult for a legislator of ordinary intelligence and power of attention to know what is going on in committee. Nevertheless, blunders do occur, and members rise and proceed to discuss clauses which, as they are presently informed with some good-natured tartness by their chairman, have been agreed to already, or have not been reached. Finally, the bill gets through committee, it is "reported" with amendments to the Speaker, it is "considered, as amended," and, if the House agrees to the measure as thus altered, it is set down for a third reading. It is even now open to fresh alterations; but supposing that it is at length deemed a perfect piece of parliamentary workmanship, or those who are still dissatisfied despair of further improvement, the question is put "that the bill do pass." It has then to be christened, and we have heard disputes among the sponsors, some declaring that the original name ought to be retained, and some asserting that the nature of the measure has been so totally changed that in common consistency it must have a new title. When the bill is named, the House of Commons has done with it. As we are reminded by Mr. Dod, (the author of the trim and accurate little volume which, reëdited year by year, has been the Parliamentary Hand-book since the Reform Bill Lord John *did* pass,) there may be *seven* divisions taken on a bill, exclusively of divisions on the question what days the bill should be discussed, and on questions of adjournment of debate, and exclusively also of proceedings in committee and on amendments. These seven epochs in the life of a law are, 1st, on the second reading; 2d, that the bill be committed; 3d, that the report of the committee be received; or 4th, that the bill be recommitted; 5th, that it be read a third time; 6th, that it do pass; 7th, on the title. This list excludes the possible division on the very first stage, when, as we have said, the bill may be eliminated, or thrust away from the parliamentary threshold.

The Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill, for giving votes in parliamentary elections to certain convicts, is a scheme of the Government for meeting a demand which has been

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rather clamorously urged by some of its supporters; and although the Ministry may not expect or even desire to pass the measure, they must at least go through the necessary formalities. It may be regarded as a type of a genus of propositions on which the course of Parliament is usually similar. An *habitué* could almost improvise the debate which will take place; and notwithstanding that we select an extreme and fictitious case, we believe that those who have been accustomed to listen to the discussions in the Commons will not the less readily recognize that it is no inaccurate epitome of the hackneyed style of argument which is reproduced session after session by some of the standing speakers of the House. The debate will therefore be a bore to old members, but to the new men it will be improving, as showing how easily and plausibly almost any thing can be opposed or supported by trained advocates.

The leader of the House—he happens at this time to be a Whig nobleman, with an historical name—on hearing the order of the day, merely moves that the bill be read a second time. He makes no speech now, but reserves himself for the reply. The question is put, and an opposition speaker rises to begin the debate. The Speaker calls to him by name. It is Sir Frederic Thesiger, who has put on the paper a notice, that on the second reading of this bill being moved, he shall move as an amendment that it be read a second time that day six months. His seat is in the front opposition row—he was Lord Derby's Attorney-General—and he moors himself to one of the two green buoys which lie right and left of the Speaker, and which are full of Testaments, and cards on which the Members' oaths are printed. The lawyers usually speak well, but they all speak too long, the common law being, however, less prolix than the Chancery. Sir Frederic is an able and a fluent advocate, who does full justice to his brief; but though he is by no means one of the most lengthy, and though his impressive manner prevents his losing your attention, he would be more effective if he condensed his speeches. He is now delivering a damaging address, hacking the bill to pieces in a merciless manner, and urging against it the slight objections—first, that it is utterly unconstitutional; secondly, that it is inconsistent with other legislation; thirdly, that it is exceedingly absurd; and lastly, that it cannot possibly work. There is a great appearance of earnestness about him, and he seems most desirous to convince the author of the bill (the noble *lord*," with a curious emphasis on the noun) of its extreme badness. When he sits down, he has forestalled and exhausted most of the objections which subsequent speakers will take to the bill, and refuted by anticipation not a few of the pleas in its favor. As soon as he has done, (and he has been speaking nearly two hours,) the members wait to hear who comes next, and finding that a gentleman of very enduring powers of talk gets up on the Ministerial side, there is a simultaneous uprising and departure, and the House, in which there were just before three hundred and fifty members, now contains perhaps sixty. The Conservative benches are nearly deserted, most of the Irishmen are gone, and a large number of the supporters of Government. The only part of the House which shows any thing like a cluster of members is behind the bench where the Administration sits, or rather sat, for the Ministers have also departed, except two, who mount guard. Where are they all gone? Gone for that which the ingenious Dr. Doran contends derived its name from a corruption of the words indicating the time at which in old Norman days it was taken—Dinner, or *dixième heure*. All those carriages, and cabs, and broughams, and glistening steeds, that waited in compact array in Palace Yard, are hurrying away with legislators; some hastening to their homes, some to the clubs. There are refectories too in the House itself, where the wine is better than the cookery, and wires laid to all the important parts of the building will warn you, should your party need your presence as a talker or a voter.

But the member who has got up to answer Sir Frederic, and who enacts what is irreverently called "dinner-bell," bears this rudeness on the part of the House so patiently, waits so composedly until the noise of departing members is over, and then addresses himself to his work so prosily, that it would be unkind to name him. He sends up a glance at intervals to the representatives of the press, but they know better than to give him more than about a couple of lines every ten minutes; and you may now and then see a reporter, when relieved by his colleague, give the latter a congratulatory nod as he takes his seat, to hint that the duties of the moment are not very heavy. This speaker, who commenced about half-past seven, proses on until a quarter to nine. The Speaker selects an opposition bore to follow, for the breed is plentiful; and some

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of the class have made a hasty dinner, and come back, in the hopes of getting a hearing while the great-guns are away. Two or three speakers of no great mark thus draggle on the debate till ten o'clock.

The House, which met in a blazing afternoon, has sat out the sun, and the chamber was in a pleasant *demi-jour*, just light enough to be comfortable to the eyes, when one of the bores began to read documents; but as he was reading the paper very badly, the Speaker took compassion on him, and the faintest little tingle of a bell was heard. Before its sound had ceased, the House was filled with the pleasantest artificial light in the world. The flat central portion of the large ceiling was removed by the last experimentalists on the lighting of the apartment, and its place supplied with those sixty-four squares of ground-glass, slightly painted with the floral ornaments which decorate the rest of the roof. Above this is a system of Bude lights which kindle up in a moment, and thus, although not a lamp or a spark of fire is seen, there is sent down a supply of cool, mild, soft light, very comforting to the eyes of sexagenarians. There is another device which escapes general notice. The light we have mentioned, being above the roof, does not illuminate it; but several carved and adorned pendants, which hang down from the ceiling, bear bright lights, quite invisible to the House, and throw up their flame upon the painted roof, that would otherwise be in gloom. If Parliaments should exist a hundred years, we disbelieve, making all reverent allowance for the march of improvement, that the House of Commons will be better lighted in 1954 than it is in 1854; and, we having sat in that chamber through hundreds of weary nights, our gratitude for the present system may be accepted as a testimony to its merit.

Ten o'clock, and no one, except the bores, has followed the distinguished advocate. We may make an exception in favor of a middle-aged gentleman, but a very young member, who has delivered his maiden speech, and managed to settle his rank in the senate for the rest of his legislatorial life. He is a dull, good sort of tradesmen, who was making his fortune by honest, plodding industry, when somebody was inconsiderate enough to die and leave him a legacy; and, being much respected in his native borough, he has managed to get himself returned. He has put on a very fine waistcoat, and has learned his speech very perfectly, especially he introductory sentence, in which he states that he had no intention of addressing the House that evening, but feels it his duty to his constituents to answer the remarks of the preceding speaker, a promise which he does not attempt to keep. The studied paragraphs come out very rollingly and neatly up to a certain point, when his memory fails him, (he bitterly remembers how, rehearsing before the glass, he *always* broke down at that fine image of the onward wave of enlightenment sweeping bigotry into the vortex of forgetfulness,) and he begins to stammer and pause. The House, with the instinct of gentlemen, give a cheer to the struggling man; but this kindness flusters him the more—he looks helpless, and then he nervosly extracts a small paper from his pocket, and standing sideways, looks at it stealthily. He is too much agitated, however, to recover his lost clue: a few more sentences begun and not ended, and he "will not intrude any longer upon the attention of the House." Another slight, encouraging cheer, and he sits down very hot, and begins energetically to explain to the honorable members right and left what he intended to say, and how he came to forget; and, having thus consoled them, he rushes out of the House in much discomfort. He fully expects that a failure which seemed so dreadful to himself will be eagerly pounced upon by everybody else, and half fears to open his newspaper next morning, lest he should find the leader beginning, "Of all the ridiculous exhibitions of imbecility which the House of Commons have ever witnessed, last night afforded," &c. But he is not assailed by the editor; and it is with a grateful heart that he reads in the reporting column, that Mr. Boggle briefly supported the second reading of the bill. All maiden speeches are not like this; and few things are more pleasant than to hear the young inheritor of a distinguished name show himself worthy of it, by a modest but spirited inauguration of his parliamentary career, or to listen to an earnest, practical, self-made senator, who rises for the first time, and, believing that he is talking on serious business to serious men, discards the idea of speech-making, and delivers his opinion as coolly and rationally to the House of Commons as he would have done to his Board of Directors or commercial associates.

But the House has filled up again, the curtains are drawn, the much-enduring Speaker has taken his few minutes of refreshment, strangers have stretched their legs, and wondered to whom the right honorable gentleman called on leaving the chair;

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a doubt now solved by his inviting Mr. Henry Drummond to rise. The fine bald head and intellectual features of that eccentric speaker are seen to advantage, as he occupies a corner of the front bench, below the Ministerial gangway, and he steps forward upon the floor. The House always listens to him, for they are sure of something quaint and amusing, and are almost equally sure of something which will hit very hard. He has not much to say about the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill—it is all a part of the modern system of taking thought for scoundrels, instead of against them, as our ancestors used to do; but he wishes to know why the proposed enfranchisement is restricted to those who have been guilty of offences against property? Why is not the right of voting given to those who have committed crimes against the person? Does the noble lord, the victim of Manchester, mean to say that Mammon is more sacred than human life? And down sits Mr. Drummond, with a mischievous glance at the cotton gentlemen behind him. Sir John Pakington rises next, at the opposition green box. His exordium is perhaps a little more solemn than is necessary; and that apology for troubling the House is certainly needless from a man who will as certainly inform it. After that you have excellent sense, and a view of the case derived from experience. He has been chairman of quarter-sessions—he knows a great deal about our criminals, and he has long directed his attention to the educational problem. His objections to the bill are derived from the conviction that it will be mischievous; for, though not undervaluing constitutional theories, he tells you that he conceives we have a right to apply a more practical test than that of mere symmetry. You are going to give criminality a *status*, with rights and privileges, and you will encourage claimants for such honors, while breaking down the wholesome rule, that social advantages shall accompany moral conduct. Several barristers who have obtained their own consent to be Solicitors-General in due time, rise to win their spurs by a reply; but the gentleman who has beaten them in the race will save them the trouble. Mr. Solicitor admits that the question of morals is the all-important one, but remarks that a system which tends to render the vicious hopeless is in itself highly immoral. Sir Richard is a courageous speaker, despite his mincing manner, and taking a bold view of his case, he enlarges with great tact upon the cruelty which thrusts back an erring man from all the advantages of society, and the impolicy which thereby arms him against it. He disdains to meet a speech upon the principle of a measure with any thing else than principles, while smaller advocates imagine it a feat to lead the House away from principle to detail, and cite long arrays of figures to show that out of 2571 criminals convicted between September and July, only 1233 had ever been on any poll book at all, and of these, 289 had been struck out by the revising barrister.

Sir Richard's speech calls up Mr. Henley, who speaks very shrewdly in a tone of good-natured grumbling. He demolishes the Government theory after the Socratic method, and in colloquial fashion inquires whether they mean to tell him that a thief ought to stand at a polling-booth and register a vote which shall have equal weight with that of an honest man. Nor can he avoid a quiet fling at gentlemen opposite, and he informs the advocates of the ballot that they ought to go one step farther, and put the disreputable vote into an envelope as well as the cowardly vote. Up, in great readiness, springs Mr. Bright, who asserts that, if the ballot had been law years ago, we should have had no criminals, because the people would have elected members who would have promoted education; and the honorable member is not of old Richard Baxter's opinion, who says, "We mistake men's diseases when we think nothing more is necessary to cure them than the evidence of truth." He takes this opportunity of showing that we spend ten times as much money in jails as in schools, and of expressing his belief that if newspapers were made cheap—newspapers, of course, that express the views of Manchester, for the hon. member's notions of dictatorship in such matters are said to be decided—we should do away with one great cause of crime among the working classes, namely, their lack of means to know what is going on in Parliament. Several Irish members rise, and the one selected by the Speaker complains that Ireland is excluded from the operation of the bill, which is a crying injustice, as Ireland contributes at least her share of criminals to the jail return of the United Kingdom. Had the bill been a Conservative one, he could have traced in the exclusion the bigoted hatred of ultra-Protestants to those who might be supposed to be influenced by the teaching of the Catholic clergy; but, coming from the champion of civil and religious liberty, he cannot comprehend it. This offers an ex-

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cellent opportunity for a diatribe against the system of jail chaplains, which the honorable member contends is most oppressive as regards Catholics, and he reads a variety of papers to illustrate the case of a poor Irish felon, named Patrick M'Murtagh, who, being confined in an English prison for murder, had woke horror-stricken from his sleep and demanded the instant presence of his priest. The hour being midnight, the governor of the prison refused to send for the clergyman until the morning; and this frightful case of persecution had been discussed in all the Irish papers, a Roman Catholic bishop had set a great × against it, and now it was brought before the British legislature. No Irish representative ever speaks without being followed and contradicted by another, the process going on until the House interferes; and accordingly an honorable and legal member, who happened to have prosecuted M'Murtagh, has his version of the story, and an allegation that, if the priest had been sent for, he was too tipsy to come. This brings up Mr. Lucas, who declares his disbelief that any Catholic priest ever got tipsy, and adds, that this is not a question in which a Catholic can take much interest, because no Catholic ever was a criminal. Mr. Whiteside must answer this, and without the slightest wish to impugn the veracity of Mr. Lucas, enumerates ten cases in which he had himself convicted Papists, and transported them; and adds that, in his Italian travels, he had seen many priests who had all the marks of having passed a very convivial evening. Mr. John Fitzgerald protests rather pathetically that "the terrums applied by the honorable and learned member to the clergymen of his (Mr. Fitzgerald's) Church are calculated to make Catholics rise in arrums against such treatment, besides that they are not the least in the worrald necessary in a discussion on this beel." This latter remark would perhaps apply to a good deal else that has been said, and the House is of the same opinion, for there are impatient cries of "Question;" and, on another Irish member rising to confute Mr. Fitzgerald, the exclamations grow so loud that Ireland feels she has had all the share of the debate she is likely to get that night.

But it is now late, and the Leader of the Commons, glancing round and satisfying himself that nobody else wants to speak whom the House wants to hear, touches his hat. "Lord John Russell," says the Speaker. There is a cry of "Order, order,"—men address themselves to listen, and cough, that they may have done with that English preliminary. Some slip up into the gallery, and hasten round so as to get opposite to Lord John. The reporters, who have been taking it easily, now look out for real work, and his Lordship lays his hat upon the table and begins. He confesses that he might have felt some difficulty in dealing with the multiplied objections which had been made to his bill, if, fortunately, many of them did not answer others, and the rest refute themselves. But he does proceed to "take all their points in his target," and deals with them with no small adroitness. He is happier, however, at demonstrating the weakness and inconsistency of an antagonist than in establishing a proposition of his own—a characteristic supposed to be especially Whiggish. He therefore dwells on the various objections, and, with a "Well, then," either effects a *reductio ad absurdum* in each case, or imagines himself to have done so. He next shows that the Government, having inserted in the Royal Speech a recommendation that extension of the suffrage to persons at present unqualified should be considered, it was strictly in accordance with precedent to introduce this measure. He refers to various historical cases in which ministers, especially Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, have brought in similar bills, at exactly the same distance from the beginning of the session as the present time; and, if the House escapes a reference to Magna Charta, it will hardly get off without a mention of Lord Somers. He warms a little as he gets on; refers to his own successes in extending the franchise; and though he is obleeged (he retains some old phrases and old sounds, appoints debates for to-morrow se'nnight, and speaks of Room when alluding to the Scarlet Lady) to admit that this is not a large measure, it is, he contends, a safe, a just, and a constitutional one. He relies upon the support of the House in carrying out a policy which tends to the establishment of our institutions on a broader basis, and to enable the country the better to carry out the great duty committed to her by Providence—a peroration so often repeated that it might also be kept stereotyped at Messrs. Hansard's. His Lordship takes his hat from the table and sits down, and some people think that, the minister having replied, the debate ought to be over, and the verdict taken. Mr. Disraeli is of a different opinion, and has established for himself a precedent of always replying upon the Government. He begins very distinctly, but very quietly. Perhaps the art of

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compelling a hearer to listen to every word spoken by an orator was never carried to higher perfection—we do not refer to the internal power of his oratory, but to its manner. He had not intended to speak, (he is frequently in this case,) but—there is some reason why he should. If a tax question is on, he thinks it would be disrespectful to the sovereign as he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he did not offer a few observations. If a privilege question, of course, one who had led the House of Commons may naturally be expected to take an interest in a subject affecting its rights. If there be no other reason for frustrating his own intention to avail himself (as the Frenchman said) of a great opportunity of holding his tongue, it is to be found in the strange and unexampled doctrine of the noble lord. The well-prepared attack is then delivered. The House is requested to go back a few months. The history of the session is traced, sarcastic comments upon each legislative act or attempt enlivening the story, and complaints of long-forgotten personalities coming up like new grievances, but so dexterously introduced that the hearer who relishes what he affects to condemn is inwardly glad they have rankled so long. Then the measure before the House is shown not to be a mere isolated endeavor to capitalize a little popularity by pandering to a party whim, but a link in a long chain of unconstitutional practices, for which impeachment would be so much too mild a treatment that he will not even propose a vote of want of confidence. Towards the end of his speeches, Mr. Disraeli gets very loud, but his voice takes a purely artistic tone—passion has nothing to do with it—and he drops from an angry clamor to a smooth colloquialism, just as cleverly as Mr. Macready used to do in *Lord Townley*, when, in the scene where he is upbraiding his wife, a servant enters, and the highly-bred man, not choosing that a menial should witness his anger, forces his voice down into the gentlest, "Desire Mr. Manley to walk up stairs." But that last taunt sounds like a termination —or is there another bang in the squib?—yes, one more, and with a capitally constructed closing sentence, of which the last syllable rings as distinctly in the ear as the first, the leader of her Majesty's Opposition sits down. There are loud cries for a division, but the gallant Colonel Sibthorp will be heard, and the House humors him, knowing that he will be brief. He has nothing to say, except that he considers the ministry to be the most shuffling, vacillating, contemptible gang—yes, Sir, gang—ever assembled, and that *timet Danaös et dona ferentes*. The Speaker then proceeds to put the question.

Although the old rule of turning strangers out of the House during the mystic process of division has been rescinded, it is with an exception as regards those who sit in the Speaker's gallery, and who might cause inconvenience by getting among the members. So, that declaration, "Strangers must withdraw," though a *brutum fulmen* for the strangers above, turns Ingenuus out. He must therefore hasten up stairs, and watch the proceedings from the privileged gallery.

There is a sand-glass on the Speaker's table, and this is turned over when the debate concludes, and during the two minutes that the sand is running, members, duly warned, hurry up from the library, smoking-rooms, dining-rooms, and the Thames promenade, where, at high-water, and when the wind does not bring over the reek of those foul manufactories, a senator's lounge is not unpleasant —the accessories of the scene being the sparkling lights, plashing river, and a good cigar. The time is up, everybody has been whipped in, and see how the bar is crammed, and how the foremost ranks press forward towards the centre of the House. The Speaker orders the door to be closed. He then puts the question. Its form is mystic, as are many things here, but there is no great danger of a mistake, whippers-in being alert, and members knowing the advantage of following their leaders. The proposal was, that the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill should be read a second time. Sir F. Thesiger's amendment was, that instead of the words "a second time," there should be inserted "this day six months." The *question* is, whether the words proposed to be left out, namely, "a second time," shall stand. "Those who are of that opinion, say 'Aye.'"

"Aye," say a great many voices on the Government side.

"Those who are of a contrary opinion, say 'No.'"

"No!" comes in thunder from the Opposition, who have better lungs than the Ministerialists. The Speaker then casually remarks,

"I think the Ayes have it."

He is, however, instantly and flatly contradicted by various Noes, and without contesting the point, he exclaims—

"The Ayes to the right, the Noes to the left."

All the members come down from their seats, and the floor is crowded. They are making their way, slowly, to the lobbies ap-

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propriated to them. The Speaker nominates two tellers on each side, whose business it is to ascertain the numbers—a couple of Government men, and the mover and seconder of the amendment. While the House is clearing, the four tellers linger and exchange jokes. A member is taking the opposite side to that of his party, and a teller calls after him that he is going the wrong way. A young gentleman with a large paletot has arrived in a Highland dress, from some masked ball, and one of the four, as he passes, invites him to take off the paletot, in order to delight the Speaker's eyes with a view of his costume. As soon as the House is reported clear, the tellers follow to do their work.

Now the members, having voted, begin to reënter in single file, and return to their seats. A clerk in wig and gown goes to the Opposition green box to be ready to take the numbers. Sir Frederic Thesiger comes in, looking quite triumphant, walks up to the clerk and speaks—a sensation round the House, and then a tremendous Opposition cheer. Enter Mr. Hayter, the Secretary to the Treasury, not looking quite so well pleased, and he also approaches the clerk. The four tellers then form in line, and retire, backing. As they do so, their position indicates the victory. The right-hand man of the four belongs to the winning side, and in that station is the tall form of Sir Frederic Thesiger. Another tremendous Opposition cheer, and the four go bowing up to the table, and Sir Frederic reads from a paper—

"The Ayes to the right were 220, the Noes to the left, 234." Terrific cheering. Government beaten by 14, and the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill lost.

For a few minutes business is suspended, members laugh over the victory and defeat, and ministers are seen in converse. Ingenuus may suppose that they are consoling one another under the painful catastrophe; but it is more probable that they are arranging what other business shall be taken that night. The door having been reöpened, members depart, though so large a House usually leaves a pretty large fragment up to the time of adjournment.

The other orders are now read by the Speaker.

If there is an Irish bill on the list, seven members of the Emerald Isle will start up with protests against proceeding with Irish business at that unseasonable hour, and it is just as probable that if they had not protested, the measure would have been postponed. But when Lord Palmerston moves the second reading of the "Thames Purification Bill," and Mr. Somebody, whose friend is the owner of filthy works which befoul the river, is sure that the Home Secretary will not press so important a measure at such an hour, the Viscount is justly obdurate, and says that the smell is horrible, and that London cries out for vengeance. Some matter-of-course bill will next go through committee with inconceivable rapidity, the clerk who lifts up the mace not thinking it worth while to put it down, but merely holding it off the table until Mr. Bouverie has rattled through the clauses, (there are but three,) and then replaces it. The paper being exhausted, various members of the Government walk to the end of the House, and are called to by name.

"Sir James Graham."

"Papers, Sir, by command of her Majesty."

"Bring them up." And Sir James bows, and deposits the papers, which are for the information of the House. The same ceremony is performed in the case of a bill. The clock now says III., and Mr. James Wilson takes off his hat, and remarks—

"I move that this House do now adjourn."

The Speaker catches at his robe, and, with a bow, descends and disappears, and the members rush to the door. The strangers have dribbled away long ago, except two or three, who wish to see the very last of it, and the wearied reporters are hurrying up their note-books and starting off for their respective newspapers. Ingenuus is glad that he has witnessed the scene, but does not want to come again—at least such is the sentiment we have often heard from similar visitants.

More lively, if less conventionally dignified, are the very important discussions that take place in Committee of the whole House. Had the second reading of the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill been carried, the Committee would have been its next stage; but *the* reading having been lost, there is an end of the present attempt upon the Constitution. We have described the mode of procedure in a committee on a bill; but there are various kinds of sittings of this nature; such, for instance, as the Committee of Supply. This deals with the estimates, which comprise a vast variety of subjects, including the entire expenses of the Army, the Navy, the Ordnance, and the Civil Service. It is obvious, that with such topics to discuss, there must be a world of small talk expended along with the public money, especially as members have a right to be heard in committee as often as they please. On the other hand, there is not much "set speaking," though a senator will

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sometimes leave the conversational tone in which all real business is done, and grow didactic and declamatory. In battling over these accounts, topics must arise on which the least informed and least fluent member can contribute an opinion or a fact. On the Civil Estimates, and especially on that ample field, the Miscellaneous Estimates, the talkers pop up and down incessantly. Every item is *apropos* to something which has lain in somebody's mind, and of which he must now be relieved. On the Army and Navy Estimates, the gentlemen connected with those professions are usually heard to advantage, a few garrulous and crotchety officers excepted; but on these subjects there are also lay members, and especially reformers, who utter a good deal of plausible matter, which gives great umbrage to the men of routine. The Speaker is exempt from the endurance of this gossiping audit; and at present the Hon. Edward Bouverie, Chairman of Committees, presides, due compensation being made to him for his pains.

The going into supply is a favorite opportunity for a member with a grievance or a whim; and it is competent to any one to "call attention" to the fact that an insufficient provision of umbrellas was made on board Waterman No. 12, the last time the House of Commons accompanied the Queen to a launch; or to the desirability of establishing a circulating library for the recreation of the felons in the model prisons, and for having occasional theatrical performances and promenade concerts for their comfort. We have known a whole night, which was destined for the estimates, occupied by such discussions; and then, when twelve o'clock came, Mr. Hume very properly objected to opening a new debate, and expending public money, at a time when the House was too weary to be on the alert. There is, however, a limitation to the number of such interruptions, though of course their length cannot be prescribed; and among recent suggestions, prompted by the inconvenience which is produced by this interference with public business, is one for abolishing the system altogether. But supposing that the gentlemen with notices give way to the public appeal of a minister, or to the private blandishment of a Secretary to the Treasury, or that the questions so interpolated have been disposed of, the mace descends from the table, the House goes into a Committee of Supply, and the report next day would read thus:—

The first vote proposed was, that the sum of 185,863*l*. be granted to her Majesty to defray the expenses of the royal palaces.

Mr. Wise wished to know why the front of the Buckingham Palace had been painted. It looked very ugly; and painting stone was quite ridiculous.

Sir William Molesworth said that the process had been rendered necessary, because the stone-work had suffered from weather.

Mr. Hume said that was no answer. Bad materials must have been furnished; and there must have been somebody on duty to see that the materials were good. Whose business was it?

Lord Seymour said that stone was a very hard thing (a laugh) to get good.

Mr. Williams said that was because application was not made in the right quarter. Private individuals could get good articles; but Government had the monopoly of being ill served.

An honorable member said that his house was built of very good stone.

Mr. Wilson said that he was very glad to hear it, he was sure; but honorable members would see that this was no reason why her Majesty should not have the necessary repairs executed.

The vote was agreed to.

Mr. Bouverie.—Order, order. The next vote was that 66,585*l*. should be granted for keeping in repair the lodges, fences, roads, and paths in the royal parks and pleasure-grounds.

An honorable member took this opportunity of calling attention to the disgraceful fact, that he saw a boy in St. James' Park, on Thursday last, pitching little pebbles into the mouth of the great mortar. A policeman was standing at Storey's Gate, but did not interfere. Now, at a time like this, when we were spending millions on our ordnance, he thought that this neglect was, to say the least of it, very inconsistent.

Sir William Molesworth said that unluckily the mortar could hardly be called a public statue, and therefore the new Act for the Protection of the Statues did not allow him to interfere; but the police should be spoken to.

Another honorable member wished to know whether the public had a right to the chestnuts that fell from the trees in Bushby Park. He mentioned this, because in riding through the park he had frequently seen numbers of pic-nic parties collecting them in large numbers and carrying them away in pocket-handkerchiefs. He did not intend to move any amendment, but wished the Government to be aware of the fact.

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The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that Government had to thank the honorable member for bringing the subject forward. Difficulty had arisen in legislating on the subject, on account of the articles in question being entirely useless to everybody; but the ranger had taken the matter into consideration, and he hoped that ere long a satisfactory regulation would be affixed on the park-gates.

The vote was agreed to.

This kind of small-talk, with frequently far more puerile variations, usually lasts for five or six hours, and is renewed, *de nocte in noctem*, until the estimates are gone through. It is hardly necessary to add that not a twentieth part of what is said is given in the newspapers, which condense the observations made in committee in a mode which it would be very desirable to adopt in regard to the formal debates. It is not to be denied, however, that these desultory discussions are of great advantage. In addition to the check which they impose upon any recklessness or jobbery on the part of the administration, they afford a very convenient opportunity for forcing upon the attention of Parliament suggestions of real utility, but which are of too small or special a character to be brought forward in an isolated shape; and although the parliamentary privilege of unlimited gossip is exercised to the utmost upon these occasions, it would be very undesirable that the House, in a sudden fit of impatience, should seek to curtail its estimate colloquies.

In the corner of New Palace Yard, beyond Star Chamber Court, (Sir Charles Barry has done well to preserve these old historical names,) is the door leading to the reporters' gallery. As we leave that of the strangers, there is a little crowd of gentlemen of the press coming out, and they look with some compassion at us who remain, voluntarily, to hear debates at such an hour. Here are the men for whom, and to whom, Parliament talks so lengthily. The reporters' gallery is the filter through which the senatorial eloquence is percolated for the public. And the illustration really "holds water," for the press can only do what a filter does. It purifies the speeches from bad grammar, and nonsense, and iteration, and, in short, renders them fluent and presentable; but it can do nothing towards making the article wholesome. Ditch-water will be dull, though filtration may have made it translucent, and it is the same with Boggle's platitudes, Azote's scepticism, and Myope's political philosophy.

The parliamentary reporter is now as regularly recognized an official of the House as the Serjeant-at-Arms. It was not always so. Without becoming historical (a process we have determined to avoid upon this occasion) and recurring to Dr. Johnson and the Gentleman's Magazine, we may mention that up to the time of the destruction of the Houses by fire, the reporters merely occupied the back of the gallery appropriated to strangers. In this inconvenient station they wrote with their note-books on their knees. They had upon special occasions to fight the public for their places, when members, exercising their right of causing the gallery to be opened at early hours, poured in their friends, and threatened to swamp the limited space. But when the temporary House was being constructed, a separate gallery was built for the accommodation of the press. It is but justice to state that this advantage was claimed for them by the author of the Parliamentary Companion, who, from having been a member of the reporters' gallery for thirty-seven years, (during the latter portion of which time he has been the manager of the reporting staff of the *Times*,) is now regarded as its representative when questions of its comfort and convenience arise. In the present edifice, a still more commodious gallery has been reserved for their use, with a set of retiring and refreshment-rooms; and a messenger of the House is constantly on duty for the purpose of carrying on communication between the reporters and members whose documents they may desire to borrow, or whose quotations may be too far-fetched (a rare occurrence) for easy verification. The good Lord Eldon is said to have finally and formally recognized the press, by having, when Chancellor, picked up a reporter's notebook, which had fallen over the bar of the House of Lords, and returned it to the owner, without expressing a single "doubt" as to whether the right of ownership still remained in the latter, after that discontinuance, or whether the party who swept the floor had not acquired an equitable interest in such a waif; an interest which Heaven forbid John Scott should treat lightly! Mr. S. Carter Hall is, we believe, the gentleman who thus afforded Lord Eldon the opportunity of recognizing the *status* of stenography.

To sit in the members' gallery and observe the reporting system in action, is interesting. There are about a dozen stalls in front of the press gallery, which is immediately over the Speaker, and these look comfortable, high-backed niches. They are always occu-

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pied. Behind them is a row of seats on which the immediate successors of the reporters who are on duty wait until the moment for relieving guard arrives, and sometimes the editors of the leading London journals appear there in person, when a ministerial crisis, or some other *nodus dignus* justifies the avatar. Each portion of note-taking iscalled a "turn." We are informed that in the case of some, if not all, the daily journals, the first turn of the evening is an hour, and that at five o'clock the first man is relieved. As the finger of the clock opposite approaches the last minute, you may see the finger of the successor held over the acting reporter's shoulder, and at the precise moment the signal falls and the two gentlemen exchange places, the new one takes up the speaker at his next sentence, and the old one departs to the newspaper office to write out his "turn"—that is, to translate short-hand into English, for the printers. The length of the turns, we understand, varies in different papers, but during the early part of the night they are either three-quarters of an hour or half an hour, and later they shorten to turns of half an hour and twenty minutes. About one hundred words in a minute is as much, we are apprised, as the fastest short-hand writer can take; and Sir George Grey probably utters one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty; but his delivery is somewhat preternatural. The time required for the transcription of the turn varies with the closeness with which the report has been taken, and, of course, with the rapidity of the writer; but on an average, it probably takes about five times as long as the short-hand writing. As fast as the transcriber throws off a page it is hurried away to the compositor, and a large portion of a long speech is in print before the orator is thinking of his peroration. When the list of reporters is exhausted, the first man recommences, and so on until the House rises; and in a fierce campaign a reporter will not unfrequently have three and even four turns. But the reporters, like other people, thank Providence there is a House of Lords, for a similarly organized staff is sent by each newspaper to that assembly; but as the Lords have no constituents to talk to and no speeches to make merely as political capital, their sittings on the average are very brief, and therefore the reporters who are not needed in the Upper House come in to share the labors of their colleagues in the Commons. But their duties on any night of a debate are heavy as well as responsible; and, as a general rule, these gentlemen well deserve the tribute paid to them by Mr. Sheil, who (as cited by Mr. Dod) said, in his income-tax speech, in March, 1845, "There are men in that gallery of liberal education, and of minds embellished with every literary adornment, who by great labor, by great wear and tear of body and mind, acquire an income which falls within the range of the tax, although it is far from being commensurate with the ability or the usefulness of a class to which some of the first men in England have belonged." He might have named, among others, Lord Chief JusticeCampbell, the late Serjeant Spankie—(the lamented Mr. Justice Talfourd, who worked in the law courts for the *Morning Chronicle*, has been authoritatively, but erroneously, described as a Parliamentary reporter)—Mr. Charles Dickens, and others of the *ornatissimi*. The allusion was, we doubt not, applauded; for the members of the British senate have a lively sense of the value of a newspaper to their reputation, and of the ability and judgment with which the staff in the gallery discharge their functions.

Besides the reporters who are constantly appearing and disappearing, we may remark among the occupants of the stalls some gentlemen who write comparatively little, but who remain the whole evening and watch the entire debate. These are the writers of summaries, whose office would seem to have been called into existence by the enormous length at which newspapers deem it desirable to give the parliamentary debates, and the consequent inability of a large class, and unwillingness of a larger, to spend upon these gigantic reports the time necessary to extract their pith. Each of the leading papers is supplied with one of these writers, whose task is to listen to a speech, and to condense its points into as brief a space as possible, preserving its color and style—if it have any, and the speaker's grade entitle him to such consideration—and in ordinary cases to indicate the line taken by each member, with such a *résumé* of his argument as may show the reasons which prompt, or are stated to prompt him. Mr. Horace Twiss was, we believe, the first gentleman who devoted himself to this branch of reporting. The summaries of the best papers are executed in a masterly manner; and, in nine cases out of ten, make a reference to the debate *in extenso* unnecessary. As we have already intimated, we are inclined to believe that, if the system were much more freely introduced into the ordinary reports than at present, the House would be spared a world of what the Ameri-

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cans call *Bunkum*. The men who "cram" themselves with facts that they may discharge them in speeches, and speak that they may be reported, would eat their dinners with their wives and children in comparative calmness, if those magnificent senatorial efforts were discouraged: — *e.g.*: "Mr. Chatterby then sketched the history of the question, in a speech of an hour and a quarter, and, reserving to himself the right of dissenting from details, supported the bill." This would save Mr. Chatterby a great deal of mnemonic promenading about his library, and many impassioned appeals to his arm-chair as Mr. Speaker.

In the course of the parliamentary debates, the House is occasionally indulged with provincialisms and vulgarisms. The great majority of the members speak as educated men should do; but there are a few gentlemen who are somewhat "too appy to leave the matter in the ands of the Ouse." More than one of these is a Conservative. The Scotch accent and the Irish brogue may of course be heard—the latter at most times, and in strange varieties, from the nipping, sneaking Dublin brogue to the rich low-comedy voice of the West. The Scotch members speak very little; they are understood to hold private Parliaments of their own on Scotch bills, which are there discussed in a business-like and sensible manner by those who understand them; and the House, which of course does not, is relieved from the trouble of doing much more than passing the measures, as it generally does about two in the morning.

Of Parliamentary eloquence we would rather decline to speak. When there were such things as grand speeches—we are willing to believe they were very grand—they had seldom reporters with short-hand pens, and most of them died. Assuredly the art is extinct, and there are no great speeches now. There are long speeches, and sarcastic speeches, and crack speeches, but they are not such speeches as fell from the lips of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, or, more recent still, from Canning and Brougham. We have in our time heard five orations, whose united lengths would rather exceed the twenty-four hours. They were of very different calibre. One was Lord Palmerston's most able exposition of his whole foreign policy, in the summer of 1850, an effort—we speak without political reference—worthy of the energetic and accomplished man who made it. Another was a speech by Mr. Vincent Scully, an Irish member, who spoke avowedly against time for the express purpose of obstructing business, and who occupied, if we remember aright, a whole morning sitting. Two others were Budget speeches, by Messrs. Disraeli and Gladstone, of five hours each; and the fifth was that of Sir Charles Wood's, "a good man, but a little o'ertasked," when he laid the East India Bill before the House. These are the great talking feats of late days. Lord Palmerston does not affect eloquence, but usually speaks in a frank, English manner, the franker that he frequently hesitates over a word, making no secret of the fact that he wishes to select the best. His action is energetic, even in giving a brief explanation. His long experience of business and of the House, combined with his own keen insight into character, tell him at a glance what manner of man his antagonist is, and in what way it would be acceptable to the House to have him treated. Though he is personally fearless, and never hesitates to close when the fight demands a grapple, it is evidently pleasanter to Lord Palmerston merely to exchange a few knightly blows with a worthy assailant, and then to charge upon the field, after the manner of one of the Froissart heroes, so much admired by John Graham of Claverhouse. Of Mr. Disraeli's masterly, passionless, finished delivery, we have already spoken. Like the warrior to whom Norna chants her witch-song, seldom

"Lies he still, through sloth or fear,
When point and edge are glittering near."

An ever-ready speaker, his premeditated orations, that is to say, those over which he has had some time—no matter how short—to ponder, are nevertheless infinitely better than those prompted by the exigency of the moment. He will sometimes from this cause reply better to the earlier part of an antagonist's argument than to its close; and his own peroration is seldom so effective as what, in dramatic language, may be called the crisis of his speech. Unprepared, he has a tendency to verbiage, and to a repetition of the same idea, without a sufficient variety of treatment; prepared, and not a blow misses; not a platitude irritates; not a sarcasm is impeded by a weakening phrase. The arrow, stripped of all plumage except that which aids and steadies its flight, strikes within a hair's breadth of the archer's aim; whether it finds the joint of the harness, or shivers on the shield, is occasionally matter of opinion: but that it often wounds deeply would seem to be proved by the exceeding ferocity with which, out of the House, Mr.

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Disraeli is assailed. In the House, it is rare for any one but Mr. Gladstone to meddle with him. Mr. Macaulay's voice is now so seldom raised in Parliament that there is little to be told of him, save what was well known long ago. Twice only has he been heard of late: once on the India Bill, when some persons expected a masterly survey of Indian history and politics, and an eloquent prophecy of the future, and were compelled to content themselves with some pleasant and sensible observations on education. His other effort was on the Judges' Exclusion Bill, when he spoke vigorously, and brought back reminiscences of old parliamentary battles which were wont to stir the pulses of the listeners. We hoped to have been gratified by a specimen of his ever-welcome eloquence on the Scotch Education Bill, seeing him in his place; but he came only to present the opinions of other people on the measure. Sir Bulwer Lytton, who early won reputation by his speeches in Parliament, has distinguished himself since his recent return to the House in the conservative ranks; and has more than once been appointed to the post of honor, and shown himself worthy of it. His trained intellect, great energy, and command of language, make him formidable, both in attack and in defence; and we presume that as there are few other achievements he has not accomplished, we shall one day see him holding the Castle Dangerous of office. Mr. Gladstone is the most polished speaker in the House of Commons. His verbal resources are as remarkable as his management of them; and his manner is invariably that of a gentleman. He is charged with "subtlety" by coarser minds, but we fancy that the English intellect, which is not distinguished for its analytical power, treats the subject in a somewhat jumbling fashion. Mr. Gladstone inclines to the Tractarian party—Tractarians are no better than Jesuits—Jesuits are proverbially subtle—and, therefore, when Mr. Gladstone is defining, very elaborately, the difference between long annuities and deferred annuities, he is talking jesuitically. We believe that Mr. Gladstone would be a more popular orator if he would be less explicit; but, while he exhausts the subject, he sometimes exhausts the listener. His refined and scholarly periods—the creation of the moment, but as elegantly balanced and as keenly pointed as if they had been written and studied—are always marvels of fluency, and often specimens of eloquence.

Mr. Walpole's earnest, thoughtful, gentlemanly style, is a model for young members; and, though a lawyer, he never metes out lawyer measure. His rising commands instant and respectful attention, and we never heard an unkind thing said by or to the late Home Secretary. Lord Stanley inherits his father's intellect, but not his declamatory power; he is, however, struggling successfully against a difficulty of delivery, and speaks so well, that no one grudges the trouble of following him. We incline to think he will achieve a distinguished position. Mr. Bright, notwithstanding the disadvantage of advocating opinions which are often extravagant, is among the very ablest speakers in the House. Though it is a general remark, that his tone during the present session has been less defiant than formerly, his worst defect is still the arrogance and intolerance of his language, insomuch that a friend is reported to have said of him that, had he not been a Quaker, he would have been a pugilist. On the other hand, he is extremely ready, and can both reason and declaim with unusual power. Mr. Cobden has a down look, and a manner which is neither masculine nor polished. He hammers away, with a narrow, niggling action of the fore-arm; and his arguments partake of the same small but continuous character; till at the close you find that, despite your dislike at being jolted onwards in such fashion, he has proved his case from his premises. The ultra-montane champion, Mr. Lucas, has a disagreeable, vinegar voice; but his taste for superstition makes him so habitually wrathful with every thing Protestant, that the voice is amusingly suitable to the themes he chiefly selects. He is one of the few smart agents of the priests; and his perverse oratory, which hurts nobody but himself and the Roman Catholic interest, is always a relief from the average dulness of the House. Mr. Bernal Osborne used to be a showy declaimer, and a capital hand at letting off prepared fireworks; but he has taken office; and whereas in that very 1850 debate, of which we have spoken before, he assailed Sir James Graham mercilessly, and ridiculed his career and consistency, calling him the successor to Mr. Urquhart, in 1854 he is Sir James's decorous First Secretary, and squibbeth no more. Sir James's own style of speaking is pretty well known. A perfect master of his subject and of himself, and by no means afraid to use a strong word upon occasion, he is among the most dangerous antagonists in the House. The steam-engine rapidity of Sir George Grey, whose concentrated energy of speech is a curiosity—the exuberant action of Lord Claude Hamilton, faintly imitated by Mr.

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Apsley Pellatt—the tears in the voice of Lord Bernard, the downright groan of Mr. Edward Ball, the continuous garrulity of Mr. Aglionby when once set going—the ill-rewarded efforts of Mr. Miall to speak effectively on a subject on which he has thought earnestly—the twelve or fourteen perorations of Mr. Hume to every speech the veteran delivers—may be matter of good-natured note, but they have, of course, little to do with oratory. There are some earnest men, chiefly young, who are "coming up," and will, we trust, do good service; for they speak as single-minded English gentlemen, who eschew quackery and cant. Lord Stanley, on one side, and Mr. Layard, "the member for Nineveh," on the other, are excellent types of a class to which we look with hopefulness, for the world is very weary both of Red Tape and of Cotton Twist.

We have frequently heard it asked whether there is much wit in the House, and have never known any variation in the reply. Very seldom, indeed, is "a good thing" said within these walls. Yet the House of Commons is an indulgent audience, where it likes the speaker; but it is here as elsewhere, the most senile anecdote, execrably told, will be endured from a favorite, while an unknown man will receive a groan in return for an epigram. The last deliberately-conceived neat thing within our recollection was said by the late Mr. Sheil, who, complimenting a noble lord who is ever active in the cause of Christian civilization, said that he "had made Humanity one of Shaftesbury's Characteristics." One jest delights the House very much; indeed, it never fails; and it must have been heard a good many thousand times. It is when a speaker confuses the name of the member to whom he refers with that of the place for which that gentleman sits. Accidentally, or (such things are) by design, let a senator speak of the noble lord the member for Palmerston, or the honorable baronet the member for Molesworth, and the House goes off into a roar. It is a safe point, like Mr. Hardcastle's anecdote of Old Grouse in the gun-room: "your worship must not tell that story, if we are not to laugh; I can't help laughing at that: we have laughed at it these twenty years." Among the smaller recreations of the House is the raising a terrific cry when a member new to parliamentary manners accidentally walks between the Speaker and the member speaking. This unpardonable violation of etiquette brings from all sides the most indignant exclamations.

The puzzled look of the criminal as he sits down: that "what *have* I done?" is part of the sport; and we almost fear that by publishing the secret we shall be depriving the House of one of its innocent diversions.

We originally proposed to speak of the House of Commons only, and have endeavored to restrict ourselves to that single topic—one which can never be otherwise than interesting to Englishmen. We have wished to treat the subject on the *Trosve, Tyriusve* principle, so unhesitatingly laid down by the father of gods and men in a case reported by a Latin author of eminence; and if we have deviated from impartiality, it is because it is with opinions as with the rays of light, that the distortions produced by the medium through which they pass are not apparent to our perceptions. It is possible that our sketches may facilitate, with those who have not, like Ingenuus, paid a visit to the House, the future studies of

> The grand debate,
> The popular harangue, the tart reply.

But, inasmuch as we have talked only of those who talk, we cannot find it in our hearts to conclude without a tribute to the invaluable men who do not talk, and who follow the advice of John Locke, given to his cousin, Mr. King:—"I would not have you speak in the House, but you can communicate your light and apprehensions to some honest speaker who may make use of it. For there have always been very able members who never speak, who yet, by their penetration and foresight, have this way done as much service as any within those walls." These are truly excellent men, and would there were more of them! Let it not be forgotten that when the present universe is brought to the close predicted by the northern legends, a new system is to be established, of which the grand principle is to be Silence. If the new system includes a Parliament, we shall canvass the electors.

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From the Eclectic Review.

HENRY ROGERS.*

Mr. Rogers has only risen of late into universal reputation, although he had long ago deserved it. It has fared with him as with Thomas Hood and with some others who had for many years enjoyed a dubious and struggling, although real and rising fame, till some signal hit, some "Song of the Shirt" or "Eclipse of Faith," introduced their names to millions who never heard of them before, and turned suddenly on their half-shadowed faces the broadest glare of fame. Thousands upon thousands who had never heard of Hood's "Progress of Cant" or his "Comic Annuals," so soon as they read the "Song of the Shirt" inquired eagerly for him, and began to read his earlier works. And so, although literary men were aware of Mr. Rogers' existence, and that he was an able contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," the general public knew not even his name till the "Eclipse of Faith" appeared, and till its great popularity excited a desire to become acquainted with his previous lucubrations. We met with the "Eclipse of Faith" at its first appearance, but have only newly risen from reading his collected articles, and propose to record our impressions while they are yet fresh and warm.

Henry Rogers, as a reviewer and writer, seems to think that he belongs to the school of Jeffrey and Macaulay, although possessed of more learning and imagination than either, of a higher moral sense and manlier power than the first, and of a freer diction and an easier vein of wit than the second; and the style of deference and idolatry he uses to them and to Mackintosh, might almost to his detractors appear either shameful from its hypocrisy, ludicrous from its affectation, or silly from the ignorance it discovers of his own claims and comparative merits. We defy any unprejudiced man to read the two volumes he has reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review," and not to feel that he has encountered, on the whole, the most accomplished, manliest, healthiest, and most Christian writer who ever adorned that celebrated periodical. If he has contributed to its pages no one article equal in brilliance to Jeffrey's papers on Alison and Swift, or to Macaulay's papers on Milton and Warren Hastings, his papers, taken *en masse*, are more natural, less labored, full of a richer and more recondite learning, and written in a more conversational, more vigorous, and more thoroughly English style. His thought, too, is of a profounder and, at the same time, clearer cast. Jeffrey had the subtlety of the lawyer rather than the depth of the philosopher. Macaulay thinks generally like an eloquent special pleader. Henry Rogers is a candid, powerful, and all-sided thinker, and one who has fed his thought by a culture as diversified as it is deep. He is a scholar, a mathematician, a philosopher, a philologist, a man of taste and *virtu*, a divine, and a wit; and if not absolutely a poet, yet he verges often on poetical conception, and his free and fervid eloquence often kindles into the fire of poetry.

Every one who has read the "Eclipse of Faith"—and who has not?—must remember how that remarkable work has collected all these varied powers and acquisitions into one burning focus, and must be ready to grant that since Pascal no knight has entered into the arena of religious controversy better equipped for fight, in strength of argument, in quickness of perception, in readiness and richness of resource, in command of temper, in pungency of wit, in a sarcasm which "burns frore" with the intense coolness of its severity, and in a species of Socratic dialogue which the son of Sophroniscus himself would have envied. But as the public and press generally have made up their minds upon all these points, as also on the merits of his admirable "Defence," and have hailed the author with acclamation, we prefer to take up his less known preceding efforts in the "Edinburgh Review," and to bring their merits before our readers, while, at the same time, we hope to find metal even more

* *Essays, selected from Contributions to the "Edinburgh Review."* By Henry Rogers. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

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attractive in the great names and subjects on which we shall necessarily be led to touch, as, under Mr. Rogers' guidance, we pursue our way. We long, too, shall we say, to break a lance here and there with so distinguished a champion, although assuredly it shall be all in honor and not in hate.

From his political papers we abstain, and propose to confine ourselves to those on letters and philosophy. His first, and one of his most delightful papers, is on quaint old Thomas Fuller. It reminds us much of a brilliant paper on Sir Thomas Browne, contributed to the same journal, we understand, by Bulwer. Browne and Fuller were kindred spirits, being both poets among wits, and wits among poets. In Browne, however, imagination and serious thought rather preponderate, while wit unquestionably is, if not Fuller's principal faculty, the faculty he exercises most frequently and with greatest delight. Some authors have wit and imagination in equal quantities, and it is their temperament which determines the question which of the two they shall specially use or cultivate. Thus Butler, of "Hudibras," had genuine imagination as well as prodigious wit, and had he been a Puritan instead of a Cavalier, he might have indited noble, serious poetry. Browne, again, was of a pensive, although not sombre disposition, and hence his "Urn-burial" and "Religio Medici" are grave and imaginative, although not devoid of quaint,queer fancies and arabesque devices, which force you to smile. Fuller, on the other hand, was of a sanguine, happy, easy temperament, a jolly Protestant father-confessor, and this attracted him to the side of the laughing muse. Yet he abounds in quiet, beautiful touches both of poetry and pathos. Burke had, according to Mr. Rogers, little or no wit, although possessing a boundless profusion of imagery. To this we demur. His description of Lord Chatham's motley cabinet, his picture in the "Regicide Peace," of the French Ambassador in London, his description of those "who are emptied of their natural bowels and stuffed with the blurred sheets of the 'Rights of Man,'" his famous comparison of the "gestation of the rabbit and the elephant," his reply to the defence put in for Hastings that the Hindoos had erected a temple to him, ("He knew something of the Hindoo mythology. They were in the habit of building temples not only to the gods of light and fertility, but to the demons of small-pox and murder, and he, for his part, had no objection that Mr. Hastings should be admitted into such a Pantheon,") these are a few out of a hundred proofs that he possessed that most brilliant species of wit which is impregnated with imagination. But the truth is, that Burke, an earnest if not a sad-hearted man, was led by his excess of zeal to plead the causes in which he was interested in general by serious weapons, by the burning and barbed arrows of invective and imagination rather than by the light-glancing missiles of wit and humor. Jeremy Taylor, with all his wealth of fancy, was restrained from wit partly by the subjects he was led through his clerical profession to treat, and partly from his temperament, which was quietly glad rather than sanguine and mirthful. Some writers, again, we admit, and as Mr. Rogers repeatedly shows, vibrate between wit and the most melancholy seriousness of thought; the scale of their spirits, as it rises or sinks, either lifts them up to piercing laughter or depresses them to thoughts too deep and sad for tears. It was so with Plato, with Pascal, with Hood, and is so, we suspect, with our author himself. Shakespere, perhaps alone of writers, while possessing wit and imaginative wisdom to the same prodigious degree, has managed to adjust them to each other, never allowing either the one or the other unduly to preponderate, but uniting them into that consummate whole which has become the admiration, the wonder, and the despair of the world.

Mr. Rogers, alluding to the astonishing illustrative powers of Jeremy Taylor, Burke, and Fuller, says finely, "Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy which can adorn whatever it touches, which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty, make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive *exhibition* of truth to the minds of men." We quote these sentences not merely as being true, so far as they go, (we think the imagination not only *exhibits*, but *tests* and *finds* truth,) but because we want afterwards to mark a special inconsistency in regard to them, which he commits in a subsequent paper.

We have long desired to see what we call *ideal geography*, i. e., the map of the earth run over in a poetical and imaginative way, the breath of genius passing over the dry bones of the names of places, and through the link of association between places and

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events, characters and scenery, causing them to live. Old Fuller gives us, if not a specimen of this, something far more amusing; he gives us a geography of joke, and even from the hallowed scenery of the Holy Land he extracts, in all reverence, matter for inextinguishable merriment. What can be better in their way than the following? "Gilboa.—The mountain that David cursed, that neither rain nor dew should fall on it; but of late some English travellers climbing this mountain were well wetted, David not cursing it by a prophetical spirit but in a poetic rapture. Edrei.—The city of Og, on whose giant-like proportions the rabbis have more giant-like lies. Pis-gah.—Where Moses viewed the land; hereabouts the angel buried him, and also *buried the grave*, lest it should occasion idolatry." And so on he goes over each awful spot, chuckling in harmless and half-conscious glee, like a schoolboy through a *morning* churchyard, which, were it midnight, he would travel in haste, in terror, and with oft-reverted looks. It is no wish to detract from the dignity and consecration of these scenes that actuates him; it is nothing more nor less than his irresistible temperament, the boy-heart beating in his veins, and which is to beat on till death.

Down the halls of history, in like manner, Fuller skips along, laughing as he goes; and even when he pauses to moralize or to weep, the pause is momentary, and the tear which had contended, during its brief existence, with a sly smile, is "forgot as soon as shed." His wit is often as withering at it is quaint, although it always performs its annihilating work without asperity, and by a single touch. It is just the tap of the keeper on the shoulder of the escaped lunatic. Hear this on the Jesuits: "Such is the charity of the Jesuits, that they never owe any man any ill will--making present payment thereof." Or this on Machiavel, who had said, "that he who undertakes to write a history must be of no religion;" "if so, Machiavel himself was the best qualified of any in his age to write an history." Of modest women, who nevertheless dress themselves in questionable attire, he says, "I must confess some honest women may go thus, but no whit the honester for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign, which notwithstanding has St. Paul for the lading." His irony, like good imagery, often becomes the short-hand of thought, and is worth a thousand arguments. The bare, bald style of the schoolmen he attributes to design, "lest any of the vermin of equivocation should hide themselves under the *nap* of their words." Some of our readers are probably smiling as they read this, and remember the DRESS of certain religious priests, not unlike the schoolmen, in our day. After commenting on the old story of St. Dunstan and the Devil, he cries out, in a touch of irony seldom surpassed: "But away with all suspicions and queries. None need to doubt of the truth thereof, finding it on a sign painted in Fleet street, near Temple Bar."

In these sparkles of wit and humor, there is, we notice, not a little consciousness. He says good things, and a quiet chuckle, a gentle *crow*, proclaims his knowledge that they are good. But his *best* things, the fine serious fancies which at times cross his mind, cross it unconsciously, and drop out like pearls from the lips of a *blind* fairy, who sees not their lustre, and knows not their value. Fuller's deepest wisdom is the wisdom of children, and his finest eloquence is that which seems to cross over their spotless lips, like west winds over half-opened rosebuds,—breathings of the Eternal Spirit, rather than utterances of their own souls. In this respect, and in some others, he much resembled John Bunyan, to whom we wonder Rogers has not compared him. Honest John, we verily believe, thought much more of his rhymes, prefixed to the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and of the little puzzles and jokes he has scattered through the work, than of his divinely artless portraiture of scenery, passions, characters, and incidents, in the course of the wondrous allegory. Mr. Rogers quotes a good many of Fuller's precious prattlings; but Lamb, we think, has selected some still finer, particularly his picture of the fate of John Wickliff's ashes. Similar touches of tender, quaint, profound, and unwitting sublimity, are found nearly as profusely sprinkled as his jests and clenches through his varied works, which are a perfect quarry of sense, wit, truth, pedantry, learning, quiet poetry, ingenuity, and delightful nonsense. Rogers justly remarks, too, that notwithstanding all the rubbish and gossip which are found in Fuller's writings, he means to be truthful always; and that, with all his quaintness and pedantry, his style is purer and more legible than that of almost any writer of his age. It is less swelling and gorgeous than Browne's, but far easier and more idiomatic; less rich but less diffuse than Taylor's, less cumbered with learning than Burton's, and less involved, and less darkened with intermingling and crossing beams of light than that of Milton, whose

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poetry is written in the purest Grecian manner; whilst his English prose often resembles not Gothic, but Egyptian architecture in its chaotic confusion and misproportioned magnificence.

Mr. Rogers' second paper is on Andrew Marvel, and contains a very interesting account of the life, estimate of the character, and criticism of the writings of this "Aristides-Butler," if we may, in the fashion of Mirabeau, coin a combination of words, which seems not inapt to represent the virtues of that great patriot's life, and the wit and biting sarcasm of his manner of writing. He tells the old story of his father crossing the Humber with a female friend, and perishing in the waters; but omits the most striking part of the story, how the old man, in leaving the shore, as the sky was scowling into storm, threw his staff back on the beach, and cried out — "Ho for heaven!" The tradition of this is at least still strong in Hull. Nothing after Marvel's integrity, and his quiet, keen, caustic wit, so astonishes us as the fact, that he never opened his lips in Parliament! He was "No-speech Marvel." He never got the length of Addison's "I conceive, I conceive, I conceive." There are no authentic accounts of even a "Hear, hear," issuing from his lips. What an act of self-denial in that den of bad measures and bad men! How his heart must sometimes have burned, and his lips quivered, and yet the severe spirit of self-control kept him silent! What a contrast to the infinite babblement of senators in modern days! And yet was not his silence very formidable? Did it not strike the Tories as the figure of the moveless Mordecai at the king's gate struck the guilty Haman? There, night after night, in front of the despots, sate the silent statue-like figure, bending not to their authority, unmovable by their threats, not to be melted by their caresses, not to be gained over by their bribes, perhaps with a quiet stern sneer resting as though sculptured upon his lips; and doubtless they trembled more at this dumb defiance, than at the loud-mouthed attacks and execrations of others; the more, as, while others were sometimes absent, *he* was always there, a moveless pillar of patriotism, a still libel of truth, for ever glaring on their fascinated and terror-stricken eyes. Can we wonder that they are very generally supposed to have removed him from their sight, in the only way possible in the circumstances, by giving him a premature and poisoned grave?

In his third paper Rogers approaches a mightier and more eloquent, but not a firmer or more sincere spirit than Marvel—Martin Luther. Here he puts forth all his strength, and has, we think, very nobly vindicated both Luther's intellectual and moral character. Hallam (a writer whom Rogers greatly overestimates, before whom he falls down with "awful reverence prone," from whom he ventures to differ with "a whispered breath and bated humbleness," which seem, considering his own calibre, very laughable, yet of whose incapacity as a literary critic, and especially as a judge of poetry, he seems to have a stifled suspicion, which comes out in the paper on Fuller, whom Hallam has slighted) has underrated Luther's talents, because forsooth his works are inferior to his reputation. Why, what was Luther's real work? It was the Reformation. What library of Atlas folios — ay, though Shakespere had penned every line in it—could have been compared to the rending of the shroud of the Christian Church? As soon accuse an earthquake of not being so melodious in its tones as an organ, as demand artistic writings from Luther. His burning of the Pope's bull was, we think—and Mr. Rogers thinks with us—a very respectable review. His journey to Worms was as clever as most books of travel. His marriage with Catherine Bora was not a bad epithalamium. His rendering of the Bible into good German was nearly as great a work as the "Constitutional History." Some of those winged words which he uttered against the Pope and for Christ have been called "half-battles." He held the pen very well too, but it was only with one of his hundred arms. His *works* were his actions. Every great book is an action; and the converse is also true—every great action is a book. Cromwell, Mr. Rogers says, very justly, cannot be judged by his speeches, nor Alexander. Neither, we add, could Cæsar by his "Commentaries," which, excellent as they are, develop only a small portion of the "foremost man of all this world;" nor could Frederick of Prussia by his French verses; nor could Nelson by his letters to Lady Hamilton; nor could even Hall, Chalmers and Irving by their orations and discourses. There is a very high, if not the highest order of men, who find literature too small a sheath for the broadsword of their genius. They come down and shrink up when they commence to write; but they make others write for them. Their deeds supply the material of ten thousand historians, novelists, and poets. We find Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs," sneering at Lord Nelson's talents, because his

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writings were careless and poor. Nelson did not pretend to be a writer or an orator; he pretended only to do what he did—to sweep the seas with his cannon, and be the greatest naval commander his country ever produced. Mungo Park and Ledyard were no great authors, but they were what they wished to be—the most heroic of travellers. Danton never published a single page, but he was incomparably a greater man than Camille Desmoulins, who wrote thousands. Would it have added an inch to the colossal stature, or in any measure enhanced the lurid grandeur of Satan, had Milton ascribed to him the invention not of fire-arms but of the printing-press, and made him the author of a few hundred satires against Omnipotence? Channing, in his essay on Napoleon, has contributed to the circulation of this error. He gives there a decided preference to literary over other kinds of power. But would even he have compared Brougham or Daniel Webster to Washington? It seems to us that the very highest style of merit is when the powers of actions and authorship are combined in nearly equal proportions. They were so in Milton, who was as good a schoolmaster and secretary as he was an author. They were so in Bacon, who was an able if not a just chancellor and statesman, as well as the first of modern philosophers. Notwithstanding Mr. Rogers, they were so, we think, in Napoleon, whose bulletins and speeches, though often in false taste, were often as brilliant as his battles. They were so in Burke, who was a first-rate business man and a good farmer, as well as a great orator, statesman, and writer. They were so in poor Burns, who used the plough as well as he used the pen. And they were so in Scott, who was an excellent Clerk of Session and capital agriculturist and landlord, besides being the first of all fictionists, except Cervantes, who, by the way, fought bravely at Lepanto, as well as wrote Don Quixote. Even in Luther's case, Mr. Hallam is proved by Rogers to be sufficiently harsh in his judgment. Luther's productions, occasional as most of them, and hastily written as all of them were, are not the mediocre trash which Hallam insinuates them to be. If tried by the standard of that species of literature to which they all in reality belong, they will not be found wanting. They are all letters, the shorter or longer epistles of a man greatly engrossed during his days, and who at evening dashes off his careless, multifarious, but characteristic correspondence. Mark, too, every thing he wrote was sent, and sent instantly, to the press. Who would like this done in his case? What divine, writing each week his two sermons, would care about seeing them regularly printed the next day, and dispersed over all the country? Who, unless he were a man of gigantic genius and fame, would not be sunk under such a process, and run to utter seed? The fact that Luther did publish so much, and did nevertheless retain his reputation, proves, that although much which he wrote must have been unworthy of his genius, yet, as a whole, his writings were characteristic of his powers, and contributed to the working out his purpose. They were addressed, Mr. Rogers justly says, chiefly to the people, and many of his strangest and strongest expressions were uttered on plan. His motto, like Danton's, was, "to dare—and to dare—and to dare." He felt that a timid reformer, like a timid revolutionist, is lost, and that a lofty tone, whether in bad or good taste, was essential to the success of his cause. Even as they are, his writings contain much "lion's marrow," stern truth, expressed in easy, home-spun language; savage invective, richly deserved, and much of that noble scorn with which a brave honest man is ever fond of blowing away, as through snorting nostrils, those sophistries, evasions, and meannesses in controversy which are beneath argument, baffle logical exposure, and which can only be reached by contempt. Add to all this the traditionary reputation of his eloquence, and those burning coals from that great conflagration which have come down to us uncooled. For our part, we had rather possess the renown of uttering some of these than have written all Chillingworth's and Barrow's controversial works. Think of that sentence which he pronounced over the bull as he burned it, surely one of the most sublime and terrible that ever came from human lips:—"As thou hast troubled and put to shame the Holy One of the Lord, so be thou troubled and consumed in eternal fires of hell;" or that at Worms—"Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise: God help me." Such sentences soar above all the reaches of rhetoric, of oratory, even of poetry, and rank in grandeur with the great naked abstractions of eternal truth. They thrill not the taste, nor the passions, nor the fancy, but the soul itself. And yet they were common on the lips of Luther, the lion-hearted—the

"solitary monk that shook the world."

Mr. Rogers, besides, culls several passages from his familiar epistles, which attain to lofty eloquence, and verge on the finest prose

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poetry. His occasional grossness, truculence, and personality, are undeniable, but they were partly the faults of his age, and sprung partly from the vehemence of his temperament, and the uncertainty of his position. He was during a large section of his life *at bay*, and if he had not employed every weapon in his power, his teeth, his horns and his hoofs, to defend himself, he had inevitably perished. We have not time to follow farther Rogers's defence of Luther; suffice it to say, that he does full justice to Luther's honesty of purpose, his deep religious convictions, and his general wisdom and prudence of conduct. His errors were all of the blood and bodily temperament, and none of the spirit. Cajetan called him "a beast with deep-set eyes, and wonderful speculations in his head." If so, he was a noble savage—a king of beasts, and his roar roused Europe from its lethargy, dissolved the dark spell of spiritual slavery, and gave even to them all the vitality it has since exhibited. He resembled no class of men more than some of the ancient prophets of Israel. He was no Christian father of the first centuries, sitting cobwebbed among books — no evangelist even of the days of the apostles, going forth meek and sandalled, with an olive-branch in his hand — he reminds us rather, in all but austerity and abstinence, of the terrible Tishbite conflicting with Baal's prophets on Carmel, and fighting with fire the cause of that God who answereth by fire from heaven. But, unlike him, Luther came eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, and has been reproached accordingly.

Mr. Rogers's next paper is on Leibnitz, whom he justly ranks with the most wonderful men of any age—and who, in that variety of faculty — that plethora of power — that all-sidedness which distinguished him — resembled a monster rather than a man. A sleepless soul, who often, for weeks together, contended himself with a few hours' slumber in his arm-chair, without ever discomposing his couch! A lonely spirit — with no tender family ties—but entirely devoted to inquiry and investigation, as though he had been one vast separated eye, for ever prying into the universe! A wide, eclectic, catholic mind, intermeddling with all knowledge, and seeking, if possible, to bind mathematics, metaphysics, poetry, philology, all arts and sciences, into the unity of a coronet around his own brow! A soul of prodigious power, as well as of ideal width; the inventor of a new and potent calculus—the father of geology— the originator of a new form of history, which others have since been seeking to fill up—and the author of a heroic, if not successful, effort to grapple with the question of questions—the problem of all ages — "Whence evil, and why permitted in God's world?" A genius for whom earth seemed too narrow a sphere, and threescore and ten years too short a period, so much had he done ere death, and so much did there seem remaining for him to do — in truth, worthy of an antediluvian life, and in many of his thoughts before all ages! A mind swarming, more than even that of Coleridge, with seed-thoughts, the germs of entire encyclopædias in the future; and, if destitute of his magical power of poetic communication, possessed more originality, and more practical energy. A man who read every thing and forgot nothing—a living dictionary of all the knowledge which had been accumulated by man—and a living prophecy of all that was yet to be acquired — a universal preface to a universal volume—"a gigantic genius, born to grapple with whole libraries." Such is Leibnitz known by all scholars to have been. His two positive achievements, however, the two pillars on which he leans his Samson-like strength, are the differential "Calculus" and the "Theodicée." Mr. Rogers's remarks on both these are extremely good. In the vexed question as to the origination of the Calculus, between Leibnitz and Newton, he seems perfectly impartial; and while eagerly maintaining Newton's originality, he defends Leibnitz, with no less strength, from the charge of surreptitious plagiarism from Newton. Both were too rich to require to steal from one another. In "Theodicée" Leibnitz undertook the most daring task ever undertaken by thinker, that of explaining the origin of evil by demonstrating its necessity. That he failed in this, Voltaire has proved, after his manner, in "Candide," the wittiest and wickedest of his works, and Rogers, in a very different spirit and style, has demonstrated here. Indeed, the inevitable eye of common-sense sees at a glance that a notion of this earth being the best of all possible worlds is absurd and blasphemous. This system of things falls far below man's ideal, and how can it come up to God's? The shadows resting upon its past and present aspect are so deep, numerous, and terrible, that nothing hitherto but—1st, simple, childlike faith; but, 2dly, the prospect of a better time at hand; and, 3dly, the discoveries of Jesus Christ, can convince us that they do not spring either from malignity of intention

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or weakness of power. The time has not yet come for a true solution of this surpassing problem; which, moreover, though it were given, would not probably find the world ripe for receiving it. We are inclined, in opposition to Mr. Rogers, to suppose that it shall yet be solved; but to look for its solution in a very different direction from the ground taken, whether by Leibnitz, by Bailey of "Festus," or by the hundred other speculators upon the mysterious theme. Meanwhile, we may, we think, rest firmly upon these convictions: first, that evil exists is a reality, not a negation or a sham; secondly, that it is not God's; and that, thirdly, it shall yet cease, on earth at least, to be man's. All attempts to go farther than this have failed; and failed, we think, from a desire to find a *harmony* and a *unity* where no such things are possible or conceivable.

One is tempted to draw a kind of Plutarchian parallel between Leibnitz and Newton — so illustrious in their respective spheres, and whose contest with one another in their courses forms such a painful yet instructive incident in the history of science. Newton was more the man of patient, plodding industry; Leibnitz the man of restless genius. Newton's devotion was limited to science and theology; Leibnitz pushed his impetuous way into every department of science, philosophy, and theology; and left traces of his power even in those regions he was not able fully to subdue. Newton studied principally the laws of matter; Leibnitz was ambitious to know these chiefly that he might reconcile, if not identify them with the laws of mind. Newton was a theorist—but the most practical of theorists. Leibnitz was the most theoretical of practical thinkers. Newton was the least empirical of all philosophers; Leibnitz one of the most so. Newton shunned all speculation and conjecture which were not forced upon him; Leibnitz revelled in these at all times and on all subjects. Newton was rather timid than otherwise; he groped his way like a blind Atlas while stepping from world to world; Leibnitz *saw* it as he sailed along in supreme dominion on the wings of his intellectual imagination. Newton was a deeply humble —Leibnitz a dauntless and daring thinker. Newton *did* his full measure of work, and suggested little more that *he* was likely to do; Leibnitz, to the very close of his life, teemed with promise; the one was a finished, the other a fragmentary production of larger size. The one was a rounded planet, with its corner-stones all complete, and its mechanisms all moving smoothly and harmoniously forward; the other, a star in its nebulous mist, and with all its vast possibilities before it. Newton was awe-struck, by the great and dreadful sea of suns in which he swam, into a mute worshipper of the Maker; Leibnitz sought rather to be his eloquent advocate—

> "To assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man."

To Pascal, Mr. Rogers proceeds with a peculiar intensity of fellow-feeling. He has himself, sometimes, been compared to Pascal, both in the mirthful and the pensive attributes of his genius. Certainly, his sympathies with him are more thorough and brotherly than with any other of his poetico-metaphysico-theosophical heroes. He that loves most, it has often been said, understands best. And this paper of Rogers sounds the very soul of Pascal. Indeed, that presents fewer difficulties than you might at first suppose. Pascal, with his almost superhuman genius, was the least subtle and most transparent of men. In wisdom almost an angel, he was in simplicity a child. His single-mindedness was only inferior to, nay, seemed a part of his sublimity. He was from the beginning, and continued to the end, an inspired infant. A certain dash of charlatanerie distinguishes Leibnitz, as it does all those monsters of power. The very fact that they can do so much tempts them to pretend to do and to be what they cannot and are not. Possessed of vast knowledge, they affect the airs of omniscience. Thus Leibnitz, in the universal language he sought to construct in his "swift-going carriages," in his "Preëstablished Harmony," and in his "Monads," seems seeking to *stand behind* the Almighty, to overlook, direct, or anticipate him at his work. Pascal was not a monster; he was a man — nay, a child; although a man of profoundest sagacity, and a child of transcendent genius. Children feel far more than men the mysteries of being, although the gayety and light-heartedness of their period of life prevent the feeling from oppressing their souls. Who can answer the questions or resolve the doubts of infancy? We remember a dear child, who was taken away to Abraham's bosom at nine years of age, saying that her two grand difficulties were, "Who made God, and how did sin come into the world?" These, an uncaused cause, and an originated evil, are the great difficulties of all thinking men, on

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whom they press more or less hardly in proportion to their calibre and temperament. Pascal, adding to immense genius a child-like tenderness of heart and purity of conduct, was peculiarly liable to the tremendous doubts and fears forced on us all by the phenomena of man and the universe. He felt them, at once, with all the freshness of infancy, and with all the force of a melancholy manhood. He had in vain tried to solve them. He had asked these dreadful questions at all sciences and philosophies, and got no reply. He had carried them up to heights of speculation where angels bashful look, and down into depths of reflection such as few minds but his own have ever sounded, and all was dumb. Height and depth had said, "Not in us." The universe of stars was cold, dead, and tongueless. He felt terrified at, not instructed by it. He said, "The *eternal silence of these infinite spaces affrights me.*" He had turned for a solution from the mysterious materialism of the heavenly bodies to man, and had found in him his doubts driven to contradiction and despair; he seemed a puzzle so perplexed, a chaos so disorderly. He was thus rapidly approaching the gulf of universal scepticism, and was about to drop in, like a child over a precipice, when hark! he heard a voice behind him; and turning round, saw Christianity, like a mother, following her son to seek and to save him from the catastrophe. Her beauty, her mildness of deportment, her strange yet regal aspect, and the gentleness of those accents of an unknown land, which drop like honey from her lips, convince him that she is divine, and that she is his mother, even before he has heard or understood her message. He loves and believes her before he knows that she is worthy of all credence and all love. And when, afterwards, he learns in some measure to understand her far foreign speech, he perceives her still more certainly to be a messenger from heaven. She does not, indeed, remove all his perplexities; she allows the deep shadows to rest still on the edge of the horizon, and the precipices to yawn on in the distance; but she creates a little space of intense clearness around her child, and she bridges the far-off gloom with the rainbow of hope. She does not completely satisfy, but she soothes his mind, saying to him as he kneels before her, and as she blesses her noble son, "Remain on him, ye rainbowed clouds, ye gilded doubts; by your pressure purify him still more, and prepare him for higher work, deeper thought, and clearer revelation; teach him the littleness of man and the greatness of God, the insignificance of man's life on earth and the grandeur of his future destiny, and impress him with this word of the Book above all its words, 'That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt hereafter *know, if* thou wilt humble thyself and become as a little child.'" Thus we express in parable the healthier portion of Pascal's history. That latterly the clouds returned after the rain, that the wide rainbow faded into a dim segment, and that his mother's face shone on him through a haze of uncertainty and tears, seems certain; but this we are disposed to account for greatly from physical causes. By studying too hard and neglecting his bodily constitution, he became morbid to a degree which amounted, we think, to semi-mania. In this sad state, the more melancholy, because attended by the full possession of his intellectual powers, his most dismal doubts came back at times, his most cherished convictions shook as with palsy, the craving originally created by his mathematical studies for demonstrative evidence on all subjects, became diseasedly strong, and nothing but piety and prayer saved him from shoreless and bottomless scepticism. Indeed, his great unfinished work on the evidences of Christianity seems to have been intended to convince himself quite as much as to convince others. But he has long ago passed out of this mysterious world; and now, we trust, sees "light in God's light clearly." If his doubts were of an order so large and deep that they did not "go out even to prayer and fasting," he was honest in them; they did not spring either from selfishness of life or pride of intellect; and along with some of the child's doubts, the child's heart remained in him to the last.

His "Thoughts"—what can be said adequately of those magnificent fragments? They are rather subjects *for* thoughts than for words. They remind us of aërolites, the floating fractions of a glorious world. Some of them, to use an expression applied to Johnson's sayings, "have been rolled and polished in his great mind like pebbles in the ocean." He has wrought them and finished them as carefully as if each thought were a book. Others of them are slighter in thinking, and more careless in style. But as a whole, the collection forms one of the profoundest and most living of works. The "Thoughts" are seed-pearl, and on some of them volumes might be, and have been, written. We specially admire those which

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reflect the steadfast but gentle gloom of the author's habit of mind, the long tender twilight, not without its stars and gleams of coming day, which shadowed his genius, and softened always his grandeur into pathos. He is very far from being a splenetic or misanthropic spirit. Nothing personal is ever allowed either to shade or to brighten the tissue of his meditations. He stands a passionless spirit, as though he were disembodied, and had forgot his own name and identity, on the shore which divides the world of man from the immensity of God, and he pauses and ponders, wonders and worships there. He sees the vanity and weakness of all attempts which have hitherto been made to explain the difficulties and reconcile the contradictions of our present system. Yet without any evidence—for all quasi-evidence melts in a moment before his searching eye into nothing—he believes it to be a whole, and connected with one infinite mind; and this springs in him, not, as Cousin pretends, from a determination blindly to believe, but from a whisper in his own soul, which tells him warmly to love. He believes the universe to be from God, because his soul, which he knows is from God, loves, although without understanding it. But it is not, after all, the matter in the universe which he regards with affection; it is the God who is passing through it, and lending it the glory of his presence. Mere matter he tramples on and despises. It is just so much brute light and heat. He does not and cannot believe that the throne of God and of the Lamb is made of the same materials, only a little sublimated, as yonder dunghill or the crest of yonder serpent. He is an intense spiritualist. He cries out to this proud process of developing matter, this wondrous Something sweltering out suns in its progress, "Thou mayst do thy pleasure on me, thou mayst crush me, but I will *know* that thou art crushing me, whilst thou shalt crush blindly. I should be conscious of the defeat. Thou shouldst not be conscious of the victory." Bold, certainly, was the challenge of this little piece of inspired humanity, this frail, slender, invalid, but divinely gifted man, to the enormous mass of uninspired and uninstinctive matter amid which he lived. He did not believe in law, life, or blind mechanism, as the all-in-all of the system of things. He believed rather in Tennyson's second voice—

"A little whisper breathing low,
I may not speak of what I know."

He *felt*, without being able to *prove*, that God was in this place.

Pascal's result of thought was very much the same as John Foster's, although the process by which he reached it was different. Pascal had turned—so to speak—the tub of matter upside down, and found it empty. Foster had simply touched its sides, and heard the ring which proclaimed that there was nothing within. The one reached at once and by intuition what was to the other the terminus of a thousand lengthened intellectual researches. Both had lost all hope in scientific discoveries and metaphysical speculations, as likely to bring us a step nearer to the Father of Spirits, and were cast, therefore, as the orphans of Nature, upon the mercies and blessed discoveries of the Divine Word. Both, however, felt that THAT too has only very partially revealed Truth, that the Bible itself is a "glass in which we see darkly," and that the key of the Mysteries of Man and the Universe is in the keeping of Death. Both, particularly Foster, expected too much, as it appears to us, from the *instant* transition of the soul from this to another world. Both clothed their gloomy thoughts—thoughts "charged with a thunder" which was never fully evolved—in the highest eloquence which pensive thought can produce when wedded to poetry. But while Pascal's eloquence is of a grave, severe, monumental cast, Foster's is expressed in richer imagery, and is edged by a border of fiercer sarcasm; for although the author of the "Thoughts" was the author of the "Provincial Letters," and had wit and sarcasm at will, they are generally free from bitterness, and are rarely allowed to intermingle with his serious meditations. (In these remarks we refer to Foster's posthumous journal rather than to his essays.) Both felt that Christianity was yet in bud, and looked forward with fond yet trembling anticipation to the coming of a "new and most mighty dispensation," when it shall, under a warmer and nearer sun, expand into a tree, the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nations, and the shade of which shall be heaven begun on earth. We must say that we look on the religion of such men, clinging each to his plank amid the weltering wilderness of waves, and looking up for the coming of the day—a religion so deep-rooted, so sad, as regards the past and present, so sanguine in reference to the future, so doubtful of man and human means, so firm in its trust on divine power and promise—with far more interest and sympathy

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than on that commonplace, bustling, Christianity which abounds with its stereotyped arguments, its cherished bigotry and narrowness, its shallow and silly gladness, its Goody Twoshoes benevolence, its belief in well-oiled machineries, Exeter Hall cheers, the power of money, and the voice of multitudes. True religion implies struggle, doubt, sorrow, and these are indeed the main constituents of its grandeur. It is just the sigh of a true and holy heart for a better and brighter sphere. In the case of Pascal and Foster this sigh becomes audible to the whole earth, and is reëchoed through all future ages.

It was during the brief sunshine hour of his life that Pascal wrote his "Provincial Letters." On these Rogers dilates with much liveliness and power. He can meet his author at all points, and is equally at home when taking a brisk morning walk with him along a breezy summit, the echoes repeating their shouts of joyous laughter, and when pacing at midnight the shades of a gloomy forest discolored by a waning moon, which seems listening to catch their whispers as they talk of death, evil, and eternity. The "Provincial Letters" are, on the whole, the most brilliant collection of controversial letters extant. They have not the rounded finish, the concentration, the red-hot touches of sarcasm, and the brief and occasional bursts of invective darkening into sublimity which distinguish the letters of Junius. Nor have they the profound *asides* of reflection, or the impatient power of passion, or the masses of poetical imagery to be found in Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," and "Letters on a Regicide Peace," but they excel these and all epistolary writings in dexterity of argument, power of irony, in light, hurrying, scorching satire, a "fire running along the ground," in grace of motion, and in Attic salt and Attic elegance of style. He has held up his enemies to immortal scorn, and painted them in the most contemptible and ludicrous attitudes on a Grecian urn. He has preserved those wasps and flies in the richest amber. Has he not honored too much those wretched sophisters by destroying them with the golden shafts of Apollo? Had not the broad hoof of Pan or the club of Hercules been a more appropriate weapon for crushing and mangling them into mire? But had he employed coarser weapons, although equally effective in destroying his enemies, he had gained less glory for himself. As it is, he has founded one of his best claims to immortality upon the slaughter of these despicabilities, like the knights of old who won their laurels in clearing the forests from wild swine and similar brutes. And be it remembered, that though the Jesuits individually were for the most part contemptible, their system was a very formidable one, and required the whole strength of a master hand to expose it.

We close this short notice of Pascal with rather melancholy emotions. A man so gifted in the prodigality of heaven, and so short-lived, (just thirty-nine at his death,) a man so pure and good, and in the end of his days so miserable! A sun so bright, and that set amid such heavy clouds! A genius so strong and so well-furnished, and yet the slave in many things of a despicable superstition! One qualified above his fellows to have extended the boundaries of human thought, and to have led the world on in wisdom and goodness, and yet who did so little, and died believing that nothing was worth being done! One of the greatest scholars and finest writers in the world, and yet despising fame, and at last loathing all literature except the Lamb's Book of Life! Able to pass from the Dan to the Beersheba of universal knowledge, and forced to exclaim at the end of the journey, "All is barren!" Was he in this mad or wise—right or wrong? We think the truth lies between. He was right and wise in thinking that man can do little at the most, know little at the clearest, and must be imperfect at the best; but he was wrong and mad in not attempting to know, to do, and to be the little within his own power, as well as in not urging his fellow-men to know, be, and do the less within theirs. Like the wagoner in fable, and Foster in reality, while calling on Hercules to come down from the cloud, he neglected to set his shoulder to the wheel. He should have done both, and thus, if he had not expedited the grand purpose of progress so much as he wished, he would at least have delivered his own soul, secured a deeper peace in his heart, and in working more would have suffered less. While Prometheus *was* chained to his rock, Pascal voluntarily chained himself to his by the chain of an iron-spiked girdle, and there mused sublime musings and uttered melodious groans till merciful Death released him. He was one of the very few Frenchmen who have combined imagination and reverence with fancy, intellect, and wit.

In his next paper, Mr. Rogers approaches another noble and congenial theme—Plato and his master, Socrates. It is a Greek meeting a Greek, and the tug of war, of course, comes—a generous competition of kindred genius. We have read scores of

critiques—by Landor, by Shelley, by Bulwer, by Sir Daniel Sandford, by Emerson, and others, on these redoubted heroes of the Grecian philosophy; but we forget if any of them excel this of our author in clearness of statement, discrimination, sympathy with the period, and appreciation of the merits of the two magnificent men. Old Socrates, with his ugly face, his snub nose, his strong head for standing liquor, his restless habits, his subtle irony, the inimitable dialogue on which he made his enemies to slide down, as on a mountain-side of ice, from the heights of self-consequent security to the depths of defeat and exposure; his sublime commonsense, his subtle yet homely dialectics; opening up mines of gold by the wayside, and getting the gods to sit on the roof of the house; his keen raillery, his power of sophisticating sophists, and his profound knowledge of his own nescience, is admirably daguerreotyped. With equal power, the touches lent to him by the genius of his disciple are discriminated from the native traits. Plato, to say the least of it, has *colored* the photograph of Socrates with the tints of his own fine and fiery imagination; or he has acted as a painter when he puts a favorite picture in the softest and richest light; or as a poet when he visits a beautiful scene by moonlight; or as a lover when he gently lifts up the image of his mistress across the line which separated it from perfection. We often hear of people *throwing* themselves into such and such a subject; there is another and a rarer process — that of *adding* oneself to such and such a character. You see a person who, added to yourself, would make, you think, a glorious being, and you proceed to idealize accordingly; you stand on his head, and outtower the tallest; you club your brains with his, and are wiser than the wisest; you add the heat of your heart to his, and produce a very furnace of love. Thus Solomon might have written David's romantic history, and given the latter, in addition to his courage, sincerity and lyric genius, his own voluptuous fancy and profound acquirements. All biographers, indeed, possessed of any strong individuality themselves, act very much in this way when narrating the lives of kindred spirits. And, certainly, it was thus that Plato dealt with Socrates. The Platonic Socrates is a splendid composite, including the sagacity, strength, theological acumen, and grand modesty, as of the statue of a kneeling god, which distinguished the master, and the philosophic subtlety, the high imagination, the flowing diction and the exquisite refinement of the disciple. Yet, even Socrates in the picture of Plato is not for a moment to be compared to the Carpenter of Nazareth, as represented by his biographer, John, the Fisherman of Galilee. We shall quote, by and by, the fine passage in which Mr. Rogers draws the comparison between the two.

To Plato as a thinker and writer ample justice is done. Perhaps too little is said against that slipslop which in his writings so often mingles with the sublimity. They are often, verily, strange symposia which he describes—a kind of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, swarming here with bacchanalian babblement and there with sentences and sayings which might have been washed down with nectar. They are intensely typical of the ancient Grecian mind, of its heights and its depths, its unnatural vices and its lofty ideals of art. In their conception of beauty the Greeks approximated the ideal, but their views of God and of man were exceedingly imperfect. Hence their disgusting vices; hence their sacrifice of every thing to the purposes of art; hence the sensuality of their genius when compared to that of the Gothic nations; hence the resistance offered by their philosophers to Christianity, which appeared to them "foolishness;" hence Platonism, the highest effort of their philosophy, seems less indigenous to Greece than Aristotelianism, and resembles an exotic transplanted from Egypt or Palestine. Except in Plato and Æschylus, there is little approach in the productions of the Greek genius to moral sublimity or to a true religious feeling. Among the prose writers of Greece, Aristotle and Demosthenes more truly reflected the character of the national mind than Plato. They were exceedingly ingenious and artistic, the one in his criticism and the other in his oratory, but neither was capable of the lowest flights of Plato's magnificent prose-poetry. Aristotle was, as Macaulay calls him, the "acutest of human beings;" but it was a cold, needle-eyed acuteness. As a critic, his great merit lay in deducing the principles of the epic from the perfect example set by Homer, like a theologian forming a perfect system of morality from the life of Christ; but this, though a useful process, and one requiring much talent, is not of the highest order even of intellectual achievements, and has nothing at all of the creative in it. It is but the work of an index-maker on a somewhat larger scale. Demosthenes, Mr. Rogers, with Lord Brougham and most other critics, vastly overrates. His speeches as delivered by himself must have been overwhelming in their

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immediate effect, but really constitute, when read, morsels as dry and sapless as we ever tried to swallow. They are destitute of that "action, action, action," on which he laid so much stress, and having lost it, they have lost all. They have a good deal of clear pithy statement and some striking questions and apostrophes, but have no imagery, no depth of thought, no grasp, no grandeur, no genius Lord Brougham's speeches have been called "law-papers on fire:" the speeches of Demosthenes are law-papers with much less fire. To get at their merit we must apply the well known rule of Charles James Fox. He used to ask if such and such a speech read well; "if it did, it was a bad speech, if it did not; it was probably good." On this principle the orations of Demosthenes must be the best in the world, since they are about the dullest reading in it.

Far otherwise with the golden sentences of Plato. Dry argument, half-hot with passion, is all Demosthenes can furnish. Plato

"Has gifts in their most splendid variety and most harmonious combinations; rich alike in powers of invention and acquisition; equally massive and light; vigorous and muscular, yet pliable and versatile; master at once of thought and expression, in which originality and subtlety of intellect are surrounded by all the ministering aids of imagination, wit, humor, and eloquence, and the structure of his mind resembles some master-piece of classic architecture, in which the marble columns rise from their deep foundation exquisitely fashioned and proportioned, surmounted with elaborate and ornamented capitals, and supporting an entablature inscribed with all forms of the beautiful.

"Plato's style," Mr. Rogers proceeds, "is unrivalled: he wielded at will all the resources of the most copious, flexible, and varied instrument of thought through which the mind of man has ever yet breathed the music of eloquence. Not less severely simple and refined when he pleases than Pascal, between whom and Plato many resemblances existed, as in beauty of intellect, in the delicacy of their wit, in aptitude for abstract science, and in moral wisdom; the Grecian philosopher is capable of assuming every mood of thought, and of adopting the tone, imagery, and diction appropriate to each. Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful; but with a far more absolute command over all the varieties of manner and style. He could pass, by the most easy and rapid transitions, from the majestic eloquence which made the Greeks say that if Jupiter had spoken the language of mortals he would have spoken in that of Plato, to that homely style of illustration and those highly idiomatic modes of expression which mark the colloquial manner of his Socrates, and which, as Alcibiades in his eulogium observes, might induce a stranger to say that the talk of the sage was all about shoemakers and tailors, carpenters and braziers."—p. 334.

We promised to quote also his closing paragraph. Here it is, worthy in every respect of the author of the "Eclipse of Faith," and equal to its best passages:—

"We certainly hold the entire dramatic projection and representation of Socrates in the pages of Plato to be one of the most wonderful efforts of the human mind. In studying him it is impossible that his character as a teacher of ethics and his life-like mode of representation should not suggest to us *another character* yet more wonderfully depicted, and by the same most difficult of all methods—that of dramatic evolution by discourse and action; of one who taught a still purer, sublimer, and more consistent ethics, pervaded by a more intense spirit of humanity; of one whose love for our race was infinitely deeper and more tender, who stands perfectly free from those foibles which history attributes to the real Socrates, and from that too Protean facility of manners which, though designed by Plato as a compliment to the philosophic flexibility of *his* character of Socrates, really so far assimilated him with mere vulgar humanity; of one, too, whose sublime and original character is not only exhibited with the most wonderful dramatic skill, but in a style as unique as the character it embodies—a style of simple majesty, which, unlike that of Plato, is capable of being readily translated into every language under heaven; of one whose life was the embodiment of that virtue which Plato affirmed would entrance all hearts if seen, and whose death throws the prison-scenes of the "Phædo" utterly into the shade; of one, lastly, whose picture has arrested the admiring gaze of many who have believed it to be only a picture. Now, if we feel that the portraiture of Socrates in the pages of Plato involved the very highest exercise of the highest dramatic genius, and that the cause was no more than commensurate with the effect, it is a question which may well occupy the attention of a *philosopher*, how it came to pass that in one of the obscurest periods of the history of an obscure people, in the dregs of their literature and the lowest depths of superstitious dotage, so sublime a conception should have been so sublimely exhibited; how it was that the noblest truths found an oracle in the lips of the grossest ignorance, and the maxims of universal charity advocates in the hearts of the most selfish of narrow-minded bigots; in a word, who could be the more than Plato (or rather the many each more than Plato) who drew that radiant portrait, of which it may be truly said 'that a far greater than Socrates is here?'"—pp. 366, 377.

Passing over a very ingenious paper on the "Structure of the English Language," we come to one on the "British Pulpit," some of the statements in which are weighty and powerful, but some of which we are compelled to controvert. Mr. Rogers begins by deploring the want of eloquence and

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of effect in the modern pulpit. There is undoubtedly too much reason for this complaint, although we think that in the present day it is not so much eloquence that men *desiderate* in preaching as real instruction, living energy, and wide variety of thought and illustration. Mr. Rogers says very little about the *substance* of sermons, and in what he does say seems to incline to that principle of strait-lacing which we thought had been nearly exploded. No doubt every preacher should preach the main doctrines of the gospel, but if he confine himself exclusively to these, he will limit his own sphere of power and influence. Why should he not preach the great general moralities as well? Why should he not tell, upon occasion, great political, metaphysical, and literary truths to his people, turning them, as they are so susceptible of being turned, to religious account? It will not do to tell us that preachers must follow the Apostles in every respect. Christ alone was a perfect model, and how easy and diversified his discourses! He had seldom any *text*. He spake of subjects as diverse from each other as are the deserts of Galilee from the streets of Jerusalem; the summit of Tabor from the tower of Siloam; the cedar of Lebanon from the hyssop springing out of the wall. He touched the political affairs of Judea, the passing incidents of the day, the transient controversies and heart-burnings of the Jewish sects, with a finger as firm and as luminous as he did the principles of morality and of religion. Hence, in part, the superiority and the success of his teaching. It was a wide and yet not an indefinite and baseless thing. It swept the circumference of Nature and of man, and then radiated on the cross as on a centre. It gathered an immense procession of things, thoughts, and feelings, and led them through Jerusalem and along the foot of Calvary. It bent all beings and subjects into its grand purpose, transfiguring them as they stooped before it. It was this catholic *eclectic* feature in Christ's teaching which, while it made many cry out, "Never man spake like this man," has created also some certain misconceptions of its character. Many think that he was at bottom nothing more than a Pantheistic poet, because he shed on all objects—on the lilies of the valley, the salt of the sea, the thorns of the wilderness, the trees of the field, the rocks of the mountain, and the sands of the sea shore—that strange and glorious light which he brought with him to earth and poured around him as from the wide wings of an angel, as from the all-beautifying beams of dawn.

We think that if Christ's teaching be taken as the test and pattern, Mr. Rogers limits the range of preaching too much when he says its principal characteristics should be "practical reasoning and strong emotion." Preaching is not a mere hortatory matter. Sermons are the better of applications, but they should not be *all* application. Ministers should remember to address mankind and their audiences as a whole, and should seek here to instruct their judgments and there to charm their imagination; here to allure and there to alarm; here to calm and there to arouse; here to reason away their doubts and prejudices, and there to awaken their emotions. Mr. Rogers disapproves of discussing first principles in the pulpit, and says, that "the Atheist and Deist are rarely found in Christian congregations." We wish we could believe this. If there are no avowed Atheists or Deists in our churches, there are, we fear, many whose minds are grievously unsettled and at sea on such subjects, and shall they be altogether neglected in the daily ministrations? Of what use to speak to them of justification by faith who think there is nothing to be believed, or of the *new* birth who do not believe in the *old*, but deem themselves fatherless children in a forsaken world. We think him decidedly too severe also in his condemnation of the use of scientific and literary language in the pulpit. Pedantry, indeed, and darkening counsel by technical language, we abhor, but elegant and scholarly diction may be combined with simplicity and clearness, and has a tendency to elevate the minds and refine the tastes of those who listen to it. It is of very little use coming down, as it is called, to men's level; now-a-days, if you do so, you will get nothing but contempt for your pains: you cannot, indeed, be too intelligible, but you may be so while using the loftiest imagery and language. Chalmers never "came down to men's level," and yet his discourses were understood and felt by the humblest of his audience, when by the energy of his genius and the power of his sympathies he lifted them *up to his*.

Mr. Rogers thinks that all preachers aspiring to power and usefulness will "abhor the ornate and the florid," and yet it is remarkable that the most powerful and the most useful, too, of preachers have been the most ornate and florid. Who more ornate than Isaiah? Who spoke more in figures and parables than Jesus? Chrysostom, of the "golden mouth," belonged to the same school. South sneers at Jeremy Taylor, and Rogers

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very unworthily reëchoes the sneer; but what comparison between South the sneerer and Taylor the sneered at, in genius or in genuine power and popularity? To how many a cultivated mind has Jeremy Taylor made religion attractive and dear, which had hated and despised it before? Who more florid than Isaac Taylor, and what writer of this century has done more to recommend Christianity to certain classes of the community? He, to be sure, is no preacher; but who have been or are the most popular and most powerful preachers of the age? Chalmers, Irving, Melville, Hall; and amid their many diversities in point of intellect, opinion, and style, they agree in this, that they all abound in figurative language and poetical imagery. And if John Foster failed in preaching, it was certainly not from want of imagination, which formed, indeed, the staple of all his best discourses. Mr. Rogers, to be sure, permits a "moderate use of the imagination;" but, strange to say, it is the men who have made a *large* and *lavish* use of it in preaching who have most triumphantly succeeded. Of course they have all made their imagination subservient to a high purpose; but we demur to his statement that no preacher will ever employ his imagination merely to delight us. He will not indeed become constantly the minister of delight; but he will and must occasionally, in gratifying himself with his own fine fancies, give an innocent and intense gratification to others, and having thus delighted his audience, mere gratitude on their part will prepare them for listening with more attention and interest to his solemn appeals at the close. He says that the splendid description in the "Antiquary" of a sunset would be altogether out of place in the narrative by a naval historian of two fleets separated on the eve of engagement by a storm, or in any serious narrative or speech; forgetting that the "Antiquary" professes to be a serious narrative, and that Burke, in his speeches and essays has often interposed in critical points of narration descriptions quite as long and as magnificent, which, nevertheless, so far from exciting laughter, produce the profoundest impression, blending, as they do, the energies and effects of fiction and poetry with those of prose and fact.

That severely simple and *agonistic* style, which Mr. Rogers recommends so strongly, has been seldom practised in Britain, except in the case of Baxter, with transcendent effect. At all events, the *writings* of those who have followed it have not had a tithe of the influence which more genial and fanciful authors have exerted. For one who reads South, ten thousand revel in Jeremy Taylor. Howe, a very imaginative and rather diffuse writer, has supplanted Baxter in general estimation. In Scotland, while the dry sermons of Ebenezer Erskine are neglected, the lively and fanciful writings of his brother Ralph have still a considerable share of popularity. The works of Chalmers and Cumming, destined as both are in due time to oblivion, are preserved in their present life by what in the first is real, and in the second a semblance of imagination. Of the admirable writings of Dr. Harris and of the two Hamiltons we need not speak. Latimer, South, and Baxter, whom Rogers ranks so highly, are not *classics*. Even Jonathan Edwards and Butler, with all their colossal talent, are now little read, on account of their want of imagination. The same vital deficiency has doomed the sermons of Tillotson, Atterbury, Sherlock, and Clarke. Indeed, in order to refute Mr. Rogers, we have only to recur to his own words, quoted above: "This faculty, fancy namely, is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men." It follows that since the great object of preaching is to exhibit truth to the minds of men, fancy is the faculty most needful to the preacher, and that the want of it is the most fatal of deficiencies. In fact, although a few preachers have, through the agonistic methods, by pure energy and passion, produced great effects, these have been confined chiefly to their spoken speech, have not been transferred to their published writings, and have speedily died away. It is the same in other kinds of oratory. Fox's eloquence, which studied only immediate effect, perished with him, and Pitt's likewise. Burke's, being at once highly imaginative and profoundly wise, lives, and will live for ever.

We have not room to enlarge on some other points in the paper. We think Mr. Rogers lays far too much stress on the *time* a preacher should take in composing his sermons. Those preachers who spend all the week in finical polishing of periods and intense elaboration of paragraphs are not the most efficient or esteemed. A well-furnished mind, animated by enthusiasm, will throw forth in a few hours a sermon incomparably superior in force, freshness, and energy, to those discourses which are slowly and toilsomely built up. It may be different sometimes with sermons which are meant for publication. Yet some of the finest published sermons in literature have been written at a heat.

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From the entire second volume of these admirable essays, we must abstain. "Reason and Faith" would itself justify a long separate article. Nor can we do any more than allude at present to that noble "Meditation among the Tombs of Literature," which closes the first volume, and which he entitles the "Vanity and Glory of Literature." It is full of sad truth, and its style and thinking are every way worthy of its author's genius.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

> If my own mother earth, from whence I sprung,
> Rise up, with rage unnatural, to devour
> Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
> Some say the earth
> Was feverous, and did shake.

There are few sensations more startling and unpleasant than that which is occasioned by even the slightest of those movements of the earth's surface to which we equally give the name of *earthquake*, whatever may be the degree of their intensity, or the nature of their effects. Our imperfect knowledge of the causes which produce them, and of the laws of nature by which they are regulated, increases our alarm; and as we have no sure warning of their approach, and are their helpless victims when they come, we may be thankful that they are not of more frequent occurrence. They are fearful in every way: for where they have once been destructively felt, they leave an impression as to the possibility of their return, which, at times, comes disagreeably across the mind, even in our moments of enjoyment.

A writer, whose work was noticed last month,* speaking of Lisbon, says: "Some traces of the great earthquake still remain; here and there, a huge windowless, roofless, and roomless mass, picturesque by moonlight, but saddening by day; fearful memento of wrath, stands to tell the tale of that terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon, about five years ago, were so unusually powerful, that some fear was excited lest a recurrence of this calamity were imminent. The Portuguese have a theory, that nature takes a hundred years to produce an earthquake on a grand scale, and as that period had nearly elapsed, they were frightened in proportion. At Naples one cannot but be conscious that the city is built over 'hidden fires;' on one side is the ever-active Vesuvius, and on the other the Solfatara, and an evident communication exists between them. Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison the air everywhere; but at Lisbon no such signs exist; *here* is nothing but a soil prolific beyond measure — no streams of lava — no hills of calcined stones, thrown up 1500 feet in one night (as the Monte Nuovo, near Naples)—no smoking craters—no boiling water struggling into day. Still, the belief that Lisbon will again be destroyed by a similar throe of nature is prevalent, and perpetuated year after year by the recurrence of slight shocks."

In treating of earthquakes, we cannot seek our materials in the remoter periods of history.

It is remarkable that in the records of the Old Testament there are only, I believe, three passages in which they are mentioned. One of them is part of the well-known description of the appearances attending the revelation of the Almighty will to Elijah. The others refer to the one event of an earthquake in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah—not quite 800 years B. C., and from the language in which it is alluded to, we may infer that such convulsions were then of unusual occurrence.

It is in comparatively modern times that

> The old
> And crazy earth has had her shaking-fits
> More frequent.

* Hither and Thither.

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When they are mentioned by the classical writers of antiquity, it is generally without any detailed notices of their phenomena, and in connection with other incidents.

Thucydides speaks of their frequency in Greece during the Peloponnesian war, and—in one instance—describes their more remarkable effects;—chiefly the destruction of life and buildings occasioned by inundations on the coast; and he modestly suggests, that "in his own opinion" the shock drives the sea back, and this suddenly coming on again with a violent rush, causes the inundation; "which, without an earthquake," he thinks, "would never have happened." But he mentions the more noticeable fact, that "at Peparethus there was a retreat of the sea, though no inundation followed."

Inscriptions have been found in temples both at Herculaneum and Pompeii, commemorating the rebuilding of these edifices after they had been thrown down by an earthquake, which happened in the reign of Nero: sixteen years before the destruction of the cities themselves by the eruption of Vesuvius. Yet there is no other account of such an event extant; and the indifference of the ancients in recording them is shown in the fact that even the appalling fate of these cities was only incidentally alluded to till Dion Cassius wrote his fabulous and exaggerated description, about 150 years after their destruction had taken place.

We are constantly reminded, however, of the frequency of such phenomena. The route through Italy, for instance, from Sienna to Rome, is marked throughout by great volcanic changes; and it is not very difficult to believe the tradition that the whole of the Bay of Naples is formed by one extensive crater.

In many instances the ingenuity of man has converted even these fearful ruins into sources of wealth. Without speaking of the well-known commerce in sulphur and other articles, from Naples and Sicily, I may mention that, amongst the mountains of Tuscany, the Count de Larderel has applied a process to the preparation of boracic acid, which is decribed in the Jurors' Reports of the Great Exhibition of 1851 as amongst "*the highest achievements of the useful arts.*" The vapor issuing from a volcanic soil is condensed; and the minute proportion of boracic acid which it contains is recovered by evaporation, in a district without fuel, by the application of volcanic vapor itself as a source of heat. The substance thus obtained greatly exceeds in quantity the old and limited supply of borax from British India, and has extended its use in improving the manufactures of porcelain and of crystal.

In every country where organic changes so violent and extensive have occurred, there must have been earthquakes equally violent; for though it is possible that some of these phenomena have been produced by *electricity* alone, yet we are so often able to connect them with volcanic action that we must consider this as the most frequent, if not the only cause with which we are at present acquainted. We are reminded also by an eminent writer, to whose "Principles of Geology" I shall elsewhere refer, that in volcanic regions, though the points of *eruption* are but thinly scattered—constituting mere spots on the surface of those districts—yet the *subterraneous* movements extend simultaneously over immense areas. Those mere tremblings of the earth, so common in South America, are probably connected with eruptions in mountain ranges, that have never yet been explored. It does not advance us *very far* in our knowledge of the subject to assume that both volcanoes and earthquakes have a common origin, which often produces movements of the earth even unattended by volcanic eruption. As far as we can *trace* their connection, this is most probably the fact; but there may be other causes which have still to be discovered.

An able writer in one of the early volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*—while denying the theory that volcanic explosions are caused by "the eructations of a central fire, occupying the interior of the earth," and while showing that the lava thrown out by these convulsions could not be so produced—admits that substances in a state of fusion may exist, which, by the action of water pouring from above, or by the irruption of the sea, "might produce earthquakes, with furious emissions of gases and steam." Lyell gives his reasons, based upon electro-chemical influences, for attributing them to a similar cause. In his "Geology of the Countries visited during the voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the World," Darwin supposes that, in Chili, there is a subterranean lake of lava of nearly double the area of the Black Sea, and "that the frequent quakings of the earth along this line of coast are caused by the rending of the strata, which is necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised, and their injection by fluidified rock." But it is useless to theorize. In the present state of human knowledge, earthquakes are a description of phenomena of which we can merely record the facts.

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One of the most remarkable earthquakes of antiquity of which we have any account was contemporaneous with the battle of Thrasimene, and was alluded to, incidentally, by Livy, as showing the ardor of the fight. The passage is translated by Lord Byron. "Such (he says) was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by any of the combatants." We may repeat the description in Lord Byron's verse:

> And such the storm of battle on this day,
> And such the frenzy whose convulsion blinds
> To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
> An earthquake roll'd unheededly away!
> None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
> And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
> Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;
> Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!
>
> The earth to them was as a rolling bark
> Which bore them to eternity; they saw
> The ocean round, but had no time to mark
> The motions of their vessel; nature's law,
> In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
> Which reigns when mountains tremble; and the birds
> Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
> From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
> Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

The event to which these passages refer, occurred, it will be remembered, 217 years B. C.

Upon the earthquakes which marked the consummation of our Saviour's mission, I feel that this is not an occasion to dwell.

The next of which we have any record was in the seventeenth year of Christianity, when twelve cities of Asia Minor were almost simultaneously destroyed.

Of those which, in the year 365, ravaged nearly the whole of the Roman Empire, we are told that "in the second year of the reign of Valentinian and Valens, on the morning of the 21st day of July, the greatest part of the Roman world was shaken by a violent and destructive earthquake. The impression was communicated to the waters; the shores of the Mediterranean were left dry by the sudden retreat of the sea; great quantities of fish were caught with the hand; large vessels were stranded; and a curious spectator (Ammianus) amused his eye, or rather his fancy, by contemplating the various appearance of valleys and mountains, which had never, since the formation of the globe, been exposed to the sun. But the tide soon returned with the weight of an immense and irresistible deluge, which was severely felt on the coasts of Sicily, of Dalmatia, of Greece, and of Egypt; large boats were transported and lodged on the roofs of houses, or at the distance of two miles from the shore; the people with their habitations were swept away by the waters; and the city of Alexandria annually commemorated the fatal day on which 50,000 persons had lost their lives in the inundation. This calamity, the report of which was magnified from one province to another, astonished and terrified the subjects of Rome; and their affrighted imagination enlarged the real extent of a momentary evil. They recollected the preceding earthquakes which had subverted the cities of Palestine and Bithynia; they considered these alarming strokes as the prelude only of still more dreadful calamities, and their fearful vanity was disposed to confound the symptoms of a declining empire and of a sinking world." In speaking of the similar convulsions which occurred about the year 526, the same historian observes, "that the *nature of the soil* may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are occasioned by subterraneous fires, and such fires are kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur." (We do not stop to question the correctness of his theory.) "But their times and effects (he continues) appear to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher will discreetly abstain from the prediction of earthquakes till he has counted the drops of water that silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and measured the caverns which increase by resistance the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without assigning the cause, history will distinguish the *periods* in which these calamitous events have been more or less frequent, and will observe that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the reign of Justinian." (It was of the close of this reign that he was writing.) "Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes of such *duration* that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days; of such *extent* that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe — or, at least, of the Roman empire. An impulsive or vibratory motion was felt: enormous chasms were opened; huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the air; the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond its ordinary

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bounds; and a mountain was torn from Libanus and cast into the waves, where it protected, as a mole, the new harbor of Botrys in Phœnicia. At Antioch its multitudes were swelled by the conflux of strangers to the festival of the Ascension, and 250,000 persons are said to have perished."

To the many who—unsatisfied with any briefer manual—study at once both facts and language in the pages of Gibbon, I ought to apologize, perhaps, for having made extracts so long from a work so easily accessible. As we approach nearer to our own times, these convulsions continue frequent; and the discovery of America opens a new source of materials to swell the mournful history. It would be a painful and useless task to trace them in all their details. The disappearance of entire cities was not an unusual occurrence, and as many as 40,000 persons have perished at once. Sea-ports have been swallowed up by the advancing waters, and the whole of their population drowned. In China, too, the records of these calamities carry us back to 1333; when there was a succession of shocks which continued for ten years; destroying its capital, and multitudes of its crowded population.

If I had to refer to sources of more ample information, I should say—as may easily be anticipated—that the best history of these phenomena, and the most philosophical views as to their effects, with which I am acquainted, are to be found in the works of Sir Charles Lyell. Few, however, of the events he mentions throw any new light upon their causes, and I shall merely notice—from these and several other authorities—such of them as were attended with the most remarkable circumstances.

In 1759 there were destructive earthquakes in Syria; and at Balbec alone, 20,000 persons are said to have perished. In 1783, Guatimala, with all its riches, and 8000 families, was swallowed up; and every vestige of its former existence obliterated. The shocks felt in Calabria in the same year continued to the end of 1786, and extended over an area of 500 square miles. Deep fissures were produced; houses engulfed; new lakes formed; buildings moved entire to considerable distances; 40,000 persons perished at the time; and 20,000 more died from various consequences. A fourth of the inhabitants of some of the towns were buried alive. For some instants their voices were heard and recognized, but there was no means of saving them.

The earthquakes of Chili, in 1835, are chiefly noticeable from their having occurred during the voyage of the Beagle, and from their phenomena having thus been observed more scientifically than usual. But their more obvious effects in the destruction of entire towns;—in the appearance of valuable merchandise, fragments of buildings, and articles of furniture (which had been carried away by the advancing and retiring waters) still floating along the coast;—and in the sad sight of structures, the labor of generations, crumbled in a moment into dust,—are also ably and strikingly described. "Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles, approaching the middle of the bay with a smooth outline; but along the shore it tore up cottages and trees, as it swept onwards with irresistible force."

There were some incidents worthy of remark attendant upon an earthquake which took place in Antigua in 1843. Owing to its having occurred early in the forenoon, when few people were in the houses, there was very little loss of life; but the destruction of property has rarely been more extensive. There was scarcely a building on the island that was not thrown down or seriously injured. Of 172 sugar-mills, only 23 remained capable of being worked; and of these, not half had escaped damage. The walls of the cathedral (which was large enough to contain 1800 persons) fell, in crumbling masses; and the roof, which still held together, rested upon them like a huge cover. In the open country, trees were seen to rise and descend vertically, several times, during the continuance of the vibrations.

Many of these convulsions, and in various parts of the world, have produced extensive and permanent changes of surface. This was particularly the case, more than once, during the first half of the present century, in different parts of Chili. At Valparaiso two entire streets were constructed on what was before the bottom of the sea; and the permanent alteration of level is conjectured to have extended over 100,000 square miles. The writer from whom I have before quoted thinks that the effects of these changes are eminently beneficial; and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface of the world is preserved, and the very existence and perpetuation of dry land secured.

But, after all that has since occurred, the most popularly-remembered of such events are still the earthquakes at Jamaica, in 1692, when its loftiest mountains were torn asun-

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der, and its finest harbor sunk, in a moment, into the sea;—those in Sicily, the following year, when Catania and 140 other towns and villages, with upwards of 100,000 persons, were destroyed;—the fearful calamity at Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 persons perished in about six minutes; and when many of the survivors would have perished also, but for the timely aid of British charity;—and, lastly, the earthquakes which preceded the eruption of the Souffrière at St. Vincent in 1812.

It is because I myself witnessed some of the phenomena connected with these events, and because there were atmospheric circumstances, not very dissimilar from those attendant upon the slight shocks which were not long since felt in England, that I have been induced to gather my recollections upon the subject, and to mix them up with the contents of my note-books.

I was then residing on the southern coast of North America. The close of the previous year was accompanied, in those climates, by some remarkable phenomena. We may pass over the appearance of a comet, and an eclipse of the sun, as merely coincident, and witnessed in common with other countries. In addition to these, the small island where I was staying was completely deluged by one of those inundations of the sea that occasionally occur in tropical climates about the time of the autumnal equinox; and, excepting a space considerably less than a quarter of a mile, the wide waters of the Atlantic, and the mainland at some distance, were the only objects on which the eye could rest. This inundation had scarcely subsided, when the city of Charleston (my next place of sojourn) was visited by a tornado more dreadful in its extent and effects than any in the memory of the inhabitants. The wind, which had been for some days light and variable, had shifted on the 8th to the northeast; and, blowing very fresh through the night, it continued in the same quarter all the day and night of the 9th. During the whole of this time there was an almost uninterrupted fall of rain; and on the morning of the 10th the wind blew with increased violence. About ten o'clock it shifted to the south-east, and soon after twelve it suddenly became calm. A heavy rumbling noise, resembling the sound of a carriage rapidly driven over a pavement, was then heard, and a tornado, extending only about one hundred yards in width, passed like lightning through a considerable section of the city, involving alike the habitations and inhabitants that were within its course in instant destruction. Proceeding up the harbor, the first object it struck was the flag-staff of one of the forts, which could have offered little surface of resistance, though of more than ordinary strength and thickness. This was snapped in a moment; and, with equal ease, houses of considerable size were not merely unroofed or injured, but completely overthrown, like the playthings of an infant. Large beams of wood, and masses of lead and iron, were carried for several hundred yards, and nearly buried in the walls of other buildings; yet so confined was its operation to a particular current, that corners and parts of houses were taken off, as cleanly as if divided by some mechanical instrument, and the remainder of the buildings were left uninjured. About twenty lives were lost, some of them under remarkable circumstances. A lady was, with her sister, on a bed in an upper apartment when the tornado was approaching. The noise so alarmed a negro girl, her attendant, that she sought refuge under the bed upon which her mistress was lying. A stack of chimneys that had been struck, falling upon the roof, forced its way through the house to the ground, precipitating the floors along with it. The bed fell with them; the ladies (who were *nearest* the falling roof) escaped without injury; but the negro girl beneath was crushed to death. In another instance, a young female, who was attending her dying mother, was carried by the hurricane from the room in which she sat, and dashed against a building at a very considerable distance; the bed of the invalid remaining in its place. In the interval between this calamity and the concussions of the earth, (the first of which occurred on the 16th of December,) various meteors and balls of fire of different sizes and appearances were observed. One of them, of a magnitude calculated to excite alarm, was seen by spectators who were a hundred miles asunder on the evening of the 21st of November, moving with great rapidity in a south-west direction. It illuminated the ground and the surface of the waters, as if a torch of burning matter had been passing over them, and was conjectured (though it must have been vaguely) to have been about ten or fifteen feet in diameter. The season was unusually warm. Large apples, the produce of second crops, were seen in November; and on several plantations there were second crops of rice, which had not occurred for forty years. It may also be remarked, that there was considerably less thunder during

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the year 1811 than usual; the number of days, which commonly, in those climates, averages sixty, having only amounted to thirty-eight. Sir Charles Lyell considers many of these phenomena

(Fires from beneath, and meteors from above)

as, generally, the accompaniments of the convulsions which followed.

On the morning of the 16th of December, about three o'clock, the first shock of earthquake was felt. It awoke me, and was said to have been preceded by the usual rattling noise. Being unapprehensive of such an event, my first impression was that the house was falling, and the cracking of its timbers strengthened me in this impression. When I had reached the ground-floor, however, (and the noise having subsided,) I began to be doubtful how far I might be under the influence of some mental delusion; and, returning to my bed, I found it rocking from the effect of a second shock; and a third and fourth, a few minutes before and after eight o'clock, left me perfectly certain as to the cause of what had occurred. From this time to the 11th of February fourteen distinct shocks were felt, their duration from twenty seconds to two minutes; with one exception, when the tremor did not entirely subside for seven minutes.

The motion was generally from east to west; but it was not uniform. In December it appeared to be undulating; in January violent and irregular; and in February it seemed similar to a sudden jerking to and fro of the earth's surface. As far as our observations extend, vertical movements on such occasions appear to be less destructive than horizontal; and if this (says Lyell) should generally be the case, the greatest alteration of level may be produced with the least injury to cities or existing formations. Even between the concussions which I have been describing, a tremor was frequently perceptible, and light pendulous bodies were then in a state of continued vibration. The motion during the severer shocks was sufficiently violent to break the glasses in picture-frames hanging against the wall, and the pavements in several of the streets were cracked. Many persons, also, found it difficult to preserve themselves from being thrown down; and the guard stationed in one of the church steeples to look out for fires, gave notice to the men below that it was falling. The sky was generally, though not uniformly, dark and hazy, sometimes tinged with red, and the atmospheric changes were frequent and unusual. The shock of the 7th of February was attended by a noise like distant thunder, and that of the same evening was accompanied by a sound like the rushing of a violent wind, and with some sharp flashes of lightning.

The thermometer at eight o'clock on the evening of the 15th of December was 52 deg., and the barometer 30 deg. 45 min. The following morning, when the first shock took place, the barometer continued the same, but the thermometer had sunk to 46 deg. The last of these awful visitations was a slight tremor on the day following the more distant and fatal calamities, to which I am now about to refer.

In our case, they passed away without a single instance of serious personal injury, or of destruction of property; but, unaccustomed as the inhabitants had been to any thing of a similar nature—for there was no well-authenticated account of an earthquake having been felt in this part of America since its first discovery—the consternation and alarm were very considerable. A proclamation was issued by the Governor of the State, appointing the 11th of March as a day of humiliation, religious reflection, and prayer; and a tone of seriousness and pious feeling was for a long time perceptible where it had previously seldom existed.

The phenomena which I have been attempting to describe were experienced, in a greater or less degree, from the shores of the Carolinas to the valley of the Mississippi, during the three months which preceded the destructive earthquakes in Venezuela, and which were followed by the eruption of the Souffrière in St. Vincent.

On the 26th of March the earthquakes in Venezuela commenced with a severe shock, which destroyed, in little more than a minute, the city of Caraccas, together with the town of Laguayra and the neighboring villages, and 20,000 persons either perished with them or were left to a lingering death amongst their ruins.

I have not adverted to the horrors attending the earthquake at Lisbon. They were repeated at the destruction of Caraccas; and we need not dwell more than once on details so painful.

For those which follow, I am indebted to a distinguished traveller who had visited Caraccas before its ruin, and had afterwards carefully collected and compared the descriptions given by persons who had witnessed the fearful event.

"The air," he says, "was calm, and the sky

unclouded. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to presage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon the first shock was felt; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time the ground was in a continued undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterraneous noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder and of longer continuance than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and the undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Between 9000 and 10,000 of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins of the houses and churches. The procession (usual on Holy Thursday) had not yet set out; but the crowds were so great in the churches that 3000 or 4000 persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. Some of these edifices, more than 150 feet high, sunk with their pillars and columns into a mass of ruins scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation, and ultimately left scarcely any vestige of their remains. A regiment under arms to join the procession was buried under the fall of its barracks. Nine-tenths of the town were entirely destroyed. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were renewed on this fatal day. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored by their cries the help of the passers-by, and nearly 2000 were dug out.

"Implements for digging and clearing away the wreck were entirely wanting; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick patients who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They had no shelter but the trees.

"Beds, linen to dress wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was, for the first days, wanting. Water was alike scarce. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swollen; and even then the vessels to convey it were wanting."

An eye-witness, from whom I obtained an account at the time, said, "Those who were living were employed in digging out the dead, putting them in lighters, and burying them in the sea. When it became so rough as to prevent them being taken off, they made a large fire, and began burning forty at a time. It was shocking," he said, "at the close of day, to see heads, arms, and legs, that had remained unburnt, as the fire died away; and the effluvia was intolerable."

The moral and religious effect of these calamities (as described by Humboldt) was rather curious. Some, assembling in procession, sang funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets; marriages were contracted between parties by whom the priestly benediction had been previously disregarded, and children found themselves suddenly acknowledged by parents to whom they had never before been aware of their relationship; restitutions were promised by persons who were hitherto unsuspected of fraud; and those who had long been at enmity were drawn together by the ties of a common calamity.

I am afraid that the virtue which had no purer origin would not be of long duration.

The effect upon men's minds during one of the most destructive of the earthquakes in Sicily was of a very opposite description. Amongst the poor wretches who had there escaped, the distinctions of rank and the restraints of law were disregarded; and murder, rapine, and licentiousness reigned amongst the smoking ruins;—and yet the kind of religion was in both countries the same, and the habits of the people were not widely different. At the town of Concepcion, in Chili, in 1835, Mr. Darwin tells us of a more *mixed* feeling. "Thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground, (after the fatal shock,) with one hand they beat their breasts and cried '*Misericordia!*' and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins."

Fifteen or eighteen hours after the great catastrophe at Caraccas, the ground remained tranquil. The night was fine and calm, and the peaceful serenity of the sky contrasted strangely with the misery and destruction

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which lay beneath. Commotions attended with a loud and long-continued subterranean noise were afterwards frequent, and one of them was almost as violent as that which had overthrown the capital. The inhabitants wandered into the country; but the villages and farms having suffered as much as the town itself, they found no shelter till they had passed the mountains and were in the valleys beyond them. Towards the close of the following month, the eruption of the Souffrière in the island of St. Vincent took place; and the explosions were heard on the neighboring continent, at a distance, in a direct line, of 210 leagues, and over a space of 4000.

At the time of the earthquake at Lisbon, shocks were felt in other parts of Portugal, in Spain, and Northern Africa; and its effects were perceptible over a considerable part of Europe, and even in the West Indies. Two of our Scottish lakes (as we have all often read) rose and fell repeatedly on that fatal day; and ships at sea were affected as if they had struck on rocks, the crews in some instances being thrown down by the concussion. I am not aware of any volcanic eruption in the same year; but the great Mexican volcano of Jorullo was then accumulating its subterranean fires; and its first eruption was in 1759.

Judging from the past, we might have presumed that the movements which have been recently felt in England were not the effects, but the indications which *precede* some similar explosion. So far (early in 1854) no such event appears to have occurred; but there have been earthquakes of considerable extent, and of a very serious character. Soon after the shocks which were felt in England, there were violent ones in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. An earthquake at Shiraz is said to have involved the entire destruction of the place and of its inhabitants. At Acapulco, in Mexico, the principal buildings were thrown down, and the ground opened in the public square and threw out volumes of smoke. Cumana, on the Spanish Main, was destroyed, and 4000 persons perished amidst all the horrors attendant upon similar events. And, in Greece, the town of Thebes and its neighboring villages became heaps of ruins; the springs which supplied them with water were stopped; and the inhabitants, struggling both with privation and disease, were in a miserable state of suffering.

In our own favored land, exempt by the blessing of Heaven from so many calamities which are felt elsewhere, earthquakes have never caused destruction of property or life. Mr. Darwin speaks, with almost ludicrous exaggeration, of the disastrous consequences that would follow "if, beneath England, the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers which most assuredly in former geological ages they *have* exerted." National bankruptcy—the destruction of all public buildings and records—taxes unpaid—the subversion of the government—rapine, pestilence, and famine—are to follow the first shock; but judging from the fact that, during the last 800 years, fifty shocks, at least, have been harmlessly felt, we may hope, without presumption, that we have as little to apprehend hereafter as we have previously suffered. Even with reference to their most disastrous consequences in other portions of the globe, if we compare them with the various sources of human misery, we shall agree with the historian whom I have already quoted, that "the mischievous effects of an earthquake, or deluge, a hurricane, or the eruption of a volcano, bear a very inconsiderable proportion to the ordinary calamities of war," [or to the horrors of religious persecution;] and that man "has much less to fear from the convulsions of the elements than from the passions of his fellow-creatures."

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THE TZAR'S SUMMER QUARTERS.

"WHERE are you going?" asks some familiar, as, on a fiery July day, you hurry, red in the face, along the splendid quays of the Neva. But you have no time to explain. Already the steamer's bell has rung. So, throwing an hour's politeness into your glance, you push past, leaving the word "Peterhoff" floating in the air behind you, as a sufficient explanation of your excitement. A minute or two brings you to the landing, where the intimation, "For Peterhoff," is written in Russ, German, and English. You get into the office. Others are there before you, and during the few seconds of detention you have time to look round, and see that the shelves behind the counter are filled with the caps and swords of officers who, in their trips, leave them till they call again. The place looks like a room in an army clothier's. But it is your turn now, and the man looks. If you seem *very* shabby, he gives you a steerage ticket, and consigns you to the fellowship of the *moujiks*. But if you seem at all reputable, he hands you a slip of pink paper, with some wonderful characters on it, and you hand him fifty copeeks, and proceed to the boat. You are now on the gangway. But here you are stopped by two old soldiers—civil, like all the Russians—who examine your *billet*, tear off a corner, and then motion you towards the cabin.

There are several Peterhoff steamers, and all pretty much alike. You find yourself in a long, sharp, elegant, fast-sailing iron river-boat. The weather is fine. This is a *fête*-day. Crowds are going down. You came late. There is neither room to walk about nor sit down, so you must stand till some one leaves his place. Under these circumstances, you squeeze yourself, rather sheepishly, between rows of seated ladies, and get near the taffrail, where you are out of the way and can see everybody.

The bell now rings for the last time. The gangway is removed, the ropes are thrown off, the steamer backs, then goes ahead, then swings round. While this interesting operation is progressing, several people rush down to the quay, and stop abruptly within an inch of the edge, having discovered two or three minutes before that there was no use in their coming at all. But there they are, looking very indignant, and ready to go home again every time a boat starts. You are now clear; and passing Baird's works on the left, and the Mine-corps on the right, the city disappears, and the vessel threads her way in the narrow channel which leads through the now shallow expanse towards the Gulf of Finland.

Look at the passengers now, for there is no scenery worth noticing. All are fully occupied, the ladies with their tongues, and the gentlemen with their tobacco. But some of the fair sex in Russia do more than talk: they smoke too. At first you can hardly believe it, but are soon convinced that there is no mistake; for in one case you see that "the smoke which so gracefully curls" comes from under a handsome bonnet; in another, that small gloved hand holds an ignited *papirosse* in the most approved method; while a third lady asks a fellow-traveller to give her a light. However, smoking ladies, though frequently met with, are not the rule. On the other hand, all the men smoke, and the mass indulge in this habit to excess. Especially do they indulge in it on board the steamer, since they dare not draw a puff in the streets of any city, town, or village of the empire, because the Tzar abhors the practice, and won't allow it; a useful hint this to legislators among ourselves. Even in free America, users of tobacco are compelled, in such cities as Boston, to consume it in their pipes at home. Why should they annoy other people? And I can bear witness that they do so; for even on the deck of these Russian steamers, on a calm day, the air is so filled with stifling fumes, that to breathe freely one would almost need to be hung over the side.

This beclouded company is a motley one. Here is a knot of glittering uniforms; there a group of gray military cloaks. Here is an elderly gentleman in plain clothes, with an "order" round his neck; there is a frivolous youth, who does not seem to be burdened with any kind of order at all. And as for languages—a running fire of French is pretty general, with here a little Russ, there a rasp of German, and in yon corner a monosyllable or two in English. It seems as if every country in Europe had sent a representative on board the vessel. Either sex, all ages, and professions, and ranks are huddled together in this iron box, thinking little of the day that is gone, less of that which is coming, and chiefly intent on the present moment.

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They are going to Peterhoff, party to look at the crowd, and partly to let the crowd look at them. They are people who live chiefly for pleasure, and find it hard work to waste time.

The water at Peterhoff is shallow, so that the pier runs out a long way. The bank is pretty, and from amidst the green trees golden and glittering roofs peep out, now hinting at a palace, and now at a holy *sabor*. Some distance from the end of the pier is the place where private carriages draw up. A little farther on is the drosky stand, where a mounted *gend'arme* is stationed to keep the *isvostchiks* in order; for there, as here, "cabby" is an unruly mortal. Indeed, the drivers *are* the only men in Russia to whom uproarious action and freedom of speech is permitted. Nor are they slow to use their privilege. There they are, with their low-crowned hats, dirty faces, shaggy beards, and long *caftans*, shouting vociferously, running frantically up to, round, about and after passengers. You see what you may expect. Go, then, and face the tumult. *Gospadeen, pajalsty! Gospadeen, pajalsty!* issues from twenty hairy mouths, and every speaker demands that you deposit yourself in his particular vehicle at that very moment. But as ubiquity is impossible, and dismemberment unpleasant, you must at once jump into the decentest-looking concern you see, and instantly drive off, which you do, accompanied by a volley of jokes and jeers.

Peterhoff was a favorite place with the great Tzar whose name it bears. Two of his palaces are still standing; but these look so humble, that a visitor would never fancy they had held an emperor, unless he were told that they really did so. One is a white-painted, square, two-storied building, in size and shape just like that which a retired citizen, such as John Gilpin, might have built for himself at Ware, in Cowper's time. It stands embosomed in woods, and has a large square pond before it, where quantities of fish swim, as fat and as tame as those at Hampton Court. The other is a one-story range, close to the river, with a marble terrace before it, and a pretty garden on the land side; but withal, it is a poor place.

At a more recent and advanced period in Russian history, lavish and unprincipled Catherine erected a more pretentious building on the top of the hill which rises to the south, and on which the village stands. Now this woman was a great admirer of Voltaire, and loved to think herself, and would have others think her, quite a philosopher. She was wise, too, in her generation, conducted great affairs, and gathered able men about her. Hence, one wonders that she did not build a better palace, for this is a very tawdry affair, loaded with stucco ornaments overlaid with gilding.

This building, then, is the official residence of the Tzar Nicholas, during four or five months every summer. In this palace he receives ambassadors, holds levees, and dates ukases. How different from, and inferior to, the Winter Palace, recently spoken of in this journal!* However, though this be his nominal residence, it is not his actual *habitat;* and if one would describe Peterhoff, he need not dilate on this paltry palace, but must rather speak of the many and varied charms which imperial power has bestowed on and developed or created in the country round. The summer quarters of the Emperor are not circumscribed by four walls, but comprehend cottages, villas, gardens, fountains, parks, walks, and drives, scattered or extended over many miles. Peterhoff is only a centre point—a district in the home of the Autocrat.

If anybody wants to see the ruler of sixty millions of human beings, he is tolerably certain to meet with him in this neighborhood, almost any day between the beginning of June and the end of September. The newspapers lately intimated that since the movements of the Baltic fleet he had repaired to it earlier than usual.

It was in the imperial chapel that I first saw him. Not that I was inside, but that he occupied his usual place at one of the north windows. And there he stood, arrayed in the very splendid uniform of his guard, crossing himself and bowing most reverently, while the people outside waited, through the whole service, in the burning sun, with their hats off. He had that day entered on his fifty-seventh year. His bearing was very solemn; but I cannot say as much for his attendants. The chapel would not hold them, and the splendid throng, numbering nearly two hundred men and women in every variety of costume, stood outside the whole time on the flat terrace roof of the adjoining palace, along which the procession had passed. Old Nesselrode was there with his wrinkled visage. Orloff, too, was there. Wooden-legged and armless generals and admirals were there. Young maids of honor and trim lords in waiting were there, who seemed far more disposed to chat with each other than to think about a ceremonial in which they had no particular interest, and could take no part.

* See *Leisure Hour*, No. 106.

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After the congregation, inner and outer, had been dismissed, the Empress stepped on to the balcony. Beside her were her fine grand children, whom she caressed with all a woman's fondness, for she tenderly loves them. But she looked ill, miserably ill, pale, deathlike; forcing from the spectators many an exclamation of pity, as they looked on that wreck of beauty, and recalled all the circumstances which had so fretted a once fine form. The gratulations of princes awaited, and were with seeming cordiality tendered her, and all that station could give she had in large abundance. Still, there are few English wives and mothers who would exchange lots with the Empress Alexandria.

The dwelling-place of the Tzar is about a mile and a half from the palace, and is only a cottage, though a beautiful one. But the grounds are very extensive, well laid out, and carefully kept. Here the family live in quiet seclusion, and in as domestic a way as can be attained by people like them. From this retreat the public are properly excluded. Once a year only do they get leave to visit it, and that is on the birthday of its mistress. On such an occasion I was there, and saw thousands wandering without restraint into every nook and corner of the gardens and parks. Here again I saw the Emperor, driving about slowly with his wife and sister, eagerly gazed on and respectfully saluted by all.

The liberties taken by everybody that afternoon were amusing. Not content with inspecting the great man outside his house, they seemed resolved to know what he was about within; and planting themselves on either side the door, they stood staring at him as he talked in the lobby. Still he did not appear to heed them. Such liberties are allowed in Russia. Nicholas would have his people to own him as their father; and just in proportion as he keeps from them the right of thinking for themselves, does he accord to them the privilege of looking at him. This is his succedaneum for rational freedom. A despot must rule, either by affection or force; and he of Russia—not to speak of higher motives—knows that the former is the stronger yoke of the two. It is well, therefore, to let the people stare. While doing this, they forget more important matters. That evening they *saw* to the top of their bent; for the Empress, the family, and many of the nobles, took tea on an open balcony.

I was walking one afternoon from a friend's house back to the village, and, on rounding a bend in the road, met his Majesty with his consort, taking their evening drive. There were two carriages behind them. The Emperor himself drove, English fashion. There were no outriders, and no guards of any kind. It was a good, but unostentatious turn-out. In such circumstances, it is expected that you should stand uncovered till the *cortége* passes, and I did so, receiving quite as good a bow as I gave; for, whatever his faults may be, Nicholas ever demeans himself courteously. Had I not paid him this mark of respect, however, my reasons for withholding it might have been demanded, as I was assured they had been on an occasion when, either from ignorance or rudeness, the customary salute had been omitted.

Once, while in company with some friends, I met him in his own drosky. He was drawn by a beautiful black horse, wore the common infantry casque and gray cloak, and had nobody with or near him but the favorite driver, who seemed far more pompous than his master. He knew us to be English, and eyed us sharply. Indeed, every Russian knows an Englishman when he sees him, wherever that may be; and I firmly believe that no foreigners are so much esteemed by all classes, from the Tzar to the *moujik*, as our own countrymen. And, without partiality, their conduct entitles them to all the esteem in which they are held. All this is of course changed since the war. A gentleman who recently returned from Russia describes the feelings against England and Englishmen as being now intensely bitter.

On the morning of the Empress's birthday, already mentioned, there was a grand parade of the Chevalier Guards, her own regiment. She had been unusually feeble, and was not expected out. However, when the men were drawn up in a great hollow square, it was whispered that she would come. A considerable number was assembled, and while I had no objection to the universal politeness, I did miss the heartiness of an English crowd. There were no mischievous boys about, and an utter absence of that class, so abundant with us, whose jokes and self-provoked merriment so beguile the tedium of waiting for a sight. All was flat, and I grew weary and heavy long ere the Emperor arrived. At last he came, and strode into the centre of the square. It was now his turn to wait for the Empress. And there he stood, just like a statue, amidst the silence of soldiers and people, apparently not moving a muscle, for nearly a quarter of an

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hour. Only once did he manifest any impatience, and that was when he turned his head sharply round in the direction from which the carriage of his wife was to come. But he instantly resumed his former attitude, and never moved again until she drove up, and he advanced to receive her with military honors. Then the vehicle with its feeble burden was drawn along the sides of the square, and the lady bowed, and the bands played, and the men shouted out their uncouth cry; while in waiting, dutiful and chivalrous, walked the sons and the husband. The sight was soon over, but it was interesting in itself, and doubly so for many reasons which I need not name.

The Emperor cares so little for state, that there is a class who would be disappointed at the figure he cuts either at Peterhoff or in the city. In the latter place he wanders through the crowded streets alone; in the country, if accompanied at all, he goes out generally with some member or members of his own family.

I suppose I may now leave crowned heads; let me say something about other objects as worthy of note. There is the village itself, which, though a showy place, and by no means *very* Russian, is yet enough so to be different from an equal number of houses in any other country. The streets are clean; the buildings regular and neat, as done to order. Here and there one sees a dwelling which even makes a little pretension, what with wood-work, stucco, and whitewash. Some of those apportioned to the courtiers are really handsome. But the best structure by far in the place is the "new stables." Its design is castellated Gothic, and its size very great. Beside this, the palace is insignificant, and the Alexandria cottage forgotten. It has so many stalls that I do not venture to assign a number.

The carriage-drives, avenues, and shaded walks extend in their many windings for nearly forty miles; and although the country be generally level, and the soil poor, art has done every thing that could be accomplished. Now the road runs beside an artificial stream; then it is hemmed in by hedges. Now it passes through meadows and rye fields; then it winds along, hiding itself in clumps of young trees, and ere long running through the primeval forest. Presently you hear the rush of water, and find a little fall, standing beside which is a lovely Swiss cottage, and close by, an artificial lake, green and grassy to the water's edge. Again the scene changes, and at the end of a long avenue you reach an Italian villa, whose tall tower and fair statues cast their shadows along the lake below. Anon you are at the "Empress's Island," the most fairy-like creation of all. In every direction there are lovely drives, and walks, and cottages. East and west, north and south, for miles, such pleasures lie open to and invite all comers, Russian or Englishman, prince or peasant. Nobody is excluded, and all respect the indulgence afforded them.

I visited several of these villas, and found them as fair within as without. The pavilion is exquisite; that on the "Empress's Island" still more so. Choicest sculptures and richest flowers, in either case, make a paradise of the approach. Inside, perfect order, perfect taste, and softened splendor are at home. Nor are the simpler cottages, though less magnificent, less interesting and elegant. In one of these I found a large and charming collection of English prints, chiefly after Landseer and Herring. The dogs and horses of our great painter seemed special favorites.

The imperial family often visit one or other of these houses on the summer evenings. When they do, the attendants carry to the appointed place the inseparable *samovar*, and prepare tea; a beverage of which immense quantities are consumed in Russia by all classes, and which, in that land, is of a quality and flavor comparatively unknown with us. Why this should be, I cannot say; that it is, admits of no question.

These quiet parties so far indicate the affection existing among the members of the Romanoff household. Now I do not imagine that anybody, gentle or simple, deserves very much credit for loving his mother or father, his brothers or sisters; all I say is, that the imperial sons and daughters of Russia are not historically famous for the exercise of such feelings, and it is a pleasant thing to see them improving, and love living amidst the jealousies which surround a throne. The poor Empress is very fond of such *réunions* of children and grandchildren, for she is a kind woman.

In each of these summer-houses there is a room appropriated to the Tzar, and one of these apartments is a type of all his others. It is plain in the extreme. Two or three green leather chairs, a green leather sofa, a green baize table, an unornamented *secrétoire*, and writing materials, comprise all the furnishing. His room is always the poorest part of his house. His brothers' tastes were the same, extremely simple. While the ladies, and lads, and little folks chat and play

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below, Nicholas very often slips upstairs, and writes for a couple of hours; for he is a thorough man of business, and has enough of it to do.

The lower or "English gardens," near the palace, are specially worthy of a visit. Here, three military bands play every summer night, and there is a grand promenade of all the Peterhoff people, which at this season includes the fashion of St. Petersburg, seasoned with a large sprinkling of visitors, and English or other merchants, with their families, who then rusticate in the neighborhood. Loitering in this sweet spot of an evening, one forms a very tolerable notion as to the component parts of Russian society, as to its *morale* and tone in every thing. You get a notion, too, of the heterogeneous odds and ends which are worked up into the empire, when you see on all sides Germans, Poles, Tartars, Circassians, Cossacks, Fins, Persians, Sclavonians, all distinct as ever, and kept together only by the sharp circle of bayonets which surrounds them. There they are, different in face, different in feeling, different in bearing, different in creed, and in many cases different in dress, for the southern people cling to their own beautiful attire. I drank tea one night with an Egyptian, a Persian, an Englishman, a Frenchwoman, and a Russian; and just such a farrago is collected each evening in these gardens. What with grand uniforms, courtly ladies, odd faces, strange costumes, many tongues, beautiful music, and bright flowers, an hour or two passes there very quickly. Nor is the wind-up of the promenade its least interesting part. At the close, the men on guard are drawn out. One of the bands stands beside them. All is still as in a church. Then the glorious evening hymn is played, which, once heard, can never be forgotten; and when the solemn strains have died away, the soldiers and the people uncover, while the officer repeats the Lord's prayer. I dare say these poor fellows know and think very little about it, but to me this closing of a day was ever solemn, most solemn; and, like Sir Thomas Browne, I was less disposed to find fault with other men's devotions than to hope that my own were right. Oh that yours and mine, dear reader, may prove as acceptable to God as that dear melody has to my eager ear!

Occasionally the Emperor himself visits this animated scene. But his sons or grandsons come oftener. One night the guard turned out in a great hurry, and everybody was on the *qui vive*, but I could see nothing, though I guessed that an imperial, at least, must be about somewhere. At length I saw by the motion of the people where this last notability was to be found. Off I set in search. Still I saw nothing except a crowd. At length, when I had elbowed my way farther in, I found a little boy about four years old, led by a fat officer, and was informed that the poor little fellow was a grand-duke. And so he was, for all the people had their hats off, and were staring at him very much as others do at the latest addition to the Zoölogical Gardens.

On the river side of the palace is a magnificent display of fountains, of which that named "the Samson" is the finest. It is like having a peep at fairy-land when one leans over the balustrade on a warm day, and looks down on the many jets which throw their tinted showers into the air, making, as the waters fall again, and rush down the marble steps, "sweet music with the enamelled stones," and filling earth and atmosphere with freshness. Every one must admire these lovely fountains, and most of all an Englishman, especially if his idea of such things has been formed from a survey of the two squirts in Trafalgar Square. But half the wonders are not seen from the terrace. You must go down below, and wander in the woods. There, in odd corners, you will find little boys standing under perpetual shower-baths; and the "pyramid" of white foam, with its countless pipes; and Adam enveloped in spray, at one end of an avenue, looking wistfully at poor Eve, who is subjected to similar treatment at the other. Then there is the splendid imperial bath, where you are not allowed to bathe, however anxious you may be, and the little mischievous "mushroom" fountain, where, in your innocence, you may get wet through whether you will or not. Indeed, there is so much to see, that the most insatiable must be satisfied, and the most critical delighted. Many a sweet hour have I passed in this enchanted place.

Such is Peterhoff in summer. When autumn, a Russian chilly autumn, comes, the Emperor goes to Tsarsko Celo, his followers go after him, and the English merchants go back to town. Then the artificial lakes are emptied, the fountains left dry, the bands of music sent to discourse elsewhere, the very flowers taken away, and mud, *moujiks*, and melancholy reign supreme.

"The desolated prospect thrills the soul," and until sunny and peaceful days come back again, we will not go near the summer quarters of the Tzar.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

TALFOURD'S LAST POETRY* AND PROSE.†

"The Castilian," Sir Thomas Talfourd's last tragedy, is not perhaps so inferior to "Ion," his first, as it is superior to "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," his second and third. Its fitness for the stage is, at the best, doubtful. But it makes highly "agreeable" closet-reading. Shakspeare (now for a truism of the biggest!) would have made it something above and beyond the "agreeable." But there have been, and are, other dramatists, of repute withal, in whose hands it would probably be something awkwardly below that mark. The amiable author has produced a tragedy of no very signal pretensions to the sublime in conception, the profound in sentiment, the artistic‡ in construction, the forcible in action, or the original and life-like in impersonation. So far as his characters are real to us, they are so by faith and not by sight; we believe in them as we do in any other set of fictitious agents, in whose doings and destiny we consent to be interested, while perusing the novel or play in which their lot is cast: but our philosophy in so doing is of the Nominalist, not the Realist school; the faith we exercise in their Castilian actuality is conventional only; of the book, bookish; and more easily to be dropped with the curtain, at the close of the fifth act, than to be roused into active service with the progress of the first. Nevertheless, interest *is* excited and maintained — interest of a tranquil, literary nature—in behalf of these *dramatis personæ*, who rather stroll and ruminate than strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and to whom we owe much graceful verse, ennobling thought, and tuneful philosophy.

The story of "The Castilian" is founded on a narrative in Robertson's "Charles V.," of the insurrection at Toledo headed by Don Juan de Padilla, against the Emperor's viceroy, the Cardinal Adrian. Padilla is here regarded as a high-minded, pure-hearted, and profoundly religious soldier—a man of essentially conservative and loyal sentiments, whom the force of circumstances impels to almost unconscious rebellion. His wife is a woman of "unbounded ambition," refined, however, by an "equally unbounded admiration of her husband." In the third act is introduced the unhappy Joanna, the Emperor's mother, whose sanction to the revolt of the Commons is made available to the fatal purpose of the tragedy—that sanction being obtained during what Padilla believes to be a lucid interval on her part, and becoming in effect the seal of his own ruin. It is a highly impressive scene, that in which the queen awakes from her long lethargy to a transient exercise of mental activity — the gradual restoration—the dallying with painful memories—the brooding over a too-agitating past, while "that way madness lies:" thus she recalls her first days of wedded life in Flanders — the three months at Windsor, *fêted* there "by a monarch styled the Seventh Henry"—and the distracting time when, a forsaken and abused wife, she "traversed land and sea to find — to find — a Flemish wanton snaring Philip's soul with golden tresses," — and the dark hour when she plucked his corpse from the grave itself, refusing to believe in death, where *he*, her soul's darling, was concerned; and how, by a rare device, she arrayed the dead man, not dead to her, in pompous robes, meet for life in the fulness of life's pride and might, and hid him from all eyes but her own, and carried him by night to Granada—

> How, through each day encamp'd,
> I curtain'd him, and bore him on by night,
> Loathing all roofs, that I might laugh at those
> Who watch'd his waking. 'Tis a dismal journey—
> The torches flicker through its mists—the sleet
> Descends to quench them—I'll not track it on—

so brokenly discourses the distraught queen, on whose wakened spirit Padilla has staked all—

> His life, his honor, his dear country's peace—

gracing with her title the wild tumults of the crowd, and with it aiming to "make rebellion consecrate" — resolved, too, "while a thread of consciousness within her soul can shape a mandate," to honor it "as law, announced by voice of angel." That spell is

* The Castilian. An Historical Tragedy. In Five Acts. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon.

† Supplement to "Vacation Rambles," consisting of Recollections of a Tour through France to Italy, &c., &c. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon. 1854.

‡ There is, however, careful and effective art in the management of the Queen Joanna episode, Act III.

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soon broken, that charm soon spent. Giron, a rival of Padilla, secures the person of the queen, usurps the command of the insurgents, and involves them, and their cause, in utter confusion. The Regent triumphs, seizes many a noble prisoner, one of them Padilla's only son, and issues an offer

> Of pardon at the will of him who gives
> Padilla to the axe—

and of this offer the father takes advantage to disguise himself, promise the betrayal of the "arch-rebel," procure the enfranchisement of his boy and the forgiveness of Toledo, and then doff the monkish wrappings and stand forth to die, strong in integrity of purpose and assurance of faith. The same mellow even-tide light suffuses the catastrophe as does that of "Ion"—of a calm beauty too refined and "dainty sweet" not to tell in every line of poetical license—but with a softening influence and divine melancholy peculiar to itself.

There is nearly the same liberal presence of florid diction, and picturesque description, and glittering imagery, in this as in Talfourd's earlier tragedies. Take an example or two. Of Padilla's trusty old steward, seen in the garden at sunset, an approaching visitor says—

> What! vegetating still with ruddy cheek
> As twenty summers since—like yonder dial
> O'ergrown by the huge sycamore, that, touched
> No longer by the sunbeam, shows no trace
> Of coursing time?

The conceit is pretty of its kind, but it is hardly the sort of fancy that would occur to the visitor; it is rather the simile of the poet in his study, with the garden, dial, setting sun, trusty steward, and well-spoken visitor all duly arranged in his mind's eye. The same speaker finely says, with a view to enlist Padilla in the leadership of the impatient Commons, as the only man in whom the conditions of such leadership are to be found,

> —— He who would direct
> A people in its rising, must be calm
> As death is, yet respond to every pulse
> Of passion'd millions,—as yon slender moon,
> That scarce commends the modest light it sheds
> Through sunset's glory to the gazer's sense,
> In all its changes, in eclipse, in storm,
> Enthroned in azure, or enriching clouds
> That, in their wildest hurry, catch its softness,
> Will sway the impulsive ocean, he must rule
> By strength allied to weakness, yet supreme,
> Man's heaving soul, and bid it ebb and flow
> In sorrow, passion, glory, as he mourns,
> Struggles or triumphs.

Padilla fondly pictures his noble boy scaling the mountain heights "with step airy and true," amid crumbling fragments that broke to dust beneath each footstep, till he trod

> The glassy summit, never touch'd till then
> Save by the bolt that splinter'd it, serene
> As if a wing, too fine for mortal sight,
> Upbore him, while slant sunbeams graced his brow
> With diadem of light.

Plied by appeals to take up the cause of the people, and startled by strange revelations of popular suffering and courtly tyranny, Padilla thus expresses the emotions within which constrain him to compliance with the summons without:

> —— A new world
> Of strange oppressions startles me, as shapes
> Of dim humanity, that clustering hung
> Along the dusky ridges of the West,
> Struck Spain's great Admiral* with awe of natures
> From Time's beginning passion'd with desires
> He had no line to fathom.

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* This is not the only allusion to Columbus in "The Castilian." Queen Joanna dreamily recalls the glorious time when he and his achievements were the theme of every circle:

> "Last in vivid speech
> Told of august Columbus and the birds
> Of dazzling colors that he brought from realms
> Far westward, till her fancy seem'd to ache
> With its own splendor, and, worn out, she slept
> The gentle sleep of childhood, whence, alas!
> She woke still more estranged."—*Act IV. Sc.* 1.

The veteran Mondeiar, again, speaks of the "age-freighted hours" in which he shared

> "Columbus' watch upon the dismal sea,
> While the low murmurs of despair were hush'd
> To dull submission by the solemn light
> Of the great Captain's eye, as from the helm
> It beamed composure, till the world they sought
> Dawn'd in its flashes ere the headland broke
> The gloom to common vision."—*Act II. Sc.* 1.

Nor has the dramatist neglected the opportunity of enlivening his subject with other historical allusions, appropriate to its spirit, and in harmony with the unities of time and place and action. Isabella the Catholic is glowingly portrayed:

> "Whom each Castilian holds
> Sacred above all living womanhood;—
> Her from whose veins Joanna's life was drawn:
> Who, o'er the rage of battles and the toils
> Of empire, bent an aspect more imbued
> With serious beauty earth partakes with heaven,
> Than cloister nurtured in the loveliest saint
> It shrined from human cares."—*Act III. Sc.* 2.

Add the following spirited passage in honor of the great Cardinal, Ximenes:

> "Who from a cell,
> Savagely framed for cruel penance, steppd
> To the majestic use of courtly arts,
> Which luxury makes facile, while he wore
> The purple o'er the sackcloth that inflamed
> His flesh to torture, with a grace as free

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When Padilla's popular favor is at its zenith, his rival consoles himself and friends with the assurance that its waning hour must, in the nature of things, be nigh:

> Believe me, comrade, when the incense floats
> Most thickly round the idol's shrine, its fire
> Begins to smoulder.

And Padilla, accordingly, soon finds himself deserted by his men, troop after troop, till "left as bare as a thick grove in winter, sadly deck'd by some few desperate friends that, like dank leaves, which, in their fluttering yellow, cleave through rain and frost to moss-clad boughs," will not forsake him. At length, indeed, he "stands apart," in the words of his wife, "in his own majesty, a tower of refuge which beams from Heaven illumine,"—or, in the figure *he* prefers, "upon the arid sands a desolate mark for the next lightning." The tragedy of his fall makes both figures true: the lightning strikes the tower, but illumines and glorifies while it scathes, and is rather hailed than dreaded, as coming from Heaven, and charged with fleet errand of no merely penal fire.

The Supplement to "Vacation Rambles" consists of Recollections of a Tour through France, *viâ* Paris, Dijon, Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, to Italy,—where the Rambler visited and gossips about Genoa and Naples, Capua and Antium, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan,—returning homeward by Switzerland; the "home" at which we leave him being at Lausanne, with Charles Dickens, in the long vacation of 1846. Of Dickens and other beloved or admired contemporaries, there is, as was to be expected from the kind and hearty writer, more than once a loving mention made. In Justice Talfourd literature lost a critic of a generous sort none too rife; indeed, he might almost adopt the words of old Menius Agrippa:

> For I have verified my friends
> . . . with all the size that verity
> Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
> Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
> I have tumbled past the throw:

the exemplary error (if error) of the critic being, to magnify merit, or even assume its existence, rather than to be niggard of applause, or scrupulous as to welcome. In these Supplementary Notes, among the complimentary allusions to contemporaries—lawyers, statesmen, priests, actors—we observe one to Lord Campbell, of whose legal arguments it is maintained that, "in comprehensive outline, exact logic, felicitous illustration, and harmonious structure," they excel all it ever fell to the critic's lot to hear;—another to Mr. Gladstone, whose faculty of truth-seeking, "applied to realities and inspired only by the desire to discover the truth, and to clothe it in language, assumes, in the minds of superficial observers, the air of casuistry from the nicety of its distinctions and the earnest desire of the speaker to present truth in its finest shades;"—another to Father Faber, whose society, enjoyed in 1844 in Wordsworth's company, impressed the author of "Ion" with "a delightful recollection of the Christian graces of his deportment and conversation;"—and, to quote an example of variety, another to Mr. Charles Kean, on his *Sardanapalus*, that "triumphant result of pictorial skill, and learning, and taste." Not that the Vacation Rambler is quite innocent of irony and sarcasm, however, when the occasion calls for it. He can say sharp things; for instance, of the external "make up" of Parisian artists, who "invite attention to the irregularities of nature by fantastic devices of art—cutting grizzled beards, red whiskers, and sandy moustaches into startling varieties of shape; bidding the scanty hair to fall over the shoulders in the greasiest of flakes, and affecting every strange combination of dirty and gaudy fashion. It would seem," adds the never ill-natured Rambler, "that personal vanity is so strong in each of these young men, that he thinks his particular deformity consecrated by being his own." With true-blue spirit, again, he records his estimate of a certain portrait at Versailles: "The recent naval achievements of France were irradiated by a portrait of the Prince Joinville, standing on the prow of a glittering ship, in our common sailor's neatest attire—tight blue jacket, open collar, loose black neckcloth, and snow-white trousers—the exact costume in which a very young lady dances the hornpipe in the *Spoiled Child*—the type of dandified melodramatic seamanship." Lamartine is alluded to as the gentleman "who for a few days looked so glorious, and has since found that a nation cannot be governed by fine words." Mr. Holman, "the blind traveller," whom the Rambler met at Lyons, is none the more admired as a traveller for being blind,

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> As when it floats o'er worshipp'd womanhood
> Or princely youth; he who had learn'd in vigils
> Of lonely night, such wisdom for command
> Of the world's issues, as if spirits breathed
> The long experiences of wisest statesmen
> Into a single breast; who from a soul
> Which men imagined withering like his frame
> In painful age, pour'd, as from living urn,
> Exhaustless courage into soldiers' hearts,
> And made them heroes."—*Act III. Sc.* 2.

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notwithstanding his own *view* of the subject. Of the Milanese Exhibition of the paintings of Young Italy, he says: "It was intolerably radiant in color, abounding in skies of deeper blue than Italy rejoices in, woods of the liveliest green, and ships and cities of amber; altogether a collection of gaudy impossibilities, few of which would be admitted at Birmingham." Of Naples he says: "How it is possible for English men and women to pass months in such a place, and 'bless their stars and call it luxury,' even if the satiated mosquitoes give them leave to sleep, is a mystery which has doubtless a solution—which I sought in vain." As he lingers, at evening, in St. Peter's at Rome, he sees three priests kiss the foot of the statue of Jupiter-Cephas, and kneel down before it, as if to pray; but next, "to our surprise, notwithstanding our experience of continental habits, each began zealously spitting on the beautiful pavement, as if it was a portion of his duty—I fear illustrating the habits which a priesthood, possessed of unlimited power, encourages by its example." This is not the Judge's only paper pellet at Romanism in the present itinerary.

To these illustrations of his mild indulgence in sarcasm and rebuke, let us add one more, referring to the hotel-book at the Montanvert, in which travellers inscribe their names, and some "perpetuate their folly for a few autumns. Among these fugitive memorials, was one ambitious scrawl of a popular and eloquent divine, whereby, in letters almost an inch long, and in words which I cannot precisely remember, he recorded his sense of the triumphant refutation given to Atheism by the *Mer de Glace*, intimating his conviction that, wherever else doubts of the being of Deity might be cherished, they must yield to the grandeur of this spot; and attesting the logic by his name in equally magnificent characters." The Rambler appends his opinion that this poetical theist had wholly misapprehended the Great First Cause, and supposes him to imagine, that in proportion as the marks of order and design are withdrawn, the vestiges of Deity become manifest;—"as if the smallest insect that the microscope ever expanded for human wonder did not exhibit more conclusive indications of the active wisdom and goodness of a God than a magnificent chaos of elemental confusion." It is not for us to assume what the popular and eloquent divine may actually have meant; but at least we can suppose the Rambler to have misapprehended *him*, especially as he is oblivious of the wording of the entry; may not the pulpit poet have drawn his impression of a present God from the feelings, not the thoughts, inspired by the sublimities around him—from the sentiments of awe, the mysterious emotions of adoring wonder, the yearnings of religious worship, excited by such a scene, and by no means from a cold adjustment of logical mechanics, worked out by harmonious junction of Paley, Whately, and pocket microscope? Coleridge was not thinking of logic when he wrote (or translated, or adapted,—what you will) his Hymn before Sunrise, in the vale of Chamouni; and we can suppose the small poet (saving his Reverence) who wrote such a big hand, and whose theism seemed to his censor so out of place (of all places in the world) at the Montanvert, to have really meant very much the same as S. T. C., when *he* exclaimed,

> Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
> Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
>
> . . . .
>
> Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
> WHO made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
> Beneath the keen full moon? . . . . .
> GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
> Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!

The same honest avowal of indifference or distaste, wherever indifference or distaste was felt, which characterized Sir Thomas Talfourd's former "Rambles," is patent here also. It is refreshing to note his candid acknowledgments in every such case. No man was more ready, more eager even, to express in the most cordial way his satisfaction wherever it was felt; but he was above the trick of affecting an enthusiasm he did *not* feel. He found Versailles "tiresome," and he says so; the "huge morning" he spent there seemed "dragged out into eternity;" and its only consolation was the zest its tediousness imparted to a subsequent resort to claret and champagne. In the Bay of Naples he owns that he has "been more deeply charmed by smaller and less famous bays." At Herculaneum he was "grievously disappointed," and was almost as glad to emerge from its "cold and dark passages that led to nothing," as from a railway tunnel. The dome of St. Peter's, when he first caught sight of it, on the road from Antium, "looked like a haycock," he says, "but soon afterwards assumed the improved aspect of a cow on the top of a malt-house." Entering Rome, he found the "famed Italian sky as filthy as a London fog;" he bewails the only too decisive contrast between the Capitol unvisited and the Capitol explored;

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and is indignant, for Coriolanus' sake, with that impostor and receptacle for vegetable refuse, the Tarpeian Hill. In Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" he could see "no presiding majesty; no balance of parts; nothing that stamps even the reality of a moment on the conception; nothing in this great handwriting on the wall 'to make mad the guilty and appal the free.'" The "Laocoön" he looked on with any thing but a Winkelman's gaze. And in short, to leave Rome "was to escape," he confesses, "from a region of enchantment into the fresh air of humanity and nature; and, humiliating as the truth may be, I quitted it for ever without a sigh."

For ever! A new and touching emphasis is imparted to the phrase by the stroke which so suddenly laid the kind writer low. With the so recent memory of that stroke, it may seem frivolous, or worse, if we mention as another noticeable point in the "Rambles" his ever freely recorded appreciation of good cheer. But how take account of the "Rambles" at all, and not refer to this feature in the Rambler's individuality? — not, be it observed, that he was a "gastronome," but that he was healthily void of reserve in jotting down his interest in gastronomics. It had been unpardonable in Boswell to omit Dr. Johnson's creed and practice in this line of things. "Some people," quoth the sage, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind any thing else." So averred a *Rambler* of last century; a Plain Speaker on this as on most other topics. Now the Rambler with whom we have to do was guiltless of this "foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind." If, at Dieppe, he had to put up with a "coarse breakfast of blackish bread, cold boiled mutton, and straw-colored coffee," he thought it a thing to be put down—in his book. He confesses how a due sense of "the eternal fitness of things" enforced on him the duty of drinking the best Burgundy he could procure in Dijon, "in gay defiance to the fever which so strangely but surely lurks beneath the 'sunset glow' of that insidious liquor;" how he "enjoyed some coffee and cutlets" at Lyons; how "dinner came to his inexpressible relief" at Avignon; how wistfully he looked about in the dreary kitchen of a quasi-inn, but all in vain, "for a flitch of bacon, or a rope of onions, or a mouldy cheese, to hint of something that some one might eat, or for a battered pewter-pot, or even a rim of liquor-stain on a bench or table, to indicate that once upon a time something had been drunk there." Gratefully he recalls the fare on board the steamer to Genoa; the sumptuous breakfast at ten; "then, four dishes of exquisite French cookery, with a bottle of clear, amber-colored, dry Italian wine for each person, followed by a dessert of fresh grapes and melons or peaches, and rich dried fruits, with coffee and liqueurs," &c.; while "at five in the afternoon, dinner was served with similar taste, but with greater variety and profusion." At Genoa, he says, "To secure a dinner—the first object of sensible man's selfish purpose—by obtaining the reversion of seats at a table-d'hôte, we toiled as good men do after the rewards of virtue." At the same place, the "terrible brilliancy of the sunlight" scared him from the fatigues of sight-seeing, and "unnerved" him "for any thing but dinner. *That* was welcome, though coarsely conceived and executed," &c. At the ancient capital of the Volsci, the fatal asylum of Coriolanus,—"although black stale bread and shapeless masses of rough-hewn mutton and beef boiled to the consistency of leather, flanked by bottles of the smallest infrà-acid wine, constituted our fare, we breakfasted with the enjoyment of the Homeric rage, and were deaf to wise suggestions that we should be obliged to dine in Rome." In a rude inn at Montefiascone, "we satisfied the rage of hunger with coarse and plentiful repast of fish, beef boiled to leather, and greasy beans, accompanied by a pale white wine of an acidity more pungent than ever elsewhere gave man an unmerited heartburn." In an old palatial inn at Radicofani, "we enjoyed a breakfast of hard black bread, a large platter of eggs, some boiled beef of the usual consistency, and a great skinny fowl swimming in yellowish butter, with the true relish of hunger." Further illustrations are not wanting; and not wanted.

Something like a qualm of conscience we feel, at leaving this book, without affording means of neutralizing the impression producible by such shreds of literal table-talk, by a set-off of examples of the writer's grave and reflective mood, such as, the reader is cautioned, are fairly interspersed in the course of the Rambles. Half a dozen at the least we had marked for citation, but now is space exhausted, and we can only therefore refer to the Rambler's meditations on the career of Sir William Follett, on Philo-Romanism, and other occasional musings sug-

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gested by sights and sounds in foreign travel. And another huge omission must crave the pardon it deserves not; that of the descriptive sketches scenery and men and manners, often pencilled with a grace and animation that make the omission more unpardonable still.

From the Eclectic Review.

MRS. OPIE.*

The name of Mrs. Opie is connected with our earliest recollections of literature, or at least that description of it which has of late years set in upon us like a flood—namely, fiction. Her stories, we can remember, were always excepted, when a disposition to prefer a novel above every other kind of book provoked a warning against the perusal of such things, or a general statement of their pernicious tendencies. Her "Illustrations of Lying," for example, was regarded as a book which was not to be classed among mere story books, but a highly useful and edifying production. And such we might be disposed to call it now, although to our boyish imaginations, filled with the wonders of the "Castle of Otranto," and that tremendous melodramatic affair, the "Romance of the Forest," it appeared tedious and tame. The authoress, whose works, then popular enough, were thus placed in our hands, always rose up before us as a sedate, if not demure, lady about middle age, whose delight it was to write books solely for the purpose of putting out our old romantic favorites. The time came when Mrs. Opie's tales were no longer popular. There are fashions in regard to books, which change just as the shape of dress and the style of ornaments do, and accordingly the stories of our authoress went out along with those of Hannah More, Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, and others. Scott came, with his magic mirror, in which the characters and events of the past were reflected with a vividness that called public sympathy away from the things of the present, and centred it upon historic scenes and heroes. The romantic, in his hands, ceased to be the thing made up of old armor in gloomy castles, such as Mrs. Radcliff had given us. It was a living and breathing thing, and the reader of fashionable fiction held companionship with the men and women of the middle ages. Then there came a reäction from this. The heroes and heroines of the novelist were no longer knights of the tilt-yard, the greenwood, and the battle-field, or ladies for whose love they broke a lance and buckled their armor on. They emerged, at the call of Charles Dickens, from the "slums;" they were of the Alsatian type, and talked slang, or belonged to the common order of everyday humanity. And working in the same field with Dickens, though in a totally different way, came the other semi-satirical novelists, the writers who chose politicians for their heroes, and those who made the interest of their books depend upon the development of character subjectively rather than upon striking and stirring incidents.

Amid these changes the world had well-nigh forgotten Mrs. Amelia Opie, and when the announcement of her death appeared in the public journals about a year ago, no doubt many were surprised to hear that she had lived till then. She seemed so much an old-world personage—a character of the past generation—that comparatively few knew of her existence. There were, no doubt, some peculiar circumstances in the life of Mrs. Opie to account for her almost total disappearance from public view for many years before her death, and these are the things which give the volume before us its chief interest. Otherwise it is not very remarkable. As a literary production, it is creditable for the truthful representation which it gives us of the lady with whose life it makes us acquainted. That life was unusually prolonged, and even although it had been much less eventful than it was, it would have been fitted to suggest some very interesting reflections. Begun before the French Revolution shook the world, and extending over an important period of European history, it pre-

* *Memorials of the life of Amelia Opie; selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and other Manuscripts.* By Cecilia Lucy Brightwell. London: Longman & Co.

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sents a number of interesting circumstances. Mrs. Opie, in the days of her celebrity, mixed in the society of remarkable men and women. She corresponded with not a few of them, and her circle of friends embraced persons of all ranks and of every variety of character—royal dukes, statesmen, bishops, players, Quakers, poets, and painters. She entered upon the world as a prodigy; and being an only child, and motherless at the age of fifteen, she was thus early called upon to superintend the household of her father, Dr. Alderson, a physician of some note in Norwich. The family of our authoress was one of considerable repute. The present Baron Alderson is her cousin, and several other relatives, near or distant, have distinguished themselves in society.

Mrs. Opie's father appears to have been a man of genial disposition and an active mind. He held what were then considered extreme liberal or radical opinions, and doubtless influenced to some extent the mind of his daughter. Early development contributed with other circumstances to render Amelia's tastes somewhat peculiar. When a mere girl, she took especial delight in visiting lunatic asylums, and in attending the assizes held in her native town. She was brought into association with the Gurneys, and other celebrated "Friends," too, and their peculiarities and benevolence served in some measure to gratify her love of sentiment and her rather romantic tastes. In curious inconsistency with friendships such as these was Miss Alderson's early acquaintance with John Philip Kemble, and other members of the celebrated histrionic family. This friendship seems to have resulted from her love of the drama, which manifested itself so strongly, when she was little more than eighteen, that she wrote a tragedy, which the biographer informs us is still extant. She seems to have attempted song-writing, too, but not with much success. It was not until she had fully reached the years of womanhood that any work of real value was produced. She visited London when in her twenty-fifth year, and some time before she was known as an authoress. Her tastes and early associations, however, led her into the literary society of the metropolis, and her diaries furnish us with sketches of some of the celebrated men of the time. These are graphic enough in one or two instances, but the persons to whom they refer have almost all been portrayed in a more felicitous and characteristic manner by others. The trials of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Holcroft, took place while Miss Alderson was moving in the literary and political, or at least semi-political circles of London, and to one who had imbibed strong opinions, these were, of course, matters of no ordinary importance. Her sketches of the scenes she then witnessed at the Old Bailey were given in letters to her father, who, deeming them somewhat dangerous, destroyed them as they were received, after reading the contents to one or two confidential friends. The fragmentary references to the subject which occur in the volume before us, are not of much interest, and contain nothing really new.

In her twenty-ninth year Miss Alderson was united in marriage to Opie, the painter, who had been struck with her appearance at an evening party, in a blue robe, and bonnet with three white feathers. It does not appear that the lady herself was very deeply smitten, but the marriage was by no means one of mere convenience. It was mainly instrumental in bringing her before the world as a novelist, for it would appear that the circumstances of Mr. Opie were not so prosperous as to obviate the necessity for exertion on his wife's part.

Mrs. Opie's first literary efforts were not very successful. She tried the theatre, but even her connection with stage magnates did not suffice to promote her plans. Her first acknowledged work, her biographer tells us, was the "Father and Daughter," and we are disposed to consider it her best work. There is a vividness and power of expression, a depth and delicacy of feeling, as well as dramatic force in that book, which makes it no matter of marvel even now that it procured for its authoress a great deal of attention. We are scarcely disposed to regard her other productions as worthy of the promise thus held out. An incident in one of her girlish visits to an asylum for the insane supplied her with material for one of the most touching parts of the story. It was scarcely an incident, in fact, but rather the mere look of a poor lunatic, who, probably perceiving in her face some resemblance which recalled the past, fixed upon her "eyes so full of woe," that they haunted her memory for many subsequent years. The record of Mrs. Opie's married life does not present us with any thing very notable, and in perusing it we have been more than once surprised and disappointed that it does not.

Considering her own position and that of her husband, and seeing, moreover, that she was generally the gayest of the gay in society, we had been led to expect much more

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of the piquant in her descriptions of fashionable life, and some additions to our knowledge of remarkable men. There is very little of this. Her letters contain a good deal of lively gossip, and here and there we light upon an epistle from some of her more distinguished correspondents which is really pleasant, but, as a whole, her diaries have disappointed us. Let us, however, go on to trace the leading features of her life.

About four years after their union, Mr. and Mrs. Opie visited Paris, and met Charles James Fox, whom they both idolized, on his way home from the Netherlands. They dined with him at his hotel in Paris, and then sallied forth to get a glimpse of Bonaparte, then First Consul. This, Mrs. Opie seems to have considered one of the most exciting incidents of her visit to the French capital, and she wrote a long account of the schemes adopted to obtain a good sight of the great Corsican. He was about to review the troops in the Place du Carrousel, and the English visitors stationed themselves at a convenient distance on the ground-floor of the Tuileries.

"Just before the review began," wrote Mrs. Opie, "we saw several officers in gorgeous uniforms ascend the stairs, one of whom, whose helmet seemed entirely of gold, was, as I was told, Eugène Beauharnais. A few minutes afterwards, there was a rush of officers down the stairs, and amongst them I saw a short, pale man, with his hat in his hand, who, as I thought, resembled Lord Erskine in profile; but though my friend said in a whisper, "*C'est lui*," I did not comprehend that I beheld Bonaparte till I saw him stand alone at the gate. In another moment he was on his horse, and rode slowly past the window, while I, with every nerve trembling with strong emotion, gazed on him intently, endeavoring to commit each expressive feature to memory, contrasting, also, with admiring observation, his small, simple hat, adorned with nothing but a little tri-colored cockade, and his blue coat, guiltless of gold embroidery, with the splendid head adornings and dresses of the officers who followed him. . . . . At length the review ended, too soon for me. The Consul sprang from his horse,—we threw open our door again, and as he slowly reäscended the stairs we saw him very near us, and in full face again, while his bright, restless, expressive, and, as we fancied, dark blue eyes, beaming from under long black eyelashes, glanced over us with a scrutinizing but complacent look; and thus ended and was completed the pleasure of the spectacle."—p. 108.

This is one of the best descriptions in the whole book, and we could have wished that Mrs. Opie had exercised her powers of observation with as much success on other occasions.

Mr. Opie, who had been appointed Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, had not long completed the delivery of his first course of lectures, when he was taken away by death. He was interred with becoming honor by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and after a comparatively short married life, Mrs. Opie returned to Norwich, and again took up her residence with her father. Her husband's lectures were published shortly after his decease, and she wrote a memoir of him, which we have seen, and which is worthy of preservation, for the delicacy and feeling pervading it. For the first three years of her widowhood, Mrs. Opie seems to have remained in strict retirement. Two letters of that period are given; one from the Countess of Charleville, and another from Mrs. Inchbald, but neither of them is remarkable.

It was not in the nature of the lively lady who is the subject of these memoirs to remain long out of the busy world, or at least to isolate herself from the society to which she had been accustomed during her wedded life. Accordingly, we find that, in 1810, she paid another visit to London, and was soon in the midst of its gayeties. Nor was it from any want of feeling, or from giddy thoughtlessness, that she thus sought once more the pleasures of intercourse with congenial spirits. Sydney Smith well remarked, that tenderness was her forte and carelessness her fault, and this opinion may be applied in a wider significance than was intended. Amelia Opie's heart was easily touched and highly sensitive, yet she had a free and joyous nature, and was ever attracted by what her Quaker frends were not slow to call "the vain shows of the world." Her stay in London, on the occasion of the visit we have referred to, was rendered very agreeable, it would appear, by the distinguished society in which she mingled. We find her frequently meeting such people as Sheridan, Lyttleton, Dudley, Mackintosh, and Romilly; in short, the most celebrated men and women of the time. She had her opinions about them all, too, and upon the topics—political or otherwise—discussed in such society. These we find recorded in her letters to her father, whom she kept fully informed of all her doings. She held levees herself on Sundays, and more than once seems to congratulate herself on the splendor of these, and the number of persons who came to them in carriages. And so the gay widow managed to pass the time very

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much to her own satisfaction, until some exciting affair turned up to call forth more than ordinary enthusiasm. The visit of the allied sovereigns to London, in 1814, was quite an event in her life—a thing precisely to her mind. "She was there in the midst of all the gayety and whirl;" and how she strove—oh, how she strove to get near the Emperor of all the Russias,—how eloquently she describes him, because he chanced to be the lion of the day! And then she got so near as to touch his wrist, being evidently carried away by the excitement of the moment; for she tells us that she "dared not, for some time, even think of touching him!"

It was in the midst of all this delightful fanfaronade that Mrs. Opie received a letter from her quiet friend, Joseph John Gurney, who had evidently been watching her movements with some interest. The good man, anxious about his gay friend, writes to her some gentle words of warning:

"I will refer," he says, "to two texts: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to keep one's self unspotted from the world;' and again, 'Be ye not conformed to the world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may know what is the good, acceptable, and perfect will of God.' Now, what wilt thou say to me? Perhaps thou wilt say that thy counterfeit drab-coated methodistical friend knows nothing of 'the world,' and is frightened by the bugbear of a name, as a child is by a ghost. . . . . I refer particularly to 'the fashionable world," of which I am apt to entertain two notions—the first, that there is much in it of real evil; the second, that there is much also in it which, though not evil in itself, yet has a decided tendency to produce forgetfulness of God, and thus to generate evil indirectly. On the other hand, there is little in it, perhaps, which is positively good."—p. 205.

These well-meant counsels or hints seem to have been taken by Mrs. Opie as they were meant, but, at the same time, as a rebuke. From this period she attended the religious services of the Friends, and continued to do so until she united herself to their community, eleven years after. She did not, however, give up her visits to London, but was less carried away by lion-hunting than she had previously been. In course of time the tenor of her life was completely changed. She became a member of the Society of Friends, at a time when that community was much more rigid than we believe it is now. The light and airy lady, whose blue feathers and sunny smiles had won a husband, now donned the close drab bonnet, and the othrewise simple costume of the Quakers. She adopted the "thees and thous," too, and seemed to look back upon her past life with something like self-rebuke. She engaged in works of active benevolence, firmly resisting all the conjurations and banter of such worldly friends as Lady Cork, and thoroughly conforming to the manners of the Friends. But it was impossible to pin her heart fairly down beneath her drab shawl, and under her little bonnet the lively smile of old times would doubtless be sometimes seen. The ways of the world were often remembered in her letters, while a touch upon the spring of her former animation sufficed to make her forget for a moment the change which had taken place. On the occasion of a visit to Paris, during which she made the acquaintance of Lafayette and Madame de Genlis, renewing at the same time her friendship with Humboldt, Cuvier, and other men of celebrity, we find her in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, sighing as she looked at her Quaker dress, asking herself whether she had any business there, and wishing, for the first time in her life, to be unobserved. This was but a momentary feeling; we subsequently find her nearly as lively as ever at the soirées of the great French general, and in the society of other Parisian notabilities.

The latter years of Mrs. Opie's life scarcely call for lengthened remarks. They brought her in some degree back to society again, and it would have been difficult to perceive in her manner any thing more than the decorum becoming a lady of advanced years, when she once more frequented parties at Lady Cork's, and mingled in society akin to that which she had enjoyed in her earlier life. The period which intervened between her retirement and her return in some measure to the world of literature and fashion, had made many blanks in such society. Most of those who were her early friends had been removed, yet she came to the soirées of another generation with much of the zest which had characterized her enjoyment of these things in other days. Her spirit was finely illustrated by the proposal made to old Miss Berry when the two friends visited the Great Exhibition—viz., that they should take a race in two wheel-chairs. The buoyance of eighty was that of thirty, only slightly tempered by time—the heart was as young as ever.

Mrs. Opie was "formed for society," as Dick Swiveller would have said. Her whole life was one of sprightly enjoyment; and we are not sure that we should be jus-

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tified in saying that any period of it was marked by inconsistency. While she belonged to a sect, and conscientiously adhered to its forms—nay, was equal to the strictest member of it in her practical benevolence, yet she was no mere sectary. Her sympathies were expansive, and she associated with persons of all views, political and religious. Although J. J. Gurney was the object of her high esteem and affection, she could also respect a bishop of the English Church; she had a warm corner of her heart, so to speak, for a Siddons as well as an Elizabeth Fry; and when her long and, upon the whole, well-spent life was over, her dust, previous to interment, was placed in a room hung with portraits which finely illustrated the catholicity of her friendships.

We have said nothing of Mrs. Opie's writings; at this late day it is not necessary that we should do so. Suffice it, that her mental activity kept up with the buoyancy of her spirit; and if her books are no longer popular, they have had a healthy influence on the class of literature to which they belonged.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUSSIAN LIFE.

It might be said, without much exaggeration, that we know as little of the interior life of Russia as of that of Dahomey or Timbuctoo. The jealousy of the Government has greatly contributed to this result, although it is far from having been the sole cause. The country is not a tempting one to the traveller; nor are those who travel always the best judges or the keenest observers of the manners and character of a people. Englishmen, especially, are so often the slaves of egoism and national prejudice, are so inveterately habituated to measure every thing by their own standard, and to overlook the qualifying conditions of the object criticised, that they are either very useless or very unsafe guides. The Germans, more liberal, are less locomotive; and although their point of view may be higher than that of our own countrymen, their almost invariable preöccupation by some theory renders them unfit to perceive and reproduce with fidelity characteristics on which they only philosophize. In the case of Russia, the language is an almost insurmountable obstacle to a thorough comprehension of the people by a foreigner; and although we have many books which profess to give an account of the country and the people, we are scarcely in a position to judge of their value, inasmuch as they are almost without exception tinged with political feeling.

Yet the Russians are a people eminently worthy of being studied. Like all semi-civilized nations, they are full of character; the nobles, more especially in the provinces, from the strong and bizarre contrasts between the original barbarism of still recent date and the artificial polish arrived at by a forcing process; the middle classes, from the arts to which they resort in order to sustain themselves in a false and difficult position; the peasantry, whether serfs or enfranchised from their intense nationality, their mixture of simplicity and cunning, and from a peculiar goodness of heart which not even the detestable institutions under which they live have succeeded in stifling or corrupting. To study them, however, you must be among them—Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, are not Russia. The popular ideas as to the climate, the habits, the customs of the people, are chiefly formed on what has been seen and described in the capital, and generally in the north; but, as regards by far the larger portion of the Russian territory, they are ridiculously wrong. Take a globe, and observe the latitude of an immense portion of that empire in Europe, and you will not be surprised to find that during all seasons but the winter you will live under a southern sun, of which the heat is almost as insupportable as that of the tropics, and where the character of the people, and their manners, are soft, luxurious, free, and as full of sensuous enjoyment as may be those of the natives of the south of France, or even of Italy. Confess, reader, that although a little reflection would have supplied such impressions, you have not been accustomed to regard Russia and the Russians from this point of view.

We propose in this article to supply, as far

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as our space allows, a few materials for a more correct conception of the true character of Russian interior life, more especially in the provinces. They are derived from a work published some two years since at Moscow, in the Russian language, by a Russian gentleman of the class of the nobles, himself a landed proprietor, but, as far as may be inferred from his book, singularly exempt from prejudice. Not that he professes any liberal ideas; quite the contrary—he seeks to avoid self-obtrusion throughout, and limits himself to reproducing, with an instinctive fidelity, what he has heard and seen. M. Ivan Tourgheniefs "photographs" are the more interesting, inasmuch as he is not a professed writer; he has not sought "effects," but has transferred to paper, with the vividness of a daguerreotype, the impressions produced upon him by the various personages and scenes he describes. Nature has given him a fine perception of the beauties of scenery, and of the peculiarities of the human character: he paints them with the simplicity and ardor of a lover, and he is none the less an artist, because a practised eye will detect the absence or even the want of art. Of all descriptive works, those which are produced by men of this stamp are the most valuable and the most lasting, because they are necessarily stamped with the fidelity of truth.

Mr. Tourghenief is possessed with a love of sport, which with him amounts to a passion. With his gun and his dog, and generally with an attendant of congenial taste, lent him by some friend at whose territory he stops in his rambles, he constantly follows his favorite pursuit. He is not, however, a mere sportsman, but also a keen observer of human nature and character; and as his passion leads him into all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and among all varieties of people, from the highest to the lowest, he has had ample scope for observation and amusement. What led him to write we know not; but a few fragmentary descriptive pieces, which appeared in an unconnected form in a literary review at Moscow, having attracted universal attention from the extraordinary fidelity and gracefulness with which they depicted the manners of the people, he was induced to proceed, and ultimately to publish the work of which we speak. In the original, it is entitled the "Journal of a Sportsman;" but such name would very imperfectly express the peculiar character of the work, in which sporting adventures are a mere thread on which are hung the charming pictures of life, manners, and scenery of which the book is full. The author of a French translation, which has just appeared, has, with good judgment, changed the title into "Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe,"* which better indicates the value of the book, as containing the view taken by a Russian aristocrat of many of the customs and social institutions of his country.

If there are those who seek the artificial stimulus of horrors, who like to hear with the mind's ear the fall of the knout on the back of the suffering serf, or who desire that the simpler pictures of slave life shall be set in a connected narrative of refined cruelty and pain, as in the work of Mrs. Stowe, they will not find their appetite satisfied in the passages we propose to give. The pictures of Mr. Tourghenief are what we have called them at the head of this article—"Photographs;" there is in them always something of still life. But, at the same time, they are eminently suggestive, the more so from the utter absence of all effort, egoism, or self-display on the part of the writer. They might have been made more "artistic," but then they would lose a certain smack of rough reality, which inspires an almost absolute confidence in the reader. The author does not moralize in words, but in examples. He does not spare his own class, but he lets the facts speak for themselves; and as his sufferers are not angels, but Russians habituated to serfdom and its evils, you are able to look at that institution somewhat more philosophically than if your moral indignation were perpetually excited by artificial means. The bright side is given, as well as the dark one, and yet the result of the whole is a profound conviction of the iniquity of serfdom as an institution, and of its degrading effects on the subject as well as on the master. The book is a Russian "Uncle Tom's Cabin," without its blood and gunpowder.

Serfdom, however, furnishes only episodes in these sketches, which embrace almost every conceivable social variety. As the book is large, and written with extreme verbal closeness, we can do no more than select here and there a passage capable of being detached, premising that it is often in the details and lighter touches that the author is the most successful.

The lot of the Russian serf, like that of the slave everywhere, depends much on the character of the master, but, at the same time, much also on his own. We find in these pages, among a host of others, two

* *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe.* Traduit par Ernest Charrière. Paris: Hachette and Co. 1854.

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portraits of serfs—the one, a man "comfortable" through steady industry; the other, an idler, but enjoying immunity through his skill as a tracker of game.

Khor (says Mr. Tourghenief) lived in the midst of a wood, in a large open space which had been cleared, drained, and cultivated, and in the centre of which rose a habitation, rustic in character, constructed of pine wood, and with the usual dependencies, such as farmyard, sheds, stables, wells, and so forth. In front of the house extended a rude bench, under a shed supported by four thin wooden props. I was accompanied by Mr. Poloutykine, of whom the inhabitant of this house was one of the peasants. We were received at the door by a fine young man, apparently about twenty years old.

"Ah! is it you, Fedia?" said the master; "is Khor at home?"

"No; Khor is gone with the cart to the town," answered the young man, disclosing a row of teeth as white as snow. "Do you wish me to harness the teledjka?" (This is a species of open chaise without springs.)

"Yes; but first give us some kvass." (This is a refreshing acidulated drink, much liked by the Russians of the lower order.)

The sides of the room were nothing more than the blocks and pillars of wood with which the house was built, but hewn smooth and whitened; and they did not exhibit those coarse images which we see too often in the huts of the peasantry, stuck on the walls with moistened bread-crumb, which attracts the dust and harbors flies, creepers, and other insects. In the corner, however, which was evidentl the place of honor, a lamp was burning in front of a sacred image in massive silver. The youth soon returned, armed with a large white jar full of fresh and foaming kvass, an enormous loaf of wheaten bread, and immediately after, about a dozen of cucumbers salted, swimming in a wooden bowl. These good things were arranged on the table, which had been freshly scraped and washed; and then he went and leant against the doorway, whence he looked on at our proceedings, his face radiant with good-humor. We had scarcely finished this simple repast, when we heard the rumbling of the wheels of the teledjka. We sallied forth instantly, and there saw on the narrow seat of the vehicle a youngster of fourteen or fifteen years, whose whole attention was devoted to restraining the ardor of a piebald horse. Round the teledjka were ranged six young giants, all bearing a strong family resemblance to Fedia.

"These are the sons of Khor," said my companion.

"Yes, we are all Khors," said Fedia, who had followed us out under the shed; "but we are not all here—Potapp is gone into the wood, Sidor is driving the father." Then addressing the young driver, he added, "Rattle along, for it is for the Barine;" (this is the Russian for the master;) "only mind the ruts, and keep the animal well in hand, or you will lame him, and what is worse, you will shake the seigneur's brains in his head;" at which piece of pleasantry on the part of Fedia all the rest of the Khorides seemed immensely tickled. . . . . .

I inquired of Mr. Poloutykine how it was that Khor thus had his house and lived apart from the other peasants.

"Why, the truth is, that the fellow has acted with much foresight. Five-and-twenty years ago, he was burnt out of his hut, and he made an arrangement with my father, for a certain rent, to be allowed to clear a place in the wood near a marsh, where he could build a new one for the family which he hoped Providence would send him." 'And what makes you go to live in a swamp?' 'Never mind that,' said Khor; 'you promise never to call on me for the *corvée*, and you yourself shall fix the rent!' 'Fifty roubles a year,' said my father. 'That will do, thank you.' 'But mind,' added my father, 'no diminution!' 'You shall be regularly paid.' And he soon after contrived to make for himself the enclosure you saw to-day. The other peasants nick-named him Khor, (the knowing one,) and the name has stuck to him ever since."

"And does he succeed pretty well?"

"Extremely; to-day he is to pay me his rent, and I have already given him notice that I must raise it unless he will buy his freedom. I often persuade him to do so, but the rogue swears by all his gods that he has not a kopeck for such a purpose."

I felt interested in this man, and in the evening I mechanically took the road towards his little homestead. I found sitting on the door-step of the hut an old man, partly bald and gray, small in stature, but broad-shouldered and strongly built. It was no less than Khor in person. I regarded with curiosity this good man, who resembled most of the busts of Socrates, with his high protruding forehead, small piercing eyes, and broad flat nose. He asked me in. Fedia brought me black bread and milk. Khor seated himself on the bench, which, fixed to the wall, extended almost round the room, and stroking his beard gently, he began to talk with me. He seemed fully conscious of his reputation as a man of sense, for he both talked and moved gravely, while occasionally his bearded mouth betrayed a slight smile.

We talked of seed-time, of harvest, and on peasant life, and our views seemed to agree on these points; and yet it appeared to me that in thus talking without any apparent object to a man in his position, I was losing a little of mine; especially as Khor, probably because he considered it prudent, was discreet and reserved. At length I said to him, "Khor, why do you continue a serf, instead of buying your freedom?"

"And why should I buy my freedom?" he answered; "our master is a very good master, and I know what my rent is."

"But," I added, lowering my voice, "it is always better to live in freedom."

He looked at me a little askance, and muttered, "Ah, yes."

"Then why don't you free yourself?"

Khor held down his head, and rose from his seat saying, "To do that one must have money, Sir, and I have none."

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Then he suddenly added, in a tone perfectly natural and civil, "But do you not want a chaise?"

Decidedly this man was not deficient in either intelligence or finesse. I said that as I wished to shoot, the next day, close by, I should like to make up a bed on some hay.

"You do us honor. But you must have some bed-clothes and a pillow. Here, you women," he cried, raising his voice; "and you Fedia, go and help them. Women are such stupid creatures."

A quarter of an hour after, Fedia, armed with a lantern, conducted me to the shed where the hay was kept, and I lay down with my dog at my feet. It was a long time before I could sleep; the cow came to the door and "mooed" eloquently until driven away by my dog; then a pig came and commenced an active foraging with his snout; and finally a horse tied close by began to munch his hay loudly, every now and then snorting and shaking himself. At length, however, I fell asleep.

At break of day I was awakened by Fedia. I liked the lad very much, and he appeared to me to be the favorite of his father. They were accustomed to joke each other. The old man came to seek me; and whether it was because I had passed the night under his roof, or for some other cause, he appeared more disposed to warm to me than he was the evening before.

"What superb young fellows your sons are," said I, as the youth entered the room, and a strapping girl, who turned out to be the wife of one of them, arranged the tea-things for breakfast. "Do they all live with you?"

"Why, yes, it pleases them, and I don't complain."

"Are they all married?"

"Here is a good-for-nothing, who cannot make up his mind," answered Khor, pointing to Fedia, who was leaning as usual against the door-post; "as for Vaska, he is still young; there is no hurry."

"And why should I marry?" replied Fedia. "I am very well as I am; for my part, I don't know what one wants with a wife."

"There, there, you rogue, we understand you; we have seen you with silver rings on your fingers. You like to go dancing after the maids up there at the master's. Oh! you wicked fellow, let me alone, will you?" added the old man, imitating the voice of Poloutykine's maid-servants. "Very well, very well, Mr. Whitehands!"

"What is a wife good for?" answered the youth.

"A wife," replied Khor, seriously, "is the nearest servant of a man; two hard-working arms, which, added to his, make four."

"What do I want with a servant?"

"You are fond enough of working with other people's hands, if you can get them," said Khor, still joking his favorite. "We know what you are worth, you unmarried gentlemen."

"Find me a wife, then," replied Fedia, laughing. "Ah! you have nothing to say to that."

"There, enough, enough," replied the father, smiling; "don't you see that your clumsy efforts are tiresome to the Barine. I will find you a wife, be sure of that;" and then turning to me, "I hope you will excuse him: he is a great overgrown boy, with nothing but down on his lip, and not the sign of a beard."

It follows almost of necessity that the foregoing portrait is of an exceptional person; but at the same time, from the matter-of-course manner of both master and serf, the inference is, that such exceptions may be numerous.

Here we have a portrait of a domestic serf, who is privileged to attend his master in the chase:

Kalinytch was a man of about forty years of age, tall, thin, and with a small head set aslant deep back between his shoulders. At the first glance he prepossessed you by the bonhommie which expanded over his sunburnt countenance. It was the daily duty of this man to attend his master on his sporting excursions, carrying his game-bag, and sometimes his gun. In fact, without such a man the seigneur would not have had the energy to pursue the game. But Kalinytch knew how and where to find the birds; it was he who went to fetch the fresh water, to clear the underwood, and make room for the droschki, for his luxurious master. Although he had nerves of steel, he was a man of a soft and joyful character, singing to himself unceasingly, while his active eyes were on the look-out on all sides. In speaking he had a slight nasal accent, his clear blue smiling eyes winked habitually, and his hand often strayed down to his beard, which he wore long and pointed, like a Jew's. His walk was a stride, without the slightest appearance of haste, as he scarcely seemed to lean on the long and slight stick which he carried in his hand. During the day, he and I exchanged from time to time a few words; the thousand little necessary services I required, were rendered to me without servility; but in the attentions he paid to his master he exhibited all the *prévenances* of an old nurse. The heat being insupportable, he led us to a sort of hut in the midst of the wood, where we were surrounded with aromatic herbs hanging up in bunches to dry: he made up two beds of fresh hay, and then, having covered his head with a net, he took a knife, and a piece of lath scraped fine and thin, and soon returned triumphant with a pot of fresh honey, from which he made us a sweet amber-colored drink, almost as clear as spring water; and we dropped asleep to the murmuring of bees and the rustling of leaves. Awakened by a sudden gust of wind, I opened my eyes, and saw Kalinytch seated on the door-sill trying to cut out wooden spoons for use on similar occasions; and it was to me a source of supreme pleasure to regard the honest countenance of this primitive and simple-minded man, with his brow as serene as an autumn sunset. "Kalinytch is a good fellow," said his master to me, "and very useful. It is unfortunate that he can never manage to make a home for himself, or even build himself a hut; but he never could: and then I take him always about with me: he comes with me every day shooting. How *could* he?"

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The quiet selfishness of this arrangement speaks volumes.

Now let us take a picture of a different character. Our author has spent the afternoon and evening with a country gentleman, a thorough *bon vivant*. They are enjoying the cool of the evening outside the house, and sipping their tea:—

The wind had almost ceased, but from time to time a slight breeze swept over us. One of these gentle currents of air, in expanding itself against the house in front of which we were seated, bore upon it a sound of blows many and measured, which appeared to come from somewhere in the region of the stables. Apolonowitch was in the act of lifting his saucer to his lips, and already he had distended his nostrils, an operation without which no true Russian can really enjoy the aroma of his tea, when he suddenly stopped, listened, raised his head, swallowed a teaspoonful, and setting his saucer on the table, began with a smile of perfect good-nature to imitate, as if involuntarily, the sounds which we heard: "Tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouk! tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouk!"

"What can that be?" I asked, with astonishment.

"Oh! nothing," he replied, "only one of my fellows whom I am having well flogged. You remember Vacia, who acted as butler for us this afternoon at dinner; the tall one with the immense whiskers like brushes: Ah! now you have it!"

Indignation the most profound could not have withstood the unconscious look, naturally clear and soft, of Apolonowitch as he said this. I abstained from word or gesture, but it seemed that my eye betrayed my thought, for his radiant face was for an instant clouded with thought.

"What is it, young man, what is it?" he said, gravely shaking his head; "by your glance you think me a very cruel master; but you know the proverb: The more love, the more correction. It is a principle that is not of yesterday." In a quarter of an hour after, I took my leave. In passing through the village, I came across Vacia, with his large whiskers. He was walking leisurely along, cracking nuts. I stopped my chaise and called him.

"What was the matter, my good fellow? they beat you to-day!"

"How do you happen to know that?" replied Vacia.

"I know it because your master told me so."

"My master himself?"

"Yes, himself; and why did he have you beaten?"

"Oh! there must have been a reason for it, of course. With us no one is beaten without a reason—no, no, no; with us, there is nothing like that—oh! no; our Barine is not like that; ours is a real Barine; where could you find such another? Oh! no, there is not his equal in the whole district, oh! no."

"Go on!" I cried to my coachman.

And in returning home I reflected on this singular specimen of Russian life on the old model.

The following portrait of an individual nobleman, executed with much minuteness, may be taken as equally characteristic of a class:—

At some short distance from my property lives a handsome young gentleman of my acquaintance, named Arcadi Pavlytch Peénotchkine. Among other advantages which his domain possesses over mine is, that it is full of game. Now my friend's house, it should be said, has been built on the plans of a French architect; his servants are all, from the highest to the lowest, in English liveries; he gives really excellent dinners, and he receives you, when you visit him, in the most amiable manner; and yet, with all that, you never seem to desire to go and see him. He is a man intelligent and honorable; he has been perfectly well educated; from contact with the very first society his manners are most polite; but at the present time his attention is devoted, and with signal success, to every pursuit connected with rural economy. Arcadi Pavlytch, according to his own account of himself, is "severe, but just;" he watches closely over the well-being of his vassals, and if he chastises them, that is only the best proof he can give of his regard. "They are creatures," said he to me, on a particular occasion, "with whom we must act as we do with children; for, after all, we must always remember that they are but full-grown children." As for himself, whenever what he called the sad necessity for being severe occurred, he seemed carefully to avoid showing any thing like anger, nay, he would not even make a hasty movement or raise his voice; he would simply point his finger at the culprit, and say, quietly, "Ah! I have caught you, my good fellow;" or, at other times, "What is the matter with you, my friend? recollect yourself." And his teeth would become a little compressed, his mouth would contract almost imperceptibly—that was all the emotion he permitted himself, although the luckless offender knew too well what was coming.

As he is in some sort a type, I will sketch his portrait. Above the middle height, and well formed, he is what the sex would term a good-looking fellow: he bestows the most minute care on his hands and finger-nails, and his cheeks and lips bear the rich tint of health. His laugh is full of frankness and heartiness, and when it is necessary to display the little courtesies, he has a peculiar habit of nearly closing his eyes and winking, which suits him well. He dresses with remarkable taste; he receives an enormous quantity of new French publications, of all kinds, but, for all that, is no great reader; I question even whether he has even yet got to the end of the *Juif Errant*. In fine, Arcadi Pavlytch passes for a gentleman of the first water, and, in the eyes of mothers with daughters to marry, for one of the most desirable matches in the whole district. The ladies are quite mad about him, and with them every thing he does is perfection. Besides this, he is remarkably prudent—the prudence of the serpent—but he has never been mixed up in any scandal; and yet, on occasions, I have seen

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him ready enough to square up to and demolish an adversary—if he appeared timid. He seems to know his value, and takes care to make himself sought after. All loose society he shuns, that he may not compromise himself; but once, in a moment of gayety, he confessed himself a disciple of Epicurus, though generally pretending a profound disdain for philosophy — a science which he stigmatizes as the quintessence of German folly. He is fond of music, and, while at the card-table, will sing low and between his teeth, but with feeling, some *morceaux* of *Lucia* and the *Sonnambula* he has retained in his memory, but he almost always takes them a note too high. His winters he passes at St. Petersburg. His house is unusually well kept; and even his coachmen have so far bent to his influence, that they not only clean the harness of their horses, but push their refinement to the extent of once a day washing their faces, even to their throats and behind their ears! True, his people have a decidedly downcast look; but in this good country of ours, it is not so easy to distinguish the morose from the sleepy ones.

Arcadi Pavlytch has a soft and unctuous manner of speaking, minces and cuts up his sentences, and rolls with a kind of voluptuousness each word as it falls like a pearl from between his handsome moustaches. He is fond of interlarding his conversation with the commonest French phrases, such as *Mais! c'est impayable! Mais, comment donc! Voila qui est merveilleux! enchanté! charmé! ravi!* and so forth. And yet, notwithstanding all the agreeable qualities I have here recorded, I confess that I have no particular liking for his society; and, were it not for his pheasants and partridges, it is more than probable that we should soon be strangers to each other. A vague, uncomfortable feeling takes possession of you when you are at his house; even the luxury with which he is surrounded appears forced; and when, every night, a valet de chambre, frizzed and pommaded, comes, with his livery of blue and blazonry, to gently remove your boots, you feel yourself constrained and uncomfortable before this pale and precise-looking figure.

This Frenchified Russian, as may be inferred, is capable of a little quiet cruelty to his serfs. Here is an example:—

Notwithstanding my very indifferent liking for Arcadi Pavlytch, I happened once to pass the night at his house. The next morning I rose early, and had already my horses put-to, when nothing would do but that I must stay and partake of an *English* breakfast. With our tea they supplied us with chops, fresh eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, &c. &c. Two men-servants, in white gloves, silently anticipated our slightest wishes. We were seated on a divan; Arcadi Pavlytch was dressed in large loose pantaloons of silk, in which his feet were lost sight of, a jacket of black velvet, an elegant blue *fez*, and yellow Chinese slippers. He sipped his tea, tasted this thing and that, admired his finger-nails, smoked a little, comforted his back with a downy cushion—in short, gave unmistakable signs of being in extremely good humor. After a time, he began seriously to attack the chops and the cheese, and had acquitted himself like a man, when, having filled a glass of red wine, and put it to his lips, he suddenly lowered it, and his brow became overcast.

"What! This wine has not been warmed!" said he, in a dry voice, to one of the men-servants. The man was visibly alarmed, grew pale, and stood petrified. "I speak to you, *mon cher*," continued with a studied calm the young seigneur, his cold large eye wide open resting on the poor man, who could do nothing but twist with a slight convulsive movement the napkin he held in his hand, while, so fascinated was he by his terror, he was unable to articulate a syllable.

Arcadi Pavlytch lowered his head, but continued thoughtfully to regard the unfortunate man. Then, addressing me,

"Your pardon, *mon cher*," he said, with an amiable smile, while letting his hand fall gently on my knee. Then, again looking silently at the servant, "There,—go!" said he, raising his eyebrows, and striking on a bell at his hand, which brought immediately into the room a stout dark man, with a low forehead and forbidding eyes.

"Make ready for Fedor," said Arcadi to this man in as many words, with the most perfect self-command.

And the man, whose special duty was the flogging department, made his obeisance and left to fulfil his orders.

There is in the foregoing a cool refinement of insensibility, and a systematic indifference to the degradation and suffering of the unfortunate serfs, more appalling than the most harrowing descriptions of cruelty and pain. The minuteness of the description and the absence of the arts of writing would argue that the picture is a true one. It certainly is not overcharged.

This Arcadi Pavlytch is also an amateur agriculturist, of a class of which specimens may often be found even among our own squires. He does the dilettante part, and leaves the real management of his property to intendants. He insists on taking our author to see one of his estates. The descriptions of the journey, of the arrival of the lord and master in the village, of the intendant and his family, and various little episodes, are full of *vraisemblance* and vivid life, but unfortunately they are too long for extract. This intendant stands very high in the favor of his indolent master, who boasts of him that he is quite a statesman in little.

This treasure, this "statesman," of whom Arcadi had so much spoken, (says the author,) was small in stature, broad-shouldered, red-nosed, with small blue eyes, and with his beard trimmed and arranged like a fan held downwards.

"Ah!" exclaimed this man (who smelt of wine) in a kind of half-chanting tone, and as if he were

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ready to dissolve in tears, "Ah! and you have at last deigned to come to us, you, our father, our benefactor! Your hand, father, your hand!" and he protruded his big lips in readiness.

Arcadi Pavlytch allowed his hand to be kissed, and replied in an affectionate tone,

"Ay, and how do matters go on here, brother Sophron?"

"Ah! you, our father!" chanted off again the intendant; "and how *could* they go otherwise than well, when you, our father, our benefactor, deign to give the light of your countenance to this our poor village? . . . Oh! it is happiness enough to last me to my grave! Thanks be to God! Arcadi Pavlytch, thanks be to God, all goes well, well, well—all goes well, through your goodness."

After an instant or two of silence devoted to mute contemplation, the "statesman" began to sigh with enthusiasm, and, as if carried away by an irresistible impulse, (to which perhaps an extra allowance of ardent spirits had a little contributed, again once more he begged to kiss the hand of the seigneur, and recommenced chanting with even more vigor than before.

"Ah! you, our father and benefactor—and—oh!—what?—surely in this joy I have lost my senses—yes—'tis indeed true—I see you—I see you—I can believe my eyes—it is indeed true that you are there—you, our father!—our——"

And so on to the end of the chant. It was strong acting, but Arcadi Pavlytch smiled, and said to me, in French, "*N'est-ce pas que c'est touchant?*"

As this Arcadi Pavlytch seemed so proud of his management of his property, and insisted on showing all that his "statesman" had done for him, our author accompanied him the next day over his estate. After having been called on to admire a multitude of proofs of excellent "systematizing," the visitors were at last requested to inspect a new mill that had recently come from Moscow.

We could see (says our author) that the sails went well; and certainly, if Sophron could have known what awaited us there, he would have been content with the more distant view. On coming out of the mill, at a few steps from the door, and close to a pool where some ducks were swimming and plashing, stood two peasants—the one an old man of some seventy years, the other a youth of some twenty. The only clothing of either was a patched shirt, and each had a cord round his waist. Their feet were naked. The local edile was persuading them to go away, which probably they would have done but that we came out. Sophron's fists were clenched convulsively, and he was evidently much annoyed at this apparition. Arcadi, too, frowned and bit his lip:—he had been all day boasting the excellent management of his estate. However, he walked straight up to them. The two visitors threw themselves at his feet.

"What is it? Speak!" said he, in a severe voice, and with a slight nasal tone. The poor fellows exchanged a glance, but could not bring out a word. They winked their eyes convulsively, and breathed hard.

"Well, and what is it?" repeated Arcadi; and then, turning to Sophron, he asked, "Of what family are they?"

"Of the Tobolúief family," replied the intendant, in a low tone.

"Speak, I say!" addressing the old man. "Don't be afraid, fool!"

The old man lifted his bronzed and wrinkled neck from the earth, and from between his lips, which were literally blue, said, in a voice of anguish,

"Help us, help us, good master!" And then he once more prostrated himself; the younger of the two did almost the same. Arcadi Pavlytch regarded their prostrate necks without emotion; and then, throwing himself into a fresh attitude, he added—

"And of whom do you complain?"

"Have pity, good master! A moment only, to get breath. We are tortured—we are——"

"And who, then, makes martyrs of you?"

"Sophron Jakovlitch, the intendant."

"What is your name?" added Arcadi, after a moment's silence.

"Anthippe, good master."

"And the other?"

"Is my son, good master."

Arcadi again was silent, curling his moustache: then he went on—

"In what respect has he tormented you?" And while he said this he looked down on the poor fellows, over his moustache.

"Good master, he has entirely despoiled and ruined us. Contrary to the regulations, he has given in two of my sons to the recruiting service, and now he wants to take away the third. It was only yesterday that he took away from me my last cow; and his grace, the ancient, who is as bad as himself, has pulled down my house. Ah, good master, don't let him quite ruin us!"

Mr. Pénotchkine was very much embarrassed. At last, with an air of vexation, he demanded of the intendant what he had to say to the accusation.

"Sir, he is a drunkard," answered the other, with a certain assurance of manner,—"a drunkard and an idler; he does nothing: for five years he has been unable to pay his rent."

"Sophron Jakovlitch has paid it for me, good master," answered the old man. "For five years he has paid it; and because of that he makes a slave of me, and takes all I have, good master, and——"

"But that does not explain how you are in arrears," answered Arcadi, quickly. "It is that you drink. You frequent the cabarets."

The old man opened his mouth to explain.

"I know you!" continued Arcadi. "Your whole life is spent in drinking, and in sleeping on the stove, and it is the hard-working peasant who does your work."

"And, moreover, he is rude," added the intendant, seeing that there was no reason to fear for his own rudeness in interrupting his master.

"Yes, of course, it is always so; and how often I have had to notice it! The idler gives himself

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up all the year to drink and debauchery, and then, some day or other, he comes to throw himself at the feet of his master."

"My good master," said the old man, in a tone of the most terrible despair, "in the name of God, come to our assistance. I declare to you, before Heaven, that I have not a morsel to eat, or the means of gaining my living. Sophron Jakovlitch has taken a hatred towards me,—why, Heaven only knows; but he has ruined, crushed, destroyed me: and now he is going to take away my last child." Here the tears rolled over his bronzed cheeks. "In the name of God, my good master, come to our aid!"

"And it is not only us that he persecutes," said the younger of the two.

Arcadi Pavlitch took fire at this unlucky word of the young man, who had till then kept silence.

"And you! Who spoke to you? When you are not spoken to, how dare you speak? Hold your tongue, Sir! Why, this is a revolt! I am not the man to be revolted against!"

Two hours after I had left, I encountered a peasant, whom I knew as a capital sportsman. I asked him if he knew the intendant of Mr. Peénotchkine.

"What! Sophron Jakovlitch?"

"Yes: what sort of a man is he?"

"He is not a man—he is a dog; and a dog so bad, that from here to Koursk you could not find his equal."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and this property of that Mr. Peénotchkine, it only appears to belong to him: the real owner in this Sophron."

"You believe so?"

"He has made a property of it for his whole life. There is not a peasant on the estate who is not up to his neck in debt to him, so that he has them all under his thumb. He employs them as he likes, he does exactly as he likes. They are his victims."

And then he went on to describe the various extortions of Sophron. "He is very clever! And how he rolls in money, the wretch! But his delight is to flog; he is a dog, a mad dog; he is not a man, I tell you; he is a wild beast."

"And why don't the peasants complain to their real master?"

"Why, you see, Sir, if he gets his rents regularly, he is satisfied. If any one complains, he lets them know what they have to expect. He reminds them of what he has done to others."

I told him of the old man and his son.

"Yes," said he, "and Sophron will suck the old man dry, even to the marrow in his bones. Henceforth, too, his only word will be a blow. Poor old man! And what is the cause of it all? Why, five or six years ago he resisted Sophron's authority in some trifle or other, and he said something that has rankled ever since. He has never ceased to torture him, and to drain him dry. He has sent off two of his sons as recruits, contrary to the law! The execrable wretch!"

The national music of Russia, as the reader probably knows, is of much originality and beauty, and deeply tinged with an indefinable sentiment of melancholy. A passion for song prevails among the peasantry, who often join to very fine voices remarkable executive powers. It is not unusual with them to engage in contests for supremacy in this exquisite art. Of one of these our author gives a charmingly graphic account, from which we can extract a few passages only, regretting not to be able to reproduce the whole, marked as it is by vivid and characteristic portraiture. The struggle has been appointed to take place in a well-known drinking-shop or cabaret, situated in a village of the steppes placed on a hill and abruptly divided by a ravine:—

In the middle of the cabaret was a thin but well-made man of about three-and-twenty years of age, wearing a long robe of blue calico. He had the air of an operative, and he did not appear to be in the most robust health. His meagre cheeks, his large, restless gray eyes, his straight nose and nervous nostril, his clear, lofty forehead, covered with masses of pale, deep sandy-colored hair, worn behind his ears, his lips somewhat thick, but fresh-colored and expressive—all these traits indicated an impulsive and impassioned character. He seemed much agitated. His eyes frequently opened and shut; he breathed fitfully; his arms trembled as if he were suffering from an access of fever; in fact, it might be said that he was in a state of fever—that is to say, the nervous excitement so common with those who have to speak or to sing before an assemblage expecting great things. This was Iachka, or James the Turk. Near him was a man of about forty years of age, broad-shouldered, with heavy cheeks, low forehead, Tartar-like eyes, short flat nose, square chin, and black hair, hard and shiny like the bristles of a brush. It was easy to see that such a countenance would easily assume, perhaps was not unaccustomed to, an expression of ferocity. Without moving, this man looked about him with a dull, slow glance, like that of a tied ox. He had on an old, indescribable coat with flat brass buttons, and a not very new black silk cravat encircled his thick, muscular neck. He was called Diki-Barine, or the Gentleman-Savage. Opposite him, in the angle of the bench encircling the apartment, and under the images, was Iachka's rival in the coming contest, the general dealer of the village, a man of middle height, but well made, about thirty years of age, his face freckled, his nose broad and on one side, with small, piercing eyes, bold and restless in their glances, and beard carefully trimmed. This man was generally called "the Dealer," seldom by any other name. From meat, fish, or candles, to bricks, lime, or wood for building; from a sporting-dog to a saucepan or a box of lucifers, nothing came amiss to this man of many trades.

As for Iachka, his antagonist, he had obtained his nickname of "the Turk" from the simple fact of his being the son of a woman of that nation who had been brought into Russia as a prisoner. Although his exterior was that of a simple work-

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man, he had the true soul of an artist, in the full sense of the word. His worldly state was that of a workman in a paper factory near at hand.

At length the match commenced, lots having been drawn for the first start, which fell to the dealer. This man rose from his corner, and, half shutting his eyes, commenced, in a very high falsetto voice, a national air, which I heard for the first time, and which is unapproachable except by voices thoroughly sure and capable of reaching with perfect purity the highest registers. The voice of this man was soft and agreeable, but somewhat mechanical; he seemed to turn it about like a brilliant gem; the notes appeared to part from his throat, to ascend and descend some spiral way of crystal glittering in the sun, and, when at its heights, he literally rained gems of the most charming melodies, which floated and undulated, till he would let them lose themselves in gossamer-like sounds, which died away in silence; yet after these pauses, which scarcely allowed us to breathe, he suddenly burst out with a refrain of the same airs, sung with a power and a boldness that carried you away. It was a performance that would have charmed the most exacting amateur. The voice was that known as a Russian *tenore di grazia*, and it would have been listened to with pleasure at Naples or Milan, or it would have become the *tenor léger* of the Paris opera. Knowing that he was before accomplished and practical judges, he gave rein to his powers, or, to adopt the characteristic popular phrase of the country, he did not hold himself in his skin. The district is one noted for hundreds of first-rate connoisseurs, and throughout Russia it is regarded as a locality the most famous for vocal melody.

For a long time the worthy dealer, notwithstanding his vocal *tours de force*, went on singing without producing any marked effect on his auditors, but suddenly a passage more marvellously vocalized than the rest broke the spell of expectation, and sent a thrill of joy through them all. A low choral murmur was only interrupted by muttered cries the most grotesque, such as "Superb! — Oh! the rascal! — Yes, festoon your notes, snake! —Ah! the wretch! —The animal! —The dog! — Go to the devil, you Herold, go!" and other polite manifestations of enthusiasm, of the same kind. The rival singer, it is fair to say, showed, by the approving movement of his head, that he acknowledged the beauty of the singing. "The Savage" alone rested immovable and impassible, but his glance fixed upon the singer was of a remarkable softness, although on his lip there was the conventional disdain of the critical amateur. Encouraged by these marks of approval, the artist let out like a whirlwind, executing such roulades, such trillings, such bursts of sound, followed by such cascades, that when, at last, exhausted, pale, bathed in perspiration, and throwing back his body for the last effort, there came forth one long expiring note, which seemed to lose itself in space, one sudden cry escaped from all the listeners together, as on the word of command bursts forth the fire of a platoon. One flung himself on the neck of the singer, and squeezed him in his long bony arms: the innkeeper cried as if his voice would crack, *Molodetz! Molodetz!* (a word significative of familiar admiration, as in English is said "trump!") a poor peasant expressed his delight in the way habitual to his class, he commenced spitting vigorously against the door; and on the countenance of the rival there was an expression of intense admiration.

After some compliments and a characteristic scene among the auditors, Iachka is called upon to begin:—

Iachka passed his hand over his throat, and murmured a few incoherent words, which betrayed excessive timidity and doubt.

"Don't be afraid! — that is the only thing you need be ashamed of! Sing, man, sing, man, and do your best!" said "the Savage," in a tone which claimed obedience.

Iachka breathed deeply, looked around him, and covered his forehead and eyes with his left hand. The party seemed to devour him with their eyes, more especially the dealer, who, notwithstanding his late triumph, was not wholly without inquietude. When Iachka at length uncovered his face, the poor fellow was as pale as death, and his eyes were scarcely perceptible under their downcast lids. At length, after having taken a long breath, he began. His first note promised but little: it was feeble, unequal, and scarcely seemed to come from the chest, but rather as if it had been thrown into the chamber from some voice without. After this first broken note there came another, more firm and more prolonged; a tremulous sound, like the vibration of a violin string, which, when struck by a master-hand, produces an echoing tremulousness, softer than the first sound, and which gradually seems to grow more distant and more feeble, until at last it vanishes. After a third note, a little stronger, and more full and beautiful, the singer gradually grew more warm and animated, and at last it was possible to judge of the character of the air, which was strikingly melancholy.

Soon an intense pleasure began to manifest itself on the faces of all; the grace and softness of the intonations, and the exquisite finish of the *nuances*, left no room for criticism. Seldom had I heard a voice of more exquisite freshness. At the opening, a certain timidity, accompanied by a formality of intonation, interfered with the pleasure; but all this was soon lost in the profound feeling, the true passion of the singer, blending with the sadness of the air all that is beautiful in youth, strength, softness, and expressiveness. The true Russian soul, so good and so full of warmth, breathed through this voice, so soft and charming, which went direct to the hearts of the auditors, there to touch those chords which awaken the national melancholy. And now the melody grew and developed itself in beauty. It was evident that an intoxication of inspiration had carried away the singer. No longer the slightest trace of timidity, but an entire abandonment of the soul to the voluptuous delight of the song. If there was not the less a tremulousness in the voice, it was no longer the uncertain tone of timidity, but

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the thrill of passion which passes direct into the souls of the listeners; and all the while that noble voice continued to gain in power, in force, and in amplitude. His song excited my imagination to the most vivid memory of past-scenes, which were conjured up before me like life; and this through the passion of a simple artisan, standing immovable in a common cabaret, but whose inspiration made him for the moment a magician and a master alike of the beautiful and of the sublime. Singing under the stress of his impassioned emotion, this young villager had forgotten every thing, us, his rivalry, and his rival, sustained as he was like a buoyant swimmer on the waves of his melodious and mellifluous song.

I heard a sound of stifled sobs—it was the innkeeper's wife, who was crying, her head fallen on the window-sill. This sight seemed to give a new soul to the singer, whose song grew more deeply infused with feeling; the innkeeper was panting with the excitement and the charm. The trivial Morgatch sat like a statue, but with his eyes fixed on the grimy ceiling; the poor peasant was sobbing noiselessly in his corner, balancing his head as if to nurse and soften his emotions; and on the iron visage of the Savage, under his long black eyelashes, that seemed glued to his cheek, were two large round tears, hanging suspended and ready to break. As for the rival singer, he rested utterly motionless, but with his right hand closed and pressing convulsively his forehead.

Panting as we were under these sensations, I do not know what would have been the effect of the last paroxysms of our emotion, had not Iachka suddenly brought his song to a close, with a sharp note, of a boldness, a fineness, and a purity so extraordinary, that it seemed as if in that one sound his voice has departed for the heavens. No one moved, no one spoke; it seemed as though all expected the return of that voice from its flight. Iachka opened his eyes and looked surprised at this kind of ecstatic silence; but he soon saw the reason — involuntarily that silence had accorded to him the victory.

Iakof! said "the Savage," in a voice trembling with emotion — but he could not utter another syllable.

We were in fact petrified, as if by enchantment. At length the rival of Iachka rose and advanced towards him. "You have won! — yes, you have won!" said he, with an emotion it was painful to witness; and he rushed out of the place.

The nobility of Russia are notoriously extravagant, resembling, in the country districts, in many of their habits, the Irish spendthrift of the past age. The book of Mr. Tourghenief is full of life-like portraits of men of this stamp, who have ruined themselves and who come to utter destitution. There is one charming little episode of this kind. A proprietor becomes enamored of a young girl, a serf, the waiting-maid of a lady at some distance. She consents to become his mistress, and he succeeds in hiding her from the lady. She betrays a marvellous aptitude, and learns with facility to sing, to play, to dance. At length, on one unlucky occasion, she cannot resist the temptation to flaunt her greatness in the eyes of her proprietor, who has so often tormented her by her pride and unkindness. The two drive past the domain, but are unfortunate enough to overturn the carriage of a lady on the roadside. This leads to a discovery; the police are called in—are bribed — the girl is still retained. But the lady has recourse to law in all its most vexatious forms, and the lover is harassed in person and in pocket. Suddenly, the young girl, seeing that ruin will ensue, insists, in spite of all remonstrances, on delivering herself up. He is distracted; but she escapes, and effects her generous purpose, although knowing the fate that awaits her from her vindictive mistress. He loses all self-control, wastes his substance in debauchery, even to his last shilling; and when the author again encounters him, it is in a low coffee-house at Moscow, where he is living on his wits, but where, nevertheless, he insists on giving his visitor champagne. If our space permitted, we could extract some very touching passages of this kind. In the following extract, an extreme case is daguerreotyped. Mr. Tourghenief, while out shooting, trespasses on the grounds of a proprietor named Radiloff, and a shot which frightens a young lady of his family, brings him up. After a little heat, Radiloff finds that the intruder is a gentleman, and he insists on his coming to the house and dining. He has been presented to the mother:—

"And see," continued Radiloff, pointing out to me a person tall and thin, whom I had not perceived on entering the drawing-room, "here is Fedor Mikhieitch." And then, addressing this person, he said, "Come, Fedor, give this gentleman a specimen of your talents; a man with your advantages should not stand skulking in a corner." The man to whom these words were addressed rose instantly from his seat, and having taken a wretched violin from under the window-seat, seized the bow by the middle, but with the wrong end uppermost, and having fixed the instrument against his chest and shut his eyes, began to sing and dance grotesquely while he scraped the strings. He seemed about seventy years of age, and wore a long surtout of gray calico, which hung flapping against his long bony legs. This unfortunate being continued to dance, sometimes making his steps rapidly with his feet, sometimes balancing affectedly his little bald head, sometimes throwing it back and displaying the swollen veins of his neck, while he went through this exercise with an effort too visible from the occasional yielding of his knees. His toothless mouth opened from time to time to emit a sound more

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like a rattle than an expression of gayety. It was not difficult for Radiloff to perceive from my countenance that this exhibition of the talents of Fedor was any thing but agreeable to me.

"Enough, old gentleman, enough; now go and get your reward." Fedor Mikhieitch instantly restored the violin to its place, and, after saluting us all separately, he left the room. In a few moments my host invited us to take the eau-de-vie, as dinner was served. Whilst we were going to the dining-room, and taking our places, Fedor Mikhieitch, who, from the effects of the "reward," had his eyes dancing and a decided vermilion at the nose, was singing a martial song. His place was allotted apart from us at a small table, without table-linen, in a corner of the room. The poor old man had forgotten himself even to the extent of neglecting the most ordinary rules of the table, and it appears that it was a matter of necessity, especially on any extraordinary occasion, to keep him at a certain distance from the company. He crossed himself, took a long breath, and began to swallow like a shark the food set before him.

In answer to a glance of inquiry on my part, my host said: "Yes, he, too, once was a landed proprietor; he was rich, and he ruined himself; now he lives in my house. In his time he passed for the most formidable gallant in the whole district; he ran away with two married women; he maintained a choir of singers in his house, and he was himself noted everywhere for his skill as a dancer and a singer."

During the dinner and in the evening, our author noticed something in the expression of the young lady's countenance which fascinated his attention. She was the sister of Radiloff's disceased wife, and in the familiarity of his address there was nothing incompatible with their position. In the evening the conversation led Radiloff to describe the intensity of his grief at the death of his wife.

"The next morning," he said, "I found myself beside her body. It was in the height of summer, and in the broad sunlight. Suddenly I saw (here Radiloff shuddered)—I saw a fly walking over her eye, wide open as it was. I fell like a sack, and when I came to myself, I wept for hours." If I were to live for a century (says the author) I should never forget the expression at that moment on the countenance of the young lady. The mother of Radiloff, (an old lady, short of stature, thin in the face, and with a gentle, even timid, but sad expression,) the mother laid on her knee the stocking she was knitting, drew her handkerchief from her enormous reticule, and, thinking herself unnoticed, dried two large tears. Fedor Mikhieitch, as if inspired, seized his violin, and with his wild shrill voice commenced singing. The intention was good. The miserable old man was thus, according to his idea, showing his devotion in the hope of passing off the scene. We all shuddered at the first note, and Radiloff begged him to be quiet. Seven days afterwards, I happened to pass again by the house of Radiloff, but found neither him nor his sister-in-law. In fact, on the very night I have described, they had eloped together, abandoning the old lady. As soon as I heard this, I comprehended the peculiar expression on the young lady's countenance while Radiloff was describing his sensations on seeing the dead body of his wife. That expression, in fact, was not merely one of sorrow or of pity, but was inflamed by the fire of jealousy.

The length to which these extracts have run obliges us to bring them to a close. The peculiar character of minuteness which pervades the original has been necessarily somewhat lost sight of, in order to reduce them within a reasonable compass. They form but a small portion of the whole collection of daguerreotypes, many of which are far more interesting than those which we have selected, but less manageable for the purpose of selection. For instance, the chapter which narrates in full the story of the slave mistress, already referred to; and another, called in the French translation, the *Comptoir*, in which we have a perfect picture of that *imperium in imperio*, a Russian proprietary village, where the mistress, a kind of Lady Bountiful, regulates, by means of ukases or proclamations, all the affairs of her petty sovereignty, down to the pettiest details of offences and punishments, but who is in turn systematically cheated by her stewards. The farmer comes to sell his wheat; a hard bargain is driven between him and the steward as to the price. Is it for the benefit of the mistress? No! The dispute is as to what the farmer is *really* to pay; the price for the eye of the mistress being fixed by common consent. And then the farmer is ushered by the steward with every formality and servility into the presence of the lady, in order that the false contract may be duly ratified. In this chapter, too, we find the steward coercing an honest serving-man who loves one of the maid-servants coveted by the steward himself, the end being that the poor girl is made the scapegoat. In another chapter we have an amusing portrait of a lady-proprietor who from conscientious motives has remained single; she conceives it to be her duty to keep her serfs in the same state, and not a man or a woman of them is permitted to marry. In another, a beautiful girl has been brought to the capital by a fine-lady mistress, her owner, who, to keep her about her person as maid, refuses her the permission to marry a fellow-servant. The result is, that the poor lovers commit themselves; the youth is sent off as a recruit, and the girl sells herself in marriage to a miller, for whom she

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has no love, on condition that he purchases her freedom. The poor loveless wife literally pines away before your eyes, in the author's simple narrative. Two little episodes, the "Village Doctor" and the "Village Lovers," are charming as idyls, irrespective of their value as pictures of manners; and the "Russian Hamlet" has a peculiar humor of its own, thoroughly national. Unfortunately, it is too long for extract. The Dwarf *Kaciane* is, in a literary point of view, a new character; and there is a chapter in which some boys, watching horses, recount, round a night-fire in the steppes, the various superstitions of the country, that is full of poetry and racy with nationality. Scattered through the book, too, there are portraits of individuals, each representing a class, of the same order as two or three we have already extracted; and thus, on arriving at the close, the reader has become insensibly possessed with almost every phase of Russian life. The French translator, M. Ernest Charrière, has performed his difficult task with great skill.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker was born in the county of Galway, Ireland, in 1780, but is of English descent. His father was surveyor-general in Ireland, and was a man of ability. The son was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the bar in 1802, and in 1807, having been retained as counsel at an election for Downpatrick, he was eventually returned as member for that borough, and from that time to the year 1832 sat in the House, representing for five years the university of Dublin. For one-and-twenty years, namely, from 1809 to 1830, he held the office of Secretary to the Admiralty; and in 1828 was sworn of the Privy Council. His industry, his boldness and acuteness in debate, combined with great power of ridicule and complete mastery of details, made him an invaluable member of his party, and marked him out for higher office in some future Tory cabinet. It was, however, his misfortune, that his uncommon shrewdness failed to appreciate either the state of the nation, or the true policy of conservatism; for, in the moment of the passing of the Reform Bill, he declared that "he would never sit in a reformed House of Commons;" and from that time he has been politically defunct. His literary career presents him in a more pleasing aspect. His first publication, a volume called "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq.," gave earnest of the then power of sarcasm which marked his more mature productions. It was succeeded by a short pamphlet, which, under the title of "An intercepted Letter from Canton," gave a satirical picture of the city of Dublin. His next efforts were, "Songs of Trafalgar;" "The Battle of Talavera;" a "Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present;" "Letters on the Naval War with America;" "Stories from the History of England, for Children," the model (as Sir Walter Scott states in his preface) of the "Tales of a Grandfather;" "Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther;" "The Suffolk Papers;" "Military Events of the French Revolution in 1830;" a translation of "Bassompierre's Embassy to England;" an edited version of the "Letters of Lady Hervey," and of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second;" and an annotated edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Croker's successful parliamentary and official career brought him into intimacy with the most distinguished literary lights of the day; and in 1809, in conjunction with Scott and Canning, he started the "Quarterly Review," which has ever since owed some of its most vigorous papers to his pen. His "Boswell" was hailed as a truly valuable contribution to the literature of our country, and raised great expectations of the fruit of its author's future leisure; it might, however, have been written by an industrious man with a tithe of Croker's ability. He was once asked at a party, by a bluestocking countess, if he had brought out any new work: "Nothing," he replied, "since the last Mutiny Act." It is now twenty years since the world received any gift from his pen more important than articles in the "Quarterly Review," which seem likely to contain all the observations he desires to make on the history of his own time.

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From the Athenæum.

SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.*

Satire and Satirists offer an interesting theme. They are to literature what scandal is to society. All that is most piquant in anecdote, in allusion, in attack, gathers round the heroes of such a study. If we can assume in the writer who devotes himself to it sufficient reading, a pleasant style, a sympathy with the combative in character and the eccentric in manner, the result is sure to be interesting and readable, if no more. In Mr. Hannay's case, it is more. This writer is himself a satirist. Young in years, he has nevertheless long wielded a keen blade,—played with it, as young writers are apt to do, rather recklessly—striking, fairly and unfairly, at friend and at foe, with seemingly equal zest or equal indifference. This personal experience has for him its advantage and its disadvantage. It has given him a sharper relish of satire and a deeper insight into the follies of mankind,—made him familiar with the best models of the worst kind of writing, and taught him how to seize the worst points of a good character. This, as we have hinted, is not all gain to a young writer. But Mr. Hannay is a satirist and something better. In his later writings—and in this book also, though the subject is not quite a genial one—there is large-heartedness, a greater ripeness of understanding, and a disposition to love and to admire good things and good men as well as to say sharp things, than in his early works. The fruit is ripening visibly. The grape is no longer green or sour. Success, as it is wont, has helped to mellow Mr. Hannay's genius:—it will be his fault, as well as a loss to literature, if it do not mellow into something rich and good.

The fact of our lecturer being a writer of satire has caused him to regard this phase of literature rather from the artistic than the philosophical side. He abounds in pictures, not in definitions. He does not tell us what he means by satire. He puts the thing before us. His faculty is dramatic and pictorial. He recalls a scene, a man, as it were, visibly. We feel a presence; but we do not get into an intellectual intercourse with it. In short, Mr. Hannay deals in pictures, not in problems.

Here, to begin with, is an element of popularity. Critics will object that "satire" as a subject is not touched—either in its relation to human nature or in its relation to literature. Readers will probably dispense very calmly with analysis and philosophy, in favor of point, color, epigram and personality.

Having said thus much by way of general introduction, we shall now content ourselves with some few pictures of men and things concerning Satire and the Satirists. Here is Horace, as conceived by Mr. Hannay:—

> His songs would give you a notion that he indulged in a romantic sort of dissipation. This arises from their not being rightly viewed as fancy-pictures—pictures on the ivory of the Latin language—of old Lesbian life, and Ionian life, farther south and long before. To me Horace seems a far homelier, simpler old gentleman than the classical conventionalists would have you suppose. A little, stoutish, weak-eyed, satirical, middle-aged man, sitting—with what hair he had left, smeared with Syrian ointment—crowned, under a vine, drinking in company of a Greek young woman, with an ivy crown on her head, playing or dancing—is to me a ludicrous object. I do not think that the simple and philosophic Horatius, with his eye for satire, was much given to this mode of enjoyment. I am pretty sure that he did enjoy himself; but I rather fancy him eating a too luxurious dinner now and then, cramming himself with tunny-fish, muscles, oysters, hare, thrushes, peacock, and whatever else was going; and atoning for it by much quiet and a little rustication on his farm. I am certain that he was, in the main, a homely little man; and that the finish and elegance he shows in his writings did not appear so conspicuously in his person and in the objects about him.

Mr. Hannay's survey begins with Horace,—and thus excludes the Greeks. We infer that Aristophanes is not considered as a satirist! The exclusions are, moreover, very unaccountable throughout. Mr. Hannay has not one German, Spanish, or Italian on his lists. Yet he can find room for Sir David Lindsay and Buchanan! We turn to his

* *Satire and Satirists. Six Lectures.* By James Hannay. Bogue.

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account of Butler, the whole of which we have read with peculiar satisfaction:—

Butler seems, from *Hudibras*, to have been somewhat of an odd fellow,—a quaint and eccentric man. His reading and illustration are all out of the way; and his manner dry and crabbed at one time, flowing, and free, and popular at another. I should call him, therefore, a humorist, not only in the literary sense, but in the sense in which we apply the word to one who has some strong peculiarity of character, which he indulges, in whims, in oddities, in comic extravagances, according to the bent of his inclination. There is a kind of likeness between Butler and old Burton, of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Both men had various and unusual reading; both were at once comic and grave; and both, amidst wild and homely pleasantry, shoot out flashes of thought and fancy which are equal to the efforts of anybody. I have little doubt that it was the peculiarity of Butler's temperament which prevented his getting on in the world in those days.

With his wit and knowledge of the world, he only wanted a little courtier talent to have got the *something* which, according to everybody, ought to have been done for him, actually done. Charles the Second's court was not inaccessible to attractive qualities in either sex. All you wanted (besides wit) was tolerable breeding and some audacity. But I can quite see, from what Butler reveals of his character, that he was a shy, strange, and unmanageable sort of man, who did not "come out" in society. Among humorous writers he must always occupy a very high place. He is a thinker, old Butler, as you see through all his odd comic poem; while as a man of wit, it would be perhaps impossible to name one in whom wit is so absolutely redundant. In particular, his range of witty illustrations, sayings which join wit and fancy, (the wit, as it were, taking wings of fancy,) he is not surpassed, I do not think he is equalled, in the whole range of comic writers with whom I have any acquaintance. You remember—

"For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game:
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

No image can be more exquisite than this;—and the variety of them is the most remarkable thing about him. Some brilliant men can only draw from a particular province; but Butler lays not only nature under contribution, but history and the arts, and the follies and fancies of mankind, laws, and customs, and sciences, and the common fashions of life. He is the most figurative of writers. He seems to hold his intellect on the feudal condition of rendering a rose, or a snowball, or some symbolic object, at any moment it may be required.

Unlike the writers of mere class sympathies, our author has a heart for all sides. He can enjoy Butler, without ceasing to respect the Puritan; and it does not disconcert him to observe that "Hudibras" is the natural expression of the free, laughter-loving, and galliard Cavalier genius, just as "Paradise Lost" is the stern, heroic outgrowth of the Puritan genius.

Mr. Hannay breaks a lance with the author of the "English Humorists" in favor of Swift. His essay on Swift is a masterly piece of writing, and would alone suffice to give its author a literary place. Says Mr. Hannay:—

It is a question of high importance—why such a man had no better position? Your Harleys and your St. Johns (not to mention a crew whose names live only in epigrams and in peerages) parcel out every thing amongst themselves. It is like a Saturnalian feast, where the slaves have the good things, and their masters wait upon them. That is the effect of looking at the Queen-Anne period to me. Davus takes the chair; Leno is opposite him; Gulosus is beside them; and at these orgies of power and plunder, who are the waiters? Jonathan Swift advises the direction of the whole; Mat Prior comes tumbling in with the wine; Joseph Addison says grace, and helps the carving, with his sleeves turned up. Mr. Pope sings. A scandalous spectacle, and absurd feast, indeed! And how shall we understand what makes Swift ferocious and gloomy, if we don't remember the nature of it?

Again, on the same point of Swift's self-seeking:—

Swift, then—who, if born in a higher place, might have been any thing; who, if born in the middle ages, would have been a bishop or primate—came up to London, and exercised an influence during the Harley and Bolingbroke days, which one cannot appreciate without going to the fountains of information. He held probably the most potent position that a writer has ever held in this country; but all the while held it in a dubious and unrecognized way. He was the patron of men of letters; got them places, and got them money. He "crammed" the ministers; and his pen was not employed in quizzing hoops or patches, or sneering at City people—it was an engine of power over all England. He used it as an orator does his tongue—to *do* something with. In a word, he was a power in the state; and, indeed, it is one of the few pleasant things to read about in the records of those days—how those who, in their hearts, tried to despise him as an "Irish parson"—how, I say, they dreaded him; how they flattered and courted him; and how they *felt* that he was their master! When Harley and Bolingbroke were quarrelling, and could not accommodate their egotisms, Swift meditated. As he had helped to govern England, so that his name occurs in the public history of the time, I suppose he expected England to do something for him, in return. Harley got his

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share, and Bolingbroke his share; and the tag-rag and bobtail of party, we know, are never without *their* share;—now where is the mighty selfishness of Swift's expecting *his*?

As to Swift's position in society, and his mode of defending himself against the fools of high degree who presumed upon it—

When he came into the world, observe, the evil of his position was instantaneously felt. The "Irish parson," the ex-dependent of Temple—they treated him every way but in a genuine and manly one. They flattered him, they feared him; but they looked on him as an Aladdin, about whom the best thing was his wonderful lamp. They liked Aladdin to come to dinner, and bring his lamp along with him, you know! He tells you himself, that the Lord-Treasurer affected to be sulky and distant one day, after having been friendly the last. Swift took him to task at once; and told him that he must not treat *him* like a boy. He had had enough of that with Temple, when he was young and poor, and only beginning to feel his strength. He tells us so. He had to make that all clear to my Lord-Treasurer,—whose ears must have tingled when he found himself set right on a point of breeding. But instances are not few. James Bridges, Duke of Chandos, was the Dean's friend, it seems, till he got the Dukedom; or, as the Dean has it in the beginning of an epigram:

James Bridges and the Dean had long been friends—
James is beduked, of course their friendship ends;
And sure the Dean deserved a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke!

Not a dunce nor a fool of quality but thought he had the right, while many tried to exercise it, of playing this kind of trick with Swift. The brusqueness of his manner was assumed, as a kind of protection against insolence and pertness; and, whatever else may be said of it, can be explained without imputation upon his heart. There are several anecdotes of the display of what we may call the Orson-element in the Dean:—as that of Lady Somebody, who declined to sing to him when her husband asked her,—when Swift said, "I suppose you take me for one of your hedge-parsons." The lady cried. There was a scene. When Swift next visited the house, he said, "Well, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured as you were last time I saw you?"

Here, however, are problems touched which need not now be unfolded further. Some of the most amusing—perhaps, also, the most useful—of Mr. Hannay's passages, are those which have relation more or less direct to living manners and present literary forms. In the article on Churchill, who is over-admired and over-praised perhaps by our author, we have a paragraph on the class of literary small satirists—men who hatch sarcasm and live by jesting:—

He now "made hay," according to the invariable practice; charged half-a-crown—instead of the shilling which he had charged for the *Rosciad*—for his productions; and before long he became a man-about-town, and genius by profession; lived with a set of wits, who talked sarcasm and drank Burgundy; and assumed a hostile position towards the big-wigs of the world generally. He adopted, in those years of triumph and excitement, that kind of moral opinion which has been exemplified in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, by Charles Surface, and partially by Robert Burns,—the doctrine, namely, that if you are a good-hearted fellow and hate humbug, you may set the respectable moralities at defiance. This school, which has had, in every age lately, some brilliant disciples, is rebellious and radical in opinion, highflown in liberality and the generous qualities, and—does not go home till morning. Its "porch" is the tavern porch, and its "garden" is Vauxhall: and though it has a basis of truth as against an opposite school, it is a very unsatisfactory and unprofitable school, and is only tolerable as a stage towards higher theories of life.

Mr. Hannay devotes a lecture to men now living, or lately living, and to schools of satire now flourishing. This is perilous ground. Of the living he says:—

I must be content with briefly indicating the writers in whose works the satiric spirit now works. There is Fonblanque, a satiric reasoner; Thackeray, a satiric painter; Dickens, whose satire is embodied in a huge element of comic and grotesque fun, and human enjoyment of life; Landor the classic, who darts beautiful lightning when not more amiably employed; Disraeli, the bitter and the dignified, who browsed in his youth on Byron and Junius, who affects Apollo when he sneers, and Pegasus when he kicks; Aytoun, whose jolly contempt has a good-fellowish air about it, and whose rod seems odorous of whiskey-toddy. Of Jerrold, I may emphatically note, that he has real satiric genius,—spontaneous, picturesque,—with the beauty and the deadliness of nightshade.

Of schools he can speak more freely; and of the school which he happily designates the "Simious" he speaks *very* freely. He says:

The great Satirists of whom I have spoken, I have shown to be for the most part kindly, and good, and warm-hearted men. The opposite view of the matter is cant. I have seen a MS. of Blake the painter, in which, speaking of somebody's praise of somebody else, he says:

Christ used the Pharisees in a rougher way.

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He adds, "The Proteus Satire is beautiful in many of its forms: it is not beautiful when it appears in the form of an ape." He then proceeds to depict this class of satirist in his sharpest acid:—

The simious satirist is distinguished by a deficiency of natural reverence mainly. His heart is hard rather; his feelings blunt and dull. He is blind to every thing else but the satirical aspect of things; and if he is brilliant, it is as a cat's back is when rubbed—in the dark! He has generally no sentiment or respect for form, and will spare nothing. He is born suspicious; and if he hears the world admiring any thing, forthwith he concludes that it must be "humbug." He has no regard to the heaps of honor gathered round this object by time, and the affection of wise men. He cries, "Down with it!" As his kinsman, when looking at some vase, or curious massive specimen of gold, sees only his own image in it, our satirist sees the ridiculous only in every object, and forgets that the more clearly he sees it, the more he testifies to its brightness. Or, as his kinsman breaks a cocoa-nut only to get at the milk, *he* would destroy every thing only to nourish his mean nature. He prides himself on his commonest qualities,—as the negroes who rebelled called themselves Marquises of Lemonade. He would tear the blossoms off a rose-branch to make it a stick to beat his betters with. He employs his gifts in ignoble objects, — as you see in sweetmeat-shops sugar shaped into dogs and pigs. He taints his mind with egotism, as if a man should spoil the sight of a telescope by clouding it with his breath. He overrates the value of his quickness and activity, and forgets that (like his kinsman) he owes his triumphant power of swinging in high places to the fact of his prehensile tail. Of course he has no enthusiasm. What he loves in literature is not literature itself. Jacob's ladder is to him a serviceable thing to carry a hod on. If you profess any other belief, you are a "humbug" to him; and he spatters you with mu to prove that you are naturally dirty.

Here is food for laughter and for thought. After such a passage, it will hardly be supposed that Mr. Hannay over-estimates the bitter jest and the grotesque caricature as literary elements. He has no mercy on small satirists and small jokers.

From the Scottish Review

JOHN FOSTER.*

In a humble farm-house in the parish of Halifax, between Wainsgate and Hebdenbridge, there lived a worthy couple who sought, by devoting part of their time to weaving, to supplement the scanty profits of their tiny farm. Husband and wife being strong-minded persons, fond of books, and given to deep and protracted musing, it often happened that business and domestic duties had to give way to more congenial pursuits; hence they were noted among their neighbors more for eccentricities and mental superiority, than for success in surrounding themselves with material comfort. Their eldest son, John Foster, was born 17th September, 1770. In him were concentrated the peculiarities of both his parents. Thoughtful, reserved, taciturn, he shunned the companionship of boisterous boys abroad, while he had no suitable juvenile associates at home. His manners and remarks procured for him the appellation of "old-fashioned;" and he soon began to labor under a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality. His constitutional pensiveness made him recoil from human beings into a cold interior retirement, where he felt as if dissociated from the whole creation. His outward life was marked by a timidity which he called "infinite shyness;" but his inner life was full of restless thought, earnest musings, romantic plans, vivid associations; his imperious imagination haunting him with its strange creations, so as to fill his soul with terrors. Spectres, and skeletons, and scenes of horror were conjured up to meet him in the dark, so that the time of going to bed was an awful period of each day. His sensi-

* *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster.* 2 vols. Jackson and Walford, London.

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bility was easily kindled into intense activity. Poetry, natural scenery, and even single words, would waken within him powerful emotion. When "very young indeed," the word *hermit* was enough to transport him, like the witch's broomstick, to the solitary hut, surrounded by shady groves, mossy rocks, crystal streams, and gardens of radishes. In matters of taste he preferred the *great* to the *beautiful*. All the images in his intellectual scene required to be colossal if they were to rouse him to high enthusiasm. He was constantly panting after that which is animated into heroics, expanded into immensity, elevated above the stars. Great heroes, great battles, great convulsions, had a mighty fascination over him. Still, an abhorrence of cruelty was among his earliest *habitual* feelings. He "abhorred spiders for killing flies, and abominated butchers;" though he confesses that at a very early age on two occasions his curiosity led him to a slaughter-house.

He began early to assist his parents in weaving, and till his fourteenth year worked at spinning wool to a thread by the hand-wheel. For the next three years he worked at the loom. With a soul like his, fired with romantic aspirations, no wonder he took little interest in the dreary routine of his monotonous handicraft. His work was so indifferently performed that his employer was continually resolving to take no more of it. When our young awkward lad brought his piece into the "taking-in-room," he would turn his head aside, and submit with unequivocal repugnance to the ordeal of inspection, and the complaints that followed. Study was his passion. He often shut himself up in a barn for a considerable time, and then came out and weaved for two or three hours, "working like a horse" to make up lee-way. During this period all the education he received was at home; but there he was taught lessons of piety and integrity which were of incalculable value in forming his character and leading him to God. For three years he studied at Brearley Hall under Dr. Fawcett. His application was intense, his progress slow, but he mastered all he took in hand. "Decision of character" was then his habitual characteristic. He formed, pursued, and executed his purpose with unwavering perseverance. In his conversation and sermons he constantly aimed at freshness and originality; and although he often startled and perplexed his hearers, yet instances occurred even then, in which his discourses made an indelible and a salutary impression. He removed to the Baptist college, Bristol, shortly after Robert Hall had demitted the office of classical tutor in that institution; and remaining only for one year, he quitted the seminary without any determinate prospects before him.

The first place in which Mr. Foster regularly engaged as a preacher was Newcastle-on-Tyne. The congregation was small, but there were a few intelligent persons there who could appreciate the merits of their remarkable preacher. Foster's description of himself and his people is graphic. "I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the right-hand side of the meeting. 'Tis on account of about half-a-dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch any thing curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself." This did not last long; and in 1793 we find him in Dublin. "In Ireland," he says, "I preached little more than a year, one month of which was passed most delightfully at Cork. Nothing can be imagined less interesting than the Baptist society in Dublin. The congregation was very small when I commenced, and almost nothing when I voluntarily closed. A dull scene it was, in which I preached with but little interest, and they heard with less." By means of books, newspapers, solitary rambles, converse with a few who *were* friends, and speculating on the varieties of a metropolis, his mental machinery was kept fully in motion. The next three years were spent by him chiefly in the north of England; partly in business; "oftener in literature, or rather its environs;" occasionally preaching, and projecting plans of usefulness which his own quiddities or the opposition of others rendered abortive. At this time his political opinions were decidedly republican and anti-aristocratic. Though he "never ceased to regard royalty, and all its gaudy paraphernalia, as a sad satire on the human race," his views in subsequent years were considerably modified.

In 1797 Mr. Foster removed to Chichester, where he remained about two years and a half, applying himself with much assiduity to his ministerial duties. But here again, his recluse habits, his peculiar style, and his unsettled views of divine truth, though he

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always commanded the admiration of a few, prevented his success. His mental, moral, and spiritual life were, however, all advancing under a process of severe self-discipline. His standard was high. With earnest resolves he panted after "perfection as it shines beauteous as heaven; and, alas! as remote." To a friend he writes:—"In my diction I am sensible that a striking defect must have appeared in most of the extemporaneous specimens you have heard. You would notice a great many inert, make-weight pieces of expression, to supply the want of continuity; many spiritless terminations of a sentence, hanging to the period like a withered hand to the body; a deficiency of the life-blood, so to call it, of fervid intelligence, circulating vitality to the last extremities of expression, into the minutest ramifications of phrase; a certain something like restive unwillingness in the train of words to move on, producing an effect rather like the creak of unoiled wheels; and a want of what I again name the liquid fux of expression, varying, swelling, concealing each rugged point as it glides freely over, and passing gradually away." With such a military discipline of thought and expression, such powers as his could not but reach a commanding eminence.

That a mind of such calibre should aspire to the responsibilities of authorship seems only natural. Some idea of this kind at a very early period possessed him. When a student at Brearley Hall, he had a great aversion to certain forms of expression then much in vogue, and declared he would if possible expunge them from every book by act of parliament. He often said, even then, "We want to put a new face upon things." With this view, probably, he began when about twenty years of age to write down his thoughts on nature, passing events, human character, morals, religion, or any topic that for the moment interested him. These he formed into a series, under the quaint title of "A Chinese Garden of Flowers and Weeds." It contains rich mines beneath, while the fruits and flowers on the surface are rare and gorgeous. As a specimen we cannot refrain from giving the following account of his visit to Thornbury, a neat country town about eleven miles from Bristol, beautifully situated near the banks of the Severn, and which is inseparably connected in our mind both with Foster and his much-prized friend, Rev. Joseph Hughes of Battersea, the founder and secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society:—

"Went to Thornbury church, in order to ascend the tower, which is very high. Walked (Hughes and I) about awhile in the church. Saw one or two ancient monumental inscriptions, and looked with intense disgust, as I always do, at the stupid exhibitions of coarsely executed heraldry. Ascended the tower. Observed, both in the staircase of the tower and on the leaden roof of the church, the initials of the names of visitants, some of whom must now have been dead a century. Reflections on the forbearance of time in not obliterating these memorials; on the persons who cut or drew these rude remarks, their motives for doing it, their present state in some other world; the succession of events and lives since these marks were made, &c. Waited a good while before we could open the small door which opens from the top of the staircase to the platform of the tower. Amusing play with my own mind on the momentary expectation of beholding the wide beautiful view, though just now confined in a narrow darkish position. Difference as to the state of the mind, as to its perceptions, between having, or not having, a little stone and mortar close around one. Came on the top. The rooks, jackdaws, and whatever they are that frequent this kind of buildings, flew away. So ere long we hope every thing that belongs to the Established Church, at the approach of dissenters, will be off. Admired the extensive view; looked down on the ruins of an ancient castle in the vicinity; frightful effect of looking directly down much lessened by the structure all round the top, of turrets, high parapet, and a slight projection just below the edge. Yet felt a sensation; thought of this as a mode of execution for a criminal or a martyr. Endeavored to realize the state of being impelled to the edge and lifted over it. Endeavored to imagine the state of a person whose dearest friend should perhaps, in consequence of some unfortunate movement of his, fall off; degree and nature of the feeling that would effectually prompt him to throw himself after; morality of the act. *Qu.* Whether either of us have a friend for whom we should have thus much feeling? Probability, from striking instances, that many *mothers* would do this for a child. Examined the decaying stone-work; thought again of the lapse of ages; appearance of sedate indifference to all things, which these ancient structures wear to my imagination. Thickets of moss on the stone. Noticed with surprise a species of vegetation on the surface of several plates of iron. Observed with an emotion of pleasure the scar of thunder on one of the turrets. Sublime and *enviable* office, if such there be,

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of the angels who wield the thunder and lightning. Descended from the place, to which we shall probably ascend no more; this partly a serious, pensive idea; yet, do not care; what is the place, or any place, to us? We shall live when this is reduced to dust."

Such were the workings of his master spirit, wherever he went, and however engaged. At length, however, he sat down in right good earnest to literary labor for the press. After various changes we find him in 1804 settled in Frome, described by him as "a large and surpassingly ugly town in Somersetshire." Here he published those "Essays" by which he attained his just celebrity throughout the literary world. He considered himself slow, "beyond all comparison slow," even when he made his utmost effort, in the business of composition; and much time and toil it cost him to write any given part of the two small volumes that first appeared. But his success was complete. In four months a second edition was called for. He set himself carefully to revise and correct; and this was almost as great a labor as the writing at first. He speaks of himself as excessively busy "Mending and botching up bad sentences, paragraphs, and pages. That book that I published had at least five thousand faults; and two or three thousand I have felt it necessary to try and mend." Needless words, and some that were too fine, were sent about their business; long sentences were made shorter; imperfect arguments were made complete; the connection of thought was made more close and clear; the pages had more thought, and somewhat less show imparted to them; but none can guess at the labor thus expended, without comparing, as we have done, the first with the subsequent editions.

Among the host of reviews that did homage to these essays, that of Robert Hall—"clarum et memorabile nomen!"—stands conspicuous. In the pages of the *Eclectic*, the names of Hall and Foster—"par nobile fratrum"—first came before the public in conjunction, equally to the renown of both. Hall introduces Foster as a "writer who, to a vein of profound and original thought, together with just views of religion and morals, joins the talent of recommending his ideas by the graces of imagination and the powers of eloquence." "In an age of mediocrity, when the writing of books has become almost a mechanical art, and a familiar acquaintance with the best models has diffused taste and diminished genius, it is impossible to peruse an author who displays so great original powers without a degree of surprise. We are ready to inquire by what peculiar felicity he was enabled to desert the trammels of custom, to break the spell by which others feel themselves bound, and to maintain a career so perfectly uncontrolled and independent. A cast of thought original and sublime, an unlimited command of language, a style varied, vigorous, and bold, are some of the distinguishing features of these very singular essays." This inimitable critique, as discriminating as laudatory, was properly appreciated by Foster. "I have read this critique on J. F. It has an odd effect to see a name one is so familiar with, connected with public notices, praises, &c." He adds, "I have here an occasion of verifying that vanity is not the predominant vice of my mind. These praises give me but very little elation, nor would they if they had been less qualified with accompanying censure than they are." In 1806 a third edition was published, but with very few alterations. "I have no idea," he says, "of making any further alterations or additions, in case another edition should ever be wanted. The third may therefore be considered as correct and perfect as I am able to make it." He now became a regular contributor to the *Eclectic Review;* and so fully was he occupied in this department of literary labor, that upwards of thirteen years elapsed ere he again appeared before the public in his own name.

A morbid state of the thyroid gland, greatly aggravated by speaking in public, compelled him to resign his ministerial charge in 1806. He applied himself, however, with great assiduity to his literary engagements, and during the following year contributed thirteen articles to the *Eclectic.* He was now entirely dependent on his literary exertions; but, "after long, long waiting," he was united to "the dear and inestimable friend" to whom his essays were addressed. Two months before his marriage he writes, "It would be a foolish stoicism if I did not meet the snowdrops and other signs and approaches of *this* spring with a degree of interest which has never accompanied any former vernal equinox." He removed to Bourton-on-the-water; and in January, 1810, his domestic life, so happy in its chief relationship, was rendered additionally so by the birth of a son. In acknowledging the congratulations of a friend, he writes in the following wise and playful manner:—"If the fellow turns out *good,* I shall not so much mind about his being extra clever. It is goodness that the world is wretched for wanting; and if all were good, none would need to be able. I am willing to hope that by the time he comes to be a man, if that

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should ever be, the world will be a little better than it is at present, and will have made a perceptible advance towards that state in which talents will be little wanted. It is, at the same time, needless to say, that it would be gratifying that a son should have some qualifications for being an agent in the happy process. Physically, the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. . . . The young fellow has not yet been thought worth calling by any name. My sisters-in-law do not approve of either Adam or Cain, and one does not like to expose one's self to a veto a third time. If he is lucky enough to get any name at last, I should not wonder if it were to be, according to your injunction, John." He remained at Bourton nearly eight years. He had all manner of books and abundant leisure at command; and spent nearly all his time at work in what he called his "long garret." Towards the close of 1817, Mr. Foster left Bourton, and became a second time a resident and stated preacher at Downend, four miles from Bristol.

Here his congregation was composed of the most opposite materials. Some were highly intellectual and cultivated, others perfectly rustic and illiterate; what seemed requisite for the one part, could be of little or no use to the other. He accepted the invitation to this place chiefly to try the experiment how he could adapt his discourses to such rustics —trying to combine perfect simplicity with novelty and originality. The attempt utterly failed; in six months this was so signally evident that he relinquished the situation. We well remember hearing Foster preach in this chapel some years later. His text was, "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The sermon was one of his happy efforts — clear, ingenious, striking, original, close to the conscience and the heart. Some were deeply moved, and the impression on our mind remains vivid to this day. But in the midst of his address he paused, and, pointing to the centre of the congregation, said, "I'll thank you to waken that person who is making so much noise there." No wonder he gave up preaching to such a people, though some among them to the last continued his attached friends. While remaining at Downend, he published his "Discourse of Missions," and his essay on "The Evils of Popular Ignorance."

In revising his essay on Popular Ignorance for a second edition, published in 1821, he labored with persevering pains-taking to make it as perfect as was within the compass of his ability. He did not rush into print with slipshod style, and jejune platitudes. He never made the inspiration of genius an excuse for indolence. His example affords another illustrious proof that without patient toil nothing great, nothing preëminent can ever be accomplished. "My principle of proceeding was to treat no page, sentence, or word, with the smallest ceremony, but to hack, split, twist, prune, pull up by the roots, or practise any other severity on whatever I did not like. The consequence has been alterations to the amount very likely of several thousands." "It is a sweet luxury this book-making; for I daresay I could point out scores of sentences *each* one of which has cost me *several hours* of the utmost exertion of my mind to put it in the state in which it now stands, after putting it in several other forms, to each one of which I saw some precise objection, which I could at the time have very distinctly assigned." Is it thus that our prolific writers nowadays strive with rigorous discipline to excel that they may instruct?

Towards the end of 1821, Foster removed his residence from Downend to Stapleton, a village within three miles of Bristol, and here he remained till his great change came.

In Bristol he was justly appreciated by a large circle of intimate and intelligent friends. At their request he consented, in 1822, to deliver a lecture once a fortnight in Broadmead Chapel. His auditory on these occasions was never large, but was composed of the *élite* of the various religious communities in Bristol and its vicinity. Knowing that he had a class of hearers who felt no ordinary interest in his extraordinary ministrations, his range of subjects was wider, and his mode of address more elaborate and ornate, than is usual in the pulpit. "As to the *studious* part of the concern," he says, "this one discourse a fortnight costs me as much labor perhaps as it is usual to bestow on the five or six sermons exacted in the fortnight of a preacher's life." To many of these weekday lectures it was our privilege to listen. How fitted they were to interest and instruct a select audience, must be apparent to all who peruse that portion of them committed to the press after his decease. But when Robert Hall settled in Bristol, the Broadmead lectures were brought to a close. "Now that Jupiter is come," he said, "I can try it no more."

About this time Foster wrote his Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion; an essay, in point of direct religious

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utility, the most valuable of all his works. Collins had reprinted Doddridge's book, and the whole large edition lay as dead stock in his warehouse for two years, waiting Foster's fulfilment of his promise: bad health and his "horror of composition" were the cause or excuse for his procrastination. "My *master* from Glasgow was here a few days since, and seemed to be content to put the cudgel in the corner, on finding that the thing was *bonâ fide* almost done. To think how much ado, of talking, fretting, pacing the room morning and night, pleading excuse from preaching and visiting, setting aside of plans for South Wales, &c., &c., and all for what? —a preface to Doddridge's Rise and Progress!" His pains in elaborating and finishing this composition were most successful; it will remain a fitting monument of his sincere piety and his singular mental power.

When Robert Hall returned to Bristol to spend his last years in the scene of his early ministry, none more rejoiced in this event than John Foster. The Rev. W. Anderson, who became classical and mathematical tutor in Bristol College in 1825, was also a great accession to his social enjoyment. A more exciting intellectual treat could scarcely be desired than to meet these three in hard, downright, vigorous talk. None knew better how to "work a conversation." Foster writes to a friend:—"He is a vastly acute and doggedly intellectual fellow, that Anderson, and is intrepid enough not to have the slightest fear of the great man. *I* stand greatly in awe of him, but shall sometimes venture within reach of his talons, which are certainly of the royal tiger kind." Foster regularly attended Hall's ministry every Sabbath evening, when not himself occupied in preaching, and found it, "whatever it be in point of religious profit, a high intellectual luxury." They were often in each other's company, each having for each a profound and cordial admiration. Hall was fond of society as a soothing relaxation; Foster, as a means of mental excitement; and Anderson, with both, as a conversational associate, was "your man *all round*." All three were deeply interested in Bristol College, their Alma Mater. The students were therefore often invited to be present when these intellectual gladiators entered the arena. The memory of these scenes of many a "long, stout evening's talk," in which was duly intermingled the "animated No," will be cherished to our latest day. We recollect once meeting Foster at Mr. Hall's. A large party was present, and the two great men, the primary attraction of the evening, were in high spirits. In the course of conversation, Hall was maintaining with great earnestness that he had no memory, that he could "remember nothing in past time"—illustrating his hyperbole with great beauty and plausibility. A lady present expressed her surprise; and, as a proof that Mr. Hall had a tolerably good memory, mentioned that she had heard him preach many years ago, and she had recently heard him preach the very same sermon. Mr. Hall first admitted the fact, but denied the inference. When a particular topic presents itself to the mind, it brings with it its train of thought, mode of illustration, and even the very words in which it is clothed; so that, though the sermons might be the same, it did not prove, he maintained, that he had any memory. He then left this ground, and insisted that the sermons were not the same; he knew they were not the same, and could not be so. Mr. Foster was sitting opposite listening to the discussion. At length he said, "Mr. Hall, you *know*, do you, that the sermons were not the same?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "they were *not* the same; I *know* they were not." "*And, Mr. Hall, you have no memory!*" he slowly and firmly retorted. At a glance the "eloquent orator" saw where he was. His cheek flushed, his eye flashed, and his lips poured forth a torrent of burning declamation. Foster sat imperturbed till the volcano was quiet; then dryly said, "You *know*, Mr. Hall, that the sermons were not the same."

On the occasion of Mr. Hall's decease, in 1831, no one felt the irreparable loss more than Mr. Foster. He had a sense "of privation partaking of desolateness." "As a preacher, his like or equal will come no more." "The chasm he has left can never be filled." Foster was asked to preach Hall's funeral sermon; but, being under medical interdict at the time from all public speaking, he declined. He paid, however, a worthy tribute to Hall's memory, in his "Observations on Mr. Hall's Character as a Preacher."

It was now with Foster the autumn of life. The "sere and the yellow leaf," and the rapid loss of coevals and friends, made him see and feel that the allotment of his earthly journey was rapidly drawing to a close. He lost his only son, a most promising youth, in 1826. Mrs. Foster died in 1832. He was absent at the time of her death, and felt the stroke keenly. "It excites a pensive emotion," he writes at the time, "to take back, just now, some small things which I left in her keeping when I set off for Cheltenham; and still

more so, to receive back *unopened* two letters which I wrote to her, of a consolatory nature, within the last three days that I was at Stapleton, *both* of which arrived here after she had departed, but, therefore, ceased to need human sympathy and consolation. I am not sure that I shall ever open them." In 1833, his most valued friend, Anderson, was committed to the grave. His old and excellent friend, Hughes, followed soon after. To a friend he wrote about this time,—"Do you both fairly and fully take to it that you are *old* people? *I* can now and then, in particular circumstances, detect myself in a certain sort of reluctance to recognize that as to myself. I dare not assert that the most musical notes that I could hear would be 'Old Foster,' a designation which, though I may not happen to hear it, I daresay slides into the colloquial speech of those who have to make reference to me, notwithstanding there being no younger male branch of my family to make such epithet necessary for distinction." His last literary effort was an article on Polack's "New Zealand," which appeared in the *Eclectic Review* for July, 1839.

In December, 1841, he was attacked with bronchitis—"a visitation," he says, "which came as a very strange one to a man who had not, for fifty years, been confined to bed a single day." About the beginning of 1843, he had several attacks of indisposition which confined him to his house for weeks; still he manifested a deep interest in public affairs, especially in the *vexata quæstio* of national education. His last appearance, on any public occasion, was at the annual examination of Bristol College in June. In September he took to his room, which he never again left. On the Sabbath previous to his death, while a friend was reading to him one of Doddridge's Sermons, he fell asleep; on awaking he said, in a tone very expressive of grateful feeling, "'Tis a thankless office to read to sleepy people." About six o'clock on Sabbath morning, October 15th, 1843, an old faithful domestic entered his room, and found his spirit gone. His arms were extended, and his countenance was tranquil, as if in sweet repose. He had expired but a little time previously; only his forehead was cold.

Such was the career of John Foster. He has told his own tale, as much as was possible in our limited space. This we preferred, as more interesting and instructive to our readers, than a jaunty critique on his genius and writings. His countenance was strongly indicative of his mental idiosyncrasy; thoughtful, penetrating, pensive; unmistakable traces of wit and sarcasm; all radiated with benevolence. His keen eye glanced over his spectacles charged with thought; his phrenological developments, with their shaggy covering, Hall used to designate a "mountain enveloped in a cloud." His address was natural and easy; his words idiomatic and simple; his tone of voice deep and muffled; no facile flow of easy thoughts, dressed in polished diction, and graced with the *deliciæ* of voice and gesture; with homely phrases, and simple tones, and struggling utterance, he brought out sublime conceptions, made graphic, but not gaudy or gilded, by his apt figures and boundless fund of suggestive associations. In his dress he was plain almost to a fault. He had a strong dislike to the "cleric habit," and often preached in "colored clothes." We remember on one occasion, when returning from a public meeting where a paper of his had been read to the assembly, and excited universal admiration, meeting him in the crowded thoroughfare of the city, carrying a large parcel, and so habited, that a stranger might have taken him for a common porter. Any thing like finery in dress he could not endure. A young spark aping the "exquisite" could not be long at ease in his presence; and our fair sisterhood were sometimes shocked at hearing gentle hints at "ambulating blocks for millinery;" still, modesty, simplicity, and sincerity he always treated with respect and inspired with confidence.

To the end of his days he had an intense sympathy with nature. He took great delight in flowers, especially the more delicate, retiring, and minute. He watched for the first appearance of the snowdrop, the crocus, and the primrose. He seldom gathered flowers, disliking to occasion their premature decay. Colors of all kinds were his delight; whether delicate, or dazzling, or sombre, they had over him a kind of fascination. He had great susceptibility of "sky influences;" dreary weather weakened his faculties and depressed his spirits. He had, technically speaking, no ear for music, but was passionately fond of grave, solemn, mournful melody. Music had a mighty power over him, inspiring almost every description of sentiment. He preferred instrumental to vocal music; the organ was his favorite instrument.

Of books he was omnivorous. He purchased them with lavish profusion, the most expensive editions, the finest works in gra-

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phical art, and had them bound in the most costly manner. It was not for vanity or ostentation, or a passion for *making a library*, but merely the attraction of one fine or valuable book after another, which he could not resist. *Old Conscience*, he tells us, often remonstrated; and his blood boiled ten times a day when he thought of the money swallowed up in the costly piles and ranges of his study. Seeing, one day, some volumes arranged so as to exhibit their exterior to the greatest advantage, he said, "I'd put those books elsewhere; *I've* a proud modesty that disdains show."

Show in Foster's study must appear to all who ever knew that *sanctum* as a perfect solecism. He called it his "den," and a very rare occurrence it was for any one to get a glimpse into the interior. Once, as a great favor, Foster yielded to the solicitation of a curious literary acquaintance to have a look of inspection into his den, of which, he told Foster, he had heard frightful reports, made on surmise. The result we give in Foster's own words: "Though I assured him, in the way of preparation, that they could not, though made on conjecture, without actual knowledge, have exceeded the truth, he apeared fairly taken aback at the spectacle, and muttered, '*This is chaos indeed!*'"

His conversational powers were of the first order. Speaking of Robert Hall and Coleridge, Foster observed, "Hall commands words like an emperor; Coleridge like a magician." This latter description was not inapplicable to himself. The powers of Coleridge were probably more imposing than his own. That genius often soared so high, and invested himself with such brilliant clouds, that he became unintelligible to his hearers, if not to himself. Not so with Foster. He never lost himself in, or amazed his associates, with "subtlety attenuated into inanity." With a mind of such originality and opulence as his, he could have discoursed "eloquent nonsense," and made the weak wonder and stare. He was too much of a man and a Christian to stoop to such folly. In mixed company he was not forward to talk; but when in congenial society, as with a magician's wand, he could summon, from all points of the compass, the most profound thoughts, in the happiest and rarest combinations, illumined and adorned with the richest and most appropriate imagery. In his best days conversation was to him a kind of *college exercise*, by which he trained his own mind, and disciplined his companions. At repartee he was never at a loss. He once called the world "an untamed and untamable animal;" being reminded that he was a part of it, he rejoined, "Yes, Sir, a hair upon a tail." To a person who was praising somewhat fulsomely the piety of the Emperor Alexander, he replied gravely, with a significant glance, "Yes, Sir, a *very* good man—very devout: no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland!"

From the North British Review.

PAST AND PRESENT POLITICAL MORALITY OF BRITISH STATESMEN.*

PROBABLY few great philosophic statesmen—few men, that is, who had acted intimately in public affairs as well as contemplated them from the closet—ever quitted the stage without a feeling of profound discouragement. Whether successful or unsuccessful, as the world would deem them, a sense of sadness and disappointment seems to prevail over every other sentiment. They have attained so few of their objects,—they

* 1. *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles.* By LORD MAHON. 7 vols. London, 1854.

2. *Memoirs of George Bubb Doddington.* London, 1785.

3. *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from original Family Documents.* By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. 2 vols. London, 1853.

4. *History of Party.* By GEORGE WINGROVE COOK. London, 1836.

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have fallen so far short of their ideal,—they have seen so much more than ordinary men of the dangers and difficulties of nations, and of the vices and meanness of public men. The work to be accomplished is so great, and the workmen are so weak and so unworthy, —the roads are so many, and the finger-posts so few. Not many Englishmen governed so long or so successfully as Sir Robert Peel, or set in such a halo of blessings and esteem; yet shortly before his death, he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life had left upon his mind a prevalent impression of gloom and grief. Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Washington? Who ever enjoyed to such a degree, and to the end, the confidence and gratitude of his country? "Yet," says Guizot, "towards the close of his life, in the sweet and dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of lassitude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so serenely great,—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of a long life spent in men's concerns. Power is a heavy burden, and mankind a hard taskmaster to him who struggles virtuously against their passions and their errors. Success itself cannot wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conflict, and the weariness contracted on the scene of action is prolonged even in the bosom of repose."*

"Mirabeau, Barnave, Napoléon, La Fayette, morts dans leur lit ou sur l'échafaud, dans la patrie, ou dans l'exil, à des jour très éloignés et très divers, sont tous morts avec un même sentiment, un sentiment profondément triste. Ils ont vu leurs espérances déçues, leurs œuvres détruites. Ils ont douté du succès de leur cause et de l'avenir. Le roi Louis Philippe a régné plus de dix-sept ans. J'ai eu l'honneur d'être plus de onze ans son ministre. Si demain Dieu nous appelait à lui, quitterions-nous cette terre bien tranquilles sur le sort de notre patrie?"†

With these passages fresh in our recollection, we recently ventured, at the close of some long conversations with a retired philosopher and statesman, who, for many years, was the first minister of a great kingdom, to ask him the following question:—"You have lived through some of the most interesting and troubled times of human history; you have studied men contemplatively, as well as acted with them and governed them; you have long had the fate of your own country, and a portion of that of Europe, in your hands;—what feeling is strongest in your mind as you look back and look forward—hope or despondency for your country and the world—contempt and disgust, or affection and esteem, for your fellow-men?" His reply was, as nearly as we can recall it, this:—"I do not feel that my experience of men has either disposed me to think worse of them, or indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failures which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, and of the present gloomy aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. On the contrary, I hope; I see glimpses of daylight; I see elements of rescue; I see even now faint dawnings of a better day. The truth I take to be this:—The march of Providence is so slow, and our desires are so impatient,—the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble, —the life of humanity is so long, and the life of individual men so brief, that what we see is often *only the ebb of the advancing wave;* and thus discouragement is our inevitable lot. It is only history that teaches us to hope. No! I feel no disgust, no despair; my paramount feeling is simply a sense of personal fatigue. I am weary of the journey and the strife. *Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem.*"

Yet the statesman who spoke thus had witnessed stranger catastrophes, had encountered deeper discomfitures, had steered through mirier ways, had witnessed more cruelty, more cowardice, more tergiversation, more corruption,—had seen more splendid glory tarnished, more gorgeous hopes frustrated, more brilliant promises belied, than any previous period of modern history could have displayed; but he was profoundly acquainted with the past annals of other countries as well as of his own; and one of the most unquestionable and encouraging facts which these annals bring out into day, is full of promise and of consolation, viz.; the gradual improvement in the character of public men,—the higher standard of morality they set before themselves,—and the far greater purity which the world exacts from them than formerly. This is seldom perceivable from year to year —not always even from generation to generation—not always and at all times in every country—but no one who compares age with age will hesitate to record it as one of the great truths of history. And in no country does it stand out in such clear relief as in our own; and all will acknowledge, that no surer indication and no more powerful instrument of national improvement can exist, than the moral progress of the men to whom the national destinies are committed.

We need not go so far back for comparison

* Sketch of the Life of Washington, by M. Guizot.
† De la Democratie en France, 1849.

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as the dark times of the Restoration, when a long period of storms and revolutions, of doing and undoing, of frantic violence in one extreme followed by frantic reäction in another, had prepared men to commit tergiversations with scanty scruple, and to witness them with scanty condemnation; when the sword and the scaffold, long reckoned among the ordinary weapons of party warfare, had broken down the integrity of the timid, and worn away the susceptibilities of those whom they had not dismayed; when skill in detecting and flexibility in availing themselves of the signs of the times, were the most essential qualities to every public man who wished either to maintain his position or his head; when scarcely any statesman could afford to keep a conscience, and few indeed could boast of a conviction or a faith; when the English king was a pensioner of the French monarch, and when parliamentary patriots, of high character and what was deemed stubborn virtue in those days, not to be behind-hand with the royal example, accepted from the same quarter pecuniary gratifications, which, if not bribes for abandoning their duty, were at least ignominious wages for performing it; when even Algernon Sydney, it is sad to know, did not consider himself dishonored by intriguing with a foreign enemy against the plots of a native traitor, and would have accepted the aid of a French despot to realize his dream of an English republic; and when, of all the friends of liberty, Lord William Russell and Lord Hollis alone seem clear from the charge of having tampered with these unclean transactions.

Nor will we pause even over the statesmen of the Revolution, who were all deeply tainted with the same immorality, and might trace it in a great measure to the same fatal education. They assisted James II. through the main portion of his illegal oppressions; they deserted him when the Prince of Orange, whom some of them even had invited over, was safely landed with a formidable force; they professed the most unbounded loyalty up to the very moment of desertion; they were as unfaithful to their second as to their first allegiance, and intrigued with the expelled monarch while holding the seals of office under his successor. The Earl of Sunderland was about the worst of the set. This man, ambitious, covetous, cowardly, without principle and without conviction, but amply gifted with that sagacity and cunning which were qualities more valuable than genius in the times in which he lived, was Secretary of State under James II., and his most trusted counsellor. To obtain power, he betrayed the liberties of his country to his sovereign,—to obtain money, he betrayed his sovereign to France,—to obtain immunity in the hour of danger, he betrayed the master whom he had encouraged in iniquity to the invader who came to avenge it. For a long time he supported James in all his worst outrages on the Constitution. He constantly communicated to the French ambassador any schemes of the court which might be unwelcome or hostile to France, and stipulated to receive from Louis a pension of 25,000 crowns, on condition of preventing, if possible, the reässembling of the English parliament. When James began to push his prerogative and his zeal for the Church of Rome to lengths which Sunderland deemed dangerous, that minister ventured timidly to warn and disapprove, but finding that his credit was weakened by his moderating counsels, he made a desperate and successful effort to recover the position which was slipping from under him, by a public abjuration of Protestantism. He amassed vast sums of money by fines and forfeitures, as well as by the sale of places, titles, and pardons. When he was at the height of power, and enjoying the most unbounded confidence of the King, he discovered at once the plan for placing the Prince of Orange on the throne, and the great probability of its success. He thought only of his own safety,—of the manifold sins by which he had been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath,—of the tremendous retribution which awaited him in the event of a Protestant revolution—and he resolved, with little hesitation and with no scruple, to sell his present to his future master, and to do it in the most infamous and efficacious way. He opened negotiations with William through his wife and his wife's lover, and he remained with James, and used the influence he had obtained over him by obsequiousness and apostasy, to lull him into security and to lead him into danger. When suspected and disgraced, he retired in safety, by half-persuading the credulous monarch that the infamy attributed to him was beyond human capability. The revolution of 1688 took place, but did not terminate either his career or his intrigues. In a few years he acquired the entire confidence of even the shrewd and suspicious William, and held high offices about his court, maintaining all the while a traitorous correspondence with St. Germains, certainly betraying James to William, probably betraying William to James also, but carrying on his intrigue with such dark ability, that to this day historians are in

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the dark as to which monarch he really intended to adhere to. Probably his only idea was to secure himself a *pied-à-terre* in either camp.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Carmarthen, while ministers and trusted ministers of William, kept up, for a time at least, treasonable intercourse with the banished sovereign; though the first had been one of the leading men in inviting the Prince of Orange to the throne, and was one of the most noble and beloved statesmen of his day. Many others were implicated in the same dishonorable transactions, but on none have the treacheries of that shameless time left so deep a stain as on Marlborough—a stain which his after-glories rendered yet darker and more astounding. His, indeed, is one of the most singular and perplexing characters in history. He was gifted with the most wonderful powers of fascination, both of mind and person. His manners were both dignified and winning, his external decorum unfailing, his courage serene and imperturbable, and his diplomatic and military genius of the very highest order. His army was the best conducted and most "respectable" in the world. He allowed no improprieties of behavior;—he read prayers constantly to his troops, and would tolerate no swearing or licentious language. He was in all things a model of the τὸ πρέπον. His success, both as a general and an ambassador, has been rivalled by Wellington alone. Yet he seems to have had no one really estimable virtue in his character, and to have been devoid both of patriotism, of principle, and of shame, to a degree absolutely inconceivable. His sister was seduced by James II. He attached himself to that prince, and gained his promotion by conniving at his family dishonor. He laid the foundation of his independence* by accepting money from the women whom his handsome person and fascinating manners induced to intrigue with him. He repaid the confidence and favor of the sovereign who had loaded him with benefits, by enticing him into danger and then deserting to the enemy, and endeavoring to carry over his whole army with him. He shortly after proceeded to betray the monarch whom he had thus mainly contributed to install, by intriguing with the monarch whom he had abandoned and dethroned; and, not content with this infamy, which he shared with many contemporaries, he perpetrated another, which belongs to him alone. For the first and only time in our history, (we believe,) a British general communicated to the enemy the secret of a hostile expedition, which failed in consequence of this betrayal, and cost the lives of 800 men and their commander.†

The iniquities of the leading politicians in the reign of Anne were at least as mean, if a degree less daring and gigantic. Parliamentary corruption was extensive and unblushing; the Speaker, himself bribed, was its official instrument. Intrigues for the restoration of the Pretender still continued among leaders of the opposition and ministers of the crown alternately,—somewhat redeemed from their previous enormity by the fact that the weak queen, in her hatred for her Hanoverian successors, gave them a languid and fitful countenance. Ministers intrigued against their colleagues, and used the passions of ladies of the bed-chamber as their tools. Harley and Bolingbroke undermined Marlborough and Godolphin, and then quarrelled with and plotted against each other; completing their "scandalous chronicle" by deceiving their allies, and entering into clandestine negotiations with their enemies; throwing away, for the mere

* Marlborough's love of money seems to have been insatiable. Here is a list of the offices and emoluments he at one time enjoyed, in addition to vast parliamentary grants of cash and estates:—

Plenipotentiary to the States,	£7,000
General of the English forces, on Mr. How's Establishment,	5,000
General in Flanders, on Mr. Brydge's Establishment,	5,000
Master of the Ordnance,	3,000
Travelling charges as do. do.,	1,825
Colonel of the Foot Guards,	2,000
Pension,	5,000
From the States of Holland, as General of their troops,	10,000
From foreign troops in English pay, sixpence in the pound,	15,000
For keeping a table,	1,000
	£54,825

The Duchess's offices were,—

Keeper of the Great and Home Parks,	£1500
Mistress of the Robes,	1500
Privy Purse,	1500
Groom of the Stole, (!!)	3000
Pension out of the Privy Purse	2000
	£9,500

One contemporary says, that the Duke and Duchess between them had £90,000 a year of salary.

† Marlborough continued his double treachery to the last. In 1713, we find him professing the most unbounded devotion to *both* monarchs elect,—the Elector of Hanover and the Pretender. In 1715, while Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and a member (though a neglected one) of the Cabinet, he sent a sum of money to the Pretender, which served to aid him in raising troops for the rebellion of that year.—*Lord Mahon.*

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purpose of maintaining themselves in office, the fruit of all the splendid and matchless victories of Marlborough; and terminating the most glorious war which this country had ever waged, by the most disgraceful treaty she had ever signed! Well might Macaulay write—"Among those politicians who, from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover, were at the head of the great parties in the state, very few can be named whose reputation is not stained by what in our age would be called gross perfidy and corruption. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the most unprincipled public men who have taken part in affairs within our memory would, if tried by the standard which was in fashion during the latter part of the 17th century, deserve to be regarded as scrupulous and disinterested."

With the undisputed succession and the consolidated power of the House of Hanover came in a new era of statesmanship,—a period of modified and somewhat amended morality,—of mitigated if not of meaner passions. The stakes played for were less high,—the feelings excited by the game less virulent and intense,—the laws of the game more moderate and decent, as well as better observed. The matters involved in the strife of politicians were henceforth the change of Cabinets, not of dynasties; the legislation, not the liberties, of an empire; the retention of power, not the preservation of life. Since 1714 no British statesman has run any risk of losing his head: even the impeachment of Oxford, whom we now know to have been a traitor, fell through; even Bolingbroke was pardoned. Impeachment is still occasionally threatened, and has once or twice been voted; but no punishment has ever followed. Intrigues, too, became less desperate, public profligacy less shameless, party warfare somewhat less acrimonious. But this was a gradual change, and at first not a rapid one. About the same period also, the conditions and the arena of statesmanship became somewhat altered. With the repeal of the Triennial Act began that supremacy of the House of Commons over its two coördinate powers which has ever since been growing more decided and more confirmed. Walpole was, we believe, the first Prime Minister who ever sat in the lower House,—certainly the first who ever remained there by calculation and from choice. He was in office for nearly forty years, and was First Lord of the Treasury for twenty-one. He, too, consolidated and systematized that system of parliamentary management which remained in practice for upwards of a century. He was the first Premier who held nearly the same position both with regard to the Court, the Cabinet, and the House of Commons, as Premiers of our day hold. With his accession to power, therefore, we may fairly commence our comparison of the present with the past. And, as we proceed, we shall find the improvement which we have asserted to consist in four principal points,—far greater pecuniary purity;* more scrupulous observance of party honor and consistency; less animosity and more decency in the conduct of political hostilities;† and a higher sense of public duty, with a more comprehensive view of public interests and requirements.

Walpole was beyond question the most eminent, the ablest, and the most successful statesman of his day. Of all who acted prominently in that time, he was, though by no means brilliant, yet certainly the man of the soundest judgment, the clearest head, the fewest prejudices, and the mildest passions. His ambition only was excessive and insatiable. He was, as Hume well says, "moderate in exercising power, not equitable in engrossing it." He was in private life, and on the whole in public life too, a man of loyalty and honor. He understood the interests of his country wonderfully well, and served them with a rare fidelity—for his age. He understood the interests of his ambition still better, and served them still more faithfully. He was, with the exception perhaps of his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, the most *respectable* statesman of that barren period. He was also the most clement and forbearing

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* During the reign of Triennial Parliaments, from 1694–1716, corruption seems to have been rife and general. Burnet admits that King William was obliged to sanction it, though most unwillingly. Some scandalous transactions were brought to light; numbers as scandalous must have remained unknown. Several members of the House of Commons were detected in a system of false endorsements of Exchequer Bills. Sir John Trevor, *the Speaker*, accepted a bribe of £1000 from the city of London, and, indeed, was himself for some time the person who managed the bribing of the members. The Secretary of the Treasury, too, was sent to the Tower for (being found out in) a similar offence.

† Strange freedom of language was tolerated in those days. Walpole "wanted words to express the villany of the late Frenchified Ministry." Stanhope said, "he wondered that men who were guilty of such enormous crimes (as the gentlemen opposite) had still the audaciousness to appear in the public streets." Another member, whose name is not recorded, made some most malignant observations on the recent increase in the salaries of the judges, which, he said, "*were for services not rendered but expected!*"

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towards his adversaries. From his conduct and his sufferings,—from the things he did not scruple to do, and the hostility he was compelled to endure, we may, therefore, gain a very fair picture of the public morality of one hundred and thirty years ago,—of the language which it was thought decent to use, —of the charges which it was not shameful to make,—of the conduct which it was not infamous to pursue.

Walpole entered life as a Whig, and remained a Whig and a leader of the Whigs till his death, during a time when the questions and feelings which divided Whigs and Tories were far more important and more virulent than now. He early became a great favorite with the King. When his immediate chief and friend Lord Townshend was dismissed by Stanhope, Walpole resigned along with him, in spite of royal entreaties that he would remain; but promised that he wonld offer no factious opposition. Yet he at once allied himself with the most violent Jacobites and Tories, with Wyndham and Shippen at their head, to thwart every measure of the administration of which he had been a member,—measures even which he was known to approve,—measures of which he had himself been the originator. The Schism Bill,—an infamous law against Dissenters, forbidding them even to educate their children,—which he had opposed and denounced with the most vehement and righteous indignation when proposed,—Stanhope proposed to repeal: *Walpole voted against the proposal.* He —a practical statesman—inveighed against a standing army, and proposed its reduction to 12,000 men, when one rebellion had been just with difficulty quelled, when another was known to be imminent, and when invasion was hourly expected. He did not even scruple to oppose the annual Mutiny Bill—without which, as he well knew, no army could be held together for a month. And finally, he who was the most vehement of Lord Oxford's denouncers, and the chairman of the committee for preparing his impeachment, two years afterwards—nothing being changed except his own ministerial position—joined the Tories in a skilful and successful intrigue for procuring Oxford's acquittal. "In short, in looking through our Parliamentary annals, (says Lord Mahon,) I scarcely know where to find any parallel of coalitions so unnatural, or of opposition so factious."

Charges of malversation and peculation were among the commonest party weapons in those days; and public men voted upon them, as they used to vote on controverted elections, not with any reference to evidence, but solely to the party opinions of the accused and the accuser. Marlborough, Stanhope, and Townshend had all been charged with crimes of this sort, without the shadow of foundation. Nay, Walpole himself at the commencement of his career had been expelled the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower on a similar charge of the blackest dye,—groundless, but not the less successful on that account; and on his fall from power a similar accusation was again brought forward, but totally failed. Yet when Shippen, the Jacobite leader, out of pure spite, made a charge of embezzlement against Lord Cadogan,—one of Walpole's late colleagues,—Walpole did not think it unworthy of him to support the attack with such vehemence that it ended in violent hemorrhage, which compelled him to leave the House.

Yet on the whole, compared with his contemporaries, Walpole was clement and forgiving. He submitted to be bullied and thwarted by opponents of whose treasonable practices he was well aware, and whose lives and liberties were sometimes in his power. He bandied hard words with them, but he never menaced them with criminal prosecution. He was inexorable to *colleagues* who opposed him,—placable towards open enemies. He even protected Sunderland, and endeavored to protect Aislabie, when their connection with the South Sea delinquencies had exposed them to popular vengeance. He was essentially a mild-tempered and good-natured minister. Yet language like the following seems to have been common and "Parliamentary," both with him and his antagonists. When Sir William Wyndham and his party seceded in a body, Walpole answered the final speech of the leader thus:

"The gentleman who is now the mouth of this faction was looked upon as the head of those traitors who, twenty-five years ago, conspired the destruction of their country and of the royal family, to put a Papist pretender on the throne. He was seized by the vigilance of the then Government, and pardoned by its clemency; but all the use he has ungratefully made of that clemency has been to qualify himself according to law, that he and his party may some time or other have an opportunity to overthrow all law. . . . . They went off *like traitors as they were*, Sir; but their retreat had not the detestable effect they wished, and therefore they returned. Ever since, Sir, they have persevered in the same treasonable intention of serving that interest by distressing the Government."

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Walpole had long been accustomed to the terms "corrupt tyrant," "wicked minister," and other similar amenities, and seemed to care little for them. The attack made against him at the close of his career by the union of all whom he had opposed, and all whom he had dismissed, and all whom he had disappointed, is, for its unmeasured and unscrupulous invective, one of the least reputable passages in our parliamentary history. The language held by Pitt—a gentleman and a man of character—may be taken as a mild specimen.

"The Minister who neglects any just opportunity of promoting the power and increasing the wealth of his country, is to be considered as an enemy to his fellow-subjects; but what censure is to be passed on him who betrays that army to a defeat by which victory might be obtained; impoverishes the nation whose affairs he is intrusted to transact, by those expeditions which might enrich it; who levies armies only to be exposed to pestilence, and compels them to perish in sight of their enemies without molesting them? It cannot surely be denied that such conduct may justly produce a censure more severe than that which is intended by this motion; and that he who has doomed thousands to the grave,—*who has coöperated with foreign powers against his country*,—who has protected its enemies and dishonored its arms, should be deprived not only of his honors, *but of his life;* that he should at least be stripped of those riches which he has amassed during a long series of prosperous wickedness, and not be barely hindered from making new acquisitions, and increasing his wealth by multiplying his crimes."*

It is curious matter for reflection, how often, during the delivery of a similar harangue in our day, the orator would have been called to order by the Speaker, or how long the House would have endured such outrageous personalities. Walpole's own speech in reply was not far behind-hand with the assault. He divided his assailants into three classes—the Tories, the Boys, and the Patriots. The Tories, he said, he could forgive; "but can it be fitting in them (he asked) who have divided the public opinion of the nation, to share it with those who now appear as their competitors?—with the men of yesterday, the boys in politics, who would be absolutely contemptible, did not their audacity render them detestable! with the mock patriots, whose practices and professions prove their malignity. . . . . . . Patriot! Sir—why, patriots spring up like mushrooms; I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours; I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to justify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot! I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and defy all their efforts. Their pretended virtue springs from personal malice, and from disappointed ambition. There is not a man among them whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive he has entered into the lists of opposition."

From all the outrageous accusations brought against him we may safely pronounce him fairly acquitted, since a committee composed almost entirely of his enemies was unable after long labor to substantiate any of them. But of other faults, though not urged against him in his own days, we must pronounce him

* It does not appear that Walpole himself was dishonest or corrupt, in the sense of unfairly and secretly enriching himself, or applying to his own purposes any portion of the public money. His enemies, who were both virulent and unscrupulous, could make good no charge of the kind against him. But he was somewhat too much both of a pluralist and a nepotist for the notions of our time. We have seen the lucrative posts monopolized by Marlborough. Walpole was not *quite* so bad. Here is a list of places held by him and his sons:—

			Per annum.
Sir Robert Walpole,	1721,	First Lord of the Treasury,	£7000
" "	1725,	Ranger of Richmond Park, (with survivorship to his son,)	
" "	1739,	Auditor of the Exchequer,	7000
Robert Walpole, jun.,	1721,	Clerk of the Pells,	3000
E. Walpole,	1727,	Clerk of Exchequer Pleas,	400
"	"	Secretary to the Treasury,	
"	"	Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant,	
Robert and E. Walpole, jointly,	1721,	Collectors of the Port of London,	2000
Horace Walpole,	1737,	Usher of the Exchequer,	2000
" "	1738,	Comptroller of the Great Roll, and Clerk of Foreign Estreats,	500

The joint income of all these places, many of them mere sinecures, long since abolished, must have amounted to upwards of £25,000 a year. On retiring, Sir Robert accepted a pension of £4000 a year, to which, indeed, his long services fairly entitled him.

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guilty.* He had rarely nerve enough to run counter to popular clamor, or to encounter vehement opposition when merely the interests of patriotism and justice commanded him to stand firm. Thus, he was a sincere advocate for relieving Dissenters from their cruel disabilities, and had often promised to do so. Yet so much did he dread to arouse the bigotry of the High Church party, whose violence he had once experienced, that he not only repeatedly put off the entreaties of the Nonconformists that he would bring forward their claims, but on at least two occasions joined with his antagonists, the High Tories, to defeat those claims—righteous as he acknowledged them to be. The excise bill he abandoned, as soon as the ignorant popular outcry against it became formidable, though maintaining it to be a wise and just scheme, and one that would have turned out very serviceable to the State. His conduct with regard to the Spanish war was still more indefensible. The people clamored for it; their passions were aroused; the opposition made unscrupulous use of the excitement; some of his own colleagues were against him; his tenure of office was at stake;—so, though he knew the war to be unjust and noxious, and the popular feeling to be altogether unwarrantable, he preferred a great crime and an unpatriotic act, to abandoning the reins of power. He declared war. The populace rang the bells and made the wildest public rejoicings. "Let them ring the bells now, (muttered Walpole;) they will wring their hands before long!"†

The transactions that followed Walpole's overthrow, afford a good specimen of the low standard of party honor at the time. They were marked by a double treachery. He was driven from power by a combination between the Tories and the discontented Whigs—the patriots, as Walpole called them—led by Pulteney. During the thickest of the fight, however, a negotiation was entered into between Pulteney and some of Walpole's colleagues, with Newcastle at the head,* by which Walpole was to be abandoned, on condition that the *whole* Ministry should not be upset. Newcastle threw over Walpole, and Pulteney threw over the Tories and the Patriots. Both were furious, and with reason. A sort of coalition Ministry was formed; but Newcastle and Pulteney soon quarrelled. Pulteney's friends were slighted, and when he remonstrated, the Duke told him coolly, that "the king had now another shop to go to!" Pulteney in disgust retired, and "hid his head in the coronet" of the Earl of Bath.

From 1742 to 1757, from the fall of Walpole till the celebrated Ministry of the first Pitt, the Pelhams were in power—at first divided, afterwards supreme. Henry Pelham was a man of small calibre, of timid and peevish temper, but of good sense and industrious business habits; Lord Mahon calls him "Walpole in miniature." He was skilful and prudent, but his talents were very limited. His brother, the Duke of Newcastle, was probably the greatest fool who ever held high office in this country. Yet by dint of concentrated love of power, of resolution to do any thing to retain and increase it, by perfidy, by intrigue, by parliamentary corruption, he contrived to remain Minister for nearly thirty years, and Premier for nearly ten. Every one of his contemporaries ridiculed and satirized him. Lord Harvey said, "he did nothing with as much hurry and agitation as if he were doing every thing." Lord Wilmington described him as "having lost half an hour in the morning, and running after it all day without being able to catch it." Lord Waldegrave says, "his character is full of inconsistencies; he would be thought very singular who differed as much from the

* Lord Mahon cites a curious specimen of the morals of the day. "Horace Walpole, inveighing against Keene, Bishop of Chester, says,—'My father gave him a living of £700 a year to marry one of his natural daughters: *he took the living, and my father dying soon after, he dispensed himself from taking the wife;* but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living.' I do not now inquire whether this accusation of Keene may not be unduly heightened. But I ask, can there be any stronger proof of a low tone of public morals than that Sir Robert should employ Crown livings as portions for his illegitimate daughters, and that his son should tell the story as bearing hard upon the Bishop, but without the smallest idea that it was also most discreditable to the Minister!"—*History of England*, iii. 158.

† One of the most curious specimens of the lax morality of those times is brought forward by Lord Mahon, (iii. 38.) It appears that *Walpole himself*, the Minister of two monarchs of the House of Brunswick, the Whig *par excellence*, the trusted friend of the king, when he found himself in danger, *actually made overtures to the Pretender*, "declaring his secret attachment and promising his zealous services;"—and that he did this in order to persuade James to induce the Tories to give him their votes in the approaching struggle! This was in 1740. The judicious and cautious answer of James is preserved among the Walpole papers, endorsed in Sir Robert's own hand.

* This compact was the more scandalous, because the most vehement attacks on Walpole were based upon the misfortunes of the war, to which he was known to have been opposed, with the conduct of which he had nothing to do, and which was managed entirely by Newcastle himself.

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rest of the world as the Duke differs from himself. Hear him speak in Parliament, his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labors through the confusion of a debate without the least distrust of his own abilities; fights boldly in the dark; and never gives up a cause." The period of his ascendancy is one of the most ignoble in our Cabinet annals. The king intrigued against his ministers, and entreated his grandson's tutor to rescue him from "these scoundrels."* The Ministers intrigued against each other. They even spoke against each other in the House. Henry Fox, when one of the Lords of the Treasury, engaged to smash the Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Robinson. Pitt, Paymaster of the Forces, undertook to silence the Solicitor-General Murray. When he had succeeded in that feat, he attacked Newcastle himself, and thundered from the Treasury Bench against the first Lord of the Treasury. The Duke saw the necessity of conciliating one at least of his powerful insubordinate subordinates. He offered Fox the post of Secretary of State. Fox accepted, but asked for the management of the secret service fund, then used for purchasing votes. "I shall keep that for myself," said the Duke. "But," said Fox, "I must know how it is employed." "No," replied Newcastle, "my brother never disclosed to any one what he did with the money, nor will I." "But," urged the unhappy Secretary, "how then can I lead the House of Commons? *How shall I be able to talk to members, without knowing who have received gratifications?* And who is to nominate to places?" "Oh! I myself," answered the Duke. "And how are the vacant boroughs to be disposed of?" "Don't give yourself any anxiety about that: I have settled it all." Even Fox could not stand this treatment, and declined the Seals, but remained in the Ministry. Newcastle then tried Pitt, but with no better success. He returned to Fox, offered him better terms, and succeeded;—and Pitt and Fox became rivals for life, as their more celebrated sons were after them.†

If Walpole was the most "respectable" minister of the 18th century, Pitt was incomparably the grandest. He was in all things a man of magnificent proportions—noble to the core—a sincere and energetic patriot. His advent to power brought about a complete change in the spirit and fortunes of the nation, raised it from despondency to the height of elation, from the depth of degradation to the summit of glory. Before he took the helm we were insulted by France and Spain with impunity, and lost Minorca from want of energy to succor it; thirteen English ships retired before twelve French ones. Before he had been three years at the helm, we had conquered all our enemies, and added Canada and several West Indian islands to our dominions. We were so uniformly and so promptly victorious, that our foes, wherever they met us, expected to be defeated, and were in consequence so easily routed that, as some one said, "it became almost as discreditable to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman." This, without exaggeration, might be said to be all Pitt's doing. He infused his own daring and indomitable spirit into every branch of the service, every soldier in the army, every sailor in the fleet. Colonel Barré declared years afterwards, when William Pitt had become Lord Chatham, that "no man ever entered the Earl's closet who did not feel himself braver on his return than when he went in." Pitt, too, had other merits, as signal as, in those days, they were rare. In an age of low and unscrupulous corruption, he, though poor, was ostentatiously pure and delicate in all pecuniary transactions. When Paymaster of the Forces, he refused all the usual but very questionable perquisites of the office, amounting to above £6000 a year, and contented himself with his simple salary. In an age when notions of party honor were deplorably lax and vacillating, Pitt, though inordinately ambitious, long consented to waive his just claims, lest, by pressing them against the known dislike of the king, he might embarrass or injure the prospects of his party. In an age of general cowardice and truckling, both to royal prejudice and popular passion, Pitt, though fond of popularity, and owing his power to his popularity alone, had the courage and the manly justice to hazard and to sacrifice that popularity in order to save an innocent victim from a furious people. When the wretched Ministry of the day immolated Admiral Byng to an unreasonable and unrighteous clamor, Pitt was one of the very few who stood boldly forward both in the House of Commons and in the royal closet to recommend mercy. Yet even this statesman, high-minded and generous as he was, did many things which in our times sound very culpable, and which would be scarcely defen-

* Lord Waldegrave's *Memoir*.

† Those who wish to have a full idea of the low and shabby intrigues of this period should go through the wearisome task of reading Doddington's *Diary*.

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sible in any times; and habitually used language which in our times no conjuncture would be considered serious enough to justify. He called Lord Carteret "wicked minister," "execrable minister," "infamous minister, who seemed to have drunk of the potion which, poets said, made men forget their country," — "with sixteen thousand Hanoverians as his placemen, and no other party," —adding, "If he were present, I would say ten times more." In the same debate, two other members were even more intemperate in their phrases, and Yorke, in his journal, declares that "the scene could be compared to nothing but a tumultuous Polish Diet." Pitt's invectives against Newcastle were scarcely less unmeasured, and far better deserved than those he had formerly levelled against Walpole and Granville. Indeed, the violence of his language, and his insolent treatment of opponents, was the greatest blot upon his character.* He was always vehement—rarely factious. On two occasions he refused to join his party in assailing the ministry, not because he thought the Ministry right, but because he thought it for the interests of his country that their hands should not be weakened. On another occasion, however, when his associates insisted upon opposing a vote for the payment of British troops employed in Flanders, Pitt, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade them from pursuing such an unjust and unpatriotic course, unhappily consented to give a silent vote against his convictions. Walpole, whom he had always opposed and abused as the worst of men, he afterwards spoke of as a great and wise minister, whom he repented having factiously thwarted. Yet he had done his best to bring about his impeachment. But this was not the worst. It is painful to find this young patriot, just before Walpole's fall, opening a negotiation with the man on whom for years he had lavished all the abusive epithets in his vocabulary, and offering to screen him from prosecution if he would use his influence with the King in favor of Pitt and his friends. It is more painful still to find him, when this overture had been rejected, resuming all the fierceness of his old hostility, the loudest and foremost of those who clamored for vengeance on the fallen Minister, and supporting the shameful proposal of a Bill of Indemnity for all who would give evidence against him. In truth, his course was by no means always consistent. No man had out of office been more fierce or resolute against continental subsidies, or against our implication in Hanoverian politics. Yet he afterwards, in office, declared that "Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire,"* and he lavished subsidies as no previous Minister had dared to do. It is somewhat startling, too, to find him coalescing with the Duke of Newcastle, after he had refused to share office with him, and though no man was more profoundly convinced both of his corruption and his incapacity. No coalition of recent days seems at first sight more monstrous, and in our time it would scarcely have been possible. But there was great excuse for it. Pitt felt and said, "My Lord, I believe that I can save the country, and I am sure no one else can." He was anxious to be at the helm, from motives of the purest and noblest ambition. He had tried to rule alone, and had found it impossible to maintain himself. Though the most popular man in the kingdom, and having the intellectual and moral command of the House of Commons to a degree unexampled either before or since, he could not make head against the hostility of the Court and the immense parliamentary interest of Newcastle. He had the country to back him, but scarcely any *party;* and the country alone he found was not sufficient. He therefore joined the imbecile and veteran intriguer on terms which were at least disinterested, if not highly honorable. Newcastle kept the treasury and the patronage; Pitt was Secretary of State, and leader of the House of Commons, with the sole direction of the war and foreign affairs. Pitt had the power—Newcastle the plums of office. Or, as a contemporary expressed it, "Pitt DID every thing; the Duke GAVE every thing;"—yet from this strange union sprung a ministry "as strong at home as that of Pelham, as successful abroad as that

* The sort of amenities which public men in those days permitted themselves in Parliament in speaking of their adversaries, both in and out of the House, may be inferred from the expressions used in reference to Wilkes by a Bishop and a Secretary of State—both, it must be allowed, rather intemperate politicians. Warburton declared, "that the blackest fiends in hell would disdain to keep company with Wilkes"—and then asked pardon of Satan for comparing them together! Pitt says, "The author of these Essays does not deserve to be ranked among the human species; he is the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King." The Letters of Junius, too, are a disgrace to the age; for concentrated malignity, reckless and universal hostility, and unmeasured ferocity of language, they are probably unexampled in any literature.

* It must be allowed, however, that circumstances had somewhat changed when he made the latter declaration. George II. was then threatened with the loss of his Electorate, because of the war which he waged as King of England.

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of Godolphin,"*—the most glorious administration probably that England has ever known.

The period which elapsed from the fall of this ministry to 1785—from the supremacy of the father to the advent of the son—was one which may afford considerable interest to those who love to trace the change in the *personnel* and the principles of parties, but is not one of much satisfaction to the patriot. It was a succession of short and feeble ministries—a perfect chaos of changes and intrigues. The Whig reign had ended. The Tory reign had recommenced. Its inauguration was signalized by two features. Corruption never was so desperate; libelling never was so fierce. The ministry of Bute had a vast inferiority of talent, a still vaster inferiority of numbers. The majority which sanctioned the discreditable peace of Paris had to be actually bought, vote by vote, with hard cash. Fox did the business. He had been very poor; his character was already partly damaged, and he was made Paymaster of the Forces for the express purpose of managing the dirty work of corruption.† It was necessary, too, to damage Pitt's reputation. On his retirement he had accepted a pension and a peerage—no man ever deserved them more. But he was instantly assailed by all the blackest charges. He had sold his country. He had tarnished his fame. All the venal venom of literary bravos was let loose upon him. The press swarmed with the most malignant libels, which were ordered by Court authority and paid for with the public money. Indeed, the number and ferocity of the slanders and personalities on nearly all statesmen was the predominant characteristic of the time. It may be called the AGE OF JUNIUS. That celebrated writer — whoever he may have been—stands at the head—*facile princeps*—of that large class of political assassins whose fame, like that of Red Indians, is estimated by the scalps of their victims. Wilkes was before him, Tooke came after him; but neither were fit to hold a candle to him. His genius, his knowledge, his secret means of information, his vehement and pointed style, his unsparing and apparently impartial ferocity, his unscrupulous, ungentlemanly and savage personalities, and, it must be added, the amount of truth which both winged and barbed his arrows,—made him the most formidable public writer who ever held public men in awe. One good thing he certainly effected. He emancipated the press from any fetters but those of public opinion and general taste. Since his day no man has feared to criticise men and measures in the tone of most unbounded freedom. After him the use of initials (formerly universal) was entirely abandoned. But we paid a heavy price for this emancipation in the savagery and malignity which he—not introduced, indeed, but—established in political warfare.

After this weary period, the ministry of Lord North affords real refreshment to the historical student. Not that it was specially pure; for that of Lord Rockingham had been far purer. Not that it was peculiarly honorable or successful to the country, for it witnessed our unhappy war with America, and the loss of a most valuable portion of our empire. Not that sound constitutional principles made any great advance during Lord North's administration; on the contrary, Lord North was more guilty than most men in sacrificing his own opinions to the prejudices and passions of the monarch, and carried so far his submission to royal influence, that the House of Commons, in spite of his opposition, carried their celebrated resolution, that "the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished." Not that even party consistency became more general and settled during his tenure of office; on the contrary, we find several signal instances of change and tergiversation: and he himself, shortly after his first retirement, set the example of, probably, the most questionable "coalition" in our modern annals. But his administration had two pleasing features. It introduced a gentler and less acrimonious

* Macaulay.

† The prices given for a single vote ranged, it is said, from £200 upwards. £25,000 were thus paid away in a single morning. "Intimidation (says Macaulay) was tried, as well as corruption. The Duke of Devonshire was dismissed with flagrant insult. As nothing was too high for the revenge of the court, so nothing was too low. A persecution such as had never been known before, and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they had neglected their duty, not because they had taken an active part against the ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to some nobleman or gentleman who was against the Peace. The proscription extended to door-keepers, to tide-waiters, to gaugers. One poor man, to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family." By such means a majority approving of the Peace was procured, of 319 to 65.

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tone into public strife, and it witnessed the first efforts of that purer and nobler race of statesmen, whom in our youth we were accustomed to listen to with reverence and admiration. Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke came upon the stage, and William Pitt just appeared above the horizon. Lord North's genial character and imperturbable good humor were real blessings in his day. They did not indeed disarm, but they softened his merciless assailants. For years, with little aid, he carried on the contest against Burke, Barré, Dunning, Fox, Saville, and sometimes Pitt, with a courage, energy, spirit and jocularity which was charming to behold.* He listened to their thundering denunciations — made more vehement and more stinging by the constant failure of his military enterprises — with coolness always, with sleepiness often.† It was easier for him to keep in office than to keep awake, except when Burke startled him with some scandalous false quantity;‡—and when finally driven from power by an irresistible combination of misfortunes and of foes, he retired with the politest of bows and the most benevolent of smiles. His antagonists had collected for a grand battle; Lord North rose in his place, and declared the administration at an end. Of course, the House adjourned immediately. It was an awfully wet night, and in those days cabs were not; the members, expecting a prolonged debate, had ordered their carriages at one or two o'clock in the morning; and Lord North, as he passed through the baffled and imprisoned crowd of his opponents to his own chariot, bowed to them right and left, saying, "Adieu, gentlemen; you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret!"

We now emerge into a purer and clearer atmosphere. Factious opposition and factious manœuvres we still unhappily meet with from time to time, and we fear we always shall, as long as parliamentary warfare exists when public excitement rises high. Violent and unwarrantable language still occasionally disfigures our debates; and changes of opinion and of party connection are by no means unfrequent, — indeed, become almost more so as we get nearer our own day. But faction becomes less mischievous and shameless; invectives more measured and decorous; unfounded accusations—unless where Irish members are concerned—less common and less malignant, and inconsistencies and tergiversations more generally defensible on the ground of altered circumstances or honestly modified opinions. The three great statesmen we have just named were all more or less guilty on all counts of this indictment, yet their advent into public life marked the dawn of a better day. We may grieve over several things they did, we may regret much of the language which they thought themselves justified in using, but, on the whole, we feel proud both of their genius and their character. Even their contemporary, Sheridan, though unstable and unprincipled in private life, was, on the whole, steady and consistent in his public course. It is curious that Burke, Fox, and Pitt, all changed sides. Fox, the leader of the modern Whigs, entered life a Tory, and at first distinguished himself as a violent one. Pitt and Burke began as Whigs, and ended as standard-bearers and idols of the Tory party. Burke, far the greatest and purest of the three, can, indeed, scarcely be charged with inconstancy or desertion of party. He began life as a warm friend to the principles of constitutional liberty; he ended life, we believe, in the same creed, and with the same affections. But when he was young, those principles were in danger

* Senators were not always very polished in their language in those days, and sometimes pushed invective even to vulgarity. There had been much of this one night, and Lord North rose to deprecate the too great readiness to give and take offence. "One member, for example, (he said,) called me 'that *thing* called a Minister!' Now, to be sure, (he continued, patting his portly sides,) I am a 'thing;' when therefore the gentleman called me a 'thing,' he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added 'that thing called a Minister,' he called me that thing which of all others he himself most wished to be,—and therefore, (said Lord North,) I took it as a compliment."

† A prosing old sailor, well known for his lengthy orations, having risen to speak on an Admiralty question, Lord North said to one of his supporters: "Now, —— will give us a history of all the naval battles, from that of Salamis to that of last year; I shall take a nap—wake me when he gets near our own time." After an hour's infliction, the friend nudged Lord North. "My Lord, my Lord, wake up: he has got to the battles of Van Tromp." "Oh dear!" said the sleepy minister, "you've waked me *a hundred years* too soon."

‡ Burke was very inaccurate, and Lord North had a very sensitive ear. One night, when he was napping, Burke stopped in his speech and pointed at the Minister nodding on the Treasury Bench, saying, "Quandoquidem bonus dormĭtat Homerus." Lord North instantly started from his slumbers—"*Dormītat*, Sir, for God's sake!" On another question Burke was preaching economy, and made repeated use of the quotation, "Magnum vectĭgal est parsimonia." Lord North, in a low tone, corrected him—"Vectīgal, Mr. Burke." Burke immediately took it up: "The noble Lord hints that I am wrong in my prosody: I thank him for the correction, as it gives me another opportunity of shouting forth that inestimable maxim—'Magnum vectīgal est parsimonia!'"

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from the Crown and the aristocracy; when he was old, they were in danger—or at least he honestly and not unwisely deemed so—from democratic violence and folly. His inconsistency was less that he fought for a different cause than that he fought against different assailants, with different weapons and under a different banner, and he made that inconsistency appear greater than it really was, because his fierce and ungovernable sensibility led him always to push his position to the utmost verge of truth, and to state his doctrine in the extremest language. When contending against the unconstitutional influence of the Crown, and the tyrannical behavior and desires of the "King's friends," he brought forth from his well-stored armory every maxim of boundless liberty, every claim of popular right, every lesson of history which teaches courage to the citizen and affords warning to the sovereign. He preached the faith of freedom in sentences so spirited, so brilliant, and so terse, that they were remembered and used against him with telling effect, when it became necessary to preach the faith of order and authority instead. One of his noble critics goes so far as to say that "it would be difficult to select one leading principle or prevailing sentiment in Mr. Burke's later writings to which something extremely adverse may not be found in his earlier works." This may be very true; but it must be remembered that the former were written when "the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;"—the latter came forth when democracy was rampant in France and threatened to become dangerous here, when monarchy and nobility had gone down before the tempest, when the wickedest and wildest doctrines were proclaimed in the name of liberty, and when the populace, from being the oppressed, had become oppressors in their turn. Then Burke turned to the quarter whence the peril threatened the other side of his gorgeously painted shield; and people clamored that he had changed his armor and his war-cry. Of any thing that deserves the epithet of "tergiversation" we unhesitatingly acquit him; of the charge of violent and exaggerated language we must pronounce him very guilty.* He was vehement by temperament, of acute susceptibility, of turbulent and excitable imagination; and he could seldom curb himself sufficiently to avoid stating a principle far too wide for the occasion, or clothing a truth in language whose extravagance almost made it degenerate into a fallacy. Wise as he was, profoundly philosophic as was the character of his intellect, his passion, when once aroused, blinded him to every thing but the immediate question or the immediate foe before him; and his passions were easily aroused, for his affections were warm, his sympathies quick, and his hatred of wrong or oppression prompt and earnest even to morbidness. Hence, though generous and open-hearted, he pursued an antagonist as he would have done a criminal; and though wide and comprehensive in mind, far beyond his age, his language and conduct were too often those of a narrow and heated partisan. But when every reasonable deduction from his greatness has been allowed for, he will still remain entitled to all our veneration; and his writings must always be consulted as perfect arsenals of political wisdom, unmatched alike for glowing eloquence and profound and comprehensive statesmanship.

Charles Fox has long been the idol of the Whig party, and will probably remain so as long as any of his contemporaries remain to cherish the memory of his personal qualities, and to convey to others their vivid impression of those amiable and endearing virtues, and that wonderful eloquence which made those who knew him always indulgent, and often blind to his political errors. He must have been the most *lovable* of men, vehement, impetuous, and dissipated; but generous, manly, affectionate, and, in private life, as simple as a child. He had vast genius, but little learning—the powers but not the training of a statesman. He acquired his political knowledge as he formed his political opinions, in party strife. Hence he had no philosophy, nor the slightest tincture of financial or economic science. His eloquence was not like that of Burke; it was neither the *φαινόμενα σοφία* of Aristotle, nor the *copiosè loquens sapientia* of Cicero; it was the brilliant argument or the violent invective of a great master of Parliamentary warfare. His faults and his false steps arose from his position and education as a party leader. His business was to defeat an adversary, to

* In speeches, his invectives not unfrequently degenerated into scurrility, sometimes into positive indecorum. And even in his published writings, the exuberancy of his fancy and feeling often gets the better both of taste and decency, and runs riot in the most unpleasant and indefensible metaphors. We do not quote any, because we would willingly forget them, as well as as every other spot upon the brightness of a genius from whom we have derived more pleasure and instruction than from any other author in our own or any language.

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overthrow a rival, to detect the errors of a minister; and he threw his whole heart into his work, with an impetuosity which detracted from his statesmanship, and made him often blind alike to the merits of a foe and to the real interests of his country. He made a gallant fight for the liberties of his fellow-citizens against the arbitrary measures of Mr. Pitt in troublous times, but we incline to think that he inflicted serious injury on the Whig party, and hampered his subsequent freedom of action by his unmeasured admiration for the French Revolution. In fact, with the secession of Burke, the philosophy and moderation of that section of politicians disappeared, and party too often afterwards degenerated into faction.

Fox, entering Parliament under the auspices of his father, the first Lord Holland, was of course a Tory; and being impetuous by temperament, was by no means a moderate one. But his dismissal by Lord North for some act of insubordination, tallying in time with the influence of Burke's society, threw him into the arms of the opposition, and for many years he was the most merciless denouncer of the person as well as the policy of the minister. He soon rose to the front ranks of his party; and when Lord North resigned, came into office with the Marquis of Rockingham. On the death of that nobleman, when Lord Shelburne was made Prime Minister, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan resigned, and, to the disgust of the country* and the grief of his admirers, Fox joined Lord North, first in opposition and then in office—Lord North, whom he had long been in the habit of abusing as the worst minister England ever had; of whom he had declared his opinion to be such "that he should deem it unsafe to be in the same room with him," and whose ground of antagonism to Lord Shelburne's administration was that very inglorious peace with America which his own mismanagement had made inevitable. It was an unprincipled proceeding, and was soon amply punished. To it Fox owed the long exclusion from power of himself and his party; to it the country owed the long string of evils which his inveterate hostility to Pitt brought in its train. The Coalition ministry inflicted a fearful wound on the character of all concerned in it; the King hated it, and the nation despised it; it was soon dismissed with ignominy; and Fox paid for his blunder by twenty-two years' banishment to the cold shade of the Opposition benches. His short ministerial career at the close of his life presents little on which we can look back with satisfaction; his title to our gratitude and admiration must rest upon the bold front which, from 1793 to 1805, he opposed to the unconstitutional encroachments and violent proceedings of his great rival.

Pitt, like Fox, was pure from all charge of sordid aims or personal corruption; both were high-minded and honorable men; and Pitt's private character was far the most decorous of the two. But he was guilty of a desertion of party nearly as flagrant as that of Fox, and of a desertion of principles far worse, for it was from the advocacy of freedom to the practice of arbitrary power. He was bred an ardent Whig; he was, by conviction, a Parliamentary Reformer and a friend to religious liberty. Yet his ministry, which lasted, with scarcely an intermission, from 1784 to his death in 1805, was formed by a coalition nearly as monstrous as that of Fox with Lord North.* His colleagues were principally Tories, and they gradually drew him over to their sentiments. He allowed his scheme of Reform to be defeated; he shortly afterwards opposed the Relief of the Dissenters; he dropped, one after another, nearly all his old opinions, till (as a virtuous but hot enemy described it) "the name of the son of Lord Chatham—the idol of the people, the denouncer of the American war—became the rallying-point of Toryism, the type and symbol of whatever was most illiberal in principle and intolerant in practice." His persecutions of Reformers, and his assaults on the liberty of the press, are the great stains upon his character, though scarcely, perhaps, deserving the unmeasured epithets that have been lavished upon them. It must not be forgotten that the French Revolution had introduced an entirely new element into our political life. Reformers had become Democrats, and Democracy had assumed its worst and most repulsive form. To Mr. Pitt, as to others of his day, we must grant whatever benefit they may derive from assuming their dread of republican excesses to have been genuine and not wholly irrational. There must have been something seriously formidable and perilous in the aspect

* The opinion of the country respecting the conduct of Fox was shown as soon as Pitt's Ministry was formed. In the then House of Commons *Fox* had a majority of 39 against his rival; in the new house, after a general election, *Pitt* had a majority of 168.

* Lord Thurlow and Lord Loughborough were probably men as devoid of principle as any in the preceding generation.

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of affairs which made such sincere liberals as Burke, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Wyndham, secede from opposition and swell the ranks of ministerial strength. There must have been something condemnable and ill-timed in the plans and principles of the popular agitators which made such men willing to strike at them through the side of a constitution which they venerated so truly, and for which they had fought so well. Indeed, it is impossible to read the history of those days from 1790 onwards, without confessing how indefensible and dangerous were the language and designs of many of those whom Pitt prosecuted and Erskine defended, and without wondering at and deploring the injudicious zeal of those parliamentary leaders who, in a period of such vehement excitement at home and such social disorganization abroad, could yet insist upon pressing forward such irritating and disturbing topics as Parliamentary Reform. The mode, however, by which Pitt and his colleagues endeavored to secure their victims—paid spies, the doctrine of constructive treason, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the forcible suppression of open associations, —can neither be defended nor excused; and we owe it to the trial by jury that many of our dearest liberties were not at this period wholly sacrificed by a minister resolved at once to be absolute and to be safe.* Two passages in his life look very dark—his constant denunciation (in speeches) of the slave-trade, contrasted with his constant inaction (in deeds) with regard to it; and his desertion of Warren Hastings,† of which it seems impossible to give any creditable explanation. On the whole, we may pronounce him generally pure and patriotic in his aims, but violent and unscrupulous in his means; in his domestic policy about the most arbitrary, in his financial policy about the most reckless, and in his foreign policy about the most unfortunate minister that ever swayed the destinies of Britain.

On the dreary period of statesmanship which elapsed between the death of Pitt and the retirement of Lord Sidmouth in 1822, no friend of his country can dwell with any pleasure. It was the worst times of Pitt in miniature, and vulgarized. Such men as Addington, Perceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, and Eldon, could reflect no lustre on our councils; even Canning and Lord Wellesley could scarcely redeem or gild the miserable mediocrity of their colleagues. The opposition was rich in great names,—Grey, Grenville, Holland, Horner, Tierney, Romilly, and Whitbread: but they were feeble and dispirited, and injured themselves greatly in public esteem by the manner in which, as it were, they took Napoleon under their protection, and, from party feeling, decried the splendid achievements and the rare merits of their greatest general. The Duke of Wellington was the only really "great man" of those years. Then they were years, too, of dreadful malversation and corruption—as periods of war and extraordinary expenditure generally are. The chiefs, indeed, were pure, but their subordinates were sadly otherwise. They did not job much themselves, but they allowed their friends and supporters to do so. Vast fortunes were made by contractors. Large sums in several public departments were unaccounted for. Lord Melville was dismissed and impeached for peculation; and though few believed that he himself profited by the scandalous dishonesty which prevailed in his office, it appeared certain that he must have connived at much illicit use of the public money. Lord Castlereagh, even, was detected in "doing a job," though not a very shameless one. Political friends and ministerial connections engrossed all the loaves and fishes. The commander-in-chief was discovered to have been nearly as guilty as Lord Melville, and even more disreputably so. His mistress, who had great influence over him, had accepted bribes (though without his knowledge) to procure military appointments and commissions for her *protégés.* These exposures brought Government into just contempt; bad harvests, deranged trade, and general distress, brought it into less just unpopularity. Discontent and turbulence arose; and Lord Castlereagh repeated the arbitrary sins of Mr. Pitt on a smaller scale. The "Six Acts" became notorious, and the *Habeas Corpus* act was again brought into question. Altogether it was an era of small men and of poor achievements—of shameful profligacy at court,* and severe suffering among the people.

* The Parliament, however, and to a considerable extent the feeling of the country, supported him in these attacks. Against his "Treasonable Practices Bill" the Opposition could only muster five in the Lords and forty-three in the Commons. The trials and acquittals of Hardy, Thirlwall, and Horne Tooke, however, did much to turn popular feeling against ministers.

† See Macaulay's Essays, vol. iii. p. 439.

* It is painful to remember, that in 1820 the ministers, Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Eldon, among the rest, suffered themselves to be made the instruments of the personal hatred of a wicked monarch towards an injured wife, and, to preserve

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With the year 1822 the Reform era may be said to have commenced. When Peel succeeded Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office, and Canning followed Lord Londonderry as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Robinson soon afterwards superseded the feeble Vansittart as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Huskisson became President of the Board of Trade, the patriots of England and the friends of humanity breathed more freely than they had done for many a long year. Few men at the time saw the whole reach and bearing of the change, for Lord Liverpool was still Prime Minister, and Lord Eldon still held the Great Seal. But it soon became obvious that the change of spirit was greater even than the change of men. A new tone pervaded every department; a new set of principles began to be felt even before they were avowed; a nobler and brighter genius presided over national councils. From that day we have gone on improving. From that day statesmanship has been purer, freer, more disinterested, more lofty. From that day we have, on the whole, been able to feel proud, both of our policy and of our politicians. From that day attention began to be paid to the wishes, and justice to be done to the claims of the people; the practice of Government to approximate more nearly to its theory, and party struggles to be carried on more for principle and less for power. We have seen many changes of political connection, many singular conjunctions and disjunctions among public men; but they have been preceded and induced by changes of opinion or changes of circumstances. We have seen some violence and some folly, but no corruption. We have seen many injudicious appointments, but no scandalous or dishonest ones. We have had much party virulence and much individual animosity, but only in one or two cases any thing outrageous or indecent in party warfare.

Peel and Canning, singularly different in character, temper, and talent, had yet several points of marked resemblance. The one was a brilliant, sparkling, and soaring genius; the other was an admirable man of business, diligent, moderate, and decorous. The one was all fire, the other all sobriety. But both were men of refinement, of cultivation, of literary and æsthetic taste; both were acutely sensitive; both were nobly ambitious; and both were honestly determined to employ their power and position for no personal advantage, but for the good and the glory of their country. They had another feature of similarity in their career and fate. Both liberal at heart, and growing more liberal with years, knowledge, and experience, had the grievous misfortune of entering life in the Tory camp, among illiberal associates, and in most illiberal times. Both, in consequence, were mixed up with much that was foreign to their nature and dispositions; both incurred much obloquy in consequence of having belonged to a bad set, and much animosity when they shook themselves free from that set. Both ended life amid the ferocious hostility of the party which used to idolize and obey them, and amid the love, regret, and gratitude of the people who, in earlier years, were wont to execrate their names. The advent of Canning was the turning-point in the *foreign* policy of England. Lord Castlereagh had suffered her to be dragged at the car of the Holy Alliance, and to be regarded as the colleague and associate of despots. Canning made her feared and respected as the avowed friend of constitutional liberty throughout the world. He found her the ally and tool of autocrats—he left her the assister and protector of suffering and trampled nations. It is true she has not always marched steadily, and seldom very boldly, in this new career; she has permitted some atrocities which she might, and perhaps ought to have interposed to prevent; she has looked on coldly, where she should have sympathized warmly; she has confined her approval too exclusively to patriots whose views were limited and moderate, and whose notions of free institutions tallied with her own;—but still she has remonstrated against tyranny; she has encouraged the extension of popular rights; she has acknowledged whatever governments the people have selected and established. Where she has interfered, it has been on the popular side; where she has spoken out, it has been in favor of liberal institutions.

In the same manner the accession of Peel was the opening of a new leaf in our *domestic* policy. His course was signalized, though slowly and scantily at first, by administrative improvements. Great reductions in salaries and expenditure took place under his rule. The criminal law was systematically amended. The police of the country was remodelled. Abuses were examined into; grievances were listened to;

their places, consented to bring in the celebrated Bill of Pains and Penalties. Lord Eldon had been formerly a friend and defender of this unhappy princess. Few sadder backslidings from the path of public honor have been known within the century.

jobs became difficult, modified, and rare. The Duke of Wellington's administration was a reforming one, though the lustre of its successor has eclipsed its merit in this line. After the Reform Bill, the spirit of improvement which had prevailed before assumed a vast accession of vigor and activity. Since that date, whichever party has been in office, the amendment of our institutions has gone on with little interruption. Popular rights have been extended; vast economies have been introduced; the health, the comfort, the education of the masses have been sedulously attended to; the whole of our financial system has been remodelled; taxes have been repealed; burdens have been taken from the poor and laid upon the rich; civil law has been made cheap; criminal law has been made merciful; courts of law have been purified; the wrongs of the people have been redressed; the earnings of the people have been raised; the food of the people has been made cheap and abundant; —and in most of these reforms every politician of eminence has participated. Some have wished to do things in one way, some in another; some have resisted the ameliorations which others have proposed, doubting of their wisdom or distrustful of their efficacy; but the study of all parties, with scarcely an exception, has been, we believe, how best they could insure the prosperity of the community, the happiness of the poor, and the honor of the nation.

We have witnessed in our days two tremendous party struggles—the struggle for Parliamentary Reform, and the struggle for Free Trade. In both cases great principles were involved. In both cases mighty interests were at stake. The Tories felt that the Reform Bill would be the surrender of their power. They *believed* that the repeal of the Corn Laws would be fatal to their incomes. They conceived that the inroads of democracy in the one case, and the influx of foreign corn in the other, would be dangerous to the stability of the government and to the welfare of the agricultural classes. It was natural and inevitable that during the heat and passion of the strife we should charge them with pure selfishness in both cases. But now few thoughtful men will ratify this accusation—few, at least, who know how difficult it is to abstract personal feeling from political inquiries, and how difficult it is to believe that the power and wealth which we possess, it is not for the interest of our country that we should possess. Now that both victories have been won—that we can calculate to a certain extent the fruits of the one, and have had our feelings in some degree calmed down after the excitement of the other, we are not disposed to deny the sincerity and honesty of our antagonists in either strife, however much we may wonder at their dulness of comprehension, or condemn the fierceness of the passion which they showed. The Reform Bill, it is impossible to deny, was a transfer of power and political influence from the aristocracy to the middle classes. Who now will not acknowledge that this was a revolution at the magnitude of which genuine patriots might well stand aghast, which cautious men might well deem wild and perilous, which even men who loved progress, if they loved safety likewise, might well deprecate and dread? Those who most loved the people might not unreasonably doubt the wisdom of intrusting this new weapon into the people's hands. No one will now deny that it was a great experiment. No one will deny that in some respects its opponents judged it more truly and saw farther into its consequences than its promoters. For ourselves, we confess that, approving it as we did and do; believing it to have been a just, a wise, and a necessary measure; tracing in the main to its secondary influences the rapid progress of reforms in other lines; we yet see in it several dangers, drawbacks, and extensive seeds of future and questionable change which we did not see when it was passed; we acknowledge much weight and wisdom in many of the hostile arguments which at the time we scouted as the mere dictates of selfishness and folly; and we look back with something like remorse and shame at the violence of our language, the acrimony of our feelings, the imperfection of our philosophy, and the shortness of our vision. We were blind to much that our adversaries saw; we were obstinately deaf to many representations that we ought to have listened to with deference and profit; and if the thing had to be done again, we should act with greater modesty and temperance, with far less confidence, and far more misgivings. Therefore we do not see in the behavior or opinions of the anti-reformers of 1832 any thing for which British statesmanship need to blush; we do not attribute their opposition either to corruption, to egotism, or to love of arbitrary power; and, in the way in which they yielded when opposition became hopeless and dangerous to the public peace, we see much ground both for approval and for congratulation.

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The question of Free Trade was a much clearer one. Here it was not real power so much as supposed wealth that was at stake. It was not political influence which had descended to them from their ancestors, but artificial prices which their own legislation had secured, of which it was proposed to deprive the country gentlemen of England. Hence it was much more difficult to persuade either themselves or others, that in struggling against the repeal of the Corn Laws they were contending for any thing more noble than their own pecuniary interests. It was a question, too, much more of simple science. Its solution lay much nearer the surface. It required profound philosophy to judge of the remote and collateral bearings of Schedules A and B. It needed only sound elementary views of political economy to estimate the effects of unrestricted importation. The lessons of experience could be appealed to in the one case: there was no experience to guide us in the other. Moreover, it seemed difficult to believe that any thing save obstinate and wilful blindness could resist the lucid arguments, often amounting to absolute *demonstration*, which year after year issued from the press, from the cross benches, from the treasury and opposition benches, from Wilson, from Villiers, from Cobden, from Peel. Yet nothing can be more certain than that most of the opponents of Free Trade were honest to begin with, and that many remained to the last sincerely convinced that Free Trade would be the ruin of the country, destructive to landlords, fatal to farmers, pauperizing to laborers. To be convinced of this, we have only to remember how slowly conviction dawned, even upon the minds of the liberals; how few years have elapsed since the idea of the total abolition of the Corn Laws was scouted as monstrous by the leading Whigs; how many of them dreaded it to the last; in what year it was that Lord Melbourne pronounced it, "before God, the wildest and maddest scheme he had ever heard of;" and when Lord John Russell refused the petition of its advocates to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons; how in 1841 he wished for an import duty of eight shillings; and how he and Sir Robert Peel were only finally and completely converted in the same year and by the same fearful visitation. The truth is, that the principles of political economy have made their way into parliamentary life only at a very recent date. Till ten years ago, an acquaintance with them was considered no necessary part of a statesman's qualifications. Nine-tenths of the House of Commons were ignorant even of the alphabet of that science; its own teachers were not wholly agreed about its doctrines; and the country at large knew scarcely more of them than its chiefs. We have no right, therefore, even in imagination, to charge the advocates of commercial restrictions with any heavier accusation than that of being rather duller to learn, and rather slower to admit new views than their opponents. They were not dishonest, but *arriérés*.

Again. We have witnessed in the last five-and-twenty years changes in party combinations scarcely equalled for magnitude and strangeness by any other period—severings of friends and junctions of foes, such as seem at first sight utterly bewildering and unaccountable. "Consistency," in its old sense —*i. e.*, steady adherence to the same alliances and the same political connections—has been set at naught by nearly every man of any great eminence or merit. Lord Grey, indeed, ended his career before the confusion began, and Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel never sat in the same Cabinet. But those are nearly the only "constants" of our recent party history. Sir James Graham, almost a Radical, sat for some time in the same Cabinet with Sir Robert Peel, the colleague of Lord Sidmouth, Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington. Lord Derby was first the vigorous assailant of Peel, then his colleague, then again his foe. He sat first with Lord Grey, then with Lord Grey's great rival. Lord Palmerston, once the colleague of Peel and Canning, is now the colleague of Russell and of Molesworth. The Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey and the Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey's antagonist sit in the same Cabinet. Sir James Graham and Lord Derby were once fast friends in office, then fast friends in opposition, then leaders of opposing parties. They sat together under Lord Grey; they sat together under Peel; one now sits with the Coalition, while the other leads the Tories. We might go through a long list of similar incongruities. Scarcely any man has not changed sides, changed opinions, changed party associates. Yet scarcely any man has lost character by so doing, because scarcely any one can be seriously suspected of having done so from corrupt or indefensible considerations. The only desertion of party that is regarded as an "apostasy," was that of Mr. Scarlett, Canning's Whig Attorney-General, who could not make up his mind to leave office when the Tories came in. The reason of the general

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amnesty that has been passed for all acts of party inconstancy, is, that all, or nearly all, are believed to have been honest—or rather, perhaps, that we have ceased to consider "consistency" as *primâ facie* a merit. So many new, important, and difficult subjects have in these years come under discussion—on which it is felt to be impossible that all colleagues should agree or all antagonists differ—that unchanging adherence to one set of men would have been suspicious rather than creditable. It is felt that men who agree about retrenchment may naturally differ about religion; that men who agree about Parliamentary Reform may differ about foreign policy; that men who agree about the corn-laws may differ about the Church;—and that, in such cases, it is quite right and honest that they should coalesce when one set of questions are under discussion, and separate when another set come upon the *tapis*. Further, during the last quarter of a century the national mind has been in a state of progress; questions are better understood; sound principles are more diffused; we have been *educating* in political science; truths which formerly were perceived only by the few are now reached by the many; opinions which formerly were scouted are now almost universally adopted. It was impossible that statesmen should not participate in this advance; it was impossible that they should all participate in it in equal degrees; it was impossible, therefore, that they should always adhere either to their old opinions or to their old colleagues. Those who think what they always thought are become laughing-stocks; those who stand where they always stood are self-condemned: they convict themselves of having stood still. No men in our time have been so steady and consistent as Lord Eldon and Col. Sibthorp; and the one is looked upon as the incarnation of obstinate blindness, and the other of ludicrous eccentricity. On the other hand, no man changed more completely or on more important questions than Sir Robert Peel; yet he is now reverenced, and justly, as one of our honestest and wisest statesmen,—because it is felt that he never changed except reluctantly, from conviction, and to his own injury. The bigots, whose shield and glory he was so long, were furious with him for finally conceding emancipation to the Catholics: we know now how ample, cogent, and disinterested were his motives for that great apostasy. The country gentlemen, whose champion and trust he was for years, could not forgive him for surrendering a cause which he felt could no longer be honestly or conscientiously maintained: but the country has given him plenary absolution even for this unparalleled tergiversation. The nation reveres him as its greatest statesman, and reveres him in spite of, or rather in consequence of, his apostasies,—acknowledging them to have been the apostasies, not of the renegade, but of the convert.

From low pecuniary sins our age is, we may say, entirely free. We have spoken of the flagrant jobs which were perpetrated in former days. We have given statements of the emoluments of great men in the days of Marlborough and Walpole. The pension list, even in the year 1829, contains much to astonish weak minds. Its sum total was above £750,000:* it is now limited to one-tenth of that amount. We find in the list of "places, pensions, sinecures, and grants," published in 1830, *six* Bathursts, with aggregate receipts of £10,715; *four* Beresfords, with £6700; *five* Dundases. with £9700; the Duke of Grafton holding £10,280 in three sinecures or pensions; and several similar *facetiæ*. Nothing of the kind could be found now. It is, alas! scarcely possible to do a job, or to find a sinecure. The salaries of public offices have been largely and, we think, unwisely reduced. The first Lord of the Treasury has been reduced from £7430 to £5000; the Secretaries of State from £6000 to £5000; the Viceroy of Ireland from £30,000 to £20,000. No Cabinet minister receives above £5000 a-year; whereas (as Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell informed the "Official Salaries Committee") it was formerly an understood and established practice for these ministers to combine some comfortable sinecure with their appointment, by which means their emoluments were often doubled. Thus the Prime Minister was generally also Warden of the Cinque Ports; and from this and other sources his official income was often very large. Lord North, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool all held this sinecure in conjunction with the Premiership. Lord North's official salary was thus £10,400; Mr. Pitt's £11,400; Mr. Addington had £7400; Lord Grenville, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Canning each £9000; and Mr. Percival £8700. In these days no minister would dream of appointing himself to any sinecure office with a view of augmenting his salary, even were such sinecures still in existence. In former times, too, these sinecures and an unlimited pension-list afforded, as we have seen, to ministers an opportunity

* *Extraordinary Black Book*, p. 401. This sum, however, includes many items scarcely to be considered as pensions in our sense of the word.

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of providing for many members of their family; and so universally was it understood that the opportunity would be so employed, that it was reckoned as part of the ordinary emoluments of office. In 1810, the number of sinecures was 242, and their emoluments reached to £279,486 a year; by 1834 they were reduced to £97,800;—they do not now exceed £17,000, and are in yearly process of extinction. In the reign of George III., the pension-list of the three kingdoms exceeded £200,000 a year; even at a later period than 1810 it was £145,000: it is now limited to £75,000; and no more than £1200 can be granted in any one year.*

The vice of virulence and acrimony is far from being as completely weeded out of public life as that of corruption. Party warfare is still disfigured by occasional displays of bitter feeling and reckless accusation, belonging more fitly to a ruder age. Noble lords and honorable gentlemen still indulge in taunts and invectives alike indecorous and unjust. Men who live in houses of glass still sometimes throw stones, and get their own windows broken in return. But, on the whole, the chief sins in this line are confined to those whose birth and education exempt them from the expectation of good breeding; or to the immigrants from the sister island, whose indecent language and wholesale charges of sinister behavior are felt to be not unnatural, nor, when directed against Englishmen, of much importance. When Irish members assail their own countrymen, pelt them with native mud, and trot each other out for the diverson of the public, the House listens sometimes with amusement, sometimes with weariness, sometimes with belief:—when they accuse English statesmen of conduct which in Ireland might be possible, we listen with incredulity and disgust. The prevailing feeling on such occasions is, however, one of pain and indignation at exhibitions which tend to assimilate the tone of an assembly of gentlemen to that of a rotunda of unbridled Celts. With the exception of these extra-national proceedings, the amenities of social life are more and more introduced into public discussions. Men accustomed to meet in society, and cognizant of each other's estimable qualities in private life, cannot well treat each other in public as infamous delinquents; and as each man's standard of political morality and range of political vision is amended, he is less likely to deem his antagonist either rogue or fool.*

* The above facts are gleaned from the Report and Evidence of the Official Salaries Committee which sat in 1849–50.

* When savage things are said now, they are commonly in the form of a *bon mot*. It is now many years since this story was told in the House of Lords:—A nobleman holding a high judicial situation, for some reason or other, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, returned thanks for "The Navy," when that toast was given. "C——!" (called out a brother judge to him)—"what business have you to return thanks for the Navy? Navy is not spelt with a K!"

From Dickens's Household Words.

FAITHFUL MARGARET.

The moonlight was lying broad and calm on the mountains and the lake, silvering the fir trees massed against the sky, and quivering through the leaves of the birch and the ash, as they trembled in the light air which could not move the heavy horse-chestnut growing by them. The call of the corncraik from the meadow, and the far-off barking of a sheep-dog on the fells, were the only sounds that broke through the evening stillness; except whenever now and then the plash of oars in the lake, and the subdued voices of men and women gliding by, recalled to the listeners standing on the balcony, that other hearts were worshipping with them before the holy shrine of nature.

They had been on the balcony for a long time, looking out on the scene before them; Horace resting against the pillar, and Margaret standing near him. A curtain of creeping plants hung far down, and their leaves threw Horace into deep shadow; but the moonlight fell full and bright over the woman by his side; yet not to show any thing that art or fancy could call lovely. A grave and careworn face, with nothing but a pair of dark eyes lying beneath the shadow of a broad brow, and a mass of raven hair resting

heavy on her cheek to redeem it from absolute ugliness; a tall lean figure, not even graceful in its movements, nor fine in its proportions; and hands with fingers so long and thin, they were almost transparent—ill-formed, and ungainly too; a mode of dress that was not picturesque, and most certainly was not fashionable, scanty, black, and untrimmed;—all this made up an exterior which the most facile admiration could not admire. And few in the passing world care to discover the spiritual beauty which an outward form of unloveliness may hide.

So, Margaret stood in the moonlight by the side of an artist of high poetic temperament—a man who lived in the sunniest places of human happiness—a woman shut out from all the beauty of life; a woman who had never been fair, and who was now no longer young, to whom hope and love are impossible; the handmaid only to another's happiness, mistress of none herself.—Was she thinking of the difference between herself and the stars as she looked at them shedding light on the black rocks and the barren fells? Was she measuring the distance between her and her fate, her desires and her possessions, as she watched the waves striving to reach the soft cool moss upon the bank, to be thrust back by shingles and the stones? Or was she dreaming of a possible future, when the rocks should be beautiful with flowers, and the fells golden with furze, and when the waves would have passed that rough bar, and have crept peacefully to the foot of the mossy bank? Was she dreaming of happiness, or was she learning to suffer? Narrowing her heaven to within the compass of the earth, or losing earth in the heaven of nobleness and sacrifice? Who could tell? Thoughts are but poorly interpreted by eyes, and a sigh gives no more than the indication of a feeling.

"Let us go on the lake, Margaret, and take Ada with us," said Horace, suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, and leaving the shadow in which he had been standing.

"Yes," said Margaret, in a low voice, and with the start of one awakened out of a sleep in which she had been dreaming pleasantly, "Ada will enjoy that!"

She turned her face to the window where Ada sat, poring over a book of pictures by the lamplight, her little head hidden under its weight of ringlets, like an apple-blossom spray bent down with flowers.

"Child, will you come to Lily Island with Horace and me?" she said, caressingly. Your vase is empty, and the old enchanters used to say that flowers should be gathered when the moonlight is upon them, if they were to have any spell. And you know you said you wished to enchant Horace. Will you come?"

She smiled and held out her hand caressingly.

The girl flung her book on the floor with a little cry of pleasure. "Oh, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "It was so stupid, Margaret, in here all alone, with nothing but those wearisome old pictures that I have seen hundreds of times before. I was wondering when you and Horace would be tired of talking philosophy together, for you are always wandering away among minds and stars—far out of my depth. Which, perhaps, would not have been difficult to any one who could wade deeper than the hornbook."

All the time Ada was chattering thus, she was gathering up from the sofa her gloves, shawl, and bonnet; losing vast quantities of time in searching behind the pillars for her shawl-pin, which she did not find after all. For the sofa was Ada's toilette-table and unfathomable well generally, serving various kinds of duties. "We will go, Margaret," she continued, running through the room on to the balcony, her shawl thrown on to her shoulders awry, and holding her straw bonnet by its long blue strings. "Remember, I am to crown you like a naiad, and Horace is to be your triton. Are those words pronounced properly, Horry?" And she put her arms round the artist as a child might have done, and looked into his face prettily.

"You are to do just as you like, fairy Ada," said Horace, fondly patting her round cheek. "You are too childish to contradict, and not wise enough to convince; so you must even be indulged for weakness' sake, if not for love." This was to correct his flattery.

But it was not flattery after all; for she was like a fairy, hanging round him and caressing him so childishly; her little feet falling without echo as they glanced restlessly from beneath her wide flounces, and her yellow hair hanging down like golden strands. She was like one of those flowers in fairy books from whose heart flows out an elfin queen; like a poet's vision of a laughing nymph: a wandering peri masked for awhile in human features; like a dewdrop sparkling in the sun; a being made up of light, and love, and laughter; so beautiful and innocent that the coldest cynic must have praised, the sternest stoic must have loved.

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"What a child! What a lovely child!" said Horace, half to himself, turning from her and yet still holding her hand against his shoulder. "You are repaid now, Margaret," he added, tenderly, "for your long years of thought and care. Your life is blessed indeed; far more so than many which have more the appearance of fulfilment.'

"Yes," said Margaret, raising her dark eyes full into his. "My life is very, very happy now, Horace. Nothing is wanting to it, nothing. A home, a child, a friend; what could I ask of fate that I have not got?"

He looked at her affectionately. "Good, unselfish Margaret!" he said. "Boon and blessing to your whole world! Without you, at least two lives would be incomplete—your sister's and mine. We should be desolate wayfarers, without a guide and without a light, if you were not here. I cannot say that you are needful to us, Margaret: you are much more than needful."

A smile of infinite happiness wandered over Margaret's face as she repeated softly, "Am I then needful to you, Horace?" and her eyes lighted up with such love and fervor, that for a moment she was as absolute in youth and beauty as little Ada herself. Even Horace looked at her again, as at a face he did not know; but the smile and the glance faded away as they had come, and the gloom of physical unloveliness clouded over her face thick and dark as ever.

"Margaret is very good; she is true and noble; but she is fearfully plain," Horace thought to himself. "My father, who was so fond of beauty, would have said she was sinfully ugly. What a pity, with such a fine nature!" And he looked from her to Ada.

Ada was all impatience to set off; and Margaret must go in for her shawl and her bonnet without a moment's delay. Smiling at her little sister's impetuous sovereignty, Margaret went into the house like a patient mother with a favorite child; shaking her head, though, as she passed the little one, standing there in her woman's beauty and her child's artlessness; and saying, "You are spoilt, my darling," conveyed by look and accent, "I love you better than my own life," instead.

"Come to me, Ada," said Horace, as Margaret went into the house. "Your hair is all in disorder. Careless child! at seventeen you ought still to have a nurse."

"Now leave me alone, Horace, and never mind my hair," said Ada, escaping from him to the other end of the balcony. "You never see me without finding fault with my hair; and I am sure it is not so bad. What is the matter with it?" She shook it all over her face, and took up the ringlets one by one, to examine them; pouting a little, but very lovely still.

Horace was not to be coaxed nor frightened. He caught her in her retreat, and drew her to him, giving her a lecture on neatness that was rather against his instincts. But no matter; it served its purpose. Part of those yellow ringlets had been caught among the blue cornflowers under the bonnet she had perched on the top of her head, and part had been folded in with her awkward shawl. They were all in a terrible condition of ruffle; and Horace made her stand there before him like a child, while he smoothed them back deftly enough, scolding her all the time; but very tenderly. Then, impelled by a sudden impulse, that seemed to overmaster him, he bent down close to her, and whispered something in her ear, so low that the very swallows sleeping under the eaves could not have dreamed they heard its echo; and when he ended, he said, "Do you, Ada?" as if his very soul and all his hopes had been centred in her answer.

"Yes—no—ask Margaret," cried Ada, struggling herself free; and then she added, with a ringing laugh, "Oh, it is only a jest. You are not serious, Horace?" rushing almost into Margaret's arms as she stepped through the open window.

"What is it all about?" asked Margaret, looking from Ada, with her burning cheeks, to Horace, pale and agitated. "Have you been quarrelling ever since I left you?"

Neither spoke for a moment; and at last, Horace said with a visible effort: "I will speak to you alone of this, Margaret. You alone can decide it;" grasping her hand warmly.

They went down the balcony steps, through the garden, and then through the shrubbery of rhododendrons and azalias, and then through the little wicket gate that opened upon the shingly bay, where the May Fly lay moored in Ada's harbor—just under the shadow of the purple beech. Ada sprang into the little skiff first, as usual, insisting on steering; an art about which she knew as much and attended to as carefully as if a problem of Euclid had been before her. But she was generally allowed to have her own way; and they pushed out of the harbor, Ada at the helm, murmuring a love-song about a Highland Jeanie tried and true—"chanting to the nixies," Horace said—as she bent over the gunwale and looked into

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the water. Margaret's face was turned upwards, and Horace—his fine head almost idealized in this gentle light—sat gazing at the two sisters, while the tender moon flowed over all; flooding Ada's golden curls with a light as gay as laughter, and losing itself in the thick braids of Margaret's hair, like life absorbed in death.

"Ada means to shipwreck us," cried Horace suddenly, avoiding Dead Man's Rock only by a skilful turning of the oar, as the Venetian boatmen had taught him.

Margaret caught the tiller-string and drew it home, and the little boat glanced off, just grazing her keel as she scudded over the farthest point of the sunken rock.

"Ada, child, are your thoughts so far from earth that you cannot see Death when he stands in the way? What were you thinking of, love, when you nearly gave a plural to Dead Man's Rock?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But do you take the helm, Mar," Ada exclaimed, half in tears. "I am not steady enough to guide myself; still less, others!" And she almost cried, which was a common manifestation of feeling with her, and looked so distressed that Margaret took her face between her hands and kissed her forehead for comfort.

"Don't be downcast, my child," she said gently; "we all make mistakes sometimes, and seldom any so venial as all-but running the May Fly on the rocks. Go and comfort Horace, and ask him if he sprained his wrist in that strange Venetian manœuvre of his. I am sure you have been quarrelling on the balcony, Ada—you look so shy of him!" And she laughed pleasantly.

"Oh, no—no!" cried Ada, trying to look indifferent, but unsuccessfully. Then, with a sudden shake of her head, as if shaking it clear of fancies, she ran over the thwarts and sat down by Horace frankly; but terribly in his way for the sweep of an oar. She leaned on his shoulder and played with his hair, in her old familiar manner; asking him "if he were cross yet?—what made him so grave?"

"Not cross at any time with you," he said, bending his head to her hands. "Sometimes thoughtful—and about you."

His grave voice made Ada pause. "Are you unhappy?" she said; and her hand stole gently to his forehead.

"No. I am very happy at this moment," he said. "At the worst of times, only in doubt." He looked at Margaret as he spoke, wistfully.

"In doubt of what, Horace?" she asked.

"Whether sisterly affection might ever take a dearer name; or whether a niche might be reserved for me in the temple of a beloved life."

The boat was floating through the water-lilies as he spoke. They touched the shore of the island.

"Now sermonize together!" cried Ada, springing on shore and rushing away into the wood. She was going to look for mosses, she said, and ferns for the rockwork in her garden; for Horace and Margaret were best alone.

A rustic bench or chair had been placed in the green knoll just above the landing-place, and there Horace and Margaret seated themselves; watching the stars in the lake, and waiting until their darling should return to them again.

"Your life has been an anxious one for many years, Margaret," said Horace, after another of their long intervals of silence had fallen like a dark cloud over them. He was agitated; for his voice trembled, though his face was hidden by his slouched hat, and Margaret could not see it.

"Yes," she answered quietly; since my dear father's death, when Ada was left to my care—I so young and she a mere infant—I have had many hours of care and anxious thought. But I have come out into the calm and sunshine now. My darling has grown up all that the tenderest mother could demand for her child; and I am more than repaid by the beauty of the nature which perhaps I helped to form, by the power of my own love and the sacrifice of my whole life."

"Ah, Margaret!" cried Horace, warmly—"queen in soul as well as in name; queen of all womanly virtues and of all heroic powers, my heart swells with gratitude and love when I think of all that you have been to Ada; of how you have fed her life with your own, and emptied your cup of happiness into hers. Dear Margaret!—friend more than sister—what do we not owe you of boundless love, of infinite return!"

Margaret did not speak. Her heart was beating loud and fast, and her eyes, heavy with joy, were bent on the ground. But the lashes and the black brows were portals which suffered no meaning to pass beyond them; and Horace did not read the revelation written in those eyes, which else might have arrested, if it had not changed, the future.

"And now, Margaret," continued Horace, "you know how dear you are to me. You know that your happiness will be my chief care, and to honor and cherish you my joy

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as well as my duty." Margaret's thin hands closed convulsively on each other; she bent nearer to him unconsciously—her head almost on his shoulder. "You know how much I have loved you and our fairy child there, and how this love has gradually closed round the very roots of my heart, till now I can scarcely distinguish it from my life, and would not esteem my life without it. Tell me, Margaret, you consent to my prayer. That you consent to deliver up to my keeping your very heart and soul, the treasure of your love and the passion of your life. Will you make me so blessed, Margaret,—dearest Margaret?"

She turned her eyes upon him, dark with love, and moist and glad. Her arms opened to receive him and to press him close upon her heart; and her lips trembled as she breathed softly, "Yes, Horace, yes, I will give you all."

"Dearest!—best!" he cried. "Friend, sister, beloved Margaret! how can I thank you for your trust in me—how reward your gift! Ada!—my Ada!" and his voice rang through the island, the little one coming at his call. "Here, to me, child adored!" he continued, snatching her to him; "here to your home; to your husband's heart, first thanking your more than mother there for the future, which, my love, infinite as Heaven, shall make one long day of joy and happiness to you. Thank her, Ada—thank her! for she has given me more than her own life."

"Horace!" groaned Margaret, covering her face with her hands. "This is a pain too great; a sacrifice too hard. My heart will break. God, do Thou aid me!"

The passionate agony of that voice checked even Horace in his joy. It was too grieving, too despairing, to be heard unmoved. The man's eyes filled up with tears, and his lip quivered. "Poor Margaret!" he said to himself, "how she loves her sister. I have asked too much of her. Yet she shall not lose her."

"No, Margaret," whispered Ada, crying bitterly, one hand on her lover's shoulder and the other round her sister's waist, "it shall be no pain, no sacrifice. Will you not still love me, and shall I not always love you and be near you? Horace will not separate us."

A shudder ran through Margaret. This blindness and unconscious egotism shocked and chilled her. A moment more, and the pain was pressed back with a strong hand: the sacrifice was accepted with a firm heart. She raised her head and looked up, saying, "God be with you, dear ones, now and ever!" as she joined their hands, tears slowly filling her dark eyes and falling hot and heavy over her face.

Nothing could be done without Margaret. Every inch of the way, to the steps of the altar, she must walk hand in hand with Ada, the little one never dreaming of the fiery ordeal her love and childish weakness caused that suffering spirit to endure. And even when she had descended the altar-steps by the side now of another guide, Margaret was still her support, and her counsel the favorite rule of her conduct. The loving, gentle child! frightened somewhat at the new duties she had undertaken, and feeling that she could not fulfil them without Margaret's help: believing that she could not even please Horace, unless Margaret taught her how. When her sister remonstrated with her, and endeavored to give her confidence in herself, and told her that she must act more independently now, and not look for advice in every small affair, but study to win her husband's respect as well as to preserve his love, Ada's only answer was a weary sigh, or a flood of tears, and a sobbing complaint that "Margaret no longer loved her, and if she had known it would have changed her so, she would never have married,—never."

What could the sister do? What only great hearts can do; pity, be patient, and learn from sorrow the nobleness not always taught by happiness. Ada was too young for her duties; and Margaret knew this, and had said so; daring to be so brave to her own heart, and to rely so wholly on her truth and singleness of purpose, as to urge on Horace her doubts respecting this marriage, telling him she feared that its weight would crush rather than ennoble the tender child, and advising him to wait, and try to strengthen, before he tried her. Advice not much regarded, how much soever it might be repented of hereafter that it had not been more respected, but falling, as all such counsels generally do fall, on ears too fast closed by love to receive it. All that Margaret could do was to remain near them, and help her sister to support the burden of her existence; drinking daily draughts of agony no one dreamed of, yet never once rejecting the cup as too bitter or too full. She acted out her life's tragedy bravely to the last, and was more heroic in that small domestic circle than many a martyr dying publicly before men, rewarded by the knowledge that his death helped forward truth. With Margaret there

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was no excitement, no reward, save what suffering gives in nobleness and worth.

Horace fell in with this kind of life naturally enough. It was so pleasant to have Margaret always with them—to appeal to her strong sense and ready wit when he was in any doubt himself, and to trust Ada to her care—that he now asked whether it were not rather a divided life he was leading, and whether, between his wife and sister, it was not the last who held the highest place? This is scarcely what one looks for in a perfect marriage. It was Margaret who was his companion, his intellectual comrade; while Ada played with the baby or botched kettle-holders and urn-stands; and they were Margaret's thoughts which he sketched on the canvas, Ada standing model for the heads and hands.

It was Margaret too who taught the children when they were old enough to learn, and who calmed down their little storms, and nursed them when they were ill. Ada only romped with them, laughed with them, let down her hair for their baby hands to ruffle into a mesh of tiny ringlets, kissed them as they rushed past, or stood terrified and weeping by the cot where they lay sick and sad in illness. But the real discipline and the real work of life she never helped on. When the eldest child died; it was Margaret who watched by his pillow the whole of that fearful illness: it was Margaret who bathed his fevered temples, placed the leeches on his side, and dressed that red and angry sore: it was Margaret who raised his dying head, and laid him quietly to rest in the narrow coffin for ever: it was Margaret, worn and weak with watching as she was, who consoled Horace, and soothed Ada's tears to a sobbing sleep; who ordered the details of the funeral, and saw that they were properly performed. All steadily and strongly done, although that pretty boy had been her godson and her favorite, had slept in her arms from the first hour of his birth, and had learned every childish lesson from her lips. And it was only at night, when the day's work was done and all others had been comforted, that Margaret suffered herself to sit down with her grief and give vent to the sorrows she had to strengthen in action.

And when that debt, for which Horace had been bound, became due—the friend to whom he had lent his name failing him—and the lawyers sent bailiffs into the house, it was Margaret who calmed the frightened servants; who restored Ada, fainting with terror, and who arranged the means of escape from this embarrassment, by giving up her own property; every farthing she possessed barely covering the claim. A sacrifice Horace was forced at last to accept, after much delay and much anguish of mind, not seeing his way clearer out of the strait, and unwilling, for Ada's sake, delicate as she was just now, to brave the horrors of an arrest. So Margaret, who had always been the giver and the patroness, had her world reduced to dependence; of itself a sore trial to a strong will.

In every circumstance of life it was the same. She was the good angel of the household, without whom all would have been loose and disjointed; to whom love gave the power of consolation, and suffering the might of strengthening. Yet Horace and Ada lived on sightless and unperceiving; satisfied to taste life—enjoying that gentle epicurean thankfulness which accepts all blessings lovingly but without question, and never traces the stream which waters its garden to its source near the heavens.

Ada's summons had sounded; her innocent and loving life was sentenced to its end. Useless on earth, but asked for in heaven, she must die, that she may be at peace. And it was in mercy that she was taken away, for age and care were not made for her. They would have made life more tiresome than she could support. But this last little blossom, although it looked so fragile, broke down the slight twig on which it flowered, and the young mother and her baby passed to heaven together. The light had faded away, and the shadow fell softly in its place.

What had passed from Horace? A child; a sunny landscape; a merry laugh; a tamed wood-bird; something very lovely, but not necessary; something loved more than himself, and yet not his true self. With Ada, all the beauty and the joy of his life had gone; but the spirit remained. Not a thought hung tangled in his brain for want of a clearer mind to unravel it: not a noble impulse fell dead for want of a strong hand to help it forward. What he was with Ada he was without her; in all save pleasure. She had been the delight of his life, not its inspiration. It was beauty, not nobleness, that she had taken with her: love, not strength. It made even him—unreflecting artist, man of impulse as he was—stand by that grave-side wondering. He knew how much he loved her. He knew his whole heart and soul had been centred on her and her alone; but he almost shuddered to find that one part of his

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being had been uninfluenced by her, and that his mind was not wrecked in the ruin of his heart.

Ada's death made Margaret's path yet more difficult. Of course she was to remain with Horace. He could not understand existence without her; and the world would not be ill-natured to a wife's sister, so unlovely and so ancient in her spinsterhood. Not even the most suspicious prudery could imagine a love that had been given to the fairy Ada, that darling child of Nature, transferred to the tall thin figure clothed in the scant black dress, with even the once magnificent tresses turning sadly from their purer beauty, and silvered now with white hairs. No, she might remain there safe enough, the poor Margaret! Who cared to know that she had loved with that one deep, powerful love of a neglected heart; that she had bound herself to a daily cross when she accepted agonies without name and without term, that she suffered and was still? Who cared to praise her strength or to honor her heroism? Not even they for whom she had suffered. The sacrifice had been accepted; but not even a garland had been prepared for the victim. Without pity and without praise for her own deed, she must be contented without reward.

Time went on; and, excepting that Horace was graver and more watchful of his sister-in-law, with a certain indefinable tenderness at times, and then a rigid coldness that was almost like displeasure at others, there was no change in him since his wife's death; neither in their position with each other, nor in Margaret's place in the household. For strong souls the ordeal of life never ends, and Margaret must pass through hers to the end.

On a certain soft, still summer night, Horace and Margaret, for the first time for many months, went on the lake together, little Ada, the eldest now of that fairy world, with them. They rowed about for some time in silence, the child saying to itself pretty hymns, or nursery rhymes, muttering in a sweet, low voice, like a small bell tinkling in the distance. They landed on the island where, years ago, they had landed with another Ada. The moonlight now, as then, filled the wide sky and rested over the whole valley; and again, of all the things that stood in its light, Margaret was the only unlovely thing. But Horace had changed since then.

They sat down on the rustic bench, the child playing at their feet.

"Years ago we sat together, Margaret, on this same bench," said Horace, suddenly, "when I asked my destiny at your hands. I have often thought, of late, that I asked it amiss." He spoke rapidly, as if there was something he wished to say, and a weight he wished to thrust off his heart.

"Amiss, Horace? Was any life happier than yours? The sorrow that has darkened it was not a part of the destiny you asked from me."

"But now, now, Margaret," he cried impatiently.

"And now, Horace, you have a life of duty."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me your strength! This gray life of mine terrifies me. It is death I live in, not life."

"Learn strength, then, by your sorrow," she whispered. "Be content to suffer in the present, for the gain and good of the future. Learn that life is striving, not happiness; that love means nobleness, not pleasure. When you have learned this well enough to act it, you have extracted the elixir from the poison."

As she spoke, a heavy cloud, wandering up from the east, passed over the moon, and threw them all into the shadow.

Margaret turned to Horace. "To-morrow, my dear brother," she said, smiling, "the shadow of the moonlight will have passed away, and we shall be in the full light of heaven. The present, Horace, with its darkness and its silence, will lead us into a blessed future, if we have but faith and hope in ourselves and in each other. Let us go; I have long learned to suffer; you are only beginning. Lean on me, then, and I will help you; for the task of self-denial and self-suppression is hard when learned alone and in silence."

She held out her hand, clasped his, and carried it to her lips affectionately and reverently, adding gently; "A sister's arm is a safe guide, Horace. Lean on it never so hardly, it will bear your weight, and will neither fail nor misdirect you."

"Sister," sobbed the artist, "blessed though that name may be, one must walk over the graves of hope and love to reach it; my feet refuse, Margaret,—I cannot."

"We will walk together, Horace, and I will show you the graves which I have strewn before me. Come!"

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From Chambers's Journal.

PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERING.

So far as England and France are concerned, the present war bids fair to be conducted on more humane principles, and altogether in a less savage and vindictive manner, than any previous great European contest. France assumed the initiative, we believe, in refusing *letters of marque*, or commissions to privateers; and England has hitherto done the same; nor is there the least probability that any license will hereafter be granted to privateers by the British government. Formerly, it was not unusual for letters of marque to be granted even to the subjects of neutral nations, and fears have been expressed that Russia will grant such licenses to American privateers. We have not much apprehension on this score, relying securely, as we think, on the honor and policy of the United States government to suppress any such attempts; for by acts of Congress in 1794 and in 1818, privateering was denounced, and the Americans are not a retrograde people in any respect. But it is certainly to be dreaded that some of the half-lawless and wholly unprincipled republics of South America may be inclined to avail themselves of Russian commissions to plunder our merchantmen; although, if they do so, they will pay dearly for it in the end. It is not improbable that Russia herself will send forth privateers from such of her ports as may escape blockade—but short will be their cruises!

Privateering is, or was—if we may venture to speak of it in the past tense—a mere system of piracy under legal sanction, and proved a most monstrous aggravation of the evils of war. Not one spark of patriotism animated the owners and crews of privateers. They neither sought nor desired to meet with the enemy's armed cruisers, for to them glory was a thing of naught. Their sole object was to make money by plunder, and to do this with as little fighting as possible; but if hard knocks could not be avoided, we must do them the justice to say that they did not shrink from the combat, as many an action fought with a gallantry worthy a better cause bears witness. The officers and crews were almost invariably desperate men, and no private peccadilloes whatever could disqualify them for the service, but rather the reverse. The hulks, the gallows, and the privateers refused no man. As a general rule, the owners of privateers were not very honorable nor reputable citizens; yet, half a century ago, hardly a voice was audibly raised in condemnation of their enterprises. The fitting-out of a privateer was a sort of gambling speculation, for the vessel might be captured within twenty-four hours of leaving port, or it might send home a dozen valuable prizes in a cruise of as many days. All was a lottery, and one of the most exciting nature. The captain of a privateer had generally some share in the ownership of the vessel, and officers and crew sailed with a distinct agreement as to what percentage each would receive of the booty. Under such a system as this, the inevitable consequence was, that privateersmen became demoralized and brutal to the last degree. Privateers and pirates were, in fact, almost convertible terms. In many instances, if a privateer had not the fortune to fall in with any of the enemy's merchantmen during a cruise, he would have little or no compunction in seizing a neutral ship, rather than return empty-handed, and boldly risked all consequences resulting from the piratical act. But the system had yet darker traits, as the following startling statement—anonymous, however—testifies: "It must be admitted that in more than one flagrant instance, the system was not only brought to bear on English commerce by English capital, but even the very parties who sent out the merchant-ship, and insured her against the king's enemies, sent out also the privateer that captured her, and thus made a double gain—from the insurer of the captive vessel, and by the sale of her cargo and hull as lawful prize. Many a French privateer was owned by Englishmen, and manned by piratical renegades; and some English privateers were chartered by Frenchmen for the capture of their own merchant-ships. In the conduct of such crews, wilful cruelty towards their captives was alone wanting to complete the character

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of the pirate. On either side of the Channel, the day of the merchant-ship's sailing, and her course, was duly notified to the privateer that did the dirty work of the firm; and thus, under the pretext of honorable warfare, innocent individuals were swindled by their fellow-countrymen, and the honor of a nation tarnished for filthy lucre." We have no means of verifying this appalling charge, but judging by all we have read upon the subject, we have no reason to disbelieve it.

Privateers, both French and English, were of all sizes and rigs—from mere luggers of twenty tons, carrying a couple of 4-pounders and a dozen men, to fine full-rigged ships of 500 or 600 tons, heavily armed, and manned by crews of 200 to 300 men. In a word, the latter were formidable men-of-war, and capable of exchanging broadsides with regular king's frigates. Many privateers on both sides the Channel were fitted out at immense cost; nothing was spared to render their equipment perfect, for the owners well knew that one successful cruise might pay for all. The main object of all was to insure swiftness; and to effect this, strength of hull was sacrificed to such a degree, that some privateers were mere shells, that a close, well-directed broadside from a man-of-war would send to the bottom in a moment. This, however, was by no means always the case, as we shall hereafter show. Not a few privateers were expressly built for their intended service, and more beautiful vessels never floated. The total number sent forth both by England and France was almost incredible. They prowled in every direction, and the narrow seas literally swarmed with them. The largest and best appointed would take long swoops out on the main ocean, to fall in with convoys of both outward and homeward-bound ships; and if not taken themselves by men-of-war, they were sure to pick up all unfortunate stragglers or slow sailers. If the reader only glanced over a file of old newspapers, or pored—as we have done ere writing this article—through the "Home News" and Gazette extracts of the old magazines, and the dry details of our chief naval histories, he would soon have a vivid idea of the enormous risk merchantmen ran of being taken by privateers during the last war. Sometimes we read of five or six privateers of the enemy captured in a single day.

We are not aware that the British government ever aided or had any share in the equipment and sending forth of privateers; but it appears that it was otherwise across he Channel. In one instance, a French company hired five swift-sailing ships of their government to cruise as privateers; and official documents prove that many others were lent to adventurous merchants for the same purpose. The charter-party, on the above occasion, says that "the vessels are to be completely fitted out by the government; the freighters being only obliged to provide for and pay the crew. The cost of revictualling and touching at any place, to be also at the charge of the freighters; but the cost for repairs of masts, for cordage, ordnance, &c., to be defrayed by the republic. The freighters to propose the commanders, who must be approved by the Minister of Marine. The freighters to choose the station for cruising, and the places at which the vessels are to stop. The net produce of the prizes to be divided as follows—One-third to the crew, and a third of the remaining two-thirds to the republic; the sale of the prizes to be confided to the freighters." Many of the French privateers were really splendidly equipped and manned vessels. We find an instance to the point in the *London Gazette* of 1810. In September of that year, Captain Wolfe, of the *Aigle* man-of-war, reports that he had captured, after a chase of thirteen hours, *Le Phœnix*, a celebrated ship-privateer belonging to Bordeaux, mounting eighteen carronades, and manned with 129 men, whom he describes as being exceedingly fine young seamen, commanded by a very experienced and able captain. This privateer had done great injury to the British trade, and hitherto had outsailed all our men-of-war. A still more famous French privateer of similar force, manned by 140 men, *Le Vice-amiral Martin*, was captured in the following year by His Majesty's ships *Fortunée* and *Saldanha* This very famous privateer had been remarkably successful in all her former cruises, and had defied all attempts to capture her. Nor would she have been taken at last by one ship; for we are told that "from the style of her sailing, and the dexterity of her manœuvres, neither of his Majesty's ships singly, though both were going eleven knots with royals set, would have succeeded in capturing her."

Several instances are on record of really gallant actions fought between large French privateers and English frigates. A noteworthy affair of this kind occurred in 1798. The British 40-gun frigate *Pomone*, Captain Reynolds, chased the *Cheri* privateer of Nantes; and as the latter made no attempt to escape, the two ships were soon yardarm to yardarm, and a furious battle ensued. At length the

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privateer struck, after losing her mizen-mast and receiving great damage; so much so, in fact, that she sank almost before the wounded and prisoners could be removed. The privateer mounted twenty-six guns of various calibre, and was manned by 230 men. Her captain and fourteen men were killed, and nineteen wounded. The English frigate also sustained considerable damage. Considering the immense disparity of force, this was certainly a most gallant defence on the part of the privateer. Later in the same year, a memorable action also occurred between the British sloop-of-war *Trincomale*, of 16 guns, and the French privateer *Iphigenie*, of 22 guns. It lasted upwards of two hours, when by some accident the *Trincomale* exploded, and all the crew but two perished with her. The two vessels touched each other at this awful moment, and therefore it was not surprising that the privateer also was so dreadfully shattered, that she sank in a few minutes. All her crew, with the exception of about thirty, perished. A more calamitous finale to a well-fought action has rarely occurred. While on this topic, we must not omit to mention a third important and singular affair about the same time. The British 38-gun frigate *Révolutionnaire*, chased a strange ship off the coast of Ireland; and after a run of 114 miles in less than ten hours, the stranger hauled down her colors, and proved to be the *Bordelais* privateer of Bordeaux, a splendid ship of more than 600 tons, with a crew of 200 men, and mounting 24 guns on a flush-deck. She was reckoned as fast a sailer as any privateer belonging to France, and on her first cruise captured the immense number of twenty-nine valuable prizes! Her second cruise proved thus fatal to her. Concerning this privateer and the frigate that captured her, Mr. James, in his "Naval History," gives the following curious information: "It was a singular circumstance, not merely that the *Bordelais* was constructed by the same builder who had constructed the *Révolutionnaire*, but that the builder, at a splendid dinner given by the owners of the *Bordelais* to her officers soon after the termination of her first trip, should have said: 'England has not a cruiser that will ever touch her except the *Révolutionnaire;* and should she ever fall in with that frigate in blowing weather, and be under her lee, she will be taken.' The *Bordelais* was added to the British navy by the same name." It appears by the above, that the frigate herself had previously been taken from the French, and adopted into our navy. Whatever may now be the case, nothing is more certain than that during the last war the French built the finest men-of-war in the world. Most of the crack frigates then in our navy had been taken from the French, and with them we captured more of their vessels—a fact which must have been bitterly mortifying to that gallant and sensitive people.

Owing to the extreme swiftness of most privateers, it rarely happened that large men-of-war could capture them, unless under particular circumstances. Corvettes of war, and handy gun-brigs, were the vessels to hunt down and destroy these pests of commerce; and they did their duty manfully. Sometimes, however, it happened that they caught a Tartar in the shape of a privateer, and had much ado to escape being captured themselves. As a general rule, both English and French privateers carefully steered clear of all contact with men-of-war, for they knew they could have nothing to hope for but hard blows, and probable discomfiture. It did, however, occasionally happen, that when a privateer fell in with a sloop-of-war, or other small armed ship of the enemy's royal navy, and knew the latter to be of decidedly inferior force, he would risk an attack. Several instances are on record of king's ships being captured, after a hard fight, by one or more daring privateers. For example, the British gun-brig *Growler*, well armed, and commanded by Lieutenant Hollingsworth, with a crew of fifty men and boys, was engaged, along with other men-of-war, in convoying merchant-vessels; and when off Dungeness, the *Growler* was suddenly attacked in the night by two French lugger privateers, the *Espiègle* and *Rusé*; and in spite of a most gallant defence, in which her commander lost his life, was captured, and triumphantly carried into Boulogne. It is supposed that the privateers at first mistook the *Growler* for a merchantman. A somewhat similar affair occurred about the same period. The British armed sloop *George*, Lieutenant Mackey, of six guns and forty men, was attacked and captured in the West Indies by two Spanish privateers, one carrying one hundred and nine, and the other sixty men. The British crew made a most heroic defence, and did not surrender until eight were killed and seventeen wounded, out of her forty men. The Spaniards had thirty-two killed. On the other hand, some French privateers made quite as determined a resistance against hopeless odds. The British fourteen gun-brig-sloop *Amaranthe*, with a crew of eighty-six men, chased the French privateer *Vengeur*, a

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schooner of only six four-pounders, and a crew of thirty-six men, including passengers. At length the two vessels engaged at pistol-shot distance, and the combat lasted upwards of an hour. When the privateer surrendered, her loss amounted to fourteen killed and five wounded. If the immense disparity of force is taken into consideration, this is one of the most desperate defences on record, and proves that the issue of the combat would have been very doubtful, had the force been more equal. We could give dozens of similar instances of the desperate courage often displayed both by English and French privateersmen; and this is about the only redeeming trait in their character. It may, however, be safely assumed, that, as a general rule, privateers only fought when fighting became unavoidable. On rare occasions, French and English privateers fought each other, just as tigers and sharks will sometimes do, when lacking their natural prey.

The damage done to British commerce—and *vice versâ* — by French, Danish, and American privateers, was altogether incalculable; and it must also be borne in mind, that the prodigious risk of capture raised the rates of marine insurance to a ruinous degree, so that merchants whose vessels made safe runs, seldom realized remunerative returns on their invested capital; and if, on the other hand, they sent their ships to sea uninsured, they risked total ruin, for it was about an equal chance that a ship sailing to and from many ports would be captured. It is not fair to draw a parallel between regular men of-war and privateers, as regards making prizes of enemy's merchant-ships. The mere act of capturing an enemy's merchantman is only a sort of episodical performance on the part of men-of-war, their main business being to defend the coasts of their country from hostile invasion, and to fight and subdue the ships of war belonging to the foe. The prize-money they receive from occasional captures is only a legitimate extra reward for the services they perform to the state; while a privateer is sent forth wholly and solely to pursue and capture merchantmen, that its crew and owners may be enriched by their confiscation, the privateers neither defending their country, nor fighting its armed foes, unless reluctantly compelled to do so. These views of the question are now generally held by civilized states; and England, France, and America, the three foremost nations of the earth, seem to have tacitly arrived at the somewhat tardy conclusion, that there is hardly a hair-breadth of practical difference between privateering and piracy. Henceforward, pirates and privateersmen will alike swing from the yardarm whenever captured in pursuit of their kindred professions.

From Dickens's Household Words.

BACK WAYS TO FAME.

The gentleman who writes himself on the title-page to his books—

F.A.S., F.B.S., F.C.S., F.D.S., F.E.S., F.F.S., F.G.S., F.H.S.,
Corresponding Member of the Learned Societies of
Agra, Delhi, Algiers, Cape Town, Portsmouth,
Port Essington, and Walla-walla: V. P. of the
Shetland Oratorical Society, and of the
Manx Cat Club; Member of the
Pendlington Galaxy Association,
the Pansophisticon,
&c., &c., &c.,
&c., &c.,
&c.,
Author of
A Treatise upon Hic, Hæc, Hoc; the History of Horum
Genitivo,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

is not directly pointed at in any of the remarks here following. It is no new thing for authors and others to ask themselves, How shall I carry weight with the public? What shall I do to be esteemed? And ever since the first barrel of ink was brewed, such problems have been solved in sundry ways, so that there is nothing foolish that has not been done—perhaps, too, that is not being done—for love of praise.

In the first place, how is an orator, philosopher, or poet, who thinks more of the applause he wants than of the work that is to get it—how is such a poor fellow to know even so much as in what direction he shall turn his face? Are the select few to be courted, or the vulgar many? Which gives the

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verdict of praise most to be desired? Jean de la Serre wrote such a tragedy upon Sir Thomas More that Cardinal Richelieu never was present at the representation of it without weeping like an infant; yet the million declared "More" a bore, and lauded as the best play that was ever written, Corneille's Cid, in conspiracy against which drama Richelieu spent a month of his great power as a minister, because he took it to be a stupidity which, as a man of taste, he ought to crush. "More" is no more, and the world still pays to the Cid assiduous attention.

The great Cæsar himself, says Macrobius, admired so extremely a comedian named Laberius, that he invited him, by offers of large sums, to Rome. There he put him into competition with the people's favorite, Publius Syrus. In spite of the Emperor, the people crowned their man, and the imperial patron was forced to say, "Laberius, although I like you best, Syrus has beaten you." Louis the Fourteenth did not say a word over the first hearing of one of Molière's best comedies. The public thought he did not like it, and all the next morning nothing was to be heard but bandied criticism of it as poor stuff, and such inanity, that really, if Monsieur Molière did not make a great change in his recent manner, he would never hold his ground with men of taste. At dinner the King held his hand out to the poet and said that he had enjoyed his comedy beyond expression. In the afternoon every soul was charmed with the wit of the new play. The most discriminating general public that ever was, only accepted cordially ten or twelve out of a hundred of the works of Æschylus, and forsook him altogether for a new writer; the same public five times declared Pindar conquered by a woman who was in their eyes a tenth muse, and in his eyes a pig. In what direction then is the fame-hunter to look? The man who works out matter that is in him is in no perplexity; for him nature has made provision; but the man whose labor is but to procure something—whether fame or money—that he has not, by what arts is he to make provision for himself? He generally uses quackery, and in what degree he uses it, or of what kind it is, and to what class of minds it is addressed, must depend on taste and temperament, and upon other things.

Charles Patin, a wise man of olden time, lodged with a friend studying medicine, at Basle, and asked him one day into how many parts medicine were divided. "Into four parts," said his friend; "physiology, pathology, semiotics, and therapeutics." "Into five parts," said Charles Patin, "for you must add quackery, in which whoever is not thoroughly versed, is unworthy to bear the title of physician."

What might be said then, and might very likely be said now, with some show of truth concerning medicine, was and is quite as true of philology, metaphysics, oratory, statesmanship, theology, or any other branch of study.

Men parade titles that mean little, but sound large; I introduce no modern illustrations, but used they not of old to write themselves in their books archi-historiographers, king's counsellors and so forth? Did they not write themselves down members of societies having sometimes, especially in Italy, fantastical and affected names, Seraphics, Olympics, Boobies, Idlers, Somnolents, Rawmen, Parthenics, and Fantastics? They even changed their names to put more weight into their literary persons. A doctor Sansmalice signed himself Doctor Akakia; John became Jovian; Peter became Pomponius. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the vainest of all learned men, claimed to be descended from a princely house, and his son Joseph so highly glorified the family in a short biographic notice, that their antagonist Scioppius—the grammatical cur he was called for uncivilness—professed to have counted up four hundred and ninety-nine lies in a work of about fifteen pages. As for Scioppus, he wrote himself Roman Patrician, Counsellor of the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Arch-Duke of Austria, the Count Palatine, and Count of Clara-Valla. Such writers were habitually styled most excellent and most admirable, though Charles the Fifth, himself addressed formally as Emperor, was no more than most noble and most excellent.

A mathematician in those times, travelling in Poland, expressed his annoyance at continual allusions to his Excellence, but was told, with some pity for his ignorance, that he need not concern himself, because the Poles assumed the excellence of everybody. Whatever titles a man could lay hold of, he claimed. A village schoolmaster, claiming due honor, in this spirit played the crier to himself, and cried, "I am the rector, the sub-rector and the choir! I am the three altogether, and am therefore all in all." Of all men who betitled themselves and each other, the old lawyers were the most accomplished quacks. One was Invincible Monarch of the Empire of Letters, another, Azo by name, was Source of the Laws, Vessel of Election, Trumpet of Truth, and God

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of Lawyers. Baldus was entitled Divine Monarch Utriusque Juris, ignorant of nothing, &c. There were very many more who took or received titles as extravagant.

These titles often border on profanity, and if it were not wholesome discipline to be reminded now and then of the depths sounded by human vanity and folly, I should shrink certainly from adding to this list the frontispiece of a book, not by a lawyer, in which the author is depicted at the foot of the cross with the question issuing from his mouth, "Master, lovest thou me?" The reply of the Master from the cross being written in another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent and very learned Lord Segerus, Poet Laureate of his Imperial Majesty, and very worthy Rector of the University of Wittenberg; yes, I love you."

Earnestness has sometimes the force of quackery. Alain de l'Ile preached so profoundly upon incomprehensible matters that the ignorant came out in swarms to hear him. Therefore, one day, instead of delivering a sermon that he had promised on a sacred mystery, when he saw the gaping crowd about him, he came down again out of his pulpit, saying only, "You have seen Alain. And so now you may go home content." I am reminded by this anecdote of Barthius, a rather bilious philosopher, who was annoyed by the impertinence of curious intruders. One day an English traveller looked in to see him; the offended sage received him in grim silence; they sat down opposite to one another, and not a word was said until Barthius turned suddenly his back upon his visitor, and said, "Well, Sir, you have seen me pretty well in front, now look at me behind."

I have wandered into the domains of people who got more attention than they wished, instead of abiding by the learned men who wished for all the notice they could get. One way of attracting notice was the use of title-pages, calculated to arrest attention. The foppery common on title-pages in old times—never, of course, now—was obvious enough in certain respects. It was but a commonplace of the period to call a lexicon The Pearl of Pearls, to produce Flowers of every thing after the Latin Florus, and Nights of every thing after the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius. There were Theological Nights, Christian Nights, Agreeable Nights, Solitary Nights, African Nights, and so forth.

The races of the Flowers and the Nights are not indeed even to this day extinct. Pliny long ago ridiculed the titles of Greek books—Rags of Honey, Horns of Plenty, Muses' Meadows, in which every thing a man could wish for, "down to chickens' milk," was said to be contained. The wise men of the Revival published, in place of Horns of Plenty, Treasures and Treasuries, and they put up Steps to Parnassus, over which many a schoolboy has since stumbled. A set of maps was called after the man who took the world upon his shoulders—Atlas; and that name, being short and handy, has been commonly adopted into languages as a noun-substantive, quite free from mythological suggestion. A book on the blood was called The Macro-micro-cosmic ocean.

Alchemists wrote books called The Art of Arts, The Work of Works, The Art of being Ignorant of Nothing, of Writing and of Knowing about Every Thing. It would need the lesson taught by such a book to understand only the titles of some others; a tract on the Rights of the King was headed, for example, in those days, The Stomachation of the Public Good. The author of a Harmony of the Gospels called it, The Triumph of Truth, on a Car drawn by the four Evangelists, escorted by the Army of Holy Fathers; and a more elaborate allegorist, a Spaniard, entitled a work on philology, in fifty chapters—Pentacontarch; or, the Captain of Fifty Soldiers: levied and maintained by Ramirez de Prado, under whose auspices the different monsters that ravaged the republic of letters are pursued even to their uttermost retreats, and to the depths of their frightful caverns, where they are attacked, fought with, and destroyed. Again, who would suppose that a book with the attractive title of The Rights of the Public was a treatise upon headache?

The desire for fame has induced others to seek it by much writing, in the belief that to be constantly before the world was to be honored by it, or, at least—and that is something—to be known. There have been many men whose works contained more leaves than there were days in their lives; some being by nature prolific and industrious, others only because they were resolved to occupy the public ears. In the first class was the Spanish dramatist Lopez de Vega, whose works covered ten times as many pages as there were days in his life. In the second class it will suffice to name Joachim Fortius, who wrote of himself thus: "Either I shall die very young, or I shall give to the world a thousand works, honestly counted, in as good Latin as I can produce. I intend to

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entitle them The Chiliad. It is a settled thing: death only can prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. Already nineteen have seen the light, and I shall very shortly publish eighty-one others, which will just make up the tenth part of my Chiliad."

When such a seeker after fame can find no printer rash enough to risk a penny on his works, it often happens that he is insane enough to print them at his own expense Ulysses Aldrovandus consumed all his patrimony in the printing of his books; and, as nobody bought them, he caused copies to be distributed to all the libraries of Europe as eternal monuments both of his learning and his generosity.

There was an ancient sophist who made much money by his oratory, and spent it in the making of a golden statue, which he placed, dedicated to himself, in the temple at Delphi. In the same spirit, but after a more economical fashion, one Psaphon, a poet, who could get no fame by his verses, procured a number of birds capable of being taught to utter a few words, and having taught every one to say, Psaphon is a great god, let them all loose. They flew abroad, and wherever they settled, brought, as it appeared, their tidings from the sky. In this way the worship of Psaphon was established; and he got as a deity, the incense that men could not offer to him as a bard. Any thing for a name! Hence came a Greek proverb about the birds of Psaphon.

A wide subject opens, when we come to discuss the foppery of dedications. "If you seek glory, nothing will secure it to you so effectually as the letter I am writing," Epicurus wrote to a great minister. He may have been justified in saying so, but so have many little birds magnificently chirruped to the condors and the eagles of society. "By George, Sir!" one of these forgotten worthies used to say, when he had dedicated a book to any one, "I have immortalized you; that deserves a handsome fee." Dedication was a trade, once upon a time, as we all know; dedication writers were begging-letter writers, neither more nor less. Leo the Tenth did a sensible thing when a man dedicated to him An Infallible Method of making Gold. He paid him for his dedication with a great sack to contain the gold he made. Erasmus dedicated a book to the Queen of Hungary, and complained sorely that his rascal of a printer had lost him his gratuity by printing two successive words as one, in a place where to do so was to change the meaning of the sentence, and convert a compliment into an insult. Two authors, Ranzovius and Schott, writing in feigned names, dedicated their works to themselves. Dedications to Saints, to My Country, and so forth, I pass over. A work on sacred geography, printed at Leipsic only a hundred and fifty years ago, had a dedication meant to be curious and pious, which again serves as an illustration of the kind of intrusion made by foppery on holy ground. It was dedicated to the Three great Princes and sole Heirs of Heaven and Earth: the Lord Jesus; Frederic Augustus, Electoral Prince of Saxe; and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Zeitz. To each name was appended a long string of titles in the usual form; the Saviour being styled, crowned general of the celestial armies, king elect of Zion, august and perpetual head of the Christian Church, sovereign pontiff and archbishop of souls, elector of truth, archduke of glory, duke of life, prince of peace, chevalier ——. I shall quote no more; but it was well to quote so much, because the extravagance of conceit has always travelled a great deal upon forbidden ground. However, it shows itself in this relation—and any one who looks about may see conceit always mounting to heaven, and nothing lower by its little towers of arrogance—it cannot be too steadfastly resisted. We should be always on our guard against it.

Another practice with the writers of a past time was to garnish their books with laudatory letters and verses from distinguished men or partial friends. They often composed for themselves letters of this kind, to which they put various initials; just as Charles the Fifth, when on one occasion he had beaten the Protestants in battle, is said to have caused a number of guns to be founded upon the pattern of those he had captured, and inscribed with the devices of the enemy, to drag as trophies into Spain, and magnify his triumph.

Others have sought to catch attention, not by a parade of success and satisfaction, but by a parade of discontent. They attack every thing, they wish to make a noise in the world, and know that of all work fighting is the noisiest: therefore they fight, they combat every opinion, attack every eminent man, or, taking in an anonymous way their own eminence for granted, even attack themselves, as did Goropolus when he published a remorseless criticism on his own poem of Charlemagne. Great men do not notice such attacks, for eagles do not catch flies. When Ziegler wrote his commentary upon Grotius, Henninger wrote a cruel comment-

ary upon Ziegler. "This little fellow," Ziegler said, "wishes to be dragged out of his obscurity. Good sense forbids me to grant his petition." One of the most quarrelsome of these men was James Gronovius, the son of John: yet John was the most peaceful writer of his age. In youth he had written a book called Elenchus Anti Diatribæ, which contained one or two sharp expressions levelled at some commentator. He afterwards, for that reason, bought up and burned every copy, and would not spare one even to Grœvius, his most intimate friend. Yet it was this man's son who lived by snarling.

Of men who have in direct and plain terms called attention to their own surpassing merits —a vast host—I will mention only one or two. A famous lawyer, Charles Dumoulin, according to Balzac, wrote often at the top of his opinions given upon consultation: "I, who yield to no man, and who have from no man any thing to learn." A Greek who wrote the life of Alexander, promised to equal Alexander's actions with his words. Claveri, an Italian, gave money and sweetmeats to the children of his town to sing about the streets, ballads of his own making in honor of himself. He finally collected them in two volumes, as evidence of his own popularity. Giacomo Mazzoni declared himself ready to answer on the spot, every question that could be asked him. Messrs. Gaulmin, Saumaise, (Milton's Salmasius,) and Maussac being together in the royal library, "I think," said Gaulmin, "that we three can match our heads against all that there is learned in Europe." To which Salmasius replied, "Add to all that there is learned in Europe, yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." Not to convey a false impression, let me add that Salmasius was a very learned man indeed, and was treated by our Milton more in the spirit of controversy than of justice.

When publishers for the same community of readers lived in all parts of Europe, it was convenient for authors to drop hints about unpublished works in their possession that might be treated for by any firm in Italy, France, Germany, or Switzerland. These hints grew, however, sometimes into forms of great pretension, and there were not a few who claimed to themselves vast credit for writings that had never come to light. La Croix du Maine carried his boasting in this way as far any man. In an epistle dedicatory addressed to Henry the Third, of France, he said: "My library now contains eight hundred volumes of various memoirs and collections, written by my hand, or by an amanuensis, all the produce of my invention or research, and extracted from all the books that I have read up to this date, of which the number is infinite, as may easily be seen by the twenty-five or thirty thousand heads and chapters of all kinds of matter that may fall under the cognizance of man; which treat of things so different that it is almost impossible to speak of, see, or imagine any thing into which I have not made curious research. The whole collection is classed according to sciences, arts, and professions, and arranged in a hundred cases, for each of which two hundred dollars will content me. This sum would seem so little to so great a king, that I am ashamed to have set down so low a price." In fact, he only wanted twenty thousand dollars for his giant scrap-book.

Of critics and grammarians the conceits used to be endless, and nothing ever was more vain than their disputes. Their follies of enthusiasm are respectable; one may almost admire Becatelli, who sold all he had to buy a rotten manuscript of Livy. But in their hands criticism that was to discern truth from error, became itself the overflowing source of error and of discord. As for work at the text of authors, on the whole the saying first applied to copies of Homer must be pretty generally true—that, in any old writer, that is most correct which has been least corrected. What would not these men quarrel about. Two fell into kicks and cuffs in open street over the question whether the verb Inquam belonged to the third or fourth conjugation. Nizolius and Maioragius held a notable dispute as to which of the two most thoroughly admired Cicero. Politian refused to read the Bible, but spent time and toil in settling whether he should write Vergil or Virgil, and amused his leisure with composition of Greek epigrams to Venus and Cupid. Philelphes and Timotheus wagered beards upon a controversy; and Timotheus, being vanquished, was most cruelly shaven, that his beard might be carried about Europe as a trophy. Such questions as these engaged the lives of old grammarians: How many rowers had Ulysses? Was the Iliad composed before the Odyssey? Who was the mother of Hecuba? What name did Achilles bear when wearing woman's dress? What was the usual subject of the songs of the Sirens? Nicanor wrote six volumes on a dot, the grammatical full stop. Messala wrote a dissertation on the letter S, and Martin Vogel wrote another on the German B. The Sorbonne

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decided that the Latin Q should be pronounced like the Q in French, and solemnly cut off from its body a heretic member who ridiculed such Latin as kiskis and kamkam. "Here," said somebody to Casauban, as they entered the old hall of the Sorbonne, "Here is a building in which men have disputed for four hundred years." "And," asked Casauban, "what has been settled?"

It was the common boast of a grammarian, who wanted as much fame as he could get, that he understood some fabulous number of languages. Postel said he understood fifteen; his adversaries said he did not understand so much as one. André Thevet was thoroughly grounded, he said, in twenty-eight, and spoke them all fluently. Joseph Scaliger is said to have claimed knowledge of all there were, though thirteen is the number commonly ascribed to him, and most likely with greater truth. The man who professed to understand all languages might as well have said at once that he came down from the third heaven of Mahomet, where every inhabitant has seventy thousand heads, and every head has seventy thousand mouths, in each mouth seventy thousand tongues, all singing praises at one time in seventy thousand idioms.

Of orators, it will be enough to cite that practice in exterior eloquence which is kept up to this day, and which Francius first taught his pupils to keep up before a good Venetian mirror. Of the poets, every one has tales to tell; they are animated, like beasts, by a blind love for their own offspring, and are led, when they are weak-minded, into an infinite number of odd fopperies. We will cast anchor, finally, upon the Hæccities and Quiddities of an extinct order of logicians. They could be matched, indeed, with the concretes, I's and not I's of the present day; but we are not personal to any man's opinions or practice, and retire firmly upon the past. The logicians of old used to discuss gravely whether it would be a greater miracle for an elephant to be as small as a flea, or for a flea to be as big as an elephant, and whether the chimera humming through the void of nature could devour second intentions. As for the old logical technicalities, Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferison, Baralipton, they are now legends. Nobody now reads the thick volumes of Bovellius on that which is below (or next to) nothing. He was a mathematician, and his topic was not quite so foolish as it seems. The lawyers were as acute in those days as any of their neighbors. Among their problems for ingenious discussion, were the questions: Could a criminal who recovered his life after decapitation, be again subject to have his head cut off? Who is the owner of an egg laid in a nest frequented by the fowls of many households? If the wife of Lazarus had married again after his death, could he have claimed her on his resurrection? In those days (only in those days, observe) hairs were split by lawyers; advocates, by brass, and by bon mots, and by force of cunning, dragged lawsuits out and prolonged them to the ruin of both litigants—even prolonged them, when there was much wealth, into a second and third generation. In that way the lawyers (of those days) throve, and many became famous.

In the midst of all this foppery and quackery, a great deal of study went to produce small results. It is recorded of a learned man, whose very name is forgotten, though his reading was so deep, that in his lectures he would quote by the page from books written in many languages, never opening one, but having them all on his lecture-table with an open sword. "Here," he said, "are the books; follow me in them when you please, and if I misquote by so much as a syllable, stab me; here is the sword." It is certain that an obscure man of letters, whose name has been handed down, read Tacitus in this way. To so much antecedent toil, men added so much folly and bravado for the sake of fame.

Death of Mrs. Southey. — Caroline Southey, widow of Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, died on the 20th August, at Buckland, near Lymington. She was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, a canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and was highly graced with intellectual accomplishments. She was married to Dr. Southey in 1839, about a year and a half after the death of his first wife, Edith Fricker, to whom he was united on the day he left England for a six months' sojourn at Lisbon. The Rev. C. C. Southey, vicar of Ardleigh, in his "Life and Letters" of his father, says, "When the day was fixed for the travellers (Southey and Hill) to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day; and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united at Radcliffe church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad."

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From the Daily News.

THE MONUMENT TO THOMAS HOOD.

On Tuesday, a public tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Thomas Hood, by the inauguration of a monument at Kensal Green Cemetery, in presence of a large number of persons, including some intimate friends of the deceased. Hood was one of those who not only enriched the national literature, but instructed the national mind. His conceptions, it is true, were not vast. His labors were not, like those of Shakspere, colossal. But he has produced as permanent an effect on the nation as many of its legislators. If he had not done this, the ceremony of yesterday would have been an inane display. Englishmen are the wiser and the better because Hood has lived; and, therefore, Englishmen can listen reverently to a public eulogium on his memory. Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., delivered an address upon the occasion. The monument was covered with a piece of cloth during the simple ceremony. Mr. Milnes said that eulogistic orations at the tombs of their friends were not, he thought, congenial to English taste; yet, on particular occasions, they could not be improper. The oration would appear tame to those accustomed to hear similar discourses on all occasions on the other side of the Channel. But there was sound sense and feeling in all that he said: and this was enough. He spoke with great delicacy and kindness of Hood's personal characteristics, and with much taste upon the artistic value of the dead humorist's works. He touched with great felicity and subtlety upon the value of humor. He defined its province, and showed how closely it was connected with the highest forms in which genius manifests itself. Mr. Milnes spoke, however, more as a friend than as a critic, and his genial utterances excited emotions in the hearts of his hearers which told how deep was their sympathy both with the orator and the subject of his eulogium. There were not many dry eyes amongst his hearers when he quoted one or two exquisite portions of Hood's poems. It was evident that the greater part of the audience were well acquainted with the works of the poet, and were delighted to hear the quotations from poems which had afforded them exquisite gratification in the perusal. At the close of the address the monument was uncovered. It has been executed by Mr. Matthew Noble, and consists of a bronze bust of the poet, elevated on a pedestal of polished red granite, the whole being twelve feet high. In front of the bust are placed wreaths in bronze, and on a slab beneath the bust appears that well-known line of the poet's which he desired should be used as his epitaph:

He sang the song of the shirt.

Upon the front of the pedestal is carved this inscription:

In memory of Thomas Hood, born 23d May, 1798, died 3d May, 1845. Erected by public subscription, A.D. 1854.

At the base of the pedestal a lyre and comic mask in bronze are thrown together, while on the sides of the pedestal are bronze medallions, illustrating the poems of the "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram." This ceremony is very significant, as showing the disposition that exists amongst Englishmen to recognize the value of their great authors. It tells us that the nation has arrived at the conclusion that there are other influences than legislation and war which operate upon our happiness or shape our destiny. The oration pronounced over Hood is a fact which proves an advance in the public estimation of what true greatness is. The rarity of such exhibitions adds to their value; and although we should be sorry to see funeral orations become common, it is creditable to the nation that we should have recognized the justice of pronouncing a discourse over Thomas Hood.

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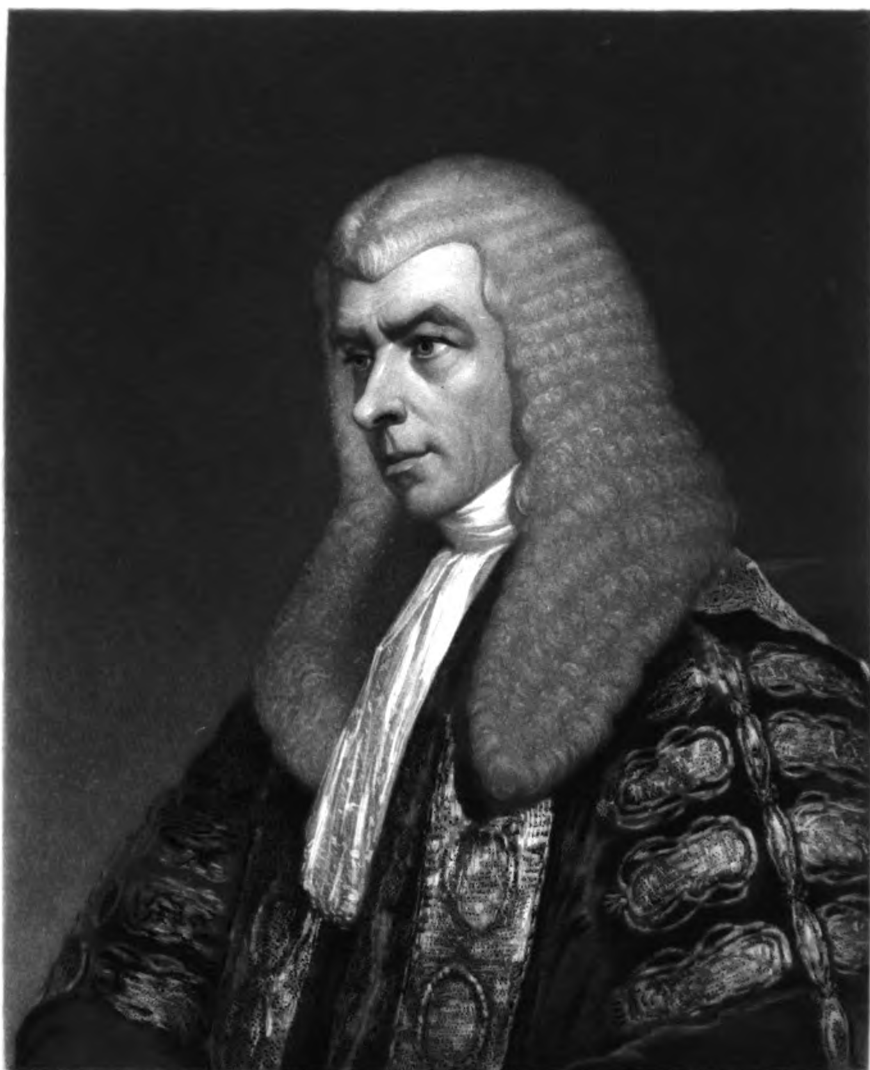

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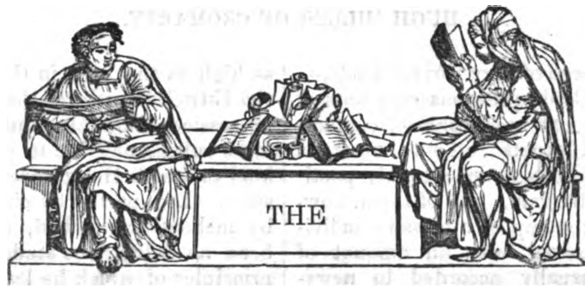

// THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

From the North British Review.

HUGH MILLER OF CROMARTY.*

For some ten or twelve years at least, the name of Hugh Miller has been known all over Scotland, and also in not a few circles out of it, as that of one of our most remarkable men. It was in 1840 that he came from his native district of Cromarty to settle in Edinburgh as the editor of a newspaper, then established to advocate, with a moderate amount of whiggism in general politics, the cause of the non-intrusion party in the Scottish Church. The fame that preceded him to Edinburgh on this occasion was that of a man who, having worked the greater part of his life as a common stone-mason in the north of Scotland, had in that capacity exhibited very unusual powers of mind, and, in particular, such unusual abilities as an English prose-writer, as to have attracted the notice not only of local critics, but also of men of eminent public station. Of his last and best known production—a pamphlet on the non-intrusion question—no less a person than Mr. Gladstone had said, that it showed a mastery of pure, elegant, and masculine English, such as even a trained Oxford scholar might have envied. Apart from Mr. Gladstone's opinion, Scottish readers of the pamphlet were able to see that its author had beaten college-bred clergymen and lawyers in his own country, as a popular writer and reasoner on the national question of the day. It was, therefore, with a ready-made reputation as a self-educated prodigy from Cromarty, that Mr. Miller settled in Edinburgh as editor of the *Witness*. He was then thirty-seven years of age. During the fourteen years which have elapsed since then, he has largely increased his reputation, and, at the same time, considerably modified its character. As a Scottish journalist his place has been one of the highest, and his method almost unique. Without that sharp immediate decisiveness which enables some of the best of his brother-editors to write currently and well on topics as they momentarily occur, he has exercised a weighty influence, by sending forth a series of leading articles remarkable for their deliberate thought, their elevated moral tone, their strong Presbyterian feeling, and their high literary finish. These essays, as they may

* *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education.* By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator," &c. &c. Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter, 1854.

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be called, have been of very various kinds,—some of them little disquisitions on points of passing interest; others sketches of contemporary men and events; others humorous and satirical; and others in a highly poetical and imaginative vein. All of them, however, bearing the stamp of a massive individuality, and received with an amount of attention not usually accorded to newspaper articles, have contributed powerfully to the formation of Scottish public opinion during the period over which they extend; while, on some questions—as, for example, on Scottish banking, and on national education—Mr. Miller has stood forward manfully, and with all the energy of a leader, on ground of his own. All this, in spite of the necessary disadvantage attending a position where conflict both with individuals and with parties has been unavoidable, has rendered Mr. Miller a far more influential man than when he first came from Cromarty. But this is not all. During the fourteen years of his editorship, Mr. Miller has made various appearances in other walks than that of the journalist. Before his editorship, and while yet a comparatively unknown man, he had published one or two volumes, both of prose and verse, showing imaginative powers of no common order,—particularly his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland;" and these, either reproduced by himself, or sought out by his admirers since he became better known, have helped to give a more full impression of the character of his mind. He has also found time to write one or two new works of a literary nature, exhibiting, on a tolerably large scale, his genius for description and narration, his fine reflective tendency, his cultivated acquaintance with the lives and works of the best English authors, and his shrewd relish for social humors. One of these works—an account of a vacation tour, entitled "First Impressions of England and its People"—has been of a kind to find numerous readers out of Scotland. That, however, which has done most to add to his eminence in Scotland, and to make his name known over a wider circle since he began to be conspicuous as a journalist, is the independent reputation which he has since then acquired by his services in one most important department of natural science,—that of practical and speculative Geology. At the very time, it seems, when his first local admirers about the Moray Firth were hailing in the Cromarty stone-mason a man likely to take a place in literature, and especially in the literature of Scottish legend, as high as that won in the south country by the Ettrick Shepherd, the same man was in possession of another, and, in some respects, more substantial title to public regard, of a kind to which Hogg never had any pretensions. Led partly by circumstances, partly by inclination, he had, from his boyhood, been an industrious student in a science the principles of which he learned almost before he knew its name. On the beach and among the rocks of his native district, he had picked up fossils and other objects of natural history; and afterwards, in his various journeys as an operative in different parts of Scotland, he had so extended his observations, and so digested their results, with scanty help from reading, as to have become, while yet hardly aware of it, not only a self-taught geologist, but also a geologist capable of teaching others. He had broken in upon at least one geological field in which no one had preceded him, and had there made discoveries which only required to be known to insure him distinction in the scientific world. When he came to Edinburgh, therefore, it was with a collection of belemnites, fossil fishes, &c., and a collection of thoughts and speculations about them, which formed, in his own eyes, a more valuable capital than his merely literary antecedents. Nor was he mistaken. In the very first year of his editorship, bringing his literary powers to the aid of his geology, he published those papers, since known collectively under the title of "The Old Red Sandstone," in which, while treating the general public to a series of lectures in the science more charming than any to be found elsewhere, he detailed the story of his own researches. The effect was immediate. Geologists like Murchison, Buckland, and Mantell in England, and Agassiz and Silliman in America, at once recognized Mr. Miller's discoveries as forming an important addition to the geology of the day, and hailed himself as a fellow-laborer in the literature of the science, from whose powers as a writer great things were to be expected. At the meeting of the British Association in 1840, Mr. Miller and his discoveries were the chief theme;—on that occasion, honest Scotch fossils, modestly picked up by him several years before in his native district, were promoted to their due Latin rank as the *Pterichthys Milleri*, and so qualified for the British Museum; and Murchison and Buckland spoke of his expositions as casting plain geologists like themselves into the shade, and making them ashamed of their meagre style. Since that time, accordingly, the editor of the *Wit-*

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ness has held a place among the first living geologists, as well as among the best Scotch writers. In his scientific capacity he has not been idle. Among the many replies on the orthodox side called forth by the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," Mr. Miller's "Footprints of the Creator" has been esteemed one of the most solid and effective; and it is no secret that, in the intervals of his other labors, he is, piece by piece, achieving what he intends to be the great work of his life—a complete survey, practical and speculative, of the geology of Scotland.

From this retrospect of Mr. Miller's history during the last fourteen years, it is obvious that, if his admirers still persist, with a kind of fondness, in thinking of him as the Cromarty stone-mason, and if he himself continues to accept that designation, it is from a deeper reason than any cringing appeal *ad misericordiam*, or any desire to benefit too much by the plea of having pursued knowledge under difficulties. Mr. Miller is a man who can disdain any such appeal, who requires no such plea. A man who has grappled in hard fight with many a college-bred notability, and visibly thrown not a few he has grappled with on ground of their own choosing; a man who has taken rank among the eminent in at least one walk of natural science; a man whose writings are not mere exhibitions of rough natural genius, in which one has to overlook a grain of coarseness, but careful and beautiful performances, in which the most fastidious taste can find nothing inelegant; a man whose mastery of the English idiom is so perfect, that, but for an occasional *would* where an Englishman would say *should*, he might have been taught composition in an English grammar-school—such a man, so far as the critics are concerned, can afford to throw the Cromarty stone-mason overboard whenever he likes.

Indeed, the whole notion of being unusually charitable or unusually complimentary to what are called "self-educated men," admits of question. This is the case now, at least; and especially as concerns Scotland. There has been far too much said of Burns's having been a ploughman, if any thing more is meant than simply to register the fact, and keep its pictorial significance. Burns had quite as good a school education, up to the point where school education is necessary to fit for the general competition of life, as most of those contemporary Scottish youths had, whom the mere accident of twenty or thirty pounds more of family cash, with the paternal or maternal will to spend it in college fees, converted from farmer's sons like himself into parish clergymen, schoolmasters, medical men, and other functionaries of an upper grade. At this day, too, many Scottish mechanics, clerks, and grocers, have had just as good a school education as a considerable number of those who, in the English metropolis, edit newspapers, write books, or paint Academy pictures. There are at this moment not a few gentlemen of the press in London, whom no one dreams of calling uneducated, or who, at least, never took that view of the subject themselves, who yet know nothing of Latin, could not distinguish Greek from Gaelic, might suppose syllogistic to be a species of Swiss cheese, and would blunder fearfully if they had to talk of conic sections. After all, the faculty of plain reading and writing in one's own language is the grand separation between the educated and the non-educated. All besides—at least, since books were invented and increased—is very much a matter of taste, perseverance, and apprenticeship in one direction rather than in another. The fundamental accomplishment of reading, applied continuously in one direction, produces a Cambridge wrangler; applied in another, it turns out a lawyer; applied in many, it turns out a variously cultivated man. The best academic classes are but vestibules to the library of published literature,—in which vestibules students are detained that they may be instructed how to go farther; with the additional privilege of hearing one unpublished book deliberately read to them, whether they will or no, and of coming in living contact with the enthusiasm of its writer. To have been in those vestibules of literature is certainly an advantage; but a man may find his way into the library and make very good use of what is there, without having lingered in any of them. In short, whoever has received from schools such a training in reading and writing as to have made these arts a pleasant possession to him, may be regarded as having had, in the matter of literary education, all the essential outfit. The rest is in his own power.

All this, we say, Mr. Miller knows well; and if now, after fourteen years of celebrity as a journalist, a man of letters, and a geologist, he still reverts, in his intercourse with the public, to the circumstances of his former life, it is for a nobler reason than the desire of increased credit for himself. It is because, like Burns, he can regard the fact of having

been one of the millions who earn their bread by manual toil, as, in itself, something to be spoken of with manly pleasure. It is because, reverting in his own memory to his past life, and finding that nearly one-half the way through which that memory can travel, lies through scenes of hard work in quarries, and on roadside moors, and among headstones in Scottish churchyards, he feels that it would be a kind of untruth, if, appearing in the character of a descriptive writer at all, he were to refrain from drawing his facts largely and literally from that part of his experience. Lastly, it is because, having thoroughly discussed with himself that very question of the mutual relations of school-education and self-education upon which we have been touching, he has come to certain conclusions upon it, which, in sober earnest, he thinks the story of his own life as a Cromarty stone-mason better fitted to illustrate than any thing else he knows.

As the title shows, it is this last reason, in particular, that has prompted Mr. Miller's present book, or, at least, that has been kept in view in its composition. Under the title of "My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education," the book is really an autobiography. Written by Mr. Miller in his fifty-second year, it is an account of his whole life anterior to the period when public reputation evoked him from obscurity; that is, it closes with his thirty-eighth year, when he left Cromarty for Edinburgh. Mr. Miller had previously published occasional fragments from his autobiography; and, indeed, as has been stated, an autobiographic vein runs through most of his writings, even those which are geological; but here, for the first time, we have a large portion of his autobiography complete. It is, as all would anticipate, no ordinary book. Written with all Mr. Miller's skill and power, and exhibiting all his characteristic excellences, it is about as interesting a piece of reading as exists in the whole range of English biographical literature. Its healthiness, its picturesqueness, its blending of the solid and suggestive in the way of thought with all that is charming and impressive in description and narrative, make it a book for all readers. It is calculated to please the old as well as the young, and be no less popular in England than in Scotland. But though thus sure to attract generally as a work of fine literary execution, and as the autobiography of a remarkable man, it is still an autobiography written with a special purpose. It is less an account of Mr. Miller's whole life, than an account of what he considers the process of his education. Proceeding on the idea, which he may well assume, that the last fourteen years of his life are regarded as a *result*, the steps towards the attainment of which cannot fail to be interesting to many, and especially to working-men, he undertakes to show honestly what these steps were. The very ambiguity of the title, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," has its effect in relation to the writer's purpose. Reading such a title before seeing the book itself, one might expect a series of sketches of north country pedagogues, somewhat after the manner of Wilkie's paintings. Catching the reader in this trap, Mr. Miller gains his first point. "Yes," he as much as says, addressing more particularly working-men, "*there* is the mistake. The word 'schools' cannot be mentioned without calling up the idea of certain buildings where youths of different ages sit on forms to be taught; the word 'schoolmasters,' without calling up the idea of certain men in desks teaching in those buildings. This is a mistake, of which the story of my life is calculated, I think, to disabuse you. *I* have been at schools, but the best of them have not exactly been these; *I* have had my schoolmasters—good schoolmasters, too—but they have not been chiefly of that kind. *My* education has been mainly of a kind from which no one is debarred; and, as it may interest you to know what it has been, and where it is to be had, I propose to give an account of it."

Hugh Miller was born in Cromarty in the year 1802. Such is the first fact; and there is something bearing on the result even here, if we knew how to bring it out. The year 1802 can never come back again; neither can every working-man be born in Cromarty. To be a Scotchman of the east coast,—to be one of that half Scandinavian population which inhabits the Scottish shores of the German Ocean from Fife to Caithness, and so to have the chance of a bigger head and a more massive build than fall to the lot of average mortals, or even of average Britons, is, as some believe, itself a privilege of nature. Most eminent Scotchmen, say some, have come from the east coast, or from certain districts of the Border. The "some" who say this are, we fear, east coast people themselves, which may mar their testimony. It is, at all events, a fact for their budget, that Hugh Miller is an east coast man. What special type of the general east coast character belongs to Cromarty, or wherein a Cromarty man should differ from a Fife man,

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or an Aberdeen man, are points of local ethnography which we are not qualified to discuss; though we believe there *are* notions even on these points. The traditions of Cromarty, as a fishing and trading-town, go as far back as the Macbeth days; and any time within this century, we suppose, it has contained as many as two thousand inhabitants. It has produced, we have no doubt, many a stalwart fellow in its day; but Hugh Miller, we believe, is the first man of *literary* eminence to whom it can lay claim. Considering how slow the turn comes round for the appearance of a Scottish product of this kind out of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and one or two other favored spots, both the town and the shire of Cromarty may think they have had good fortune. How far the Cromarty characteristics, supposing them ascertained, are represented in Hugh Miller, how far he has brought the Cromarty genius into literature, it is for his fellow-townsmen, and not for us, to decide. Some *physical* traits, at least, which we suppose the Cromarty men share with their brethren of the east coast generally, he does seem to possess in a very pronounced manner. From direct indications in his books we gather that he is, as Burns was, a man of unusual personal strength. He speaks of "raising breast-high the great lifting-stone of the Dropping Cave," near Cromarty—a feat which those who have seen the stone will be able to appreciate better than we can; and he speaks also of being able, as a mason, to raise weights single-handed which usually required two men. We gather also that phrenologists may place him among their large-brained men,—his hat, on one occasion during his tour in England, almost extinguishing a venturesome Englishman whom he inveigled into an exchange of head-coverings as they were walking together on a dusty road. In fact, not to beat about the bush, we have seen him, and can speak from personal observation on these points. He is a massive, rough-hewn, broad-chested man, upwards of five feet ten inches high,—somewhat taller, therefore, than Burns was; from whom he also differs in being of the fair, whereas Burns was of the swarthy or black type. His head would be a large one in any Scottish parish,—not reaching the dimensions of that of Chalmers; but larger considerably than that of Burns.* In short, if Mr. Miller is an average specimen of a Cromarty man, the men of Cromarty must be a rather formidable race.

Mr. Miller, however, is not only a Cromarty man; he is the descendant of a long line of Cromarty's most characteristic natives,—her sailors. As far back as the times of Sir Andrew Wood and the bold Bartons, his ancestors had coasted along the Scottish shores; and during the generation or two immediately preceding his birth, hardly a man of them but died a sailor's death. His father, following the family career, had, after a hard and manly sea-faring life, become master of a vessel of his own, when in the mature prime of his age the family fate overtook him. He was lost with his vessel in a storm off the Scottish coast, when his son was five years old. We know of no tribute of filial affection finer than that paid in the beginning of Mr. Miller's Autobiography to the memory of this father, whom he is just old enough to recollect. One sees him as he was, a noble, genuine man, in sailor's garb, "one of the best sailors that ever sailed the Moray Firth;" one sees yet his sloop, just as it was nearly fifty years ago, with her two slim stripes of white on her sides, and her two square top-sails; and it is with a feeling almost of supernatural awe, as at a death of yesterday, that one follows the fatal sloop from her last harborage in the port of Peterhead, out into that storm of November, 1807, in which she foundered. On the very evening when, so far as could afterwards be ascertained, Miller of Cromarty was lost, a strange thing happened in the long low house which he inhabited in Cromarty. A letter from him, written at Peterhead, had just arrived; there were no forebodings of harm, and his wife and child were sitting by the fire, the only person present besides being the servant-girl. Here we quote from the Autobiography:

My mother was sitting beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was despatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the re-

* Mr. Miller himself, though not an implicit phrenologist, is a great observer of heads. When visiting Stratford-on-Avon, he was particularly struck with the bust of Shakespeare in the church, thinking it, as we do, far likelier to be the true Shakespeare than the idealized portraits of the artists. Speaking of that bust he says, "The head, a powerful mass of brain, would require all Dr. Chalmers's hat; the forehead is as broad as that of the Doctor, considerably taller, and of more general capacity." In this we believe he is wrong. Whatever Shakespeare's head may have been, the head in that bust is not above average English size; and Mr. Miller's own hat would be much too large for it. The professed plaster casts of the bust are too massive.

collection, though a vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw any thing, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother, going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it.

This passage, here detached, takes, whether intentionally or not on Mr. Miller's part, a kind of ghastly connection, in the text, with the story of a previous shipwreck which happened to his father on a homeward voyage from the same port of Peterhead, almost exactly ten years before; on which occasion, though the master and crew were saved, a woman and her child, who had been reluctantly taken aboard as passengers, were drowned and washed away. Besides this tinge of the supernatural mingling with the recollections of his father's death, there occurs one other incident in the record of the author's childhood, which, in these days of revived belief in such things, might be construed as indicating something unusual either in the "long low house," or in its boy-inmate. The builder of the "long low house" was Mr. Miller's great-grandfather, an old sailor named John Feddes, who had made a little money as one of the last of the buccaneers in the Spanish main, and returned to Cromarty to enjoy it. This old patriarch had died considerably more than half a century before Mr. Miller's birth; but the tradition of him was still fresh in the house; and on one occasion his descendant had a sight of him.

One day, while playing all alone at the stair-foot,—for the inmates of the house had gone out,—something extraordinary caught my eye on the landing-place above; and, looking up, there stood John Feddes,—for I somehow instinctively divined that it was none other than he,—in the form of a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light-blue great-coat. He seemed to be steadfastly regarding me with apparent complacency; but I was sadly frightened; and for years after, when passing through the dingy ill-lighted room out of which I inferred he had come, I used to feel not at all sure that I might not tilt against old John in the dark.

Let all this pass for what it is worth; the fact that Mr. Miller has in himself the blood of several generations of sailors and drowned men still remains. From his father he seems to have inherited his physical strength and various other characteristics; and among the most powerful of the influences that have affected him through life, he reckons the intense interest with which, during the whole period of his boyhood, he used to collect and brood over every thing pertaining to the story of his father's life. One of his first efforts in verse was to figure his father—

A patient, hardy man, of thoughtful brow;
Serene and warm of heart, and wisely brave,
And sagely skilled, when gurly breezes blow,
To press through angry waves the adventurous
prow.

With the noble memory of such a father as the chief bond connecting his heart and imagination with the past, that memory leading back, in the same line, to other and still other sailor-ancestors, among whom John Feddes, the buccaneer, figured most conspicuously, our author could, in another line, fall back on other progenitors to whom his debt was hardly less. Ascending through five progenitors on the mother's side, and so reaching the days of Charles II. and the persecutions of the Covenanters, he could claim as his ancestor Mr. James M'Kenzie, the last curate of Nigg, a semi-Celtic parish in Ross, adjacent to Cromarty. This claim, indeed, might have amounted to little, so far as the curate himself was concerned, the utmost that could be said in his favor being that, though on the wrong side, he was a simple, easy man, who was content to be an Episcopalian himself, without seeking to persecute those who were not. A passage of one of his sermons had even been quoted in print to prove that the Episcopalian ministers of that day could talk as great nonsense as any attributed to the Presbyterians. Describing heaven to his parishioners, Mr. M'Kenzie had told them that there they would be in such a state that nothing could hurt them,—"a slash of a broadsword could not harm them; nay, a cannon-ball would play but *baff* upon them." To have had among one's ancestors a man who had administered for a series of

years to the intellect of a whole parish, even in this style, was, after all, something. But if Mr. M'Kenzie was no oracle himself, he had a son-in-law who made up for his deficiencies. During his incumbency of Nigg his youngest daughter had married one of his parishioners, a wild young Highland farmer, of the clan Ross, called, from the color of his hair, Donald Roy, or Donald the Red. For a great part of his life Donald Roy was no better than his neighbors, except at club-playing, broadsword exercise, and other Highland sports. But about the time of the Revolution a great change came over him; religious convictions of a very different kind from those which had been the pulpit stock of his father-in-law, the curate, took possession of his wild Highland nature; and from that period to his death, at a very advanced age, Donald Roy was known all over Ross-shire as a man of the same stamp as those older Presbyterian worthies of the south, such as Welsh and Peden, in whom piety assumed a character verging on the superhuman. Anecdotes of Donald Roy and his second-sight still survive in various districts of Ross-shire, which, if transferred to Peden or Cargill, would be found quite in keeping with the strange stories which are told of their lives. All have heard of the story made famous in the annals of the Non-Intrusion controversy, how, when, more than a hundred years ago, in obedience to the orders of the moderate General Assembly of that time, the members of a Highland Presbytery were proceeding, in defiance of the wishes of the people, to settle an unpopular presentee in a parish, they were terrified by the appearance of a single venerable man who rose up in the empty church, as the representative of the absent parishioners, and protested against the deed, saying, that "if they settled a man on the *walls* of that kirk, the blood of the parish would be required at their hands." The parish was the parish of Nigg, in Ross-shire, and the protesting parishioner was Donald Roy. Of three granddaughters, whom he left orphans at his death, and all of whom remained true to the pious principles he had instilled into them, one married a tradesman in Cromarty, and one of her daughters became the second wife of the Cromarty shipmaster, and the mother of Hugh Miller. Thus, the fourth in descent in one line from old John Feddes, the Cromarty buccaneer, Mr. Miller is the fifth in descent, in another line, from old Donald Roy, the Ross-shire seer. Persons skilled in this species of investigation might make an ingenious hypothesis, to the effect that when the little boy in the "long low house" saw his one ancestor, the buccaneer, looking down upon him complacently from the landing-place, it was because a portion of his other ancestor, the seer, looked out from his eyes. More prosaically, it results from this pedigree that Mr. Miller is not wholly Scandinavian and sea-faring by descent, but has some Highland blood in him.

After the death of his father, Mr. Miller, though still living with his mother in the "long low house," was chiefly under the care of two maternal uncles, who lived unmarried in the house of their parents. "Both of them," he says, "bore a marked individuality of character, and were much the reverse of commonplace or vulgar men." Their portraits are thus sketched:—

My elder uncle, James, added to a clear head and much native sagacity a singularly retentive memory and great thirst of information. He was a harness-maker, and wrought for the farmers of an extensive district of country; and as he never engaged either journeyman or apprentice, but executed all his work with his own hands, his hours of labor, save that he indulged in a brief pause as the twilight came on, and took a mile's walk or so, were usually protracted from six in the morning till ten at night. Such incessant occupation of course left him little time for reading, but he often found some one to read beside him during the day; and in the winter evenings his portable bench used to be brought from his shop at the other end of the dwelling into the family sitting-room, and placed beside the circle round the hearth, where his brother Alexander, my younger uncle, whose occupation left his evenings free, would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit,—placing himself always at the opposite side of the bench, so as to share in the light of the worker. Occasionally the family circle would be widened by the accession of from two to three intelligent neighbors, who would drop in to listen; and then the book, after a space, would be laid aside, in order that its contents might be discussed in conversation. In the summer months, uncle James always spent some time in the country in looking after and keeping in repair the harness of the farmers for whom he wrought; and during his journeys and twilight walks on these occasions there was not an old castle, or hill-fort, or ancient encampment, or antique ecclesiastical edifice, within twenty miles of the town, which he had not visited and examined over and over again. He was a keen local antiquary, knew a good deal about the architectural styles of the various ages, at a time when these subjects were little studied or known, and possessed more traditionary lore, picked up chiefly in his country journeys, than any man I ever knew. What he once heard he never forgot, and the knowledge which he had acquired he could communicate pleasingly and succinctly, in a style which, had

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he been a writer of books, instead of merely a reader of them, would have had the merit of being clear and terse, and more laden with meaning than words. From his reputation for sagacity, his advice used to be much sought after by the neighbors in every little difficulty that came in their way; and the counsel given was always shrewd and honest. I never knew a man more entirely just in his dealings than uncle James, or who regarded every species of meanness with a more thorough contempt. . . . My uncle Alexander was of a different cast from his brother, both in intellect and temperament, but he was characterized by the same strict integrity; and his religious feelings, though quiet and unobtrusive, were perhaps more deep. James was somewhat of a humorist, and fond of a good joke. Alexander was grave and serious, and never, save on one solitary occasion, did I know him even attempt a jest. On hearing an intelligent but somewhat eccentric neighbor observe that "all flesh is grass," in a strictly physical sense, seeing that all the flesh of the herbivorous animals is elaborated from vegetation, and all the flesh of the carnivorous animals from that of the herbivorous ones, uncle Sandy remarked, that, knowing, as he did, the piscivorous habits of the Cromarty folk, he should surely make an exception in his generalization, by admitting that in at least one village "all flesh is fish." My uncle had acquired the trade of the cartwright, and was employed in a workshop in Glasgow at the time the first war of the French Revolution broke out, when, moved by some such spirit as possessed his uncle, [the adventures of this uncle are related in the narrative,] he entered the navy. And during the eventful period which intervened between the commencement of the war and the peace of 1802, there was little either suffered or achieved by his countrymen in which he had not a share. He sailed with Nelson; witnessed the mutiny at the Nore; fought under Admiral Duncan at Camperdown, and under Sir John Borlase Warren off Loch Swilly; assisted in capturing the Généreux and Guillaume Tell, two French ships of the line; was one of the seamen who, in the Egyptian expedition, were drafted out of Lord Keith's fleet to supply the lack of artillerymen in the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby; had a share in the dangers and glory of the landing in Egypt; and fought in the battle of the 13th March and in that which deprived our country of one her most popular generals. He served, too, at the siege of Alexandria; and then, as he succeeded in procuring his discharge during the short peace of 1802, he returned home with a small sum of hardly-earned prize-money, heartily sick of war and bloodshed. He had not his brother's fluency in speech, but his narratives of what he had seen were singularly truthful and graphic; and his descriptions of foreign plants and animals, and of the aspects of the different regions which he had visited, had all the careful minuteness of those of a Dampier. He had a decided turn for natural history. My collection contains a murex, not unfrequent in the Mediterranean, which he found time enough to transfer, during the heat of the landing in Egypt, from the beach to his pocket; and the first ammonite I ever saw was a specimen, which I still retain, that he brought home with him from one of the liasic deposits of England.

From his mere infancy till the time of his manhood, these were the two men that had the greatest influence and the most direct authority over our author. From them he received his drilling in the Shorter Catechism, his first impressions of Scottish theology, and his insight into the true Presbyterian heart of his native land. From their conversations and counsels he acquired his first notions of the ways of the world, and of a man's duty in the world. One maxim of his uncle James, he says, he carried with him throughout his whole subsequent life as a working-man, and found it to answer admirably as a rule of practical ethics. It was the harness-maker's maxim that a man, in his business dealings with others, ought always, as a matter of principle, to give them, as he phrased it, "the cast of the baulk"—that is, ought always, in his calculations of what was due to himself for work done, to bring the account sensibly within the proper mark, so as to give the other party somewhat more than full measure. While the two uncles contributed about equally to the intellectual stock of their orphan-nephew, each, as was natural, contributed most largely in the direction of his own tastes. From his uncle James he derived in part, at least, his liking for traditional lore, Scottish antiquities, and social humors; from his uncle Alexander he received his first bent towards the study of natural history, and his first rudiments of instruction in that science.

Have we dwelt too long on these particulars of the ancestry and pedigree of the greatest Scotchman that has yet come from the shire of Cromarty? We do not think so. Allowing as much as any one chooses for the influence of natural affection coloring the writer's accounts of his relatives, it is clear that here was a stock out of which something good might well have been expected. Not in Collins's "Peerage" will there be found a pedigree truly nobler than that of Hugh Miller, now one of Scotland's most distinguished men, but who, save for certain so-called accidents, might have lived and died a Cromarty stone-mason. Such a pedigree is, indeed, a rich possession; and the man is little better than a liar who, having nothing of the kind himself, can pretend absolute indifference to the want. Burns, though he could write in jest,—

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My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

yet lost no opportunity of showing how proud he was of the character of his father. The pedigree of the Ayrshire ploughman, reaching as it did only to the poor Kincardineshire Burnesses of the previous generation, cultivating crofts of sour land in Glenbervie and about Dunottar Castle, and succeeding but ill in their speculations, is incomparably less intertwined with the picturesque, than that of the stone-mason of Cromarty. Burns's father, the upright farmer of the Carrick Border, pronounced by one who knew him "by far the best man he had ever seen," may be set off against the manly sailor of the Moray Firth, who was the father of Hugh Miller; but Burns could look back to no John Feddeses or Donald Roys, nor even round to such men of his own blood as the Cromarty harness-maker and his brother. And though there is no point on which Mr. Miller seems to be more strongly convinced than that virtues are not so hereditary as is generally supposed; though in the course of his writings he seems to be fond of quoting instances both of excellent parents having degenerate sons, and of noble characters springing from a corrupt lineage—yet, in his own case, one feels that the theory of transmission is powerfully supported. Here, indeed, many who read the book may well feel that they and the writer are not on the same terms to begin with. "This is a 'school,'" they may say, "which we at least can never enter. *We* have not the bone and muscle of stalwart progenitors to bear us up, nor the brain of east coast sailors in our heads, nor the blood of old Donald Roys and old John Feddeses flowing in our veins. No noble links connect *us* with the past; nor is it in *that* direction to which we can look for stimulus and inspiration. Not an uncle of ours was ever fit to give advice to anybody, or to take advice, poor man, when he got it himself; nor are we quite sure how either of our grandfathers would have behaved, if placed in too close neighborhood to a loaded cannon." All this may be said; and yet Mr. Miller is right. The first "school" at which every man ought to learn, and indeed does learn, is the school of his own kindred and ancestry. Every one may and does derive lessons from this school, though the lessons need not in all cases be the same. If one's grandfather was hanged, there is a lesson even in that, if one has the skill to learn it; and men do learn very variously. Besides, the probability is that, after all, the heroic abounds in humble lineage to an extent not fully known. This is one of the lessons of the present book. By the power of one man possessed of the literary gift, we have brought before us in these pages a group of kinsmen living together some forty or fifty years ago in one small Scottish town of the east coast—sailors, harness-makers, and cartwrights; and the impression left is, that for the real purposes of outfit in life it was better then to be a Miller of Cromarty, residing as an orphan in an old house, than to have been born in a castle and had the blood of all the Plantagenets.

The next "school" in a man's life, after that of ancestry and kindred, is the school of what may be called *surrounding local circumstance.* In one sense, this is a school in which one learns continuously as long as one lives, and can exercise the five senses. In the more restricted sense, however, which we have in view at present, it is a school at which one is best educated during the early period of life. One of the finest arrangements of human society is that which relates every man in a peculiar and express manner to a particular district of the earth, which he is taught to regard as his "parish." For a man in early life to be shifted about from spot to spot, perhaps even for a man to be removed at all in early life from the spot to which birth and ties of family have attached him, may be regarded as a misfortune. Every man ought to be related more especially to one district which he can regard as his own, to which he can attach himself sentimentally, and with the whole aspect and circumstance of which he can, without unnecessary labor, make himself familiarly acquainted. One of the evils of very large towns is, that they wrong those who are born in them of much that is best in this species of schooling. To be a native of the London parish of Marylebone is little better, one would think, than having been born nowhere. Such, however, is the strength in human nature of that feeling which leads men to take a peculiar interest in whatever exists within a certain definite district of earth marked out for them by arrangement or tradition, that even the natives of London do manage to cultivate the parochial sentiment. Persons born and bred in Rotherhithe or Bermonsdey acquire an affection for these districts of the metropolis, which they retain long after they have migrated into others. Even in such cases there is always plenty of local circumstance round which, more especially in youth it is possible to twine memories and associa-

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tions—certain dingy streets, for example; certain old houses and inns; certain patches of grass within railings; certain pretty cottages with very green gardens; certain churches, with oddly sounding bells on Sundays; nay, even certain very conspicuous chimneys, pumps, and lamp-posts. Even in London, surrounding local circumstance acts as a very powerful means of education—the difference, on a comparison with other places, consisting chiefly in the more artificial nature of the circumstance, and its infinitely closer texture. A Londoner may contract a genuine passion for brick and lime antiquities, and an exquisite sense of the socially characteristic by mere continued residence within the bounds of his own parish; but if he is to seek that higher education which it lies in contact with a sufficient amount of very miscellaneous circumstance to afford, he must transcend his parish, relate himself to the common life of the vast city as a whole, frequent the parks and other central places, shoot up and down the Thames, and occasionally stroll out into the fields and suburbs. In a city like Edinburgh, the entire miscellany of local educating circumstance, such as it is, (and no city is richer in this respect,) lies contained within a more convenient circle. There is the splendid natural ground-plan, over which the natives may walk till they know every foot of it, and are familiar enough with all its notable objects of physical interest—its natural fetiches, so to speak—to be able to sketch them from memory; there are its picturesque masses of building, old and new, with all their associations, artistic and historical; there is its moderate bustle of various life, which one may penetrate from end to end till every important physiognomy is known, and every social peculiarity thoroughly understood. In towns smaller than Edinburgh, again, there is, for this very reason, a somewhat different arrangement and proportion of the various kinds of educating circumstance. In lieu of Arthur Seat—the influence of which, as a great natural magnet affecting the organisms of the Edinburgh people as they walk beneath it, might be a subject for a prize essay—other hills, or, where hills are scarce, other objects of physical note, take a powerful effect on the local nerve; the quantity of artificial civic circumstance, whether in the shape of buildings or of social concourse, is diminished; and there is an increased amount, in compensation, of circumstance purely rural or agricultural. Again, coming down to the mere fishing-village, or, going beyond it even, to the solitude of a tract of Peebles-shire sheep-walk with its scattered hamlets, here, though the kind and proportion of circumstance is again altered, there is still local circumstance enough to afford by itself a characteristic education for the natives. Let a villager of the Fifeshire coast live out his aged maturity in the American backwoods, or in the Indian jungle, the images most natural to his fancy will still be images of rocky shores and a bleak seaboard, and scaly fish-boats, and jetties thick with kelp and tangle. Let a native of the pastoral region of Peebles-shire become secretary to an embassy in Vienna, and attend balls and concerts in that luxurious capital; still all the images of this his later existence will be but as paintings over a former picture; and when memory washes out the palimpsests, there will reäppear, vivid as ever, the original images of the brown hills with the circular steep pens visible on their sides, and the plaided shepherds descending far asunder, and the white line of stony road in the valley, and the patient man angling in the peaty trout-stream. So also with the Englishman born on his flat tract of fertile wheat land. In short, the greater part of the education which every man receives is this education of native local circumstance; and a systematic attention to the fact that there is such an education universally going on might do much to bring it to perfection. It ought to be a principle with all interested in education, that every boy ought to have, as part of his intellectual outfit, a tolerably complete acquaintance with the natural phenomena, the social processes and ongoings, and the legendary lore of at least his own parish or district. Healthy boys do attain a good deal of this for themselves; and this is the meaning of that perpetual locomotion and inquisitiveness of the boys about towns, leading them for ever down lanes, and on board ships, and through markets, and into the purlieus of tan-pits, and weaving-shops, and iron-foundries, and wherever else nobody wants them. When kindly educational theorists shall have duly systematized all this for the poor fellows, if such an event shall ever happen, they will be led through a regular course of parochial natural history, studies in the parochial arts and manufactures, inspection into what is parochially whimsical or morbid, and information respecting the parochial antiquities, traditions, and social arrangements. As it is, we see many of them by instinct, as it were, far more eager students in this school of the parish than they are in the parish-school. And, in point of fact, there have

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been few eminent men, not of the purely speculative order of intellect, to whose genius the local circumstances around which they passed their lives will not be found to have imparted a characteristic quality and color. In many of Shakespeare's plays we trace the influence of circumstances peculiar or all but peculiar to woody Warwickshire; in all Charles Lamb's writings we seem to breathe the air of Cheapside; and in the very face and phraseology of Chalmers, we recognize an affinity with the village of Anstruther. About the most hideous fate, in the way of nativity, we could wish to our worst enemy, supposing we could stand in that relation to a merely prospective individual, would be that he should be born and bred in Wapping.

All this is appropiate in connection with Mr. Miller's book. It is not without a peculiar significance that even to this day, although for fourteen years he has been an inhabitant of Edinburgh, he is often spoken of and thought of as Hugh Miller of Cromarty. Not only is he a Cromarty man by birth and lineage; he is a Cromarty man in that higher sense to which we have been alluding—as having received a great part of his best education in what we may now be allowed to call the school of Cromarty scenery and Cromarty circumstance. Of the thirty-seven years of his life preceding his final removal to Edinburgh, not more than a few in all were spent out of Cromarty or its neighborhood; so that, of necessity, a large proportion of all that he has learnt, whether of nature or of men, by direct observation, has been drawn from this part of the general Scottish area. We have said that the case is similar with almost all men, and that in almost all distinguished men it will be found that the substratum of acquired fact and image upon which they have built the thoughts of their lives, has been constructed of firm local material. In Mr. Miller's case, however, this is visible in a more than ordinary degree. Few men seem to have so thoroughly exhausted, in the process of their education, all the circumstance of all kinds within the limits of their native district, capable of being in any way turned to account. About two-thirds of the present volume may be regarded as a continuous illustration of this remark. It is in the earlier part of the volume, however, containing the records of Mr. Miller's boyhood and youth, that one will be the most struck with his ardor as a student in this "school," from which he has learnt so much. We follow him there with all the more interest that his scholarship was instinctive—that he had not yet learnt to know that what he was doing was scholastic at all. We see him ranging, as a boy, over every rood and acre of the surrounding district,—strolling along the beach, climbing the rocks, making bonfires in the caves, deviating into the morasses, pushing through the woods, swimming round ships in the harbor, and entering at his pleasure the shops of tradesmen and mechanics in the town. We see him becoming acquainted with specimens of almost all the types of Cromarty humanity, from boys of his own age upwards to more elderly personages both of staid and of eccentric character, some of whom he sketches from memory. How much knowledge relating to ways, things, and people, he thus picked up in the mere course of his spontaneous locomotion and research as a boy, will be best inferred from the volume itself.

Out of school, the range was wider and more exciting. There were the sports on the town-links, in which all the boys participated. There were excursions, in which our author led the way, and was followed but by a few more enterprising spirits, along the precipices on the coast. There was the sea, in all its aspects of storm and calm, with occasionally the variation of a ship in distress, or the dead body of a shipwrecked sailor cast up on the beach, to become the subject of mingled pity, disgust, and speculation. There were opportunities of going out to sea with the fishermen, and witnessing scenes of herring-fishing at night, with darkness and water all round, and torches gleaming from the boats. Nor was there wanting, in our author's case, such instruction and leading as might impart order and scientific direction to all this medley of sensations, objects, and incidents. His uncle Alexander, who was by far the most frequent of his grown-up companions out of doors, furnished him with what was in fact equivalent—though the lessons were not dignified with such a name—to a rudimentary course of expositions in the Natural History. He learnt himself to collect on the beach, and to distinguish from one another, the various individual minerals of the locality,—porphyries, granites, gneisses, quartz, clay-slates, mica-schists, &c.; and he could claim the credit of having discovered for himself, that Cromarty had one precious stone among her minerals,—the garnet. In the mineralogy, therefore, of his native district, and by consequence in the elements of its more obvious geology, he was practically self-taught at an early age; though, even here, uncle Sandy was his referee in cases of difficulty. Of the

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botany of Cromarty he learnt a great deal in the same way, acquiring an extensive knowledge of the names and appearances of all the commoner local wild flowers, plants, and forest trees, as well as of the nature and grain of the different woods. It was in the meteorology, the hydrology, and the zoölogy of Cromarty, however,—if we may use such grand words, where uncle Sandy would doubtless have used their concrete equivalents,—that uncle Sandy was greatest. In walks with his nephew along the beach, he taught him much about the weather, much about the tides, and infinitely more about the shell-fish, the crabs, and other crustaceans, and the sea-fowl, with which the coast abounded; while, if, leaving the beach, they strolled into the woods, there was plenty to talk about in the birds, bees, wasps, spiders, and the like, which, though content to be parishioners of Cromarty, preferred being out of the aroma of the sea-weed. Meanwhile, within doors, uncle James was, in a similar manner, organizing and enlarging his nephew's observations and acquisitions in another direction. What uncle Sandy was to him in the natural history of Cromarty, or the little world of its natural physical circumstance,—its rocks, its clouds, its rains, its tides, its trees, its ferns, its shell-fish, and its insects,—uncle James was in the other and no less important department of its social and human history, or the whole little world of its humors and legendary circumstance. From him he acquired no small stock of local traditions, and sketches of past and present Cromarty life. Add to this, that an occasional trip carried him away out of Cromarty and its neighborhood altogether, into wider and stranger fields of observation. Of these trips he records, as of most interest, one or two into the highlands of Sutherlandshire, where, among cousins of the true Gaelic breed, he had glimpses not only of natural scenery, but also of customs, physiognomies, and modes of living and thinking, very different from those of his own Lowland and semi-Scandinavian home. Finally, and also properly belonging to this schooling of native and local circumstance, there were numerous direct living links, besides the well-stored memories of his uncle James and his grandfather, by which he could ascend into a world of past incidents, manners, and costumes, very different from that which he saw around him. He knew and talked with men who had fought at Culloden, and who could tell him, as no book could tell him, of the incidents of that day, and the scenes after the battle. He had seen one old lady who had been carried, when a child, to witness the last witch-burning in the north of Scotland, and still remembered, with horrible distinctness, the sputtering of the charred flesh of the poor wrinkled victim, and the stench of the smoke as the wind blew it where she and her nurse were standing. And he had conversed with an aged woman, who had herself conversed with an aged man, who told her his own recollections of the Covenanting times, and especially of the great popular excitement caused by the death of Renwick in 1687.

Like Burns, Hugh Miller had a perfectly competent amount of good school-education. In his fifth or sixth year he went to a dame's school, where he learnt to read. Thence he was transferred to the grammar-school of Cromarty, where, with one hundred and twenty other boys, his coevals in the town and neighborhood, he went through the ordinary course of reading, writing, arithmetic, and whatever else was taught in parish schools in the north of Scotland. He even began Latin, with a view to college. Finally, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, as near as we can make out the date, he attended for some time a kind of private or subscription-school, set up in the town as a rival to the grammar-school. All this, we suppose, amounted to just as good a school education as was at that time to be had by any youth in Cromarty; and if Burns, remembering *his* school training, with its smattering of French and trigonometry, could say with literal truth, according to the standard of Ayrshire,

> My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my
> education O,

Hugh Miller, among his contemporaries of the north of Scotland, can say quite as much. The truth is, as we have already hinted, there is much misapprehension on this point, especially among Englishmen. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the state of things in Scotland, or, at least, in the north of Scotland, as regards the possibility of education for a poor man's son. Fifteen years ago, (and, we believe, still,) the very best classical school education that a boy could have in the chief city in the north of Scotland, was to be had for ten shillings and sixpence a quarter. Any boy, a native of that town, and living with his parents, could receive not only the best, but absolutely the most *dignified* school education that the town afforded, for precisely that sum; and it was not in the power of the wealthiest citizen to procure for his son

a better classical schooling than that sum purchased for the poorest. The sons of the richest and of some of the poorest men in the town passed equally through that school, and were taught Latin five hours a day all at the same rate of half a guinea a head quarterly. That was the grammar-school of a university town, and a kind of preparatory classical seminary, where boys of the town, or who were boarded in the town, were prepared for the university. To the same or to a neighboring university came youths who had received their preparatory training in the ordinary parish-schools scattered over the north of Scotland, the difference between the city grammar-school and these parochial schools being, that in the former the instruction was wholly in Latin, Greek, and their accompaniments, whereas, in the latter, Latin was taught only as something accessory, to the few who wanted it. Cromarty grammar-school, then, was the parochial school of a considerable town, where a boy could receive all the elements of an English education, and could also, if he chose to enter the Latin class, be fitted for college. Thus, in the matter of school education, Hugh Miller's position is exactly this, that he went, along with his coevals, up very nearly to the last point that Cromarty means and appurtenances could carry him. To go farther would have involved leaving Cromarty and going, for five months every year, to King's College, Aberdeen, as the nearest university. About two or three per cent., at the utmost, of the Cromarty youths did so; and Hugh Miller was not one of these, though he was on the point of being one. Or, to represent the matter on a larger statistical scale, about six or seven hundred youths annually at that time in all Scotland were drafted into the universities; and Hugh Miller of Cromarty just stopped short of being one of the seven hundred of his year. This is a fair measure of his education in the scholastic and technical sense.

What pedagogy did for Hugh Miller, was to put him in possession of the franchise of books. At the dame's school, as he himself says, he thoroughly "mastered the grand acquirement of his life—the art of holding converse with books;" his subsequent schooling being little more than a continued exercise of this acquirement under superintendence. He became, as is invariably the case with such men in their boyhood, an insatiable and omnivorous reader. First, of course, came the Bible and the Shorter Catechism—the foundation of all, even if regarded only as so much literature. Then came a course of congenial reading in "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," the "Yellow Dwarf," "Sinbad the Sailor," and other "immortal works" of that class. Moving on, our author attacked in succession "Pope's Odyssey and Iliad," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," the judgment chapter in Howie's "Scotch Worthies," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," "Ambrose on Angels," "Miracles of Nature and Art," the "Adventures of Philip Quarll," and a collection of "Voyages and Travels," including those of Cook, Byron, Anson, Drake, Dampier, Raleigh, and Captain Woods Rogers. All these were read, sometimes in odd volumes, before his eleventh year, by which time also he had dipped into "Flavel," Henry's "Commentary," the "Cloud of Witnesses," and other works of old Scottish theology. Then came Hamilton's version of Blind Harry's "Wallace," and with it the usual fit of enthusiastic Scotticism. Dryden's "Virgil" and other translations followed. The family stock of literature having been thus exhausted, neighbors and friends in Cromarty were laid under contribution, and especially one Francie, a retired clerk and supercargo, out of whose stock were obtained the "Nineteen Years' Travels of William Lithgow," the complete "British Essayists," from Addison to Mackenzie, Goldsmith's "Essays" and "Citizen of the World," a number of translations of "Voyages and Travels" from the French, translations from Klopstock, Lavater, and some other German writers, and a collection of the minor poems, &c., of the wits of Queen Anne. "Shakespeare" came in due time, and other books and medleys of which it is useless to take reckoning. We have only to fancy such a mass of miscellaneous pabulum as the above healthily digested, and to remember that the ingredients most likely to take a permanent effect on the constitution were the Voyages and Travels, Blind Harry, the Scottish Worthies, Pope, the British Essayists, and the Queen Anne wits, and we shall have an idea of what may have been the literary capacities and tastes of our author in his sixteenth or seventeenth year. That he should by this time have begun to venture on literary production for himself was a matter of course. At the grammar-school he had acquired a reputation among his class-fellows as a narrator of stories. In his letters to his schoolfellows he began to consider expression and style. Lastly, obeying the usual imitative instinct, he wrote verses. His last exploit as a schoolboy was to engage in a wrestling-match on the school-

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floor with the master, and then, in revenge for having been thrown, to write a satire upon him. The piece, entitled "The Pedagogue," was much relished by those who were in the secret of the authorship, and was duly copied out and forwarded to its victim by the penny-post. It opens thus:

> With solemn mien and pious air,
> S—k—r attends each call of grace;
> Loud eloquence bedecks his prayer,
> And formal sanctity his face.
> All good; but turn the other side
> And see the smiling beau displayed—
> The pompous strut, exalted air,
> And all that marks the fop is there.

Our young Cromarty hero is evidently becoming formidable. If he can first nearly throw his schoolmaster in a wrestling-match, and then make him wince by the use of his pen, it is clear that the man is already stirring in him, and that it is time for him to be done with pedagogues. Accordingly, the foregoing lampoon was his farewell to school-life.

Doing our best to realize the exact state of the case, and expressing distinctly what, in the modesty of autobiography, can only indirectly appear, we can pronounce Hugh Miller to have been, at this period of his life, undoubtedly the foremost youth in the whole district of Cromarty—the strongest in body, the largest in brain; the most adventurous in pedestrian excursions; the best informed in local natural history, local legend, and local fact of all kinds; the most extensively read in books; the best writer of letters and verses; the most cultivated, in short, in every thing held in scholastic repute, except spelling, Latin, and English pronunciation. This, though we have to infer it, seems the literal truth. The only natural faculty in which, so far as we can gather, he was decidedly deficient, was that known as the musical ear. Nature, he says, in despite of unusually large phrenological indications, had entirely withheld from him this one of her gifts. His uncle Sandy, who was profound in psalmody, had, as he thought, once taught him to recognize the psalm-tune of St. George's; but even this supposed acquisition broke down the first time that another tune was sung in church, in which, as in St. George's, the last line of the stanza was repeated. If, however, even now, the real connection between the musical ear and the general intellect is an insoluble problem; if, even now, Hugh Miller's is another name to be added to those of Coleridge, Chalmers, Scott, Burns, and many more, all proving that the technical ear for music is distinct even from so apparently similar a thing as the passion for rhythm, cadence, and rhetorical harmony—it is not likely that in Cromarty at that time the want was regarded as any thing very serious. At the outset of life, at least, the swarthy Ayrshire poet was no better endowed with the ear for music than his fair-haired admirer and fellow-countryman of the north,—Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert having been, according to the testimony of their schoolmaster, the least musically sensitive of all the lads in the parish. By perseverance on the violin, Burns partly overcame this defect in later life; but Mr. Miller, it seems, remains as he was. But whether he could distinguish St. George's from Peterborough or not, he was decidedly the ablest and most accomplished lad in all Cromarty and its neighborhood. *That* was, or ought to have been admitted; and it would have been but a very probable calculation, on the back of this, that he was also the ablest and most accomplished lad in all that region of the north of Scotland which Cromarty could survey. What was to be done with this youth, in whose subsequent career his native place and the whole north of Scotland might well feel interested?

No public meeting of the inhabitants of Cromarty was convened to decide this question. It was decided in a small committee, of which the youth himself, and his uncles, James and Sandy, were the principal members. Family circumstances and the custom of the place had limited the choice of courses to these two—a migration, after a little while of further preparation, to King's College, Aberdeen, there to study for one of the learned professions, and, most naturally, for the Scottish Church; or, immediate apprenticeship to some trade. There were serious discussions in the committee on the subject. Uncles James and Sandy were decidedly for college and a learned profession, towards which course their own scanty means were freely offered. The youth demurred. "I had no wish and no peculiar fitness," he says, "to be either lawyer or doctor; and as for the Church, that was too serious a direction to look in for one's bread, unless one could honestly regard one's self as *called* to the Church's proper work; and I could not." This argument was decisive; "better be any thing," said the uncles, "than an *uncalled* minister." Even then fifty pounds in hand might have arrested the decision; but, as it was, a trade was resolved upon. The husband of a maternal aunt was a stone-mason

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in a small way of business, and to him Hugh Miller was apprenticed. An important fact, as it has turned out, in the history of the mason trade!

We cannot pretend to do any thing like justice to this new "school" into which our author thus entered in his seventeenth year, and in which he remained, with only a change from *form* to *form*, till his thirty-fourth. One thing is to be borne in mind: The scholar carried with him into the new school not only all his previous acquisitions, but also a firm resolution that the circumstances of his new position should not interfere with his efforts to add to them. "Daring to believe," he says, "that literature, and mayhap natural science, were, after all, my proper vocations, I resolved that much of my leisure time should be given to careful observation, and the study of our best English authors." Bearing this in mind; bearing in mind that our author, when he donned his apron and took the mallet in hand, carried with him into the trade a determinate character and bent, which its occupations could neither subdue nor satisfy, and to which he was resolved that they should even all minister, it will not be difficult to see, further, that there were precisely two ways in which his new mode of life could affect him. In the first place, as a philosophic friend of ours would say, it would affect himself *subjectively*, by gradually bringing him into that point of view from which the stone-mason, in particular, surveys nature and society,—it would gradually beget in him the stone-mason cast of thought. In the second place, it would affect him by introducing him to quite a new range of *objective* circumstances and particulars — the peculiar world, so to speak, of the Scottish stone-mason. To express the same thing otherwise, the man whose profession it is to handle a mallet and hew and set stones, learns to think in a certain corresponding manner, the peculiarities of which might be investigated; and he is also led into scenes and places where only men who handle mallets and hew and set stones habitually go. The two effects, it will be seen, are fundamentally one; but they are nevertheless distinguishable.

Subjected to all the influences of this mode of life, so well described by Miller, our author, first as a stripling apprentice among older masons, and then for some years as a full-grown journeyman, skilled in his craft, and earning its highest wages, willingly contracted his competent share of "the mason's" peculiarities. It is to be noted, however, that it was only during the first half of his entire connection with the trade of a stone-mason that he was subjected to those more coarse and rough experiences of bothy-life and the like, which he has pictured in such a graphic manner. After having worked as a journeyman for some years, and having, during that time, had his due share of such hardships, he was able in part to release himself from them, and to support himself in a manner more agreeable to his tastes, and more conducive to his comfort, by exchanging the life of a journeyman operative, working, season after season, for different masters, and in company with other journeymen, for that of a jobbing-mason, undertaking such small private commissions in the way of his trade as he could himself execute within a moderate distance either of Cromarty or Inverness. Of this kind of work—and much of it consisted in the sculpturing and lettering of tomb-stones, stone dials, and the like,—he found quite enough to enable him during nine or ten years to earn a subsistence at least equal to that which he had before earned as a journeyman under contractors. Still, even during this improved period, his worldly condition was, in all respects, that of an operative mason. If he did not work, as one of a gang, in quarries or in sheds, near buildings in course of erection, and lodge in barracks and bothies with companions, his work was still hard manual labor in the open air in all weathers, and his domestic accommodations were the same as those of any plain, careful Scotch mechanic. Literally, therefore, and in the strictest sense, Hugh Miller's education during the greater part of his whole adult life was that of a common mason; and as truly as Thom or Tannahill can be regarded as representatives in literature of the peculiar style of mind brought on by the habits of their *trade*, may Hugh Miller be regarded as a literary representative of the habits brought on by *his*. And certainly, there is nothing in *him* of that morbid and acrid humor, that too keen and peevish state of nerve, which is apt, if his observations are correct, to characterize the genius of the sedentary operative. He thinks and writes muscularly, cheerfully and healthily, like a man whose work has been in the open air, and whose fare has been solid and farinaceous. He has carried something of the gait and massiveness of the stone-mason with him into literature. He even lays down his sentences slowly and deliberately, as if they were so many blocks to be set squarely in their proper places, plain and ornamented, just as

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they come. A page of his writing in type presents to the accustomed eye a compact, and, as one might say, a well-built appearance. And the thought which is bedded in the type is always substantial, and, even where the form is most delicate and the color richest, of hard and firm material.

But, though taking on genially enough the impress and manner of his new mode of life, it was still as a man who had brought more into it than the desire to earn its wages and conform to its usages. In every company of workmen to which he belonged during his apprentice and journeyman days, his taste for reading alone must have marked him out as a man far out of the common way. Faithful to his resolution on entering the trade, he employed, from the very first moment, all the leisure which it left him in the work of earnest intellectual cultivation. In noisy bothies, on summer and autumn evenings, or at home during the winter, he continued uninterruptedly to read all kinds of books. It must have been during this, the most laborious period of his life, that he began to form that intimate and extensive acquaintance with the works of the English poets and prose writers, as well as with their lives, of which his writings give such ample proof. Of the English literature of the eighteenth century in particular, with its Swifts, its Addisons, its Popes, its Shenstones, its Goldsmiths, and its Cowpers, there was probably in all England itself no such assiduous student as this obscure Scottish operative of the years 1818–25, whose days were spent in quarries or under masons' sheds, and his evenings in wretched Highland bothies, or in scarcely superior hovels in Lowland villages. The old Scottish poets and prose-writers were also duly overtaken as occasion threw them in his way; and at this day we believe there is no Scotchman who could repeat so many passages of Barbour, Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, or Lyndsay by heart, or who could, out of his own stores, give so vivid a sketch, at bidding, of the past history and gossip of Scottish literature. To read Burns, Allan Ramsay, Byron, and the Waverley Novels, is by no means an unusual amount of literary achievement among Scottish working-men; but a course of such various and steady reading as that which our author went through would, even in these days of mechanics' institutions and local libraries, be an undertaking for a select few. Nor was it to the mere literature of fiction, history, poetry, legend, biography, and anecdote — the various field of what might be called pleasant or amusing reading—that our author restricted himself. Something like justice was also done to the chief works of English and Scottish philosophical thought — more especially those of Locke, Kames, Hume, Reid, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and other metaphysicians of the eighteenth century. This, if we may judge from certain allusions, was rather a matter of conscience than of real liking; and probably the reader found more of genuine interest in the *biographies* of this class of British authors, the concrete facts of their lives, than in their speculations. The same, however, can hardly be said of such readings as he found opportunity for in one other field not properly included in pure literature—that of natural science. Here he ranged at large with a sense of real enjoyment; and though books in this department were not then so numerous as now, such as came in his way, from encyclopædias to manuals, must have been turned to very good profit. We are not sure even whether, leaving the walks of merely descriptive science, such as botany or zoölogy, our author did not also find time at this period to carry his school-mathematics a little farther by private studies in Euclid and other manuals, and to cultivate some acquaintance with the principles of the higher physical sciences, such as astronomy, mechanics, and chemistry. Possibly these higher exercises of self-education were reserved for the later period of his career as an operative, when his opportunities of leisure and quiet evening study were greater. This, at all events, we remark about his writings, that he never shrinks from an allusion requiring knowledge in these directions — be it to asymptote, equation, curve, parallax, atomic weight, or any thing else equally naughty to your spruce Cockney *littérateur;* and that his allusions of this kind are always perfectly accurate. When and where, too, did he get all that very good Latin for the names of his plants? Moreover, he speaks of making sketches, architectural drawings, and no end of other things; nor does it require his own statement to let us know that all this while he was writing verses, rhapsodies, reflections, and soliloquies of his own, which, if picked up among the moors or in some country churchyard, on their original dingy and well-economized paper, would have made a travelling Cambridge student wonder what uncaught Addison or Goldsmith was going loose in that hyperboreal region, falling short of stationery, and scattering his scraps to the winds.

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The profession of a stone-mason, however, not only left our author time to prosecute for himself all that species of culture which could be acquired by reading and reflection; it opened up to him, also, a more direct and specific means of education, by moving him about from spot to spot, and introducing him to an ever-varying succession of new Scottish scenes and circumstances. His first scenes of labor, indeed, as an apprentice and a journeyman, were among the quarries and in the solitudes of his native region of the Moray Firth; but even there he broke in upon new ground, and became acquainted with spots with which he had not till then been familiar. His acquaintance with the Highlands, too, till then confined to Ross-shire and Sutherland, was gradually extended by journeys into totally new districts, with features peculiar to themselves. Many a spot of wild beauty, lying round the little circle of hewn and unhewn stones where he and his companions plied their midday labors, received his solitary evening visits, and breathed its quiet but everlasting influence into his trains of meditation. Even now, we suppose, he has but to shut his eyes, and a succession of these old local visions will come back — sweet inland glens created for nothing but the hush of the waterfall; clusters of hamlets, each under its patch of stars; remote village churchyards studded with their homely tombstones; rocky coves and promontories where memory still hears the sullen swinge of the sea. One journey in particular he refers to as of peculiar interest at the time — that which introduced him first to the scenery and circumstance of the western coasts of Scotland. He records at some length the novel impressions which this part of Scotland made upon him, coming upon it, as he did, fresh from the east coast, and with his mind full of east coast images. The very sea on the west coast was different; one could see the pebbles at the bottom through a far greater depth of water; and the fish and molluscs were not the same. All this, and hundreds of other facts of the kind, he noticed with the practised eye of a tourist and a naturalist; and all this he now accounts to have been no inefficient part of his schooling while a working-man. More important in many respects than his visit to the west coast, was his professional journey to the south, and his residence in the vicinity of Edinburgh during the entire season of 1824–25. The first visit to Edinburgh and its neighborhood is always an event of note in the life of a Scottish provincial, and especially in that of a young native of the north of Scotland; and that in the case of Hugh Miller the migration was one of unusual consequence, appears from the large space assigned in the Autobiography to his reminiscences of the south country. It was immediately after this visit to the south that he abandoned the rougher life of a journeyman, and began that of a jobbing mason or stone-cutter,—finding sufficient employment in such private commissions as the neighborhood of Cromarty afforded, with occasional excursions into the adjacent counties of Ross, Elgin, and Inverness.

The whole of this education supplied to Mr. Miller between his seventeenth and his thirty-fourth year immediately out of the exercise of his trade, consisted, it will be seen, but in an extension and continuation of that "education of circumstance," of which his preceding life as a youth had afforded so conspicuous an example. The only difference was, that the school was wider. For "Cromarty scenery and circumstance," substitute "Scottish scenery and circumstance," still allowing the north of Scotland and its east coast to predominate, and the essential nature of the progress will be sufficiently indicated. Here, too, the former classification of the kinds of circumstance into the two main divisions of circumstance of the Uncle Sandy vein, and circumstance of the Uncle James vein, will still hold good. As, formerly, our author, combining in himself the tastes and predilections of the two uncles, had shown an equal aptitude for the natural history of Cromarty, and for the miscellaneous studies which it offered in the shape of legends, antiquities, social habits, and quaint individual physiognomies, so now, with his firmer powers of self-control, and his larger stock of principles and ideas, he still moved on, gathering facts from both worlds wherever he went. New minerals were picked up and polished, new arrangements of rock observed, new plants identified, new fishes and molluscs studied and dissected. What with such an increased store of materials personally collected, what with the higher scientific organization that could be given to them by hints caught from books or by original hypotheses and generalizations, Uncle Sandy and Cromarty were soon left far behind. Above all, in geology the progress was immense. Until the time of his becoming a mason, the geology of our author had amounted to little more than an empirical knowledge of the minerel charac-

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ters of rocks. The wonders of the fossil world had hardly dawned upon his view. An occasional fact, such as the disinterring of the trunk of an antediluvian tree in a morass, had sufficed to bring the vision of a pre-adamite universe of organizsd life just within his range. But hardly had he been a few days at work in his first quarry when, attracted by the organisms in which, as it chanced, the locality was unusually rich, he began, almost instinctively, his course of geological researches. From place to place, wherever he went, from the shores of the Moray Firth to those of the Firth of Forth, the hammer was continually in his pocket, and his eye ever indefatigable in the search for fossils. The results, all the world knows. Not only did the stone-mason, blending what he saw with what he read, become a self-taught geologist, learned in all that contemporary science professed to know; not only did he add to the number of his private enjoyments that of being able to speculate as profoundly as some of the first intellects of the age on the great theme of our planet's primeval history; it fell to him also to make for himself the name of a discoverer, and to be the first to decipher in the volume of nature a passage till then unread. Hugh Miller and the Old Red Sandstone are names now indissolubly associated; and the connection was formed long before the world knew of it. Thus, at least, Uncle Sandy might have been more than satisfied with the fruits of *his* elementary teaching. But the vein of Uncle James was still as strongly marked in the genius of *his* pupil; and the claims of Scottish antiquities, legends, and social facts, were not sacrificed to those of Scottish geology. This, indeed, is Hugh Miller's peculiarity, that into whatever district he goes, the geology and the humanity of that district seem equally to attract him. There are, we doubt not, readers of his volumes who invariably skip the geological pages; and there may possibly be also—though this is not so likely—readers who skip the other pages to alight on these. Such a union of Uncle James and Uncle Sandy is very rare among our British authors. Scott, for example, was Uncle James all over. It was enough for him to have the living population, with its humors, its bustling life of joy and sorrow, its habitations and traditions, and a sufficient surface of Scottish scenery whereon to plant them. And this is what literature properly requires. Our author, however, begins deeper. He constructs the stony skeleton of a district, carries it through the pre-adamite ages, and fossilizes for you all that has ever been in it, or on it, from its ferns to its saurians, before he considers it an available landscape, on which you and he can intelligently keep your footing. If he is discussing Argyllshire, his imagination ranges back through all those unknown and antecedent zoölogies which have been swept from that region to fit it for the Campbells. But, once he has laid down his landscape, he is not like some of our geologists, who have no sympathy with what is *on* it. In his present volume, for example, there is hardly a single variety of Scottish concrete circumstance in which he does not seem at home. Wherever he goes, he visits old towers and forts, and collects local legends, Highland or Lowland, with all the zest of a patriot and an antiquary. He is no less delighted with the trace of a kelpie than he would be with that of a pterodactyl. With his pockets full of fossils, he would go miles to see a battle-field of Wallace; nor in any of his geological tours would he omit seeing a Covenanter's grave. Well also may he claim for his work that interest which arises from contemporaneous glimpses into the life of the Scottish people. Here we have a series of pictures of Scottish society, as various as they are authentic. East coast fishermen and sailors, Highland farmers, north country masons, south country masons, colliers of the Lothians, gipsy outlaws—all these types or varieties of Scottish life are sketched from actual knowledge, and with a range of background varying from the wild solitude of scene in Sutherland to the low squalor of a public-house in Edinburgh. There are incidental sketches also of outlying curiosities of Scottish humanity not exactly belonging to any class;—Highland maniacs, half-witted eccentrics in Lowland villages, and others besides. And lastly, there are portraits of striking *individuals* with whom the author came in contact—with some of them casually, with others more habitually and intimately. There is old John Fraser, the prince of north country masons, who could do with ease three times as much work as any other man; there is "Cha," the hero of the south country squad, and the type of a noble nature wrecked into a blackguard; there is William Ross, the house-painter, weak-bodied and diffident, but with the genius of a born poet and artist; there is Peter M'Craw, the tax-gatherer of Leith; there is the aristocratic-looking, silver-haired mason's laborer, the lineal descendant of the

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Earls of Crawford, whom the Niddry masons used to salute with — "John, yerl o' Crawford, bring us anither hod o' lime;" and, as one reminiscence at least of a man known to fame, there is a glimpse of Dr. M'Crie of Edinburgh, walking in the lane near Libberton, an erect, military-looking old gentleman, with his collar stained with powder aud his hat turned up behind. From each and all of these men our author learned something; and each and all of them, accordingly, he ranks among his "schools." In fact, to whatever man, thing, or event taught him any thing, he wishes it to be understood that he applies this name.

It is not, however, merely as so many surrounding circumstances furnishing matter for observation and reflection that men are "schools" to each other. At all events, in early life this cannot be the case. In later life men do, to a great extent, exist independently of others, and regard others as merely so many *objects*—so much circumstance of costume, physiognomy, and character—more or less interesting. But in earlier life far closer educational relations are easily formed between man and man. One man becomes an educating power in the life of another, not merely by standing before him as an object to be gazed at, but by becoming, so to speak, a second subject, an additional self, through whose eyes also nature may be seen. This is the education of friendship. Our author, as much as any man, seems capable of living independently of aid from others, and of taking people as they occur to him simply as so much circumstance drifted into his net. But he also has learned not a little in the school of friendship. Of the individuals whose portraits he sketches, in addition to those of his relatives, several were men who not only interested him as objects, but had also a hold upon his affections, and thus contributed to his education in two ways at once. Even for "Cha," the blackguard-hero of the Edinburgh squad, there is evidence that his feeling was one of personal regard. But the friend, *par excellence*, of his life—the man with whom, of all those mentioned in the Autobiography, with the exception of his near kinsmen, his relations were most decisively of a sentimental character—was the house-painter, William Ross. This interesting person is thus described; the time to which the description more immediately refers being the first year of our author's apprenticeship as a mason:

During this winter I was much in the company of a young man about five years my senior, who was of the true stuff of which friends are made, and to whom I became much attached. I had formed some acquaintance with him about five years before, on his coming to the place (Cromarty) from the neighboring parish of Nigg, to be apprenticed to a house-painter who lived a few doors from my mother's. But there was at first too great a disparity between us for friendship—he was a tall lad and I a wild boy; and, though occasionally admitted into his sanctum—a damp little room in an out-house, in which he slept, and in his leisure hours made water-color drawings and verses—it was but as an occasional visitor, who, having a rude taste for literature and the fine arts, was just worthy of being encouraged in this way. My year of toil, however, had wrought wonders for me: it had converted me into a sober young man; and William Ross now seemed to find scarce less pleasure in my company than I did in his. Poor William! his name must be wholly unfamiliar to the reader; and yet he had that in him which ought to have made it a known one. He was a lad of genius, drew truthfully, had a nice sense of the beautiful, and possessed the true poetic faculty; but he lacked health and spirits, and was naturally of a melancholy temperament, and diffident of himself. He was at this time a thin, pale lad, fair-haired, with a clear waxen complexion, flat chest, and stooping figure; and though he lasted considerably longer than could have been anticipated from his appearance, in seven years after, he was in the grave. He was unfortunate in his parents: his mother, though of a devout family of the old Scottish type, was an aberrant specimen;—she had fallen in early youth, and had subsequently married an ignorant, half-imbecile laborer, with whom she passed a life of poverty and unhappiness; and of this unpromising marriage William was the eldest child. It was certainly not from either parent he derived his genius. . . . His boyhood had been that of the poet; he had loved to indulge in day-dreams in the solitude of a deep wood beside his grandmother's cottage; and had learned to write verses and draw landscapes in a rural locality in which no one had ever written verses or drawn landscapes before. And finally, as, in the north of Scotland, in those primitive times, the nearest approach to an artist was a house-painter, William was despatched to Cromarty, when he had grown tall enough for the work, to cultivate his natural taste for the fine arts in papering rooms and lobbies, and in painting railings and wheelbarrows. . . . We used to beat over all manner of subjects together, especially poetry and the fine arts; and, though we often differed, our differences served only to knit us the more. He, for instance, deemed the "Minstrel" of Beattie the most perfect of English poems; but, though he liked Dryden's "Virgil" well enough, he could find no poetry whatever in the "Absalom and Ahitophel" of Dryden; whereas I liked both the "Minstrel" and the "Ahitophel," and, indeed, could hardly say, unlike as they were in complexion and character, which of the two I read oftenest or admired most. Again, among prose writers, Addison was his especial favorite, and Swift he detested; whereas I liked Addison and Swift almost equally

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well, and passed, without sense of incongruity, from the Vision of Mirza, or the paper on Westminster Abbey, to the true account of the death of Partridge, or the Tale of a Tub. If, however, he could wonder at the latitudinarian laxity of my taste, there was at least one special department in which I could marvel quite as much at the incomprehensible breadth of his. He was a born musician. When a little boy, he had constructed for himself a fife and clarionet of young shoots of elder, on which he succeeded in discoursing sweet music; and addressing himself at another and later period to both the principles and practice of the science, he became one of the best flute-players in the district. Notwithstanding my dulness of ear, I do cherish a pleasing recollection of the sweet sounds that used to issue from his little room in the outhouse, every milder evening, as I approached, and of the soothed and tranquil state in which I ever found him on those occasions, as I entered. I could not understand his music, but I saw that, mentally at least, though, I fear, not physically,—for the respiratory organs were weak,—it did him great good. . . . It was once said of Thomson, by one who was himself not at all morbidly poetic in his feelings, that "he could not have viewed two candles burning but with a poetical eye." It might at least be said of my friend, that he never saw a piece of fine or striking scenery without being deeply moved by it. I have seen him awed into deep solemnity, in our walks, by the rising moon, as it peered down upon us over the hill, red and broad, and cloud-encircled, through the interstices of some clump of dark firs; and have observed him become suddenly silent, as, emerging from the moonlight woods, we looked into a rugged dell, and saw, far beneath, the slim rippling streamlet gleaming in the light, like a narrow strip of the aurora borealis shot athwart a dark sky, when the steep rough sides of the ravine, on either hand, were enveloped in gloom. My friend's opportunities of general reading had not been equal to my own, but he was acquainted with at least one class of books of which I knew scarce any thing;—he had carefully studied Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty," Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," "Gesner's Letters," the "Lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds," and several other works of a similar kind; and in all the questions of criticism that related to external form, the effects of light and shade, and the influences of the meteoric media, I found him a high authority. He had a fine eye for detecting the peculiar features which gave individuality and character to a landscape,—those features, as he used to say, which the artist or poet should seize and render prominent, while, at the same time, lest they should be lost as in a mob, he softened down the others; and recognizing him as a master in this department of characteristic selection, I delighted to learn in his school,—by far the best of its kind I ever attended.

William Ross afterwards removed to Edinburgh, where our author found him, on *his* temporary visit there, working as a decorator, and as full of genius, but as desponding, as ever. "Ah! Miller," he used to say, "you have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength: the world will never hear of me." Nor, but for this tribute of his surviving friend, should the world have heard of him. He died in Edinburgh, not long after Mr. Miller's return to Cromarty; and the news came at the very time when his friend had a heavier and nearer loss to grieve for in the death of his uncle James. Perhaps his case is not an uncommon one. For one Hugh Miller that has stamina to force his way, there are, not improbably, many William Rosses who die ere they can emerge from obscurity, or even attain a step towards the position they merit. Such men we have known ourselves.

As far as we can discern, none of all Hugh Miller's subsequent acquaintances succeeded to exactly that place in his regards which had been occupied by William Ross. To some of these acquaintances, however, he acknowledges debts of a very important kind. To one, in particular—an old school companion, with whom, after a long interruption, his intercourse was renewed, about the time of his return from Edinburgh to Cromarty—he assigns an influence over his thoughts of no ordinary nature. Whoever knows what Hugh Miller is, must be aware that if there is one part of his intellectual history, the omission of which in an account of his life would, more than any other omission, leave the man himself unexplained, it is that part where his personal relations to the faith and the theology of his native land would have to be considered. If Mr. Miller himself, however, has deemed it right to maintain a certain reserve on this point, it is not for others to discuss it more at large. It is enough to say that, in the few pages which he does devote to the topic, he represents himself as having been, up to the period of his return to his native place from his temporary residence in the south, in an uncertain condition as to religious belief—sufficiently decorous in his demeanor towards the Presbyterianism of Scotland, and feeling even a patriotic and hereditary respect for it, as became a descendant of Donald Roy, but personally at sea on the whole question, "now a believer and anon a sceptic," and "without any middle ground between the two extremes on which he could at once reason and believe." At this period, he says, and chiefly in consequence of theological conversations with his friend, now a minister of the Scottish Free Church, but then only a student of divinity, he began to find that rest which he had long wanted in the cardinal principles of Scottish evangelism. And the new im-

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pulse thus given to his thoughts was powerfully assisted by his subsequent intercourse with the late Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Cromarty, a man who, though not widely known beyond his own parish till shortly before his death, was in reality, according to Mr. Miller's opinion, the most original mind in the Scottish pulpit of his generation, with the single exception of Chalmers.

From this period the plot of Mr. Miller's life rapidly thickens. Found out, as one may say, by the parish minister, and gradually by others, and still others, not only in Cromarty but in its neighborhood also, the stone-mason became a local celebrity. Geologists in other towns corresponded with him; editors of local newspapers solicited communications from him; he published a volume of verses, entitled, "*Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason;*" the Cromarty ladies began to lionize him, and would walk up to where he was at work to have the pleasure of conversing with him; and, to add dignity to good-will, he was elected a town-councillor. In one respect, up to this time, he had been very obdurate. Though turned thirty, he still walked in bachelor meditation, fancy free. In due time, however, a conqueress appeared, and chains were wound round the Cromarty Hercules. We will not spoil this graceful episode in our author's life by attempting to narrate it. Suffice it to say, that walking by the side of a young, fair, and highly accomplished companion, between whom and himself it was well understood that they should so walk together during their whole lives, the Hercules came very soon to the conclusion that, in that case, it would not do to remain a stone-mason. What else to become, however, was not so easy a question. The editorship of a country newspaper offered, in some respects, not unsuitable prospects; but to write savage local politics was not an occupation that one could conscientiously, in most cases, undertake. For several years no progress was made, and the idea of an emigration to the American backwoods became more and more familar both to Hercules and the lady, as the only likely solution of the problem how to make their marriage possible. In the end their patience was rewarded. A branch bank was opened at Cromarty, and the agent, a respectable gentleman in the town, was left to nominate his own assistant. He offered the post to Mr. Miller, who at once accepted it; and after a short visit to Linlithgow, for the purpose of learning the nature of his future business in a branch bank there, he returned to Cromarty, no longer an operative, but an accountant. In this situation he remained one or two years, during which the marriage took place. During this time, also, his "*Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*" first saw the light, and he began to contribute with some regularity to various Scottish periodicals. The Non-Intrusion controversy was then just rising to its height, and, at the critical moment following the adverse decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, Mr. Miller, whose feelings had been gradually but strongly engaged on the side of the Church, published his celebrated "Letter to Lord Brougham." At that moment the Non-Intrusionists of the south were in quest of a suitable man to be the editor of their projected newspaper. Dr. Candlish pointed out the author of the popular pamphlet as the very man of all others to fill this post; and in 1840 Hugh Miller of Cromarty removed to Edinburgh.

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From the Eclectic Review

ERASMUS.*

On one of the bridges of the numberless canals of Rotterdam, in the centre of the city, stands a bronze statue ten feet high, of an ecclesiastic, with a soft and somewhat sickly intellectual expression, diligently reading a book which he holds in his right hand; and hard by is a mean-looking house with the inscription:—"Hæc est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus"—(this is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born.) This bronze statue was preceded by one of stone, and that by a wooden image, erected ten years after the death of Erasmus: the stone statue was substituted eight years later. In 1592, the Spaniards threw it in the Meuse, and thirty years elapsed before its place was occupied by the existing monument, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Henry de Keiser. The admirers of Erasmus have said that, in this respect, he resembled the divinities of ancient Rome, who were honored with images of clay before golden temples were erected to them. In 1652, this famous bronze was pulled down by the insurgents, who looked on it as having some connection with Popery, and had well-nigh destroyed it. The magistrates of Basel commissioned a merchant of their city, at that time in Rotterdam, to buy the statue; but the authorities at Rotterdam having persuaded the people that Erasmus, though a cleric, was neither a saint nor a sayer of masses, and that his statue required neither adorations nor prayers, it was determined that it should not be sold, but replaced upon its pedestal.

Erasmus was the son of a citizen of Tergou, whose name was Gerard. Margaret, his mother, was the daughter of a physician. His parents were not married—a reproach of which his learned adversary, Julius Scaliger, did not fail to make a virulent use in a literary controversy, while the better sort of people defended Erasmus, as a man who had procured for himself a high reputation, notwithstanding the irregularity of his birth. The brothers of Gerard, who was a man of pleasure, would have persuaded him to enter the Church, leaving his patrimony to them. To escape from their solicitations he went to Rome, where he was employed as a copyist. While there, his relatives informed him that Margaret was dead. His grief for her supposed loss induced him to take orders, but on returning to Holland he found Margaret still alive. As a priest, he could not fulfil his promise of marriage to her; she would not marry any other man; and they did not live together.

At four years of age, young Gerard—who afterwards adopted the custom of scholars in that age of revived ancient learning, by translating his name into Latin (Desiderius) and Greek (Erasmus)—was sent to school, and while yet a boy, his pleasing voice secured him an appointment in the choir of Utrecht Cathedral. At nine he was removed to the school of Hegius, at Deventer, where one of his schoolfellows was Adrian, who succeeded Leo X. as Pope. Wonderful stories are told of his retentive memory at that early age. His mother, who resided for his sake at Deventer, died of the plague when he was thirteen. His father soon followed her to the grave.

Erasmus had an elder brother, who shared with him a small patrimony, which sufficed for the expenses of their studies at the uni-

* *Desiderii Erasmi Opera Emendatiora et Auctiora.* [The works of Desiderius Erasmus, Corrected and Enlarged.] Lugd. Bat. 10 tom. fol. 1703–6.

2. *Knight's Life of Erasmus.* Cambridge. 1726. 8vo.

3. *Vie d'Erasme par Burigné.* [Burignè's Life of Erasmus.] Paris. 1757. 2 tom. 12mo.

4. *Jortin's Life of Erasmus.* London. 2 vols. 4to. 1758–60.

5. *Hess's Erasmus von Rotterdam nach Seinem Leben und Schriften.* [Life and Writings of Erasmus of Rotterdam.] 2 bde. 8vo. Zurich. 1790.

6. *The Life of Erasmus.* With Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. London. John Murray. 1825.

7. *Bibliothèque d' Elite.—Eloge de la Folie, traduit du Latin d'Erasme, précédée de l'Histoire d'Erasme et de ses Ecrits.* [Select Library.—The Praise of Folly. Translated from the Latin of Erasmus. Preceded by the History of Erasmus and his Writings.] Par M. Nisard. Paris Librairie de Charles Gosselin. 1842.

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versities. Their father was scarcely dead, when their relatives and their guardians robbed them of their little property, and sought to cover their delinquency by inducing the young orphans to become monks. The more active of these guardians had formerly been a schoolmaster; but he was not tinctured with the love of letters, and, under a reputation for piety, he carried a perfectly selfish nature. Young Erasmus wrote him one day a somewhat elaborately composed letter, to which he sullenly replied—"Write me no more of that kind, without sending also a commentary." He was one of those "servants of God" who thought they offered to Him an acceptable sacrifice when they enrolled some helpless youth on the list of some monastic order; and he recounted with pride the recruits he had brought to St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Benedict, St. Augustin, St. Bridget, and other heads and founders of convents. As soon as the boys were fit to go to college, their guardian, fearing, as he said, that they might there imbibe sentiments too worldly, sent them to a convent in Brabant, whose monks derived their income from the instruction of children. When a youth of lively character and precocious intelligence came into their hands, it was their practice gradually to subdue him, by harsh treatment of various kinds, to the proper tone of the monastic life. These "brothers" were ignorant enough, buried in the shades of their convent, strangers to science, spending in prayers the time not employed in scolding and whipping their pupils, incapable of teaching what they did not know, and filling the world with stupid monks or badly educated laics. In this convent Erasmus and his brother spent two years, under a master who was the more severe for his want of learning, chosen not by competent judges, but by the general of the order, often the most ignorant of the monks. This man had a gentle colleague, who loved Erasmus, and amused himself with him, and who, hearing him speak one day of returning home, labored to retain him in the convent, and unite himself with their body, telling him all sorts of tales of the happy life they led there, and bestowing on him many caresses and little gifts. The boy resisted like a man. He said simply that he would take no part until his reason was more advanced. The monk, who was a good-natured man, did not urge him. On returning to Tergou, they found that one of their two guardians had died of the plague, without having given up his accounts. The other, taken up with his trade, troubled himself but little about his wards. They thus came entirely into the power of the other, whose name was *Guardian*. He began to speak strongly of a scheme for engaging them in the Church. Erasmus was now fifteen, and his brother three years older. The elder brother was feeble, and afraid of Guardian, and seeing himself poor, would willingly have suffered him to do what he liked with him, to escape the difficulty of resisting him, and the uncertainties of a precarious life. Erasmus, who appears, even then, to have felt the instinct of his future, spoke of selling the little land that remained to them, making up a small sum, going to the universities to complete their studies, and committing themselves thereafter to the grace of God. His brother was induced to consent, on condition that Erasmus would be the spokesman. Guardian called for them, some days after they had pledged themselves to each other. Assuming a gentle tone, he spoke largely of his paternal tenderness towards them, his zeal and his vigilance, and afterwards congratulated them on his having found a place for them in another convent nearer home. Erasmus thanked him, but told him that his brother and himself were both too young to take so grave a step—that they could not become monks before they knew what was meant by being a monk—that they wished to consider the matter more maturely, after devoting some years to the study of letters—that some time for reflection could not hurt them. Guardian was not prepared for a refusal. He broke forth into threats, and could scarcely keep off his hands. He quarrelled with Erasmus, and resigned his guardianship, saying that they had not a florin left, and that they must look out for themselves. The youth wept, but his resolution remained unshaken. The threatenings having failed, the guardian changed his mode of attack. He intrusted the business to his brother, a man of polish, and of persuasive talent. He had the youths into his garden, treating them with pleasant conversation and wine. He drew so attractive a picture of monastic life, that the elder youth yielded. Erasmus, at sixteen, of delicate constitution, oppressed with ague, solitary, and poor, what was to become of him!

He was beset by persons of all qualities. One gave him a lively description of monastic tranquillity; another set before him a tragical representation of the dangers of the world, as if monks were living beyond the world; *this* man terrified him by reciting the miseries of hell, as though convents never led

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to hell; *that* other quoted miraculous examples—such as a man being devoured by a lion as he turned back from a monastery; some spake of monks who had been honored by conversations with Jesus Christ, and of St. Catharine, who had been affianced to him, and had enjoyed long interviews with him. Erasmus was looked on as a grand prize, whose precocious abilities promised a monk that would do honor to his gown.

While agitated by these uncertainties, he had seen, in a monastery near the town, one of the companions of his childhood, who had been in Italy seeking his fortune, but not succeeding, had been induced by the love of repose, a taste for good living, and a reputation for good singing, to become a monk. Cantelius—such was his name—persuaded Erasmus to follow his example, boasting of the quietude, freedom, harmony, angelic fellowship, and literary leisure of the convent. To Erasmus the convent now seemed to be the garden of the Muses, where the cherished tastes of his life would be indulged. Returning to the town, new assaults awaited him. Again Cantelius plied his charms, and put an end to his hesitation by asking him to become his pupil. Erasmus sought relief from present attacks in the convent, but without intending to remain there.

After many months spent in literary luxury and equality, without being obliged to fast or to perform nocturnal duties, the day arrived for taking the habit of the order. He spoke of resuming his freedom, but he was met with new threats, and after a brief struggle, he suffered himself to be made a monk. A whole year passed away without regrets. But by slow degrees, he learned that neither his soul nor his body could conform to that way of life. He saw studies neglected or despised. Instead of true piety, for which he had some relish, there were endless chants and ceremonies. His brother monks were, for the greater part, stupid, ignorant, sensual, and ready to oppose any among them who gave signs of a delicate intellect, and a stronger inclination for study than for feasting. The most robust had the greatest influence. Though at first he had been exempted from fasting, he was soon brought under rule. So tender was his constitution, that if his meal was postponed for an hour, his heart failed him, and he fell into a swoon. He suffered grievously from cold and from wind; but how could he escape them in an unhealthy convent, with long damp passages, and with cells imperfectly closed? He was in a continual shiver. The mere smell of fish gave him a headache, and brought on symptoms of fever. So light was his slumber, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after some hours, that he could fall asleep, after rising to perform the nightly offices of devotion, from which, during his novitiate, he had been exempt. Deeply did he now sigh for liberty once more. But he was met by horrible scruples. "Tricks of Satan," said one, "to draw away a servant from Jesus Christ." "I had the same temptations," said another, "but since I overcame them, I have lived as in Paradise." "There is danger of death," insinuated a third, "in abandoning the habit; for this offence against St. Augustine, men have been smitten with incurable disease, blasted by the thunder, or killed by the bite of a serpent: the least of the evils is the infamy attached to an apostate." The young monk feared shame more than death: his repugnance was conquered, and to the gown he now added the friar's cowl. Regarding himself as a prisoner, he sought consolation in study; but as letters were viewed in the convent with suspicion, he was forced to study secretly in the religious house where men were allowed to be drunk in public.

Erasmus had attained his twenty-third year when the Bishop of Cambray invited him to come and live with him. Having obtained the consent of his bishop in ordinary, of the particular prior of the convent, and of the general prior of the order, he gladly accepted the invitation; but he staid with the bishop only a short time. He entered the famous theological College of Montaigne, at Paris, whose *very walls*, he said, *were theological*. But the regimen of the place was deadly. John Standonnée, the governor at the time, who had spent his youth in poverty, and was as hard as the rocks of the desert, fed his young pupils with fish and tainted eggs, never allowing them meat, making them lie on wretched beds in damp chambers, and, to crown all, forcing them to wear the monk's gown and cowl. Many youths contemporary with Erasmus became mad, blind, or leprous; some of them died under this harsh treatment; and Erasmus himself was so ill, that he had great difficulty in recovering; and, according to his own statement, he must have lost his life, but for the protection of St. Geneviève!

The love of letters and of theology had drawn Erasmus to Paris the first time, but the college diet and sickness drove him away. He soon repaired thither again to complete his studies, but was driven away the second

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time by the plague. He seems at this time to have taken private pupils, among whom was Lord Montjoy, a young English nobleman, who became a valuable friend to him in after-life. Erasmus had to submit to vexing humiliations in consequence of the negligence or injustice of those on whom he had claims for the means of living. While rambling through the Netherlands, he was invited to visit the Marchioness de Vere, whose castle, on the top of a mountain, he reached with difficulty, and not without danger. His first view of the marchioness enchanted him, and from the warm comforts of her hospitable abode he wrote of her in the most laudatory terms to Lord Montjoy. Within a year he altered his tone. She had promised him a pension, but he received nothing. He made a voyage to England, where he associated with the leaders of the classical revival in London and the universities, with Colet and Linacre, Grocyn and Latimer. In returning to France he was upset in a boat, and all his gold went to the bottom. He borrowed some money to take him from Calais to Paris. Travelling on horseback, in company with an Englishman, on the road to Amiens, some robbers had lingered in advance of them more than a day, to see whether he might be a good prize; but on that occasion his poverty was of service to him, for the robbers, perceiving that he was poor, did not think it worth their while to take his life for such a trifle. He had taken away all temptation to hurt him by letting them take the little that he had. By these successive losses he was reduced very low. He urged a friend, who was preceptor to the son of the marchioness, to press his demands; but his friend had claims of his own, and the affairs of the marchioness were going to ruin. The poverty of Erasmus was, of course, relative—poverty for a man of delicate habits, fond of change, buying manuscripts, having scribes in his pay, elegant and lavish in his tastes, burdened by the costs of his frequent removals, his high friendships, his domestics, secretaries, messengers, copyists—one could not afford to be Erasmus but at that price. Any other man would have thought himself well off with what to Erasmus was poverty. Yet his resources were precarious. The little he received from his various pensions in England, Germany, and France, only helped him to incur debts, and it was reduced to less than half by the officers and bankers through whose hands it passed before it reached him.

At the age of forty, Erasmus took a journey to Rome, a journey which he had been contemplating all his life. He arrived at Bologna some days before the triumphal entry of Pope Julius II., the conqueror of Romagna. In the midst of a crowd who clapped their hands "to the destroyer of tyrants," he must have smiled at the aspect of that booted and spurred papacy, offering to the kisses of the stupid multitudes his feet whitened by the dust of the battle-field, brandishing the sword like the keys of St. Peter, and pushing his horse on the breaches of walls thrown down to do him honor. I like to represent to myself Erasmus, says M. Nisard, in the beautiful history before us, in the grand street of Bologna, leaning against a wall, wrapped in his fur, his ironical countenance gazing on the passing *cortége*, and meditating those wise critiques on the warlike papacy which his adversaries afterwards treated as heresies worthy of the flames.

It was on Tuesday, November 19, 1506, that the Pope made his entry into Bologna. Some astrologers and some merchants would have dissuaded him, but he laughed at their predictions, and said, "In the name of God, let us advance and enter." Before arriving at the church, he passed under thirteen triumphal arches, on each of which was written—"*To Julius II., triumphant over tyrants.*" On each side of the principal street were raised tribunes, in the form of long galleries, on which the great people and the ladies of the high houses of Bologna waved their handkerchiefs, and showered their devices on the head of the triumpher. The street was hung with veils sewed together, which formed an immense canopy over a space planted with green trees, and decorated with arms, paintings, and devices, suspended from all the windows, while the road was covered with carpets. A hundred young nobles, carrying in their hands "golden staves"—the only kind of arms suitable to the vanquished—preceded the *cortége;* then came twenty-two cardinals, in scarlet robes, having their hats laced with gold; then the condemned who were favored by the Pope, or victims of the tyrant of Bologna, set free, and bearing an inscription on their breasts; then, behind a forest of standards, in a cloud of perfumes, incense, white wax-tapers, hymns, and concerts, two canopies, borne on men's arms,—one of white silk, broidered with gold, for the holy sacrament, the other, more magnificent, of crimson silk and gold brocade, for the Pontiff, who trod beneath his feet the boquets of roses presented by the young girls of Bologna,—a rare present for the season; lastly came the orations, the

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only thing to console the little for not having the triumphs of the great, and the pacific for not being victorious. There were four ambassadors — of France, Spain, Venice, and Florence; four—including two rectors of the university and two senators, besides six nobles of Bologna—in all fourteen; and, in returning, when twenty of the principal citizens had presented the Pope with the keys of the city, some pieces of poetry were recited, a new discourse delivered, and a psalm was chanted in front of the Pontiff by the Bishop of Bologna—enough, as M. Nisard slyly remarks, to keep Julius II. from believing himself a god.

After the *fêtes* came the plague, and perhaps *because* of the feasts: while Pope Julius II. was receiving a second triumph at Rome, in which, said the good Christians of the period, one could see at one glance of the eye the Church militant and the Church triumphant, the plague decimated the crowd, still pale and staggering from the excess of the previous night. Erasmus ran a great risk on this occasion. Though he had laid aside, by permission of the Pope, the complete dress of a regular monk, he retained the white band. It so happened that the surgeons who had the care of the infected were required to wear a piece of white linen attached to their shoulder, that people might avoid coming in contact with them. Even with that precaution they were in danger of being stoned in the streets by the most cowardly population in all Italy, says Erasmus, who are so afraid of death, that the smell of incense throws them into a fury, because it is their custom to burn it in their funerals. Erasmus went out into the streets with his white band, little dreaming that they would confound an ecclesiastic with a physician, or take a band for a shoulder-knot. That imprudence nearly cost him his life on two occasions. The first time, he went to see one of his learned friends. As he drew near the house, two ill-looking soldiers rushed upon him, with cries of death, and drawing their swords to strike him. A woman passing by told the wretches that they were mistaken, that the man before them was not a physician but a churchman; this did not appease them; they continued to brandish their swords against Erasmus, when happily the gate of the house was opened from within, received poor Erasmus, trembling with terror, and closed upon his assailants. The second time he was entering an inn where some of his countrymen lodged. All at once a crowd gathered round him, armed with sticks and stones, and exciting each other to strike by crying—"Kill the dog! kill the dog!" At the moment a priest passed by, who, instead of haranguing the crowd, smiled agreeably, and whispered in Latin to Erasmus—"They are asses." These "asses" would have finished by tearing the poor foreigner to pieces, if he had not been overlooked from a neighboring house, by a young nobleman in a rich purple cloak. Erasmus, who did not understand the language of the people, asked this young gentleman in Latin what they meant. "It is your band that enrages them, they are sure to stone you if you don't remove it." Erasmus durst not remove it, but he hid it behind his dress. Afterwards, he obtained from Julius II. a dispensation, confirmed by Leo X., to lay aside his canonical costume for that of a secular ecclesiastic.

His journey to Italy increased his reputation, but not his wealth. He superintended the education of the two sons of Boeria. Some time he spent at Turin, at Venice, Padua, and at Rome, where he was well received by the Pope and several cardinals. He returned to England poor and needy, and forced to employ his powerful intellect in applications—often unsuccessful—for relief. His first residence was with Sir Thomas More, then a young man. We find him at one time living in St. Mary's, Oxford, and at another at Queen's College, Cambridge. Henry VIII., who, as Prince of Wales, had written more than one friendly letter to him, gave him a royal welcome. Wolsey emulated his master in giving him splendid promises. From Lord Montjoy he received a pension; Archbishop Wareham, besides frequent presents, gave him the rectory of Aldington, near Ashford, in Kent. Had the promises made to him in this country been performed, he said, he would have spent the remainder of his life here, but he accepted an invitation from Charles, Archduke of Austria, to Brabant, where he obtained a pension, and a canonry. Though irregularly paid, he resisted an invitation from Francis I., with an offer of a benefice of a thousand *livres*, and still lingered at Louvain, and other places in the Netherlands.

It was while occupied as a teacher among the bigoted *theologasters*, as he called them, in the University of Louvain, that he came into correspondence with Luther. Long before, he had written strongly against the abuses of the Church. He was now in the plenitude of his literary sovereignty; the three grandest monarchs of the world—Francis I., Charles V., Henry VIII.—contended for the honor of having him as a voluntary subject.

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Popes offered him public hospitality in the Eternal City. His writings poured forth from the presses of Germany, Italy, and England. Small royalties, as well as provinces and cities as large as kingdoms, begged his acceptance of a glorious repose among them. While Europe was wrapped in the momentary silence that preceded the outbreak of the great war of civilization between her three great kings, and Erasmus sat upon the throne of letters, the silence was broken by a harsh voice from Wittemberg. Luther hurled Erasmus from his throne. The latter had done all he could, as far as his convictions and desires went, in the way of reformation. He would have confined the dispute to scholars, councils, and aimed no farther than the rectification of abuses. There needed a man of promptitude, activity, passion, audacity, decision, energy, who could look into principles, and who could agitate the people. Though Luther and Melancthon were most anxious to have Erasmus with them, and though the monks classed them together, even hating Erasmus more bitterly than they hated Luther, there was always a wide gulf between their temperaments, their habits, their principles, and their objects. Luther urged Erasmus to more decision; Erasmus preached to Luther moderation, compromise, and management. Luther was concerned for the salvation of men's souls; Erasmus for classical literature, sacred science, and the unity of the Church. The prudence of Erasmus was timid, not always frank, always uncertain, sometimes self-contradictory, and not free from the charge of hypocrisy. He had little zeal for evangelical truth. He shrank from tumult and controversy. He had no mind to be a martyr. He was not earnest enough, not profound enough in his convictions, not free enough from the fascinations of the world and of intellectual ambition, not sufficiently independent of the personal comforts indispensable to a man of refined tastes and feeble health—in one word, not *robust* enough in mind, heart, or body, to take the lead, and he would not follow in the suit of the Saxon monk, who in literary talent and reputation was so immeasurably and so consciously beneath him. When Leo X. was succeeded by Adrian, formerly the fellow-student of Erasmus, the new pope pressed his *quondam* schoolfellow to hasten to the church of St. Peter as the opponent of Luther. Erasmus would have excused himself on the ground of bodily suffering, his want of suitable learning, his sense of neglect on the part of some who had called him the Prince of Letters and the Star of Germany, his apprehension of the dangers he must bring upon himself if he entered on such a combat. He gave some salutary counsels to the holy father, breathing, on the whole, a wise and tolerant spirit. He was manifestly afraid of an encounter with the vehement and popular genius of Luther. But in surveying the whole field of circumstances which constituted his own *situation*, he, at length, resolved to break a lance with the champion of the Reformation, to whom all mankind pointed as specially *his* rival. He attacked the doctrine held by Luther, in common with some of the chief divines of Catholicism, respecting the "Freedom of Will," a treatise not without much merit, but, like the writer, rather upholding the opinion opposed than destroying it. Men of all parties agree in thinking that it brought little glory to Erasmus, and less help to the Papacy. It was not an attack in front. It touched nothing vital to the controversy. He neither entered on it, nor carried it forward, with spirit.

Many expressions escaped from him in his letters, which show with what reluctance and sadness he went down into the arena: he who had longed to spend the evening of life in the garden of the Muses, reluctantly pushed, at sixty, among gladiators, and holding the net instead of the lyre. With these regrets he mingled some bravadoes. His self-love was flattered by the King of England and the Pope. The compliments he received before the work was published, closed with reproaches. He ought to have begun earlier. And when it appeared, his admirers complained that it was too gentle—that it had no object. The monks received it only on the condition that it should be but the beginning of an endless war, the first of a hundred treatises. They had an instinctive perception of the part which Erasmus was playing in this great quarrel. They saw the mixture of rationalism with his profession of faith. They had no liking for a man who treated his belief as a personal property. They continued to involve him in the cause of Luther, and even to treat him worse than his adversary. "Erasmus," they said, "had laid the eggs, Luther had hatched the chickens. Luther was only infected with the plague, it was Erasmus who had introduced the pestilential seed. Erasmus is a soldier of Pilate, the dragon spoken of in the Psalms." "It had been good," cried a monk, "if that man had never been born"—an indirect manner of asking for the pile to shorten the duration of the mischief. Some monastic casuists had in their chamber a portrait of Erasmus, on which they had the savage plea-

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sure of spitting every morning. Others said loudly that it was too bad that so many men had perished in Germany for harboring the heresies of Erasmus, while the author of these heresies still lived. Luther wrote a letter to Erasmus, which has been variously regarded by men of different parties, in which he conjures him not to lend his powerful aid to the enemies of the gospel. It certainly breathes a spirit of compassion rather than of dread towards the veteran writer. Erasmus had put himself in a false position, by abandoning his natural calmness, in demanding justice against Luther at the hands of his protector, Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, and by writing to Luther himself a letter full of studied insults. "Look you," said Luther to Melancthon, in a tone of triumph, "at your Erasmus, and his vaunted moderation; he is a serpent." Luther was now the master of the field, and whatever may be thought of the philosophy of Erasmus, practically he was beaten by the Saxon monk. Erasmus leaned to the ancient and long-established faith of Catholicism; and since he must needs die under one of the two standards, Catholicism or Protestantism, he preferred the former, in his outward profession. In reviewing the controversy between these illustrious men, Mr. Butler says, with admirable candor—

Uufortunately for Erasmus, neither the works we have mentioned, nor the hatred of him which the Lutherans expressed on every occasion, could moderate the bitter animosity with which he was pursued by *many members of his own communion.* To present even a short view of the controversies to which their abuse of him gave rise, and of Erasmus's answers to them, would require a work much larger than the whole of the present volume, and would contain few interesting particulars. That Erasmus had, in some measure, provoked these insults and attacks, by his offensive satires and ironies, cannot be denied. But his services to religion and literature should not have been forgotten. A person who courted the favors of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, took occasion to mention before him some failings of the Duke of Marlborough, his Lordship's opponent. "Sir," exclaimed Lord Bolingbroke, "the Duke of Marlborough was so great a man that I have forgotten all his faults." Add to this,—that Erasmus repeatedly and explicitly disclaimed in his works every opinion that was contrary to the faith or doctrines of the Catholic Church; and that he could enumerate among his defenders many of the most illustrious of her children.—(Life of Erasmus, pp. 193, 194.)

The visits of Erasmus to England are but imperfectly reported by M. Nisard, the latest writer on Erasmus with whom we have come into contact, and of whose interesting sketch we freely avail ourselves. The fullest accounts of them are given by Knight, in his "Life of Erasmus" and his "Life of Dean Colet." Mr. Butler traces five distinct visits in 1497, at the age of thirty;—in 1506;—in 1510; and in 1517. After much wandering, and many hesitations in his choice of a permanent abode, he fixed in the year 1531 on Basel as a peaceful and well-governed city, where the theologians were moderate men, and where he lived tranquil and respected in the society of Froben, the great printer, wielding his mighty press as the master of the literary movements of the age. Froben had offered him a house and a salary. He declined both, choosing to be Froben's friend rather than his pensioner. He purchased a house where, with the exception of some journeys which he commenced, but which his bad health interrupted, he lived in the friendship of Froben's family, and in the midst of labors which, in his epistles, he calls Herculean. To the house was attached a garden of some size, with a small pavilion in the middle, to which he repaired on fine days, not to take repose, but to translate some pages of Basil, or of Chrysostom.

The first sorrow he experienced at Basel was the sudden death of Froben. He loved him for the gentleness of his conversation, for all the good service he had rendered to liberal studies, for his noble character, for the purity of his manners, for the judgment with which he conducted his business, and for his attachment to his friends. He was a man without bitterness or misgivings, willing to be robbed rather than affront people by closely watching their transactions. He could neither remember the severest injuries, nor forget the smallest services. Gentle, affable, of temper even too easy for the head of a house and the father of a family, he knew not how to exhibit politeness towards those whom he could not but suspect, nor hide beneath an open countenance the inward feeling of mistrust, when he had detected the frail honesty of some by the facility with which they had deceived him. For this Erasmus sometimes reproached him: Froben smiled, and fell into the same snare next day. His profession supplied him with peculiar pleasures. When he had drawn the first proofs of some celebrated author, of whom he was preparing an edition, he came triumphing, with a radiant countenance, to show his specimen to Erasmus and his other friends, as if that had been the only reward he expected for all

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the pains bestowed on the impression. Froben's editions were prized for their correctness. He printed none but serious books, refusing his presses to libels, though that was a lucrative branch of trade; he would not tarnish his reputation by money dishonorably gained. He fell as if thunderstruck one day when he was mounted on a ladder to reach some book on a high shelf, and he was carried to his bed, unconscious, having crushed the brain: he died after a lethargy of two days. Erasmus composed two epitaphs for him, in Greek and Latin, both ingenious and touching—a rare example of esteem and friendship reciprocated between an author and his bookseller.

The Reformation had so far prevailed at Basel as to be publicly acknowledged. Erasmus was regarded with an evil eye. No one dare undertake any thing against a man placed under the guardianship of the public faith; but they murmured against him in their secret meetings, and already the most ardent asked if there was no other neutral town where he could conceal his equivocal impartiality. Elsewhere his Catholic friends complained of his remaining in a town infected with heresy; and though he took infinite pains to satisfy the most fastidious, though he had been seen in less than twelve days to read the first part of a treatise by Luther not yet published, to write a *diatribe* in reply, set it up, revise it, and print it, that the answer might appear at the same time as the attack, so that Luther's friends might not triumph in the interval between two fairs—the season for publication—for want of an antagonist,—his enemies gave it out that he was playing a double game; that he disavowed at Basel in his secret intrigues with the professors the doctrines of his replies to Luther. Œcolampadius, who had long lived on terms of friendship with Erasmus, complained of incivilities, which Erasmus tried to explain away by puerile excuses. The Protestant was backed by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens. Erasmus foresaw a coming storm, and, at the age of sixty, he yielded to it, and became again a wanderer. Before his preparations were completed, the revolution broke out at Basel. The Catholic and Protestant parties were only prevented by the authority of the senate from fighting in the public square. The churches were spoiled. The ornaments of wood were burned, those of stone or metal broken to pieces. Erasmus, referring to this destruction of images, said,—"All this happened in the midst of such laughter as to astonish me that the saints worked no miracle, they who had formerly performed such great ones for trifling offences,"—which M. Nisard, evidently joining in the sentiment, marks as bearing a double sense—like most of the sentences of this sagacious sceptic—capable of being, at once, the ironical reflection of an enemy of the saints, and the pious cry of astonishment from an adorer of images. The mass was soon abolished at Basel, and in all the canton, and citizens were forbidden to celebrate it privately in their houses. Erasmus became alarmed. He secretly applied to King Ferdinand for a safe-conduct through his dominions and those of the Emperor. At the same time he sent away his money, rings, vases, and other valuables, which he owed to the munificence of his illustrious friends. Soon after, he openly loaded two wagons with his books and his baggage. He was on the point of departing when he was seized in the night with a violent illness, which detained him at Basel, uneasy for the consequences of a departure prepared in secret, of which the senate would have reason to complain. The report spread. Œcolampadius had expressed some vexation. Erasmus besought him to come and see him. He came. They discoursed of theology. He allowed Erasmus to differ from him on some points. He promised him protection in the name of the city, and even endeavored to persuade him, by a thousand sincere reasons, not to go away. "But all my goods are at Friburg." "Well, go; but promise me to return." "I shall remain some months at Friburg, to go afterwards where God shall call me." They squeezed each other's hands, and parted.

Recovering from his illness, Erasmus freighted a barge, and fixed the day for his departure. Was he to leave Basel stealthily, or in open day? The latter would be nobler, the former safer. He would have adopted the nobler course, but he had some friends who, doubtless, had no idea of displeasing him by suggesting a middle-path between a clandestine flight and an open departure. There were on the quai at Basel two wharves at which to embark for going either up or down the Rhine, one near the great bridge, the most frequented part of the town, the other opposite St. Anthony's Church, the little wharf used by fishing-boats and other small craft. It was at this latter point that the friends of Erasmus counselled him to embark. All was ready; the sailors were at their oars; there wanted only the pass of the senate: but it did not come. The captain

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of the barge was sent for to the senate; he was questioned once and again. About what? Erasmus knew nothing; he became restless. Standing on the bridge, wrapped in a fur mantle, Froben's last present, with troubled aspect, we may believe that he was a prey to all the agonies of fear. He was not a stranger to the disposition of a large part of the senate towards him. Threatening words had been uttered; why was the captain of the barge detained? Was he to be given up to the iconoclasts of Basel? It was the month of April; a piercing fog was rising from the river. Erasmus trembled in every limb. Was it from fear? He might have said that it was from cold. It was the fate of all his actions, and of all his words, to leave some doubts.

At length the captain came from the senate, with orders to embark at the grand wharf near the bridge. Erasmus was thus forced to brave the honor of a public departure. The people uttered no cries, made no gesture. Erasmus congratulated himself that it was no worse. He had that vanity of restless spirits which makes them believe that they inspire no moderate sentiments. In reality, he was regarded only with indifference; they neither wished him well enough to salute him with their regrets, nor so ill as to violate in his person the laws of hospitality. On boarding the little vessel, he composed a quatrain, in Latin, bearing this sense:—

Farewell, Basel! of all cities,
The one that has offered me, for many years, the sweetest hospitality:
From this bark which bears me away, I wish thee all blessings; and above all,
Mayest thou never have a guest more troublesome than Erasmus.

He was received by the magistrates of Friburg with great honor. In the name of the Arch-duke Ferdinand they offered him a house, in which he spent the early part of his sojourn. At first, the climate pleased him, and seemed milder than that of Basel. It was the relief of his mind, escaped from the disturbances of Basel, and relieved by the journey from his incessant labors. In a few months, all was changed; the air became harsh. With the labors, resumed more actively than ever, came back the languor, depression, swooning, and all the inconveniences which becloud the fairest sky. Health was merely the cessation of sharp sufferings, a little sleep after a painful operation. These were his best days. In these rare and short intervals he began, revised, or completed works, for which the health of two strong men would now scarcely suffice; besides endless letters on points of doctrine and other subjects, which made him relapse from his painless languor into new crises of suffering. He knew this, he spoke of it, he complained of it to his friends, and yet he spared not a phrase. So large the sacrifice he made to literary fame! Every week his enemies gave it out that he was dead; according to some, by a fall from his horse, which broke his skull; according to others, by an incurable malady. The more urgent spoke of him as already buried, specifying the place, the month, the hour — swearing that they had been present at his burial, and had trodden on his grave. He knew of these reports, and he wearied the presses of Basel and Friburg; he seemed to multiply his life to make men more impatiently desire his death.

Partly to maintain his independence, and partly to escape the insalubrity of the broken-down palace in which Ferdinand had harbored him, he purchased a house, and made alterations in it, as if for a long residence. In a letter to John Rinckius, he said: "If you were told that Erasmus, the septuagenarian, had taken to himself a wife, would you not make three or four signs of the cross? Yes, Rinckius, and not without good reason. Well! I have done a thing not less difficult, nor less tiresome, nor less incompatible with my character and my tastes. I have bought a house of handsome appearance, and at a reasonable price. Who will despair of seeing the rivers flow back towards their sources, when he has seen poor Erasmus, the man who has always preferred literary leisure to every thing, become a dealer in law, a purchaser, a bargain-maker, a builder, having no more dealing with the Muses, but with carpenters, locksmiths, masons, and glaziers?" Alas! in that beautiful house, "he had not even a nest where he could safely lay down his little body." He had hastily constructed a room with a chimney and a planked floor, but the smell of the lime made it still unfit to live in. We thus see him placed between two houses in which he could not remain without danger; the one offered by a prince, but in ruins and insalubrious—as these mansions of state usually are; the other unfinished, or too new to be inhabited with safety. And already he was complaining of the flux that carried him off. While his expenses increased, his revenues fell short. His two English pensions yielded but a fourth after all the deductions made by the bank-

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ers, and even that fourth was sometimes appropriated by gentlemen of the road. Of his Flemish pension he was robbed by an old friend to whom he had trusted every thing, to whom he would have intrusted his life. From Charles V. he never received a florin. "Has not Erasmus," he asked, "come back to evangelical poverty?" It was a favorable moment for making him offers. So many princes, tired out by the heavy verbosity of their ordinary theologians, would be charmed with the relief of the illustrious old man's refined and attractive discourse! So many exalted prelates, poor in genius, would be delighted to make use of his! But these promises did not tempt Erasmus. He had known for half a century that promises bind him who receives them, but not him who makes them. Cardinal Bernard, Bishop of Trent, begged him to make use of his eminence's credit with Ferdinand. Did he wish for a place,—a pension? "What would an ecclesiastical dignity be to me?" replied Erasmus,—"an increased load for a stumbling horse! As to amassing money, at the end of my career, would it not be as absurd as to increase the provisions for the road at the end of a journey? All I wish for is a tranquil old age, if not joyous and flourishing, as I see many have." Pope Paul III. wished to introduce some erudite person into the College of Cardinals. Erasmus was proposed, but he made objections; first, his health, which unfitted him for the duties of the cardinalate; afterwards, the smallness of his fortune: he could not be a cardinal with a revenue of less than three thousand ducats. His friends asked for him some ecclesiastical commissions which might help to raise the requisite income. He knew of their proceedings, and strongly blamed them. To think of bestowing the supreme honors of the priesthood on one who expected death every day, who often desired it, so cruel were his pains! "I can hardly venture to put my foot out of my chamber, and I am affrighted at the prospect of mounting the back of an ass; this thin, transparent body, can no longer breathe but in a heated atmosphere; and it is a man afflicted with so many evils whom you wish to aspire after commissions or cardinals' hats!" M. Nisard says these refusals were sincere. His conscience, his tastes, the repose of his last days, all forbade such late ambition. What a lie to his whole life would he not have given if he who had boasted of the simplicity of the primitive church, indirectly attacking the wealth of the prelates and the luxury of their manners, if he had been seen wrapped in the Roman purple! What a figure he would have cut—a broken-down old man planted on a mule between two footmen, or carried, like a woman, in a litter, in processions of tall cardinals, managing their fiery steeds like the Emperor's pages! And as for money, while he had enough to pay his servants, to warm his chamber without a stove, to drink occasionally his spoonful of old Burgundy wine mixed with liquorice juice, to send for the best physician in the place, to renew his gown and his fur-lining, and to entertain some messengers on the grand routes of Germany and Flanders, what more did he need?

After seven years of uninterrupted suffering and constant labor, battling with the Lutherans in the great religious contest, and with the Budæans in the great literary contest of the age, added to two or three visitations of the plague, which drove his friends and his domestics away from him, he became weary of Friburg and of his beautiful house. A prophetic sadness took the place of the engaging humor and the habits of agreeable satire which he had maintained even in his sufferings. He wished to revisit his true country—Basel, Froben's little garden, and the pavilion where he had translated Chrysostom; he wished to superintend the impression of his "Ecclesiastes," which he had committed to the presses of Froben as his last voucher before God and men. His physicians had recommended to him change of air. He was carried on a litter to Basel, the only town he had loved, because there he had found liberty and friends. Seven years before, he had left her, disturbed and threatened with troubles; he returned to her calm, tranquil, settled down in a serious mood, all her people in the first fervor of a new faith. His friends had prepared for him an apartment such as they knew he liked, small and commodious, without a stove, and having an eastern aspect. He was solaced; these changes were good for him. It was in August, the month in which the fewest people die, and in which the dying hope. "Here," he said, "I find myself less ill; for to find myself actually well I have no more hope in this life." He was not, however, without projects. He contemplated journeys to Brabant and to Besançon. At Basel there remained some causes of inquietude: he had more friends there than at Friburg, but at the same time more enemies. Death, he feared, might surprise him in an heretical city, whereby his latter end would contradict his life. "A man of the middle path" to the

end, he had made choice of a city without any marked character, where Roman Catholicism, having no serious enemies, had none of the exaggerations produced by controversy. God, however, determined otherwise. The small room which his friends at Basel had prepared for him was to be his death-chamber. It was the reformers, against whose violence, as he esteemed it, he had been fighting for twelve years, that rendered him the last honors. He had been so long accustomed to extreme danger, that the really last conflict took him by surprise. In the brief moments of relief from horrid suffering, he was working at a commentary on "The Purity of the Church," and a revision of Origen. But his forces having actually failed, he was obliged to lay down his pen and confess himself vanquished. He did it, as M. Nisard says, with a touching grace, preserving to the last the sweet and benevolent irony which was the natural turn of his thoughts. A few days before his death, his friends having come to see him, "Ah, well!" he said, smiling, "*where are your rent garments, where the ashes with which you are going to cover your heads?*" On the evening of July 15, 1536, the final agony came on. During that struggle, the last of all man's struggles, hew as heard frequently to pronounce in Latin and in German these words:—*My God! deliver me. Lord Jesus, have pity on me! Lord, end my sufferings!* Such were his last groans. He yielded his soul towards midnight. The whole town, the consul, the senate, the professors, followed him to his grave. His body was borne by students, and laid in the cathedral —now a Protestant church—near the choir, in a chapel which had been dedicated to the Virgin. They still show at Basel the house in which he died, his ring, his seal, his sword, his knife, and his will, written in his own hand, in which he bequeathed most of his property to the aged and infirm poor, to young girls at an age to be married to whom poverty might become a snare, and to young men of good promise—a will, of which M. Nisard says, it was neither that of a dogmatic Catholic, (who would have endowed convents,) nor of a reformist, (who would have consecrated his property to the propagation of the new faith,) but of a man loving good and knowing how to do it, and as it regards religion, steering still a middle course.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of Erasmus, drawn from his own letter to his friend Goclenius, written after his fiftieth year, from the biographical memoir prefixed by Beatus Rhenanus to the edition of the works of Erasmus, published four years after his death at Basel, and given in the London edition of his Letters, folio, 1642. We have also consulted the curious observations of Bayle in his "Dictionnaire Historique et Critique." Chronological minutes of the principal events, which M. Le Clerc drew up while engaged on the splendid edition of the works of Erasmus indicated at the head of this article, were inserted by him in successive volumes of the "Bibliothèque Choisie." These are translated and enlarged in Jortin's "Life of Erasmus," followed by criticisms on his writings. M. de Burigné's "Vie d'Erasme" contains the history of many celebrated men with whom he had been connected, a critical analysis of his works, and an impartial examination of his religious sentiments. We have here presented M. Nisard's "History of Erasmus and his Writings," in as condensed a form as we could, sometimes translating his words literally into our own language. Mr. Charles Butler has filled seven pages of his "Life of Erasmus" with a catalogue of all his works, in the order of the Leyden edition.

The work to which M. Nisard's history is prefixed—"The Encomium of Folly"—is without a rival in any language, age, or country, for its acute judgment, its polished taste, its pungent and sparking wit. He says he wrote it on a journey from Italy to England; and he dedicated it to Sir Thomas More. It was universally admired, and twenty thousand copies of it were sold in a few months. Those who do not read Latin, but to whom French is easy, will be charmed with the elegant translation now before us. But of course the original has forces and points not easily transferred. The author himself confessed that it was too gay for some of the subjects treated. We have a lively remembrance of our grammar-school days, when this was a favorite class-book with our teacher, if not with all his pupils. "The Colloquies," by which Erasmus is best known, is praised even by Mr. Butler as a literary composition, though he is perplexed by the freedoms taken with the Roman Catholic Church. It is said that in the public library at Deventer are shown volumes of the works of Erasmus, in which the monks covered with thin paper all the passages in which the author had animadverted on the Church of that time, and on the manners of the *religious*. The Sorbonne decided that "the Colloquies contained many erroneous, scandalous, and impious positions;" and but for the interference of Francis I., the faculty of theology

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at Paris would have adopted their decision. They were condemned by the Inquisition. At Paris and in other places editions have been published with the objectionable passages omitted. They have been translated into English by Bailey, Clarke, and L'Estrange. We have not room here even to mention his original writings; his prefaces, learned and eloquent, to classical and theological writers; his editions of Hecuba, and Iphygene, and Jerome; of Suetonius, and Cicero, and Augustine; his Ciceronianus, and the controversies in which it involved him; his Letters, so varied in their topics, and in their style so natural as the pictures of his inward life, so illustrative of the literary revival, and of the religious revolution in which he took so prominent a part. All of them, to use Mr. Butler's language, "display so much learning, ingenuity, spirit, fancy, science, and taste, and—that without which nothing is excellent—*genius* so much abounds in them, that no works, either ancient or modern, are read with greater pleasure." His substantial glory is, that of having published the *first printed* edition of the Greek New Testament, which he dedicated to Pope Leo X., and accompanied it with a new Latin version. The labor required for this work can be appreciated by but few even of the learned. He lived to publish five editions of the Greek Testament. In the first two, he did not insert the passage *of the three heavenly witnesses*, (1 John v. 7.) When reprehended for this omission, he offered to insert it in the next edition, if it should be found in a single manuscript. Afterward, the "Codex Montfortianus," now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, was found to contain it, when Erasmus fulfilled his pledge, and the passage was printed in the subsequent editions.

We owe so much to M. Nisard for his exquisitely written account of Erasmus, that we cannot refrain from correcting a small error into which he has fallen, respecting one of Erasmus's journeys to England. He reports, that "the pirates," as he calls the custom-house officers at Dover, searched his pockets, because the sumptuary laws of the country did not allow more than a fixed amount of *foreign money* to be introduced into England; whereas, according to Mr. Butler's more accurate statement, "his friends having neglected to inform him that persons travelling *out of* England were only authorized to take with them a certain amount of *the current specie of the realm*, the custom-house officers stripped him of almost all he had. His own interest, and that of his friends, were exerted in vain to procure its restitution." (Butler, p. 64.) We also agree with Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who speaks of the "beautiful and conscientious work of M. Nisard," as appearing to him to be at fault in appreciation of Erasmus and of Luther. Erasmus, it is true, was earlier in the field of reform than Luther; but Luther went immeasurably farther as he obtained more spiritual light. Erasmus had brighter literary talent, finer wit, more calmness and moderation; but Luther was more decidedly religious, more energetic, more daring. Erasmus prepared the way for Luther, who soon threw *him* into the shade.

Much of the labor of Erasmus was of a kind to introduce a higher order of education, in which independent treatises on all subjects would be composed in modern tongues, so as to supersede the best productions in a dead language. To use an ancient image, variously applied by poets from Cowley to Byron, his literary fame was pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wing. "If I am not greatly mistaken," he says, in his "Treatise on Epistolary Writing," "the time fast approaches when the public will no longer stand in need of these instructions, and young men will no longer want my precepts." Even his great work — "Adagia" — presenting in a golden and jewelled vase the distilled wisdom of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature, which gave the impulse to the highest works of modern intelligence—"the magazine of Minerva," to which men resort as to the leaves of the sybil, said Budæus,—even that marvel of industry, scholarship, and taste, would scarcely be read in the present day for its own sake, however interesting, in collateral respects, to the lover of ancient erudition.

On the whole, we cannot do otherwise than cherish a hearty veneration for the memory of this glorious Erasmus, whose character we should essay in vain to sketch. His portrait by Holbein is preserved in the city which is honored by his tomb; another portrait, by whom we know not, adorns the hall of Queen's College, Cambridge. But who shall draw the intellectual, moral, spiritual lineaments of a man whose struggles for life began so early, pervaded so long a course of years the most remarkable in the development of civilization, —surrounded by contemporaries whose names are volumes and whose deeds are histories,—holding a middle course between popes, cardinals, monks, and priests on one side, and profound thinkers, earnest workers, impetuous reformers, and awakening peoples on the other;—a man who lived in fellowship with

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Rome, though lashing the vices of her clergy, and mocking the superstition of her votaries;—always complaining of poverty, yet maintaining his independence to the last, and bequeathing gold, silver, and jewels to his friends, but the bulk of his property, estimated at seven thousand ducats, to the poor;—tortured nearly all his days by gout or gravel, and often rambling over Europe, yet leaving works behind him that filled more than ten folio volumes, eulogized by cardinals, pontiffs, and monarchs, by Catholic, Protestant, and sceptic;—as learned as he was witty;—as humorous as he was plodding; uniting the patience of the drudge with the enthusiasm of genius;—a Catholic, but for Protestant necessities and aspirations;—a Protestant, but for Catholic alliances, calculations, prejudices, and conclusions;—a man standing entirely by himself; neither the slave of tradition nor the champion of freedom; marrying the past to the future, and guiding posterity to bolder thoughts, broader views, and more settled principles than his own; who believed much, but doubted more; whose satirical smile cut beyond the reach of swords: and whose life is in those works which, though they have ceased to be read, have spread the influence of his thoughts far and wide, as the evening sky prolongs and radiates the light of the sun which has set behind the western hills? We have lingered on the threshold of his obscure birth-place, among the busy tradesmen of a Dutch sea-port; we have watched the rapid flow of the Rhine from the overlooking platform of the cathedral where his remains await the trump of God; we have spent hours of sober luxury, days of earnest thought, beneath the shadows of his many-sided genius; and, while we rejoice that his Romanism was frittered so much away by the Christian philosophy of which he was the great master, we shake the head in wonder and vexation, saying to ourselves,—"After all, Erasmus, we know thee not: thou art to us a mere phantom, crossing the great European stage, of which the coarse and impetuous, but manly and transparent Luther was the hero."—There have been men in Germany, in France, in England, of whom Erasmus was the type. It may be that all times have need of them, and all places. But as with Erasmus, so with the rest, the moment arrives when they must give way to the energetic and the pushing, who, not content with *ridiculing* the things that ought not to be, will lift up a strong arm and smite them to the dust.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE INSECTS OF COMMERCE.

That nature has no superfluous products, either organic or inorganic, might be inferred from the wisdom of its Author, as well as from the multitudinous examples of adaptation to important purposes with which we are familiar. The utility of certain objects may not be apparent to us, after all our prying; yet it does not follow that they are devoid of the property, but only that we are hoodwinked. Men have been slow to learn the value of many of nature's choicest gifts. Some of those that are now most highly prized, were in former ages contemplated with indifference, as incapable of service; and, though wiser than our ancestors, we may still be laboring largely under similar ignorance, with reference to a thousand living or lifeless forms around us. The deadly poisons of many vegetable substances are elaborated into wholesome medicines by the skilful physician. Insectivorous tribes, sporting by millions in the sunbeam, to the annoyance of the traveller, with multitudes of minute *medusæ* in the ocean, are the food of superior forms of existence of high importance to society; while microscopic organisms, the outcasts apparently of the animal kingdom, convey instructive lessons to the anatomist of the wisdom and power of the Divine Artificer, by the variety and complexity of their structure. The common earth-worm, once accounted a despicable link in the chain of animal life, and trodden under-foot without concern, has now a recognised useful office, loosening the earth by its perforations, rendering it pervious to rain and the fibres of

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plants, while unconsciously manufacturing the finest earth for grain and grass. But there are forms of life, insignificant as to the outward appearance, which are not only indirectly serviceable to mankind, but of great direct commercial value, either in themselves or in their products, to some of which we may refer with interest, as illustrating the bounty of Providence, and the frequent connection of the beneficial with the lowly in the scheme of creation.

The honey which the bee elaborates from the nectar of flowers, is in many countries an important article of food, and the base of a vinous beverage, though its value has much abated to ourselves since the discovery of sugar. The wax which the insect occasionally secretes, is also in extensive demand among the civilized nations for various domestic purposes, polishing furniture, and lighting up the saloons of the great.

Though bee culture is with us a branch of rural economy, the home supply of the produce is far below the demand; and we pay annually not less than 100,000*l.* for foreign honey, while at least 10,000 cwts. of wax are imported. At Narbonne, the chief trade is in honey, which is said to be the finest in France, remarkable for its whiteness and highly aromatic flavor. This peculiar excellence is owing to the number of fragrant plants in the neighborhood, and the variety in the nourishment of the bees secured by the system of management. From the gardens of the city, the hives are regularly carried to the surrounding meadows, and afterwards conveyed thirty or forty miles distant, as far as the Low Pyrenees. By this arrangement, the cultivated vegetation, with that of the meadows and the mountains, is put into requisition to produce the honey of Narbonne. The tending of bees is perhaps the oldest of all industrial occupations, after tilling the soil and keeping flocks and herds. It is also one of the most stable as to its locality. Milton speaks of the

> "Flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur."

Hymettus, memorable from its connection with the name of Plato, extends to the east and south of Athens. From the summit, the ancient city was seen in its glory, near the base, while beyond it, westward, lay the gulf of Salamis, the scene of the naval triumph of the Greeks over Xerxes. At that time, the hill was a "flowery" one, and swarmed with bees, from whose hives the best of the Attic honey was obtained. The hill is now where it was and as it was when Themistocles fought the Persian—covered with wild thyme, giving employment to those humble laborers who, in uninterrupted succession, have occupied the spot, from the most prosperous days of Athens to the present hour. They are kept in hives of willow or osier, plastered with clay or loam within and without. For upwards of two thousand years the Hymettian bees have been on record, surviving the revolutions which have changed the features and uprooted the population of Attica: according to the poetical saying—

> "Their race remains immortal; ever stands
> Their house unmoved, and sires of sires are born."

Next to these pleasant caterers for the healthy, mention may be made of a class, of special benefit to the invalid, though, like most other remedies of the physician, the practical application is sufficiently disagreeable. In former times, odd ideas prevailed respecting the medicinal value of insects, which, if true, would certainly diminish expenditure with the apothecary; for lady-birds have been recommended in cases of measles, earwigs in nervous affections, cockchafers for the bites of mad dogs, ticks for erysipelas, and woodlice as aperients. But, passing by such vagaries, the Spanish fly, or blister-beetle, *cantharis vesicatoria,* is an insect of commerce indispensable in *materia medica.* It is found sometimes in England, but this is a rare occurrence, though it appeared in great numbers in Essex, Suffolk, and the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1837, frequenting ash trees, on the leaves of which it feeds. It is more common in France, abundant in Spain and Italy, though, notwithstanding the name, the greatest quantity is obtained from Astrachan, in Russia. The Russian insects are considered superior to those from other quarters. When alive, they exhale a pungent volatile principle. Persons employed in collecting them have the face and hands protected by coverings from contact. This is usually done morning and evening, when the insects are somewhat torpid, by shaking or beating the boughs of the trees they infest with poles, and receiving them on linen cloths spread upon the ground. They are then killed by exposure to the vapor of hot vinegar, dried in ovens, or on hurdles in the sun, and packed for the market in casks and small chests. Fifty of the dried carcasses scarcely weigh a drachm. The *cantharis* is about three-quarters of an inch in length, of a light shining green color,

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with bluish-black legs and antennæ. When touched, the insect feigns death.

After the luxurious and healing insects, we come to a much more tiny and numerous class, to which the name of dyers may be applied. Cochineal, used to produce our brilliant scarlet, crimson, and carmine dyes, is the dried carcass of an insect, *coccus cacti*, found in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and some of the West India islands, where it lives and propagates upon the *cactus cochinillifera*. The plant produces a fruit which is also of a purple color, and is supposed to contain the coloring matter. The insect is of small size, seldom exceeding that of a grain of barley, and was generally considered a vegetable substance for some time after it began to be imported into Europe. It is on record, that a ship being wrecked in Caermarthen Bay, of which cochineal formed part of the cargo, the article was turned out into the sea as damaged grain, and the bags alone preserved. In Mexico, the principal seat of production, where the insect is reared with care, there are two varieties: the best, or domesticated, called *grana fina*, or fine grain; and the wild, named *grana sylvestra*. The former is nearly twice as large as the latter, probably because the size has been improved by the favorable effects of human culture. The insects are detached from the plants on which they feed by blunt knives, and killed by being dipped in boiling water, then dried in the sun, and placed in bags for exportation. In 1851, our imports included 22,451 cwts. of cochineal, somewhat more than half of which quantity was retained for home consumption. As each pound is supposed to contain 70,000 insects, the enormous annual sacrifice of insect life to supply the markets of the world may be readily imagined. During the last great war, partly on account of the obstacles which it placed in the way of importation, cochineal realized a high price, sometimes as much as 40*s*. per lb.; and a vessel with a cargo of it was little inferior in value to one laden with specie, in the estimation of our seamen. But upon the conclusion of peace, the price regularly declined till it sunk to one-tenth of the sum named, about which it at present remains. The insect has been introduced into Spain, Malta, Algeria, Java, and India, but the valuable article of commerce is still the produce of Mexico.

Kermes-grains, another dye-stuff, consist likewise of the dried bodies of an insect belonging to the old world, *coccus ilicis*, of kindred species to the true Mexican cochineal. It is found upon a small kind of oak which grows abundantly in the south of Europe. The tree clothes the declivities of the Sierra Morena in Spain; and many of the inhabitants of the province of Murcia have no other mode of obtaining a livelihood than by gathering its animal tenants. There are several other species, one of which is called the scarlet grain of Poland, *coccus polonicys*, being found on the roots of a perennial plant, growing in sandy soil of that country and other districts. The word kermes is of Persian or Arabic origin, and signifies a "little worm." In the middle ages, the material was therefore called *vermiculus* in Latin, and *vermilion* in French, which latter term has curiously enough been transferred to the red sulphuret of mercury. Before the discovery of the western world, it was the most esteemed substance for dyeing scarlet, and had been used for that purpose by the Romans and other ancient nations from an early period. But notwithstanding their acquaintance with it, the real nature of the product was unknown, being supposed to be a vegetable grain, fruit, or excrescence, and not finally established to be an insect—assuming the aspect of a berry as it did in the process of drying—till a recent date. Through several centuries, in Germany, the rural serfs were bound to deliver annually to the convents a certain quantity among the products of husbandry. It was collected from the trees upon St. John's Day, with special ceremony, and was called *Johannisblut*, "St. John's blood," in allusion to the day and the color. Many a proud cardinal has been indebted to the diminutive creature for the red hue of his hat and stockings. Cloths dyed with the substance are of a deep scarlet, and though not so brilliant as those dyed with cochineal, they retain their color better. Old tapestries at Brussels, and other places on the continent, exhibit it in unaltered strength after the lapse of centuries. Though its use has been almost entirely superseded in Europe by the cheapening and greater lustre of cochineal, it is still employed for dyeing the scarlet caps worn by natives in the Levant.

Lac-dye, improperly denominated a gum, is obtained from a substance produced by an insect, *chermes lacca*, on certain trees growing in Bengal, Assam, Siam, and Pegu; the two latter countries yielding it of the finest quality. The insect deposits its egg on the leaves or branches, and then covers it with a quantity of this peculiar material, designed evidently for the purposes of protection and food for the young. The substance is formed into cells finished with as much care and art as a

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honeycomb, but differently arranged. It supplies a fine red dye, and also resinous matter, extensively used in the manufacture of sealing-wax, hats, and as a varnish. In 1850, the importation into the United Kingdom amounted to 18,124 cwts. The price varies, according to the quality, from 3*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. Lac in its natural state, encrusting leaves and twigs, is called stick-lac, and is collected twice a year by simply breaking off the vegetation, and taking it to market. If this is not done before the insects have left their cells, the value of the material as a dye is deteriorated, though supposed to be improved as a varnish. Lac-dye is the coloring matter extracted from stick-lac, and is usually formed into small cakes, like indigo, exhibiting a hue approaching to carmine.

A substance of vegetable basis, but insect production, is of a greater interest, as not only supplying a dye, but a medicine, while contributing to the higher object of enabling mankind to interchange their thoughts, be their distance from each other ever so great. We allude to gall-nuts—morbid excrescences, like the oak-apple, produced by the gall-fly, a species of *cynips*. The insect, one of the winged class, is armed with a needle in a sheath, which has most surprising powers of extension, amounting to double the length of the animal itself. With this weapon it forms a nest for its offspring by puncturing the young shoots of a diminutive species of oak, common in the Levantine countries. An egg is then inserted in the wound, along with an irritating fluid, the action of which upon the plant occasions the excrescence, or gall-nut, resembling a tumor on an animal body. In the same manner, having passed through the larva state, the young pierce their way out of the vegetable matter which has been their protection. Galls are of globular shape, varying in magnitude from the size of a pea to that of a boy's marble. They may be either simple, containing only one inhabitant, or compound, supporting a number of individuals, and are distinguished in commerce by their color. White galls, the least valuable, are those which have not been gathered till after the insects have effected their escape. Green and blue galls contain the insects, and are heavier than the former. The best are imported from Aleppo, and are chiefly brought there from Mosul on the Tigris, being gathered in the neighboring country. As the most powerful of all the vegetable astringents, they are often used with effect in medicine, and are also employed in the preparation of black dyes and the manufacture of writing-ink. No substitute equal to them as a constituent of ink has yet been discovered. Thus commerce, friendship, and literature are alike indebted to the instinctive labors of a humble fly for the means of conducting mercantile transactions, reciprocating affection, and registering thought for the instruction and delight of mankind.

But of all the insects of commerce, by far the most important are

> The spinning-worms,
> That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,

which have produced by their labors, and are still producing, the most astonishing effects upon the habits and employments of millions of human beings. To estimate aright the value of the silk-worm moth, *phalæna mori*, we must not look at the ultimate product, worn at the courts of princes and in the drawing-rooms of the luxurious, but to the raw material, as the staple article of cultivation with hundreds of thousands, among whom the prospect of a deficient crop causes as much alarm as a scanty harvest of grain. It afterwards gives subsistence to hundreds of thousands more in its final manufacture into the garbs of fashion. The insect, whose brief existence is a succession of changes as surprising as the events of a fairy tale, is at first a minute round body, or egg, "*la graine*" of the French, the size of a small pin-head. On being hatched, it emerges as a caterpillar, feeds eagerly on the leaves of the mulberry tree, increases rapidly in size, and remains in the larva state about six weeks, changing its skin four times during that period. Before each of these changes, called "ages" by the continental peasant, the worms cease to eat; but after having gone through it, they feed with a more voracious appetite than ever. The consumption of leaves increases with each age. The same number that will require but seven pounds weight of leaves in the first age, will devour from two to three hundred pounds in the last. This is the "*grande frèze*" of the French, preceding periods of appetite being styled "*petites frezes.*" The noise of the eating at this time in a silk-worm country resembles that occasioned by a smart shower of rain. When full-grown, a convenient place is chosen, and the insect begins to envelop itself in an oval case or ball of silken fibres, called a cocoon, about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is now a chrysalis, remaining so about twenty days, at the end of which, it gnaws its way through

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the ball, and comes out a winged moth. In a few days, the female deposits her eggs, from three to five hundred in number, and both insects speedily terminate their existence, the eggs in their turn becoming larvæ, and going through the same strange cycle of transformations. But where the silk is the object in view, and not the breeding of the moth, it is not allowed to reach this final stage, as the fibre would be cut into small pieces by the opening at which escape is made. The chrysalis is therefore destroyed, when the cocoon is finished, by the application of heat, and the fibre is unwound.

The material produced by this insect artisan was at one time valued in Rome at its weight in gold; and the Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his consort a silken robe on account of its costliness. At that very period the peasantry of China were clothed with it; and both there and in India it has been a prime object of production and manufacture from remote antiquity. About the year A. D. 550, in the reign of Justinian, the eggs of the insect were first brought to Constantinople by two monks. They were hatched and fed; they lived and propagated; mulberry trees were planted for their nourishment; and a new branch of industry was established in Europe. The production of raw silk passed from thence through Sicily and Italy into France, where it was introduced towards the close of the fifteenth century, and has since become one of the chief sources of industry and support to the inhabitants of the southern districts. Down to the year 1802, there existed at the small village of Alban, a few miles from the Rhone, the first white mulberry planted in the country. It was brought from Naples by one of the soldiers who accompanied Charles VIII. in his Italian campaign in 1494. Raw silk is annually consumed in the manufactories of Lyons to the amount of one million of kilogrammes, equal to 2,205,715 English pounds. Four thousand millions of cocoons are required for this produce, making the number of caterpillars reared, allowing for those that die, or are kept for eggs, and for bad cocoons, 4,292,400,000. As the length of the silk of one cocoon averages five hundred metres, or 1526 English feet, the length of the total quantity annually spun at Lyons is 6,500,000,000,000, or six and a half billions of English feet, equal to 14 times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, 5944 times the radius of the moon's orbit, 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth, and 200,000 times the circumference of the moon!

It is recorded of our James I., that while King of Scotland his wardrobe could not supply him with a single pair of silk stockings. He sent therefore to beg the loan of a pair from the Earl of Mar, in order to appear in due state before the English ambassador, assigning as a reason, "Ye would not, sure, that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers." On coming to the throne of England, he imported silk-worms and planted mulberry trees, in order to have silk of home growth as well as domestic manufacture; but the effort was abandoned. Trials have since been repeatedly made; and very successful ones were reported to the British Association in 1847, made by Mrs. Whitby, of Newlands, near Lymington, in Hampshire, on her own estate. There can be no doubt respecting the perfect practicability of the object; but it remains to be proved that silk can be produced at home at a cost admitting of competition in the market with foreign produce. The culture seems better adapted to warmer skies and a less vigorous population. The quantity of this material annually brought to our shores amounts to between four and five millions of pounds weight; and the annual value of our silk manufactures cannot be estimated at less than ten millions sterling. To supply the raw product, and feed thousands of our countrymen by the uses made of it, the labors of myriads upon myriads of insects are required. At least 14,000,000,000 of animated creatures annually live and die to furnish the amount which we consume; and when the demands of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are considered, the imagination is bewildered by the contemplation of the prodigious multitudes which every year spin their slender threads to deck the inhabitants of the globe. Enumeration is here as formidable a process as that of counting the leaves of the forest, or the blades of grass in the greensward.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GARRISONS OF THE CRIMEA.

There is a lively anecdote told by that pleasing twaddler, Procopius, which, though related of the age of Justinian, embodies, with prophetic inspiration, an event we are all anxiously awaiting. His Imperial Majesty had prepared a palace and gardens not far from the Bosphorus, and specially destined for the summer residence of the chaste Theodora. But the nymphs of those delightful groves—so it is complained by the historian—were often alarmed by the misconduct of one Porphyrio, a whale ten cubits broad and thirty long. This mammal, after passing a quarter of a century in pompous manœuvres—which doubtless called forth the loudest demonstration of applause from the Party of Order at Byzantium—ended a noisy career by stranding his unwieldly carcass in the shallows of the river Sangaris.

If we substitute the Emperor Nicholas or the fortress of Sevastopol for the whale Porphyrio, the anecdote of Procopius becomes a normal myth, suggestive of the nuisance which has for the last five-and-twenty years infested the waters of Constantinople. And we trust and believe that the Allies are about to scour the hills of the Crimea in such effectual fashion that the Osmanli will henceforth be able to smoke his pipe in peace on the slopes of Haider Pasha, and treat the distant flourishes of "the Moscow" (may his father's grave be utterly defiled!) and the forgotten gambols of whale Porphyrio, with the like measure of sublime contempt.

We have already described the Russian Black Sea fleet, and placed our readers in possession of the names of the ships of which it is composed, together with all necessary details of organization, *matériel*, &c. To those accounts we now propose to add an authentic statement of the military forces now in the Crimea, and a short discussion of the probable issue of an attack on Sevastopol.

At the commencement of the present disturbances—that is to say, about the date of Prince Menzikof's expedition to the Golden Horn—the 13th Division of Infantry was concentrated at Sevastopol. With these troops, the Prince wished to execute a *coup de main* against Constantinople, by transporting them in the fleet to the mouth of the Bosphorus, landing a sufficient number of men to take the forts in rear, and then making a combined movement by sea and land on the capital. The presence of twelve or thirteen Russian sail of the line off the Seraglio point, and of twelve thousand Russian troops outside the gates, would, it was stated by that wise diplomat, strike terror into the crumbling Ottomans, and insure the speedy signature of endless ultimata, and, if necessary, the capture or destruction of the city. It is much to be lamented that the Emperor did not consent to entertain this proposal; for it needs no great wisdom to see what would have been the inevitable result of so wild an attempt.

We are, however, half inclined to believe that Prince Menzikof, whose satirical and farcical idiosyncrasy is so deservedly famous, in submitting such a hopeful scheme to the notice of his Imperial Majesty, was only indulging in a practical sarcasm on the military and naval knowledge of the Emperor Nicholas; for the elaborate acquaintance with these subjects displayed by that noble sovereign occasionally makes him the object of much petty jealousy on the part of soldiers and sailors.

The 13th Division of Infantry eventually received orders to proceed to the coast of Mingrelia, whither it was conveyed by the fleet from Sevastopol. This operation was effected in the month of September; and while the combined squadrons lay in Besica Bay, twelve Russian sail of the line, two frigates, two corvettes, seven steamers, and eleven transports, were landing at Anakria the troops whose presence saved Tiflis, which must, without their arrival, have inevitably fallen into the hands of the Turks.

The 13th Division was replaced by the 1st Brigade of the 14th Division, which had been previously stationed at Odessa, and was now brought over to Sevastopol by the line-of-battle-ships *Selaphael* and *Uriel*, and the frigates *Flora* and *Kulevcha*. In the month of September, then, the force of infantry in the

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Crimea was limited to two regiments—those of Volhynia and Minsk.

In the beginning of the present year, the 17th Division of Infantry (6th Corps) marched from Moscow to the Crimea, and arrived at their destination in the month of March or April. Two regiments of cavalry, of the Light Division of the 6th Corps, also arrived about the same period. Of the artillery force which accompanied these troops, we have no positive accounts; it may, however, be reasonably assumed that the normal proportion of one field battery to each infantry regiment was not departed from.

Beyond these, no other military forces have been detached from the active army, and the remaining divisions and brigades of the nine corps of which this is composed are so far from the new theatre of war, that they cannot be immediately available for operations in the Crimea. It must, however, be observed that the reserves of the 4th and 5th Corps d'Armée are stationed in the governments of Bessarabia, Kherson, and Taurida, and that two infantry brigades of these reserves—equal to sixteen battalions—are concentrated in the neighborhood of Sevastopol.

We further assume that the two battalions of Inward Guard belonging to the government of Taurida have been mobilized; though this assumption is purely hypothetical, and made to avoid the risk of underrating the enemy's strength. To the above troops must be added seven artillery companies, which form the permanent garrison of Sevastopol, and certain battalions of regular Cossack infantry, removed this spring, under the protection of the British and French fleets, from forts on the Black Sea.

We shall not pretend to know the precise location of the forces here specified. We can only say that they form the corps with which the Allies will have to deal—whether in the field or behind the walls of Sevastopol. But it may be surmised that places like Kertch, Theodosia, Perecop, &c., have not been entirely neglected, and whatever garrisons they possess must be furnished from the force now described.

We have not included the Cossack cavalry, of which there are four regiments (with one or two light batteries) belonging to the Crimea. Nor have we thought it necessary to add the sailors, dockyard workmen, convicts, &c., though it is possible that they may be forced to assist in manning batteries, &c., at Sevastopol. The number of sea-soldiers and others may be, in round numbers, about 20,000.

As our account differs materially from the galvanic and confidential statements at present circulating in "well-informed quarters," it may be proper that we should state the limitations under which we vouch for its correctness—limitations which arise from the fact of a certain time necessarily elapsing between the events and our publication. It is *possible* that *part* of the garrison of Odessa and *part* of the remainder of the reserves of the 4th and 5th Corps have been quite recently despatched to the Crimea. But this is highly improbable. The garrison of Odessa (in spite of the very natural theory of the admirals) has never exceeded 18,000 or 20,000 men of all arms. Now considering that an immense French and English force, well provided with transports, was encamped within twenty-four hours' steam of that city, it is not to be credited that so important a garrison, already inadequate to repel a serious attack, was moved, *en masse*, before the arrival of fresh troops to supply its place. Up to the date of the commencement of the evacuation of the Principalities there were no reserves available for such a purpose, and so far from the Russian armies on the Danube, Sereth, and Dniester, being in a position to detach reinforcements to the south, one or more regiments were actually ordred from Odessa, after the "bombardment," to march to the north of Moldavia. As for Prince Gorchakof's main army, it is utterly impossible that any large portion of it can cross the intervening steppes in time to commence operations before the month of November, when campaigning in those regions is out of the question.

Nor would the matter stand otherwise, even if Sevastopol were not six weeks' or two months' march from the Pruth, since the enemy's commander-in-chief has, including the forces lately posted on the Sereth, but 150,000 effectives at his disposal. With these troops, half of which are in a state of complete disorganization, he must observe the lower Danube, so as to prevent Omar Pasha passing from the Dobrutcha into Bessarabia, capturing Ismail and Odessa, and carrying the war into the south of Russia,—to say nothing of 200,000 Austrians, whose attitude is at least threatening. We maintain, therefore, that if the Russian force in the Crimea be in excess of the figures above given, it is so to an extent of not more than 5000 or 6000 men, though we believe our statement, as it stands, to be in no need of correction. It is hardly worth while observing that the reports of "fresh corps" arriv-

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ing at Sevastopol, "from the interior of the empire," are mere fabrications, and that these "fresh corps" do not so arrive, chiefly because they do not exist. And as a sample of the accuracy of the information above obtained by the public press respecting the Russian armies, we may quote the opinion of a leader in the *Times*, which informed the public that there were two divisions of the 6th Corps of the Crimea—that these said two divisions were 90,000 strong—that to them must be added the marines of the fleet, and the Dockyard battalions—that the 18th Division was *nine* months marching from Moscow to Tiflis! The facts being, that there was *one* division of the 6th Corps in the Crimea—that there are neither Dockyard battalions nor marines at Sevastopol—that the troops which left Moscow in February arrived at Tiflis in May. As to the figures given, it is clear that if two-thirds of a corps amount to 90,000 men, the whole corps must amount to 135,000 men! We have met with many astounding estimates of Russian paper legions, but never before, or after, arithmetic like this. We really begin to suspect that our "Own Correspondent" is the Emperor Nicholas himself.

So much has been written of late about the seaward defences of Sevastopol, that it is not our intention to go into details respecting them. And they are at present matters of curiosity rather than of importance, for, as far as can be seen, it is likely enough that not many shots will be fired from any of them. As to the land side, the place might have been carried last autumn by a *coup de main*, with the means then at the disposal of the admirals, and the coöperation of a few Turkish battalions. No siege-train would have been required; and just as Mr. Oliphant walked down the main street in 1852, so might our marines have walked down it in 1853. But a great deal has been done by Prince Menzikof since last autumn. It is surmised that the new defences (which, however, were determined on long since) consist of detached works crowning the eminences of the hills behind the town. These works, which may be regular forts, or redoubts, or entrenched positions, extend from the battery above the Quarantine to the extremity of the harbor, and possibly to the Careening Bay. Though hastily thrown up, they may be formidable of their kind, and owing to the nature of the ground, great difficulties may be experienced in forming trenches before them. But to call Sevastopol, considering it with reference to the land defences, *the strongest fortress in the world*, is an idle exaggeration, which is best met by the Palmerstonic argument—"all nonsense."

In the absence of more detailed information, it is useless to speculate on the degree of trouble which the capture of Sevastopol may offer to the Allied armies operating from this side. At the same time we must repudiate the notion that it can be so taken except by systematic siege operations.

It has been laid down as a principle by some authorities, that a well-appointed besieging army plays, of necessity, under certain conditions, a winning game—viz., when their numerical superiority to the besieged is in a given ratio, (which varies according to circumstances;) when they are strong enough to defeat all attempts to raise the siege; when the place is not impregnable on account of peculiarities of site.

Perhaps some further explanations on this head may not appear, at a moment like the present, too technical and special for the pages of *Fraser*. We recur, therefore, to the well-known fact, that the bastions and curtains of old military architecture do not admit of an indefinite resistance to the means which modern warfare can direct against a front of fortification constructed on that system. The primary object of siege operations is to silence the fire of the enemy's artillery; and it was shown by Vauban and the engineers of his day, that the superiority of the attack to the defence is so great that the besiegers must eventually, in spite of the guns of the fortress, be able to advance their trenches up to the edge of the *glacis*, and erect their breaching-batteries within pistol-shot of the ramparts. Montalembert proposed to abolish the bastion system, and to build up tiers of masonry and case-mates, from which he expected to be able to concentrate an overwhelming fire upon the attack. This principle has been almost universally adopted in Germany; but it is generally considered that, whatever advantages may have been gained for the defence by the adoption of this and other recent expedients, will be more than neutralized by the improvements which have made gunnery a science, and sapping and mining an art.

Estimates have been given of the duration of resistance for a front of fortification, and the probable time calculated for one or two systems, is as follows:—

	Days.
Vauban's first system	19
Montalembert's system	30
German system, double line	34
Imaginary perfect system	36

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But, for an attack to be successful, it must be conducted, as we have before observed, *en règle;* and where sieges have failed, (except in the instances where they have been raised from external causes,) it has been owing to the incompetence of their commanders, or deficiency of *matériel* on the part of the besiegers. It is also to be admitted that some places are impregnable, for a front of fortification may be, from its position, unattackable. But instances of this kind are rare; and it is doubtful whether any of the great European *land* fortresses could resist the science of French and English engineers.

These are the views of military authorities, and modern history supports them. Certain notable instances seem to militate against the principles thus laid down—such as the Duke of Wellington's failure at Burgos, and in our own day the glorious and successful defence of Silistria. As to the attempt on the castle of Burgos, it should be remembered, that the British army throughout the Peninsular war was totally destitute of an efficient siege equipment, and that it had not more than one-third of the proper quantity of artillery, and no sappers or miners. The number of guns (including howitzers and mortars) proposed by different authorities for a proper siege-train, is, taking the mean of several estimates, 170. Now, at Ciudad Rodrigo, the British army had but 29 guns; at St. Sebastian, 63; at the third siege of Badajos, 56; which give a mean for those sieges of 50 guns. In fact, these "sieges" were not sieges at all, but *attaques brusquées*, necessarily carried on against all rule and principle, from the absence of any thing deserving the name of an engineer organization. As to the recent siege of Silistria, it is impossible to attribute the tremendous losses of the Russians to any other cause than the vicious system adopted by Prince Paskievitch. There is now no doubt that the obstacle from which that general retired in despair was a simple earth-work, open at the gorge, mounting but six guns. The heavy fire of the Russian batteries usually dismounted four or five of their guns, and storming columns, several thousand strong, were beaten back by the musketry fire of a handful of ill-armed Arnaouts. The successful bravery of these heroes is, perhaps, unexampled in history; but the disgraceful repulse of the Russians remains unaccountable. Perhaps the true explanation must be looked for in St. Petersburg. It is highly probable that the Emperor Nicholas—who, with all his vices, is a vigorous, bustling officer—caused general confusion by propounding some new-fangled devices of his own for the benefit of his engineers.

Assuming, then, as we reasonably may, that a really efficient battering-train has been sent to the East from Toulon and Woolwich, and considering what has been said above as to the probable strength of Sevastopol, and the known forces in garrison in the Crimea, there can be no reason for doubting that 80,000 good troops would, even without the active coöperation of a fleet in shelling or battering, capture the place by siege operations, and that without any very heavy loss.

Our superiority in mere numbers would be, we repeat, immense, and may be added to, if necessary, by reinforcements from England and France, and from the Turkish army of the Danube. There is, as has been already explained, no chance of an army coming to attack us while the investment proceeds, for the only Russian force equal to such an undertaking is on the Pruth; and we are further of opinion, that, if 100,000 Russians did so arrive, they would be forthwith defeated; and that if the whole military force of the empire were, at any later period, marched on the Crimea, that force would never cross the Isthmus of Perecop, if we thought proper to occupy that position. This last opinion depends upon considerations the discussion of which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

We must now beg our readers to examine the plan of Sevastopol for a moment, and to cross from the southern to the northern shore of the bay. Here, as on the opposite side, are hills, from the summit of which you look down into the batteries below, on to the decks of the ships in harbor, and, across the water, upon the town and docks. So that Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, if they were to climb one of these summits—like Admiral Chads at Tolboken lighthouse—would have a good view from thence of the architecture they are ordered to destroy. The question, then, arises, whether the generals can bring up their heavy guns and mortars to this commanding line of position, for, if they can, perhaps the labor of a siege may be avoided. But the Russians may plant themselves in the "old field-work," (which, by the way, if the outline of it given on the plans be really drawn to scale, is a very considerable affair,) although we are told by travellers that this was considered untenable; in which case it might be necessary to dislodge them before commencing

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the bombardment. It is impossible that, with the limited means at his disposal, Prince Menzikof can both defend this position and adequately garrison Sevastopol, letting alone the rest of the Crimea; so that we are justified in expecting that, under any circumstances, and in spite of any arrangements recently made by the Russians, we shall be able, if it be desirable, to encamp our forces on the hills which form the northern boundary of the bay. This done, we have at once a plunging and raking fire into Fort Constantine, and the other batteries which, from this side, defend the entrance to the roads: to which reverse fire no reply could be made, unless, indeed, some of the guns of the upper tier of the opposite Paul Battery and Fort Nicholas could be brought to bear. But this is improbable, as the batteries were only built to command the water. Without entering into further details, we shall mention that a circle drawn from the supposed line with a radius of a mile and a half, would include the best part of the town, and all the public works, docks, shipping, &c. 2,500 yards is too long a range for battering walls, but a bombardment carried on at that distance from a commanding position, must eventually result in the annihilation of every stick and stone in Sevastopol.

We say *eventually*, for an operation which looks so easy on paper is extremely difficult in practice. It appears from the Notes to *Jones' Sieges* that Landau resisted a bombardment for eighty, and the small fort of Andaye for sixty-eight days, though there was scarcely a vestige of bomb-proof cover in either of them. In 1759, Rodney, with the view of burning a few boats, threw into Havre, in fifty-two hours, 19,000 shells and 1150 carcasses, while in 1792, 6000 shells and 30,000 hot shot were thrown into Lille in one hundred and forty hours *without effect*. In our expedition to Copenhagen in the year 1807, 6412 shells and 4966 shot were expended in three days, and at Flushing (at the date of the Walcheren expedition) 13,000 shot and 4000 shells were thrown into the town from the fleet and land batteries. In the present instance, water-carriage is fortunately available, so that there need be no want of the implements of destruction. And the modern system of horizontal shell-firing, the increased powers given to rockets, and the adoption of the Lancaster gun, with its astonishing range of 6000 yards, are so many fresh chances in our favor.

We need not pursue these details. What has been said is sufficient to show the weakness of Sevastopol on this side, and the consequent probability that our enemies have not been idle in endeavoring to meet the case of our wishing to take advantage of it.

It would be absurd to speculate on the particular scheme of attack which will be (or has been) adopted by the Allied generals. We have therefore confined ourselves to demonstrating that they are not necessarily restricted in their choice of means—that the *capture* of Sevastopol may be attempted from the south of the town (which would necessitate a regular siege) and that its *destruction* may be attempted by a bombardment directed from the heights which overlook the harbor from the north. Thus the failure of either plan would not involve the abandonment of the enterprise, especially as there would still remain the resource of a blockade, by which the garrison would be starved into submission.

We do not, however, wish to convey the idea that any of these movements are easy, or devoid of risk. The event of the siege of Silistria shows that a powerful army will sometimes retire in despair from the walls of a weak fortress. And every great military operation is necessarily a matter of considerable difficulty. It was by taking advantage of the incorrect notions popularly prevailing on this head, that certain parties, some of whom were laboring in Russian interests, contrived, not long since, to propagate a general belief in the possibility of a French army suddenly pouncing down upon our shores, without our being previously aware that such a step was in contemplation. Those who fancy that the landing of a large corps d'armée, with a well-appointed battering-train, in a hostile country, can be effected, even when no opposition is made, without months of previous preparation, should turn to Col. Lewis's *Aide Mémoire*, or some similar work, and run over the lists of stores of all kinds required for a siege and engineer equipment. Some military men have, indeed, not scrupled to avow their conviction that an expedition to the Crimea was an undertaking too hazardous to be attempted. General Macintosh, speaking of Sevastopol, says:

So late as last year, (1853,) travellers, who, however, were not military men, reported that the town was still altogether open to the land side. Detached works may, however, have existed even then which escaped their observation; and there is little doubt that since the occurrence of war the Russians have been busied in extending the defences on that side. The landing-places near the Monastery of St. George are too precipitous to

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be surmounted in the face of a defending force prepared for such an attempt; and any force landing on the level shore between Cape Kherson and Sevastopol, would most probably find itself at once engaged in a general action, and would have to fight for a space large enough to encamp upon. I am, therefore, certainly of opinion, that a descent made in the immediate neighborhood of Sevastopol, even with a strong and well-appointed force, especially after so much time has been allowed to Russia to erect fortifications there—though these may be only field-works—and to collect forces for their defence, would be a very bold and, indeed, hazardous undertaking; and that while a subsequent hasty rëembarkation, should it occur, without any object having been attained, would in itself be inglorious, a great loss in men and material would hardly fail to attend such a repulse.

When we consider the great scale on which arrangements must be made for attacking even an imperfectly fortified place, the heavy and cumbrous cannon and siege stores which it would be necessary to land here, the great quantity of provisions requisite for the support of the besieging corps, to last possibly some months, and which must be collected in a secure situation; and when we take into calculation what a large force ought also to be kept in front to resist attempts to raise the siege; when we consider further that the army must land on a level shore, commanded at no great distance by heights of very considerable strength, and that the area where it would have to make all its preparations is too confined for the operations of so large a force as would be required for such an attack,—I feel persuaded that my view of the subject will be admitted to be just by all who have had experience in such matters, though it may not meet the wishes of many who are too impatient that a blow should be struck at any cost in that direction.

This may be a croaker's view of the case; but it at any rate answers the criticisms of those who would have risked the attack at an earlier period of the year, and before the necessary arrangements were fully completed. Whether the preparations for this most obvious step should not have been commenced at least a year ago, is quite another matter. At that time, too, as we have before said, Sevastopol might have been taken with comparative ease, and freedom from loss and danger. But the discussion of this last question involves political argument, and we are only concerned, for the present, with military considerations. We think, however, that the future historians of these times, looking to the fact that in the sixth month of the war an immense Allied force was thrown on to the shores of the Crimea, will probably accept that result as a proof that extraordinary exertions were made, during the period that preceded the operation, by every branch of the military administrations in France, England, and Turkey. And if it should appear that the commissariat, or any other department, was really on the inefficient footing which some pretend, so much more credit will be given to those who have vanquished the obstacles which could not fail to spring from so unfortunate a fact. The blame, if any, will fall on the statesmen who were unable to foresee the impending war. And if history be just as well as severe, her censures will fall less heavily on particular ministers than on that special phase of the English mind which makes our nation, above every other of the civilized world, a constant victim to the trammels of Bureaucracy and Red Tape routine.

We venture these remarks, because we think that there is a general disposition abroad to carp and criticise on very inadequate grounds, and to find fault in the wrong quarter. No doubt the running fire of abuse of the Premier which has been kept up for the last six months from the columns of almost every newspaper in the three kingdoms, has not been without its good effects. It has demonstrated that the country would be content with no half-measures, and strengthened the position of those whose antecedents point them out as the men to propose and carry out a course of vigorous action. But when the press pursues the generals and admirals who command our forces with anonymous accusations, and brands them with incapacity, when it so happens that the means at their disposal do not enable them to strike a crushing blow—when it wilfully ignores the existence of an Admiralty and a Horse Guards—then it descends from the proud eminence occupied by the commonwealth's censor, to the low arts and disgraceful calling of the public pander.

How far some of the assertions of "Our Own Correspondent" may be founded on fact, we do not here inquire. Some of these gentlemen, who are presumably members of the fourth estate, failing in their endeavors to extract from brigadiers and generals of division the programme of the intended operations of the allied armies, forthwith vented their spleen on these officers by abusing the military arrangements at Varna. Their chief accusations were as follow:—"There is no cavalry, and when it comes, it cannot be disembarked, because there are no flat-bottomed boats;—there is very little artillery, and what there is, consists of nothing but six-pounder batteries;—there is no commissariat,

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no hospital, no chaplain, no champagne, no siege-train, no means of transport, no tea, no porter, no Minié rifles;—the newspaper correspondents are to be expelled the camp; the names of the streets are not painted in the Zouave's fashion;—the engineers' tools are blunt and useless;—Lord Raglan won't allow the Duke of Cambridge to have a day's work with the pontoons, for fear they should get wet, and Sir George Brown flatly refused this morning to tell me the destination of the expedition." If half these harrowing revelations have any reference to facts, we shall of course be soundly thrashed by the Russians. But it is just possible that they are only the very natural grumblings of individuals who miss their cutlets and claret, get laughed at for not knowing a gabion from a gun-boat, and give endless trouble to no end of people, by asking all manner of silly questions, whereby they entail on themselves a considerable amount of snobbing. At the same time, we do not deny that there may be points in which there is much room for improvement, and we therefore think that the publication of all this gossip performs a function of considerable utility. It may have slight influence in compelling red tapists to adopt reforms, but it warns the authorities both at home and abroad that their proceedings are narrowly watched, and that abuses will not be perpetrated with impunity.

We are thus naturally led to that vexed subject which has been so loudly and vehemently argued upon by the parties personally interested, in the reversal of a decision *reported* to have been taken by Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan. The commanders-in-chief of the French and British armies have, *we are told*, determined to refuse to newspaper correspondents the permission to accompany the allied forces to the scenes of active operations, and further informed such officers as are presumed to be in connection with the public press, that they must renounce either the sword or the pen. In the adoption of this rule, Omar Pasha has, it is added, been invited to concur. The motives for the exercise and evasion of the prohibition are so strong that one hardly expects either generals or writers to yield without a struggle. The soldier takes the reasonable ground that what is news to the public is also information to the enemy, and that so much of the success in war as depends on the due preservation of the secrets of an intended campaign, must be completely compromised by the presence of a number of friendly spies, each eager to outdo his neighbor in transmitting information to Paris and London—that is, to Petersburg and Warsaw—of the details of the operations resolved on. It is also probable that there are, in the Ottoman, French, and British armies, many military men to whom a newspaper is an abomination, and that amongst our own officers in particular, many of those wise centurions who, to judge of the efficiency of a grenadier, inspect his dressing-case, and not his cartouch-box,—many of those learned tribunes who teach how sweet and decorous a thing it is for a man to be choked in the embrace of a leathern stock, and dressed with a head-piece which will insure him a hug of welcome from the bears of the northern woods,—many of them, we say, probably consider that the base public has no other function but that of handing over the cash required by the piper for the payment of that well-known officer's current expenses.

On the side, again, of this "base public," it is maintained that Government never receives despatches from the seat of war, and is itself indebted to the newspapers for the information it requires, and that if private enterprise be forbidden to remedy the deficiency, the result will be, that the said "base public" must petition that exact reporter, General-Adjutant Baron Osten Sacken the First, to furnish them with special bulletins of the operations of Admirals Hamelin and Dundas, and Generals Raglan and Canrobert, while Lt.-General Rassakowsky will be requested to supply the corresponding data as to the Baltic fleet and army. To which "Our Own Correspondent" adds, that by his assistance the tax-payer who has paid a good price, is enabled to judge whether the Government is supplying him with a good article, in return for money advanced—that implicit reliance may be placed on his accounts—that if he is gagged, the liberty of the press is destroyed, and a "sheet-anchor" of the British constitution tampered with.

We must confess that we can see very little force in any of these arguments. Whoever has taken the trouble to compare newspaper statements as regards intended operations, with the actual course of events, will have convinced himself that Prince Paskievitch and the Emperor Nicholas must be worse than demented if they pay the smallest attention to the avalanche of speculations daily printed for the amusement of us all. That a large army is brought to Varna from England and France,—that it looks in, *en route*, at Gibraltar, Malta, Gallipoli, and

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Scutari,—that enemy's ships cruise in the Baltic and the Black Seas,—that the *Arrow's* guns carry more than three miles,—general facts of this kind cannot, in an age of steam and galvanism, be burked, and kept out of sight of the Russians. In spite of all precautions, such facts must transpire. As to matters of military detail, it is idle to suppose that any sane soldier would move a single percussion-cap on the strength of stale *on dits* and vague conjectures.

This is not the place to explain the real state of the case. We shall only say, generally, that those who are aware of the reckless manner in which items of foreign news are often manufactured, and of the complete absence of foundation and guaranty for the facts ingeniously put forward as "confidentially" ascertained, so far from feeling astonished that so little reliance can be placed upon newspaper statements, (and so much less on the English than on the foreign press,) will rather wonder that this lottery of intelligence should ever contain a single prize.

As to Our Own Correspondents with the forces, most of them amuse, but few are competent to instruct the public. But the English nation is of all others the one most addicted to the affectations of mystery and diplomacy. For every official report published by our government, the Russians publish a dozen—rubbish, very possibly, but still information. Now when we are at war, we want to talk, and criticise, and advise, and grumble, and fight all our battles much better than the admirals and generals, and what is still more important, to boast beforehand. We boast far more than the Russians, and we must have food for our talking and boasting, which food can only be furnished by Our Own Correspondent.

This gentleman, we say, then, can do no harm. The good that he does may be small, and our opinion of the accuracy of the *details* of his intelligence has been expressed. For all that, as he is an element of an institution without which we should speedily fall into barbarism and bondage, we trust that the country will not submit in this matter to the dictation of a military tribunal, if any such be attempted. "Our Own Correspondent" is, in some sort, the representative of the English people, sent to report to us the doings of our military and naval servants. For ourselves, as we shall be the last to attach any weight to the accounts of those of them who may overstep the limits of simple description, so we are the first to stand up for the rights of "our members for the Crimea."

Looking to the exceptional, political, and strategical importance of Sevastopol, it is not too much to assert, that if we except a few of the great battles of the world—which moreover were commonly preceded by years of preparation and long campaigns—never before have such vast interests depended on the issue of a single blow. Setting apart the money-value of the Russian Black Sea fleet—forgetting the millions which have been absorbed in the construction of the docks, batteries, and storehouses—there is left a remainder which has something more than a mere material significance, for in the stronghold of the Crimea is to be found the secret of the prestige of Russia in the West and in the East. Recent events have, it is true, demonstrated that the navy which in time of peace so bravely sweeps the Euxine, at the first whiff of smoke from a foe, places itself on the peace establishment; but such a fact does not shake the stability of the walls of Sevastopol, and a harbor which, situated as it is in a commanding position, shelters a fleet of eighteen line-of-battle ships, and demands the constant presence of a large blockading force, is even now a source of great negative means of offence.

If the first half-year of the war with England and France be marked by the loss of Sevastopol, the event may be quoted by some as simply showing that the Emperor Nicholas—that stupendous sovereign who has amused himself for five-and-twenty years by driving about shams in a "gig of respectability"—had located in the Crimea the most impertinent of his manifold impostures. This may be so: observing men may have long since arrived at a like conclusion. But Sevastopol was not meant to be quoted in London and Paris—where the mind thinks—in proof that the might of Russia was irresistible, and the doom of Turkey not to be staved off by the squadrons of England and France. It was intended to form a false premise in the logic of Turcoman chiefs, Prussian kings, Circassian beys, and Khivan khans. When, therefore, this flourish of military rhetoric shall have been levelled to the ground; when it is seen that a power which affects the airs of universal rule—which usurps the nod of resistless force—is powerless to save the most precious jewel in her possession, though she has long been expecting the blow that strikes it from her grasp; when this is done —when Sevastopol is once more the harmless harbor, with nothing to be dreaded by

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mariners but the shade of the cruel Iphigenia —so surely shall the whole fabric of Russian prestige fade out of view. A great sea-fight, a naval bombardment, even if achieving the same practical result, would produce far less moral effect than an operation on the dry land, where the enemy is parading paper armies of two millions of men.

Such is the loss to Russia when her stronghold falls; and this loss is the measure of our expected gain. To the Allies, on the other hand—to England more especially—a retreat from the walls of Sevastopol (if patriotism can contemplate the calamity) would involve consequences most disastrous to our fame and influence. Yet, in spite of the proverbial obstacles which impede the energetic action of armed coalitions—in spite of the insidious attempts of those who play the game of Russia—whether they be subterraneous spies, mediocre statesmen, or tipsy potentates—we may venture to anticipate for the first campaign of St. Arnaud and Raglan, a result as triumphant as that which has been elsewhere achieved by the genius of Omar Pasha and the courage of his admirable soldiers. Looking to *material* considerations, the balance inclines in our favor. The descent on the Crimea has been prepared on a scale which, if compared with expeditions of a similar nature, must be pronounced to be without parallel in the history of modern military achievements. The numerical strength of the allied forces is fully adequate to the undertaking proposed, and there is no reason for supposing that the generals will be shackled by the want of proper means and appliances, or thwarted by the yelps and howls of domestic faction. It is improbable, we think, that the British and French commanders should have to struggle with the class of wants and hinderances which spring from the ignorance and impotence of an incompetent administration of the War Department, and which Wellington found, in his Peninsular campaign, at least as formidable a foe as the troops of his gallant enemy. And setting aside our natural military superiority—which we will assert, without fear of contradiction, to be immense—we have all the advantages conferred on us by the position we have so long occupied as the vanguard of the civilization of the world. When we state that the Russian army is not yet entirely supplied with percussion muskets, we indicate one of the points which lead us to believe that such troops as the Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Coldstream Guards are to the men of the regiments of Borodino and Minsk, what the sailors of the *Napoléon* and *Agamemnon* are to the "sea-soldiers" of the *Selaphael* and the *Uriel*. And, looking to the events and issue of Prince Paskievitch's late campaign, it is difficult to see to what military gifts besides courage and endurance the Russian officers and privates can lay claim. The repeated obliviousness of the alphabets of strategy and tactics; the disastrous failure of an army of 50,000 bayonets, which was repulsed in repeated attacks upon a *flèche;* the futile attempts to imitate the more refined operations of skilled warfare, and the suicidal slaughter which followed; the reckless exposure of human life without reference to the chances of defeat or success; in all this there may be bravery and devotion, but the system is the science of ignorance. Such a system, even though the allied generals may not have inherited the mantle of Napoleon and Wellington, will hardly be imitated by the invaders of the Crimea.

We think it, then, reasonable to assume, and that without unduly depreciating the enemy, that the Frenchman and Englishman is a sounder fighting machine than the Russian, better prepared for war, and likely to be better led.

Passing to another element of the comparison, we may say that on neither side do we find commanders whose antecedents are in themselves guaranties of any particular result. There is no man living but Omar Pasha of whom it can be said with confidence that he is competent to manage an army of a hundred thousand men. There are, doubtless, great soldiers in embryo—in Russia, possibly; in England, probably; in France, certainly—but they are as yet unknown to fame. On this head, therefore, the balance is soon struck; unless, indeed, it should seem fit to that modest monarch, the Emperor Nicholas, himself to march with his hosts to the defence of the orthodox faith. Such a step might bring matters to a speedy issue. The genius of this proud sovereign, who is pleased to direct from a distant zone of his dominions the most minute details of the operations to be followed in the far south—who himself ordains the angle at which every spur and helmet in the empire shall be worn —might, if brought to bear against pagans, achieve unheard-of results. If his Imperial Majesty, flushed with the victories of the Champ de Mars, were to condescend to appear in person at the head of his forces in the Crimea, the Allied generals would be appalled by the evolutions which he would

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cause to be executed. Nicholas the Great, as is known from the yearly experience of the manœuvres of Krasnoe Selo, is mighty in war. His army allows itself to be surprised, for the purpose of inflicting a severer correction on the foe; his cavalry does not pursue a beaten corps, that it may rest after its fatigues; his artillery roams about in perilous positions, that the antagonist may capture it without a blow. Against such astute devices St. Arnaud and Raglan might, we own, struggle in vain. Let us pray, then, that the Sclavonian Mars may not draw the sword in person; but, basking in the reputation he has gained for truth, for moderation, for magnanimity, content himself with telescopic scrutinies of hostile fleets, and musical thanksgivings for the favors rained by Heaven upon his hordes of Orthodoxy.

Apart, then, from the possible personal interference of the great Tartar strategist, we may be permitted to anticipate, and that without incurring the charge of presumption, a favorable issue to our first campaign. Some may say, too, that the justice of our cause is an additional guaranty of success. But theological illustrations of political transactions should be received with great caution; and the sceptical remark of Marshal Saxe, that his adversary might take Providence if he himself might only have one hundred thousand men, expresses an historic fact. The fortune of war has often run against the right: between Leonidas and Kossuth, the victims of lawless aggression are neither few nor far between.

Our enemy has in some sort forestalled us, by monopolizing, for the benefit of his orthodox warriors, the soldier's text, *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum!* We must needs, then, rely upon the good sword of St. Denis and St. George, who, as we pray, shall shortly leave such an imprint of their footsteps on the rocks of Sevastopol, as may be viewed by future generations with the veneration with which the ancient Romans looked on the hoofmarks of the great twin brethren who fought for Rome against Tarquin the Tyrant, by the shores of the Lake Regillus. Often have England and France poured forth their blood and treasure for a paltry and a personal end; and sometimes they have been punished with well-deserved defeat. We now march to battle, not to crush the freedom of nations, not to set up or pull down some miserable royal race, not to repair the diminished dignity of a quibbling protocol; these were the meaner aims of the kings and statesmen by whose ambition we are warned. We go to punish falsehood and crime—to avenge the violation of the laws which bind the states of Europe—to fulfil our functions as the high police of civilization: these are the grander resolves of an age in which the power of the rulers is checked by the might of the people.

That this resolve will be at length attained—come what will, cost what it may—is guaranteed by the unanimous voice with which the people of England and France call for vengeance on the marauder who has intruded upon the civilized world; by the splendid talents and fixed purpose of the Third Napoleon; by the presence in our councils of men who hate barbarism and oppression, with the noble scorn of Palmerston and Russell. How strange that a position of such unwonted grandeur should have been almost powerless to rouse a single spark of enthusiasm, to inspire one little word of eloquence to a generation of legislators brought up at the feet of Pitt and Peel. Stranger still it is that the care of drains and dungeons should still waste the energies of the man whose ardor would quickly inflame every soldier and sailor of the Triple Alliance with a double determination to conquer or die; the sound of whose dreaded name would alone shake the battlements of Cronstadt and Sevastopol. But England has this one consolation against an evil day—that she has yet as many in reserve who can enable her to realize the latest and noble boast, worthy the lips of Chatham and of Cromwell, "I care not who stands aloof."

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From Tait's Magazine.

GENIUS, LITERATURE, AND DEVOTION.

JOHN FOSTER.

Of all human attributes, genius is the most truly imperial. In whatever combinations it may be found—to the illumination of whatever topic and the celebration of whatever pursuit it may be dedicated—whether it impart splendor to the humble, or absorb in its vaster glory the pride of the exalted, it is clothed in royal robes, and carries with it the evidences of that absolute authority with which it has been by Heaven invested. Imparted, rather than created, by God, it is too self-conscious to conceal itself, and too noble to make itself ridiculous by ostentation. The circumstances of life, however tragical, can never break, they can only illustrate its power. In every sphere it is its divine province to command, not to obey. Its majesty, being neither borrowed nor assumed, but self-contained, is essential, supreme, and everlasting. If any laws exist to which it owes its homage, they are unseen, and are too subtle in their essence, and too sublime in their workings, to be confounded with those forces by which human experience and human action are ordinarily controlled—they rule *in* the subject rather than over it. Should genius, therefore, be encumbered by no practical responsibilities, other than those which it owes itself to the Great Spirit, it will, nevertheless, accomplish a mission more sacred than any which mere conscientiousness could enable a man to sustain, and far more glorious than any to which mere ambition would prompt a man to aspire; whilst, if its possessor should have immediate professional duties to discharge, it at once relieves the labor, and magnifies the virtue of their performance.

The most striking instance of the unlimited dominion of genius over the life and character of the man by whom it is possessed, may, perhaps, be found in the fact that it has been seen in fellowship with every form of religious opinion. Nothing is so enthralling over the imagination, the reason, the heart, the actions of a man, as the religious convictions which he entertains. The prime characteristic of his faith gives a tinge and a texture to his whole being. Nothing would so soon ruin an empire as the prevalence of a system of religion adverse to its main interests and inclinations. A theology of gloomy dread would sap the courage of any people; or, by breeding an impious and defiant recklessness, convert its courage into the ferocity of despair. A religion of soft sentimentalism [illegible]d unmitigated amiability (such as some mo[illegible] preachers would have us believe Christianity to be) would, in time, enervate, enfeeble, and degrade a race even of heroes. A brave nation cannot live on solutions of sugar. But it is the peculiar office of genius to make a baneful dogma innocent by virtue of its own excellence, or else, by the energy of its higher revelations, utterly to explode it. Not only has it made poverty illustrious, and opulence, by comparison, contemptible; not only has it made weakness mighty, and power generous; not only has it inspired the warrior in battle, and given majesty to the repose of the victor; not only has it "soothed the savage breast" by its charms of song, and made the haunts of affliction radiant with its heavenly light, (thus sowing the elements of a noble equality among men, as members of society,) but it has triumphed over the bondage of sacred creeds, and, by relieving the conscience from terror, or the understanding from folly, has given to the world its immutable pledge of the equality of men, as the children of God. No sect has been barren of its immunities. Like an angel sent to bless mankind, it has gone from community to community, smiling an ineffable benediction on all in turn. It has proved its superiority over superstition; for what iconoclastic exploit may not be ascribed to its prowess? It has proclaimed its empire over prejudice; for what doctrine of confirmed orthodoxy has it not sometime attacked, and what heresy that synods and traditions have pronounced damnable, has it not sometime defended?

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The cold ceremonies of a vain formalism have glowed with a strange vivacity when it has performed them, and it has made the ravings of fanaticism pregnant with supernal wisdom. The poetry of sacred symbols it has sung; and to the profoundest mysteries it has given a significance and simplicity all divine. When barbarism would have left piety a repulsive and disgusting thing, it has changed its cruelties into heroism, and its blasphemies to worship; when civilization would have trained it to a heartless and imbecile refinement, it has stirred it to a glorious zeal, and inflamed it with a magnificent enthusiasm. It has, therefore, been at once the reforming and the conserving element in the religious life of the world. It has counteracted what would have proved injurious if unopposed, and has promptly destroyed what could exist no longer without danger. When corruption has grown shameless, and bigotry has become fierce, it has held up the one to scorn, and handed over the other to appropriate condemnation, and over both it has cast the oblivion of its glory. Faith has always coöperated with genius in these its grandest occupations, but faith of itself is publicly weak. Luther was preceded by many small martyrs; it required his stalwart genius to achieve the Reformation. Men of genius are the missionaries of progress and the prophets of brotherhood. Because every sect has had them, we may be sure that the quality which has given them distinction is a higher thing than the opinions which have brought them fellowship; and that, by its plastic and undecaying power, truth will yet be imprinted on the portals of the one universal temple. For, if genius be thus the life-power of the world, wherever it is seen it should receive admiration; and it may be seen everywhere. The Catholic cannot claim it exclusively for himself, neither can the Protestant. It has spoken in a louder tone than the thunders of the Vatican from the valleys of Switzerland, and has sent forth from the studio of an English poet sweeter music than the service of the cathedral. It has indulged its divine contemplations in the silence of the cloister, and chanted its praise amid the boisterous turmoil of revolution. It has given sanctity to the "dim religious light" of Rome, and wisdom to the restless speculations of Greece. It has its monuments in every ancient mythology, and will build them with every modern faith. Genius has a thousand times divided the Church to save it from death; it will once reconcile the churches, that the true life may be realized by all the world.

It must be remembered that we speak now of genius in the combinations specified in the title of this paper. In the abstract, genius may be a hallowed thing. Its influences are essentially and universally good. It may be depraved in its applications and purposes, but in itself it is sacred, purifying, and divine. And in its lowest degradation it shows a glory that vindicates it from the dishonor of its prostitutions. It is itself so incorruptible a thing, that the judicial censures of the world fall ever on the man who, having its power, can be guilty of the double baseness of abusing it. Yet, though thus inherently holy, it would be unsafe to ascribe to it that lofty mission we have defined above, without carefully securing for it the support of a conscience free from guile, and a heart full of devotion, as well as an intellect well cultured and usefully active. We cannot revere as the instrument of public spiritual improvement any one of the three things we have combined together. Literature without genius is dull; without devotion it would be an embodied and elaborated hypocrisy. When the soul, originally endowed with the scarcest and the richest of all qualifications, is dedicated in adoring love to God, and to prove the integrity of its worship would contribute at once its grand intellectual energies and its profound spiritual peace as a willing service to humanity—then we have a man whose name shall be a centre of attraction to the whole community of the good; whose voice shall address the universal congregation in strains at once more mighty and more sweet than mere pulpit orators know how to employ; and whose memory shall serve as a beacon-light to the disciples of every creed through many generations. The preacher can but speak to a few people, for a short time, and on a contracted topic; the man of genius who is also a man of God, and who embodies in poetry, in philosophy, or in song, the raptures of his mind, instructs and edifies the world. The "Old Hundredth Psalm" has done more to confirm the faith and console the sorrows of the devout than all the volumes of heavy exegesis that were ever penned. And any man who shall catch a new glimpse of God, of truth, of destiny, and tell the world what he hath seen, shall cause more joy and administer more instruction than can be compassed by the diligence of a hundred pastors or the mere learning of a thousand critics. Exposition, if wisely done, is invaluable; but the world demands, at least once in a century, a new apocalypse of heavenly glory. This it is the office of genius to supply.

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The spiritual function of genius being thus important, we may accept its supremacy over dogmatic conviction and sectarian partialities as a most merciful arrangement. If this mystic faculty could be enslaved by faith, (we use the word in its more secular signification,) its energies could only be devoted to the consolidation of stupendous prejudices, and the aggravation of evils already all but incurable. But when it rises to reign over prejudice, it governs not to strengthen but to subdue; when it appears amid the *débris* of ecclesiastical corruption, it does not merely disturb it, (which would be only to double the nuisance,) but it sweeps it away. Milton has done more for Puritanism than all its martyrs; they have made their own consistency famous, he has brought honor to the principles they attested with their blood. Protestantism is much given to rave against Rome; its condemnations often pause to give place to a reverential panegyric on the genius of Pascal. We feel that we cannot despise a society which has had so good and great a member. It is as though God would silence our scorn, by showing, even there, His radiant visage.

Why do we dwell on this theme? Not to serve a sectarian purpose, assuredly, although it does so happen that the great names we have selected for criticism and eulogy both belong to the same denomination. It is a fact that the Baptists have been not less persecuted, and even more despised than any other of the many sects of evangelical Nonconformists. With this fact we have nothing more to do now than to remind those who are still superciliously bigoted enough to rejoice over it, that, at least in recent days, the Christian Church has gathered some of its brighest laurels from the soil which they have watered. To our mind it is not a little remarkable that so rich a cluster of names can be found, within so limited a period, among the annals of a body so slighted by public opinion. Andrew Fuller—for whom, it must be confessed, the highest qualities of mind cannot be claimed — by the sobriety, deliberateness, extraordinary candor, clearness, and, above all, the rich, pious simplicity of his discussions, has entitled himself to be considered the father of modern evangelical theology. The severities of strict Calvinism on the one hand, and the less logical but more humane views taught by Baxter on the other, were by him ingeniously if not consistently balanced. Then, whilst partisans have over-estimated, it would be hard to respect too highly the services, both to learning and to humanity, rendered by the laborious Dr. Carey, the father of "Foreign Missions." Three months ago we gave our testimony of honest reverence to the memory of one of the most celebrated masters of pulpit eloquence; and now, with an admiration as unreserved, and a discrimination as conscientious, we propose to review the life and character of one of the clearest, serenest, and strongest thinkers modern times have produced. Again we say, it would be insolent folly to charge us with a sectarian purpose in undertaking this "labor of love;" our object is far higher and purer than this. We desire (no superfluous experiment even in these days) to illustrate the sublime catholicity of consecrated genius.

It may not be out of place very rapidly to summarize the chief incidents of this peculiar man's life, the facts of which are by no means too notorious. We propose to devote to this purpose one short paragraph.

John Foster was born at a small farmhouse situate in the parish of Halifax, on the 17th of September, 1770. His parents were distinguished for eccentric thoughtfulness and shrewd intelligence, and he inherited their peculiarities. "Old-fashioned," even when a child, he had, before he was twelve years of age, "a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality." Reserved and taciturn, he found no genial companionships, and his solitude was painfully animated by strange reveries and terrible contemplations. He began early to assist his parents in weaving; but his mind would wander from his occupation, and he frequently got into the bad books of his employer. He studied for three years under Dr. Fawcett, at Brearley Hall; from which place he removed to the Baptist College, Bristol, soon after Robert Hall had ceased to be classical tutor of that institution. Here he remained only one year, and shortly settled as minister to a small congregation at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Of his auditors, only a very few could appreciate his sermons; and he was so conscious of this, that he acquired the habit of looking down at the right-hand side of the "meeting" where they were seated. At Newcastle he remained only three months. His next engagement was at Swift's Alley, Dublin, during the continuation of which he engaged in violent democratic agitations, which exposed him to some apprehensions of chains and a dungeon. It was whilst in Ireland that he resolved on the form and character of his first literary experiments. Here also he renounced his belief in the doctrine of eternal

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punishments, and wavered on the borders of Arianism. Although a Baptist by association, he never administered, nor (in mature life) witnessed the ceremony of immersion. His views on ecclesiastical matters became contemptuously lax. "I have long felt," he says, "an utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the *Church*, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, or honors. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all church institutions, of all orders and shapes; that *religion* might be set free, as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted, prostituted, by corporation forms and principles." He removed to Chichester in 1797, where he labored without being appreciated, and therefore without success, for two years and a half. In 1799 he took up his residence with the Rev. J. Hughes,* at Battersea, where he acted as a sort of voluntary missionary around the metropolis, and where he endeavored to instruct twenty-one black boys brought over from Sierra Leone! He was in later years variously occupied as preacher and writer, and finally removed to the beautiful village of Stapleton, near Bristol, where he passed his time in regular labors for the press, (chiefly for the "*Eclectic Review*,") in select but very honorable and warmly attached friendships, and in such public ministrations as might offer. In May, 1808, he married Miss Maria Snooke, the lady to whom the "Essays" were originally addressed. About the beginning of 1843 he had several attacks of indisposition; in September of the same year he took to his room. At about six o'clock on Sunday morning, October 15, a faithful and long-trusted domestic entered his chamber and found him dead, with his arms extended, and his countenance tranquil, as if in pleasant repose.

No two names are more frequently associated together than those of Robert Hall and John Foster. In certain circles, where their literary remains are more familiarly known, and where the reminiscences of their accomplishments and their piety are more fondly cherished, they are but seldom spoken of apart. This may be, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that they were contemporaries; that they labored in the same cause; that for a considerable period they were near neighbors; and that they were intimate and dear companions. It is interesting to conceive of two such men dwelling in close and friendly fellowship; and the lot of those whose privilege it was frequently to entertain them, may be innocently envied. The brilliant conversational powers of the one, and the sober, ponderous, but ever interesting and attractive calculations of the other—both distinguished for their intelligence, devotion, benevolence, and mutual admiration—would constitute such a concert of mingled wit, wisdom, and worship as any of us would be glad to listen to. And yet these two men were essentially dissimilar in constitutional faculty, in modes of thought, and in prevailing disposition. If they are associated together, it is rather by way of antithesis than comparison. Mr. Hall had imagination, so had Mr. Foster; the one, however, revelled in remote speculations; wandered grandly in the grand unseen; drew pictures of heaven and portraits of God: the other was more minutely poetic; picked up a flower and traced its history; sought the shelter of a great old oak, and dreamed over all that had happened on the spot encompassed by its sombre shade; would conceive a long history, of which a groan would be the suggestive circumstance and the central chapter. Mr. Hall's mind ran naturally into elaboration; Mr. Foster's into comprehensive analysis. While the orator would celebrate the wonders of the universe, the essayist would investigate one of its commonest and most trifling objects. The former was at home in the vast; the latter in the minute. The adoration of the one was caught by general effects; that of the other was arrested by contributory features. Whilst Mr. Hall would descant with elated ease on a topic, Mr. Foster would gravely take it to pieces. The majesty of the panegyrist in the one case, was supplemented with the discrimination of the expositor in the other. This dissimilarity, however, would be the principal charm of their society. The impetuosity of the one side would be suitably checked by the sobriety of the opposite; and the entire respect by which the great souls were bound together, would save the conversation from acrimony or impatience; whilst the unusual abilities of both would unite to enhance its fascination and its instructiveness. Mr. Hall was undoubtedly more rapid, versatile, and magnificent than his friend; but Mr. Foster, we can imagine, would put in ever and anon words of wondrous import and immense practical suggestiveness, which the intelligent listener would ponder over, whilst the more glowing talker on the other side of the fire-place would be pronouncing upon it a

* The founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

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superb eulogy, or meeting it with a splendid refutation. Neither Mr. Foster nor Mr. Hall aspired to the questionable reputation of being irresistibly great in monologue; but we have no doubt Mr. Hall would (in more senses than one) be the more absorbing talker of the two. Words would flow from his lips like a stream of meridian light and glory. Wisdom would drop from Mr. Foster in thoughts and fancies, bright, profound, and innumerable—like stars with spaces of unembodied reflection between them. How seldom can we get the gorgeousness of such a day and the sacred splendor of such a night at one vision; star responding to sunbeam, and sunbeam responding to star; grand interchanges of heavenly light; contests of greatness without any jealousy; alternations of glory without any eclipse!

We have said that Mr. Foster's imagination was chiefly distinguished for the quickness with which he detected, and the keenness with which he relished, the striking details of the objects on which his mind rested. We would not be supposed to insinuate that it was, therefore, beneath the stupendous and the vast. There was nothing in heaven or on earth which he could not adore, if it were venerable; and the devotedness of his spirit was fully equalled by the capacity of his fancy. He was accurately describing his earlier experience when he wrote, in his beautiful "Essay on the Epithet, Romantic:" — "The tendency to this species of romance may be caused, or may be greatly augmented, by an exclusive taste for what is *grand*, a disease to which some few minds are subject. All the images in their intellectual scene must be colossal and mountainous. They are constantly seeking what is animated into heroics, what is expanded into immensity, what is elevated above the stars. But for great empires, great battles, great enterprises, great convulsions, great geniuses, great rivers, great temples, there would be nothing worth naming in this part of the creation." The peculiarity of his own imagination, however, was, that he did not merely recognize the outside proportions of great things, but caught the finer elements which contributed to the general effect, and penetrated into the inner soul of that which only served to excite a giddy astonishment in most persons. Far from mechanical in his taste, he was eminently sagacious, particular, and profound in his observations. He soared aloft often enough; scaled the sky, and gazed out upon the eternal; but he did not remain stupefied by the awful unlimitedness and dazzling grandeur of the scene; he counted the pillars, measured the throne, enumerated the population, discovered the occupations, and guessed the experiences of the kingdom on which his speculations were intent; and when he spake of his vision, it was with the clearness of information as well as with the solemnity of worship. And he was not obliged thus to ascend above the visible and the mortal for the indulgence of his capacious and active power. In things that others deemed trivial, he saw the greatness which could overawe, and the beauty which could captivate. If he lived in the immense, it was because nothing to him was small. A dewdrop was a world; and the experience of a fly he could not dissociate from the history of the universe. Passages of providence which the common reader would flippantly skip over, caused him adoring musings; for were they not extracts from the records of eternity? How natural was it that he should be thus qualified, his habits being what they were! And how natural that his habits should be what they were, constituted as he was! Writing from Newcastle-on-Tyne, he says:

> I often walk into the fields, where I contemplate horses and cows, and birds and grass; or along the river, where I observe the motions of the tide, the effect of the wind, or, if 'tis evening, the moon and stars reflected in the water. When inclined to read, I am amply furnished with books. When I am in the habit of musing, I can shut myself in my solitary chamber, and walk over the floor, throw myself in a chair, or recline on a table; or if I would dream, I extend myself on the bed. When the day is fled, I lie down in the bosom of night, and sleep soundly till another arrives; then I wake solitary and still; I either rise to look at my watch, and then lay myself awhile on the bed looking at the morning skies, or . . . . . in a magic reverie behold the varied scenes of life, and poise myself on the wings of visionary contemplation over the shaded regions of futurity. . . . . Such, my friend, are the situation and the train in which I pass life away.

It is possible that some of our readers are saying to themselves: "Oh, there is nothing at all remarkable in this. Thousands thus muse. Thousands walk in the fields and by the river; retire into solitude when they are weary; dream when they can think no longer; sleep when night comes; and stare at the sky, harboring silly fancies the while in the morning." True; but the question is, with what eyes do they look on grass, and beast, and wave, and tree? With what children of the imagination do they people their solitude?

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Are the companions of their isolation wooden toys painted to please their infantile minds; or are they sons of God, come to honor, instruct, and sanctify the godly soul? Do they read sermons in the stones they pick up? Do they hear music made by the happy spheres in that silence they observe? Do they dream out the poetry of the universe in those darkened hours of meditation they steal from time? Do they see splendor ineffable in those morning skies on which they gaze? And when they "poise themselves on the wings of visionary contemplation," are they as angels wise and holy, or as geese who fly awkwardly and cackle stupidly, and are good only for sportsmen to make game of? Pshaw! These thousands of whom you speak can never really meditate, because their souls are shallow. They stare, and wander, and dream, because their vision is too dull to detect beauty, and their hearts are too hard to be moved by any strong or generous emotions. "They have eyes, but they see not: ears have they, but they hear not." If they take the book of nature into their hands, they hold it upside down, and soil its fair pages with their unclean fingers. Their meditations are vanity; and with all their studies, they learn nothing. Indeed, there is no character so seldom to be met with as the man of observation. There are plenty who take passing glimpse of the superficies of objects, and who exclaim, "Good lawk-us-heart alive!" at any unusual phenomenon; but the intent and intelligent observer sees mystery in the commonest things, and will comprehend the most mysterious; finds fulness in vacancy and vastness in atoms; considers the crawl of a worm to be a marvel of ingenuity, and the arrogance of a monarch a ridiculous blunder. He follows the windings of every curve, and hears wisdom in every sound. To him there is no monotony, no insignificance, no nonentity. Space is as substantial as matter; a daisy as wonderful as the sun. Every thing has a meaning, and there is no spot which does not contain something which may at once astonish and instruct the mind.

Of these, John Foster was one of the most successful, and deserves to be one of the most illustrious. In all his walks he found new scenes; in all his thoughts new truth. He could not hear the chirp of a bird, the squeak of a mouse, the roar of a lion, or the terrible explosion of a thunder-cloud, without pausing to reflect on what caused the mysterious sound, and what it signified. When a flower drooped, he felt sad; when a star twinkled, he was happy; when the sun was setting, he felt as proud, as opulent, and as impartial as the great monarch of the sky. When a spider caught a fly in its web, he experienced a revulsion kindred with that which was occasioned by the barbarities of despotism or the horrors of war. In short, he felt, as we all should feel, that God had made nothing in vain; that the life which circulated through all this universe was one complete and indissoluble thing; that, therefore, life was sacred; that every line in nature was a stroke of beauty, and every particle a monument of wisdom; that a glory worthy of God belonged to all created things, and that they should be esteemed with a reverence worthy of the God who made them; that responsibility was a real, unceasing, and universal attribute of life; and, finally, that the power to think, to love, to pray, to act, to rule, was a dreadful possession, the multiform abuses of whose sanctity should awaken the profound remorse of men, and the common depreciation of whose privileges covered his own most sensitive spirit with a gloom almost as dark as despair! How few observe thus keenly! how very few yield to emotions so just, even when they thus observe! In these respects, at least, John Foster was "one of a thousand."

Observation is the best aid to reflection. The question of "innate ideas" may be safely left to the metaphysicians; the fact that all natural phenomena are infinitely suggestive, even the metaphysicians will not dispute. It is impossible for an intelligent being to look on nature or on life without thinking. Astonishment will lead to curiosity; curiosity will dictate endless formal speculations; and speculations will end in what originated them — profound astonishment. Reflectiveness may lead to observation; observation must lead to reflectiveness. In the case of John Foster, the influence was reciprocal, and, therefore, was doubly strong. A constitutional tendency led to the habit; the habit fostered a constitutional tendency. When very young, he was notorious for the constancy and absorbedness of his musings. These led him out into the great field of nature. There he found every thing to satisfy his passion for meditation. A somewhat amusing instance of the force of his solitary thoughts, and of the necessity of practical observation to settle and content them, may be gathered from his biography. When as yet only a young man, whilst on a visit to his parents, he suddenly quitted the house, and started off in a heavy shower to look at a

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waterfall in the neighborhood, of which he had often heard; and on his return he exclaimed, "I now understand the thing, and have got some ideas on the subject with which I should not like to part." It seems to us that in this simple incident we have a key to the character of his mind, and an explanation of his whole literary and public life. He could not hear what others said without interest; he could not know that there was any thing which he had not seen, which he could see, and which was worth seeing, but he would run to look at it: when he got near, he did not merely glance at it, but he inspected it, he comprehended it, and from it he gathered *ideas*, the value and satisfaction of which he himself entirely appreciated. He would *understand* even a waterfall; and from the spray and the foam it made in the stream, from the mystic melody of its constant murmur, from the sunbeams that quivered on its surface, as on the surface of a moving mirror, or from the surrounding scenery which it adorned, he would get *ideas*. More than vague impressions were made upon his soul by all these things. They were so many forms of intelligence; they had the significance of books and the dearness of friends to him; and he could not leave them till he comprehended them. And so it was with every thing which came before his eye. His writings, therefore, are rather like descriptions of life and records of experience, than mere theories of social systems, or balances of opposing creeds. He saw; he thought on what he saw; and he has given to the world the results of his observations, in the consistency, definiteness, and fulness of the reflections they suggested. He was a meditator. We have spoken of his imagination. In truth, however, he made but a subordinate use of this faculty. It served him in his *interpretation* of what he beheld, but he beheld so much, and with such reverential interest, that he had neither the opportunity nor the necessity of attempting new *creations*. To him the universe was infinite in its compass, and was crowded with objects. It had no limits and no vacancies. To know what it was and what it contained, was to know all things. His imagination was but the servant of his curiosity—his curiosity was but the agent of his knowledge—his knowledge was but the minister of his awe. If to form ideal systems, and to elaborate original theories of science and of life, constitute the philosopher, he certainly could not lay claim to that character. If to invest nature with a obe she never wears, and to attribute to her meanings she does not convey, constitute the poet, certainly he was no poet. He was neither philosopher nor poet. He was too practical for the latter, and too spiritual for the former. He read phenomena, but he plainly read them, neither reducing them to the requirements of a system he had himself invented, nor expanding them to proportions they would not naturally support. He was too much of a poet to be a philosopher, and too much of a philosopher ever to be a poet. The philosopher interprets nature and life by the faculty of the understanding; the poet by the faculty of the imagination. Foster saw nature as it was, and he would speak of it only as he found it. As far as he comprehended it, he was clear; and when it became mysterious, he confessed the mystery in words of adoration. Therefore, he supplemented nature with no suppositions, either of fancy or of mechanical inference. He consolidated his raptures by intelligence, and illuminated his intelligence by fine reflection. The arrogance of the understanding and of the imagination, he equally checked; he sought to *know*, and when he knew, he *felt* accordingly. He knew much; and he felt deeply. The philosopher has no individuality of his own. He sees nature apart from himself. It is all objective. With the poet, it is just the contrary. He has a life vast, ramified, glorious as the life he sees all around him. He knows nothing but himself; and in himself all he knows is included. Experience is his inspiration, even though the universe be his theme. Here all is subjective. Foster felt the burden of immense subjectivity. He was conscious of profound individuality. But he did not absorb the universe, so to speak; he conversed with it, and treasured up in his heart what it told him. It was to him as a friend with whom he had communion. It honored him with many confidences, "for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." He realized a true love and sympathy from its mighty soul. His emotions were very deep as he held his high spiritual fellowship; but it *was* a fellowship, not a solitude. There was a being, a power, a stupendous system, outside himself, and on this he gazed; with this he conversed; in silence he spake unto it; in silence he heard its sombre and its grand responses. It was not a mere self-worship, that strange, pensive, absorbed life of his; but a true worship of the Infinite of which he was *but* a portion; but of which he was a portion; a worship, however, so true that it brought actual power, and peace, and won-

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dering, trembling, aspiring enjoyment to his heart.

Mr. Foster's observations of human nature were as constant and as keen as his observations of "inanimate" nature, (to use a very stupid and incorrect phrase.) He saw into the hearts of men. He read the history of his race, with a fearful application of its lessons. The deceit and ferocity and selfishness of this world—oh, it was no foreign, remote, indifferent thing to him! And he saw it all around him. He found it within himself. The picture was very dark! Groans and sighs, and oaths of fierce malevolence, and shouts of horrid blasphemy—tears where there was no remorse, shame where no pity, distress where no sympathy, prayers where no faith, persecutions where no zeal, anathemas where no intelligence—butcheries without provocation, tyrannies without majesty, revolutions without patriotism — friendships without esteem, marriages without love, commerce without honesty—flattery spoken to delude, and yet received with gratification—candor but the mask of fouler dissimulation—hypocrisy in worship, ingratitude in prosperity, slavish superstition when death approached—such was life! And on this life he looked, not as we look on tragedies at a theatre, with an excitement indulged as pastime, but as the veritable being, doing, and suffering of this human race of which he was a member. Well might a shadow of melancholy steal over his spirit! And what was there to relieve him of this sadness? Christianity? The Church? Alas! his estimate of the evil is not less exaggerated than his estimate of the cure. Hear what he says in a letter to his friend, Dr. Harris, on the subject of missions to the heathen:

I hope, indeed may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament; but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflections while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade. I pray for the piety to maintain a humble submission of thought and feeling to the wise and righteous Disposer of all existence. But to see a nature created in purity, qualified for perfect and endless felicity, but ruined at the very origin, by a disaster devolving fatally on all the race—to see it, in an early age of the world, estranged from truth, from the love and fear of its Creator, from that, therefore, without which existence is to be deplored—abandoned to all evil till swept away by a deluge—the renovated race revolting into idolatry and iniquity, and spreading downward through ages in darkness, wickedness, and misery—no Divine dispensation to enlighten and reclaim it, except for one small section, and that section itself a no less flagrant proof of the desperate corruption of the nature—the ultimate grand remedial visitation, Christianity, laboring in a very difficult progress and limited extension, and soon perverted from its purpose into darkness and superstition, for a period of a thousand years—at the present period known and even nominally acknowledged by very greatly the minority of the race, the mighty mass remaining prostrate under the infernal dominion of which countless generations of their ancestors have been the slaves and the victims—a deplorable majority of the people in the Christian nations strangers to the vital power of Christianity, and a large proportion directly hostile to it; and even the institutions pretended to be for its support and promotion being baneful to its virtue—its progress in the work of conversion, in even the most favored part of the world, *distanced* by the progressive increase of the population, so that even there (but to a fearful extent if we take the world at large) the disproportion of the faithful to the religious is continually increasing—the sum of all these melancholy facts being, that thousands of millions have passed, and thousands every day are passing out of the world, in no state of fitness for a pure and happy state elsewhere — oh, it is a most confounding and appalling contemplation!

Indeed, it is. There may be another picture whose brightness shall equal the gloom of this, but this is true; and one can well imagine what an impression it must have produced upon a nature never too sanguine, and constitutionally pensive. Some of Mr. Foster's critics have so misunderstood the seriousness of his nature as to charge him with cynicism and misanthropy. Nothing could be wider of the mark. His estimate of human nature was not unkind, even if it must be admitted that it was unjust. He looked much on the darker side of life, but never was a man more anxious that life should become light and gladsome all round than was he. In his gloom he was ever pitiful. Misanthropy is born of conceit, and expresses itself in morose ill-will, in the restlessness of suspicion, the severity of a rude censoriousness, the bitterness of envy, and the unscrupulousness of pride. It is eminently a selfish principle. It combines the arrogance of vanity with the peevishness of habitual ill-temper. It is malevolent, saucy, obstinate, self-willed. It is not only *pre*disposed to exaggerate the miseries of men; it is *in*disposed to contribute any thing to their mitigation. If it weeps, it is from the sorrow of self-pity, rather than from a tender sympathy with others; and it more frequently indulges a cruel joy over the griefs it delights to depict. Its laugh is hoarse with malice. It blasphemes God, whilst it maligns man-

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kind. Its pleasure is to give others pain. Instead of administering a salutary reproof to the wayward, it taunts him into persistency, and then mocks his folly. Its weapon is satire, its habit scandal. It leers, and grins, and croaks. It is heartless, remorseless, hopeless. A spirit so utterly repulsive and fiendish never tainted the breast or tortured the experience of the illustrious essayist. He was sad, but it was with compassion. He had fears, but they warmed his generosity and stimulated his zeal. The shade of despair sometimes covered his soul; but he sat down in his unaffected woe, and committed himself, his fellows, and the world, with all the solemnity of love, to the Maker and Governor of all things. Mercy was his bane, if any thing divine can be the bane of man. He was too sensitive and tender. So far from doing injustice to his race, it was his dread that justice must be done to it. Hence his revulsion from the doctrine of eternal punishments. Never was a soul more scrupulously honest or more thoughtfully generous than this man's. He would pay more for any little article that he purchased than was asked for it, if he thought the competition of the market or the expedients of poverty had reduced its price below its value. He never saw want without making a sacrifice to relieve it; he never witnessed agony without himself enduring a pang. It was misery that made him miserable; and the deep abiding gloom which hung about his spirit was but the response of a fine piety to a mysterious and inexplicable Providence. He was as good as he was great; and his goodness was told not in tears alone, for he toiled, and suffered, and prayed for men.

Indeed, great injustice has been done to the character of our hero. If he exaggerated the evils of the world, his depression has been greatly exaggerated. He has been thought morose and morbidly sentimental. On the contrary, he was eminently genial in his fellowships and practical in his reflections. His standard of human virtue was high, but he aspired himself to reach it, and the very least that can be said of him is, that he never wantonly desecrated its dignity. Those select circles in which he felt "at home" can testify with what exuberant delight he ministered to their cheerfulness; and though he never sanctioned frivolity, he made his presence any thing but a bore, even to the gayest of his companions. His humor was not very prolific, but his intelligence was always refreshing, and his musings were radiant with benevolence and rich in wisdom. He threw away neither hours, words, nor feelings; but he so occupied attention as to delight and entertain his auditors, whilst every syllable he spoke was adapted to purify and sweeten their coming days. True, he could rebuke with severity the wicked, and satirize with keenness the foolish; and young ladies dreaded his insinuations against their vanity and their waste of time; but the intelligent ever found him instructive, whilst the holy never thought him dull.

The reflectiveness and sobriety of his nature are wonderfully developed in his writings. Those essays will be read for ages, and whenever read will be admired for the serenity, discrimination, reverentialness, and sanctity of the spirit that breathes through them. How he seems to gaze on mind and watch its workings! And yet how delightfully informal and unofficial are his reports! With what earnestness, and yet with what repose he pursues his theme! His range of inquiry is as comprehensive as his subject will allow; and his analysis is as complete and as clear as the reader can desire. He never peddles with his topic. There is no hacking and jobbing in his works; for he is a skilful artificer. And what subjects he has chosen to descant upon! "The Epithet, Romantic;" why, the very title of the essay implies that the author is given to meditation, to introspection, to earnest and abandoned thought. There is no scope for declamation, no temptation to controversy. By the very necessities of his theme, he is shut up to the free, independent, and peculiar workings of his own mind. He cannot be suspected of plagiarism, for who has preceded him? He need not fear the thief, for the individuality of the matter would be recognized in a moment. These compositions are unique in the literature of the world, and so unique was the author, they are very likely to remain so.

To the peculiarity of their substance their great popularity may, without doubt, be chiefly attributed. But their more essential characteristics are adequately sustained by their artistic and literary excellence. We have his own testimony that his compositions are the fruits of patient labor and a most scrupulous taste. That he had considerable ambition, and definite desires, as a writer, we may gather from an exclamation made by him in his early life. Speaking of certain forms of expression common in those days, he said, that if possible he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament, and concluded his protest by the words, "We want to put a new face upon

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things." As a writer on religion, he is remarkably free from the common theological technicalities of his time, and from all cant phrases. Speaking more generally, he is original without affectation, elaborate without redundancy, strong without vulgarity, correct without tameness, smooth without monotony, and, above all, remarkably clear. He has no eccentricities which invite imitation or occasion disgust. He is classical and yet not pedantic. He seems to have formed his own style, in respectful independence of the usual models. And we suspect that he will never be a model for young writers. He is too correct for their patience, and too natural for their vanity. And yet he may be studied with immense advantage by the literary aspirant, for few writers are at once so free from magniloquence, and so true in majesty; so superior to passion, and yet so mighty in soul. There is all the serenity and all the strength; all the profundity and all the transparency; all the caution and all the confidence of his nature in his compositions. Their chasteness is never soiled, their dignity never degraded, their music never broken. They want in irregularity, if in any thing. A little Saxon roughness, and occasional impetuosity, might make them more memorable; for in style it is as nowhere else, imperfection is a charm and an advantage.

There are many other features of this good man's mind and life on which we had intended to dwell; but our space is occupied; and we must conclude by commending to all our readers his works and his biography; for they are mines of spiritual and literary wealth; and he who digs treasures thence will find that which will not corrupt nor perish in the using.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CROATS.

BY MISS A. M. BIRKBECK.

As the struggle for the preservation of the Crescent advances, the countries lying within its portentous course gradually assume an importance which, notwithstanding their remoteness, and slight relation with the civilized world, renders them, for the moment, objects of research and unceasing speculation. Those races particularly command our attention who live nearest to the spreading conflagration, and who, from their unsettled political condition and ardent desire for independence, are the most likely to ignite, and change, over-night, from mere spectators to the most active participators in the drama.

A fleeting glance at the map will show that none are more exposed to this contact than the nationalities along the southern boundaries of Austria, or, more properly, of Hungary, most of them having for opposite neighbors a portion of their own respective tribes, who dwell in the northern provinces of the Ottoman empire, from the Adriatic Sea as far as Bukovina. Thus we find, in the mountains running parallel to the Adriatic coast, and on the banks of the Save, Drave, and the Lower Danube, opposite to Turkish Croatia, Bosnia, and Servia, various Sclavonian tribes, the bulk consisting of Croats and Servians, the reluctant and discontented supports of Austrian despotism. Farther on, in an easterly direction, come the Wallachians, the degraded descendants of the great Romans. They inhabit the steep and rugged declivities and valleys of the southern Carpathians, and, in spite of their very abject and demoralized state, would fain establish a Draco-Roman empire, in conjunction with their brethren living on Turkish territory. Their nearest neighbors are the Saxons, a peaceful and industrious people, yet, since the year 1849, greatly incensed against the Hapsburgs, owing to the summary abolishment of their ancient immunities. The last link in this motley chain of races is formed by the Szeklers, who are of Magyar origin, and the oldest settlers in Transylvania, renowned for their love of liberty and martial spirit, as well

as their hatred to the Austrian rule. They occupy several ridges of the Carpathians, opposite to Moldavia.

We will here call the attention of the reader to the most numerous of the border races—the Croats.

When the Hungarian horsemen first watered their steeds, a thousand years since, in the floods of the Drave, they found the ancestors of the Croats already established there, forming part of a Sclavonian confederation, which, under the protectorate of the Greek emperors, extended likewise over Bosnia and Servia. But the aggression of their protectors soon compelled the Croats to curry favor with the Hungarians, who not alone freed them from the yoke of the Greeks, but admitted them as well to all the municipal and political immunities which they themselves enjoyed. As long as Hungary possessed her own innate sovereigns, Croatia, under the ægis of a common independence, was one of her most thriving provinces, having been sufficiently shielded, by a strong and liberal government, against the attacks of all external enemies. A long series of calamities for both countries commenced on the accession of the Hapsburgs to the Hungarian throne. Under the misrule of that race, Croatia was exposed to incessant inroads from the Turks, and in several districts entirely depopulated. In order to repeople the land, Leopold I., towards the end of the seventeenth century, invited all the outlaws—who had formed themselves into organized bands along the borders, alternately ravaging both the Turkish and Hungarian territories—to settle there for the protection of the latter. This invitation was accepted by a great number of these desperadoes, to whom the king assigned a large tract of waste border-land, severing it, politically, for ever from the mother-country, at the same time subjecting those savage tribes to strict military regulations. Thus the foundation was laid for a system which, though salutary in its first results, at a later period proved highly detrimental to civil freedom. This system was arbitrarily extended over the entire southern and eastern frontier of Hungary; and when there were no longer any infidels to contend with, the arms of the Grenzers were turned against all the popular barriers that obstructed the progress of absolutism.

Croatia, including the provinces called Sclavonia and Syrnium, has a territorial extent of 3,250 square miles, with nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, who, with few exceptions, belong to the Roman Catholic faith; the Protestants being, by a special statute, prohibited from settling within the precincts of those provinces. The land is divided, politically, into two parts, the larger comprising the military borders, and the smaller the provincial territories. These are again subdivided, the former into eleven regimental districts, under the command of two military boards, and the latter into six counties, each of which, at least prior to 1849, was governed by freely-elected civil authorities. The entire land is intersected by many mountain ranges, which, to the south, rise to a considerable height, ever and anon broken by wild, barren glens, yet, towards the rivers Drave, Save, and the Lower Danube, sloping down into softer forms, clad with vines and luxuriant foliage; the beech and oak forests affording abundant provision for countless herds of swine. Here and there the ground is perfectly level, and the land extremely fertile. Hence, while the mountaineers have to contend with many disadvantages of a rough climate and sterile soil, the lowlanders enjoy the almost spontaneous blessings of nature. Amongst their various fruits, the late plums, both for quantity and delicacy, deserve mention. Every house and farm possesses large plots of plum trees, and even the roads for miles are skirted by them. From their abundant produce, a fine kind of brandy, *slivovicza*, is distilled. The red wines of Syrnium are likewise celebrated for sweetness and flavor, the Roman emperor Probus having, in the third century, first introduced the growth of vines there, near the town of Mitrovitz.

The Sclavonian tribes of Croatia are as different in appearance, character, and manners, as the country they inhabit, and the occupations they pursue. The mountaineers have lofty stature, dark complexions, fiery eyes, long plaited hair, and black bushy beards. They are still a set of uncultivated savages, sullen, passionate, and revengeful; redoubted in time of war less for true valor than for ferocity and love of plunder. Baron Trenck, the leader of the famous corps of Croatian volunteers called Pandurs, recruited part of his terrible bands from these mountains, and led them, during the Austrian wars of succession under Maria Theresa, against the empire. Clad in Turkish fashion, with the fez and loose red mantle, and carrying the horse-tail and crescent, instead of colors, they went forth, leaving a cursed memory wherever they set foot, from the dire crimes they committed on defenceless people.

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The populace of Bavaria, as well as that along the Rhine, retain a traditional horror of their barbarous deeds; so much so, that even to this day, they frighten their children into obedience by calling out: "Hush, the Pandurs are coming!"

The Grenzer of Licca, the wildest amongst the mountain tribes, wears a fez, a tight-fitting black or green jacket, green trousers, red mantle, and sandals of untanned hide, which are used throughout the country. His chest, both summer and winter, is left uncovered. The whole of his attire, even his linen, is richly ornamented with embroidery, braid of bright colors, and innumerable buttons and rings of silver or zinc. In his leather belt he carries his inseparable companions—a brace of pistols, together with a knife, his pipe, and cartridge-box. His chief weapon is a long, old-fashioned gun, inlaid with silver, like those of the Turks. The women are tall, but too robust and masculine, both in appearance and bearing, to be called beautiful. The principal part of their dress is a long linen gown, of ample proportions, drawn in at the waist with a girdle, and embroidered at every seam. From their shoulders hangs a short cloth mantle, and on the head they wear a cap of a flat or pointed form, over which they throw a black veil. The neck they adorn with rows of buttons, and in their girdle, like the men, they carry pistols and knives. Amongst their many strange customs, the most peculiar is the mode of marking their married or single state by the color of their stockings: the maidens wearing white, the married women red, and the widows blue.

Several villages in the mountains near the coast are inhabited by Uskoks, descendants of pirates, who rendered themselves famous during their desultory warfares against the Republic of Venice, and who even now surpass all their neighbors in ferocity of disposition.

In the wildest and loneliest part of the Croatian Mountains—the Great Capella range—lies the small village of Plaski, the birthplace of Omer Pasha. It belongs to the regimental district of Ogulin, where his father, Baron Littas, then held the rank of captain. Omer Pasha was born in 1801, and brought up from childhood for the military profession, which he embraced with great ardor, and in his twentieth year entered one of the Grenzer regiments as lieutenant. In consequence, however, of some quarrel with his colonel, he suddenly left the Austrian service, and went to Turkey. There, having changed both his name and faith, he offered his sword in defence of the Crescent. His offer was accepted, and he rose rapidly, signalizing himself by his conspicuous military abilities; and now, in his fifty-third year, he fills the highest and most important post in that realm after his sovereign, the sultan.

On descending the mountain slopes, both the climate and people gradually become more genial; and in the low countries, principally in provincial Croatia, the meagre faces of the people bear an expression of gentleness and good-nature. Their apparel, also, undergoes a considerable change. The men wear broad-brimmed Hungarian hats, wide linen drawers and shirts, with the addition, in winter, of trousers of a thick white cloth; black great-coats—*gungatz*—ornamented with small pieces of cloth of gay colors, and a large rug or a sheepskin—*bunda*. The *torba*, which completes their dress, is a leather pouch hanging from their side; this they never part with, either by day or night; in it they keep their provisions, pipes, and, above all, the never-failing flask of brandy—*rakie*—of which both sexes are passionately fond.

Alike in the low countries as in the mountains, the women's chief attire is a loose linen gown, fastened with a leather girdle round the waist, and falling in a thousand folds below the knees. The upper part of this garment forms a very novel sort of larder; the owner, in default of pockets, stowing in it a variety of eatables, such as cakes, bacon, sausages, fruit, &c., with which, on leaving their dwellings, they invariably provide themselves, in order to regale the friends whom they may chance to meet. A broad, flat cap, or red kerchief, worn in the Turkish fashion, as a turban, forms their usual head-gear; the neck and girdle they deck with gold or copper coins and buttons, and the fingers with as many rings of silver or zinc as they can conveniently squeeze on to them. They are extremely fond of painting their faces; their cosmetics, which they begin to use as early as fourteen, are a preparation of vegetable matter.

The domestic life of the Croats, in most respects, bears the impress of primitive simplicity; the family affairs being conducted in a patriarchal style by a chief, who manages the property much in the same way as the early Christian communities did.

Neither the civilian, peasant, nor the Grenzer divide their landed property among their children; the former from habit, and the latter from the fact that he is solely the farmer of the government. Hence both, though from different motives, resort to the

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same expedient of keeping their increasing families together, in order to carry on the cultivation of their united possessions.

A farmer's dwelling, when first constructed, contains but a large hall, to which, whenever a member of the family marries, a small hut is annexed, consisting of a single room, which is fitted up as a sleeping-apartment. The dwellings are built of logs or row-bricks, and covered with the dry bark of the lime tree. It is no rare occurrence to find from ten to twelve families of fifty or sixty members united in a house of this description, which looks not very unlike an enormous bee-hive. The chief of such a community is the Gospodar, or master, who is elected for life to that dignity by the male members. His patriarchal sway is unhesitatingly obeyed, and, in case of need, supported even by the authorities. The Gospodar has the uncontrolled management of the extensive husbandry; he provides for the necessities of his people, and dispenses the labor between the men; whilst the wife's office is to guide the internal affairs, and to superintend the females in their varied occupations. At the close of every year, the Gospodar makes up the accounts in the simplest way possible—that is to say, from a notched stick; the men receiving the surplus in equal proportions, and the females their share in presents of dresses or finery. Besides the common property, each member or family may possess as much individually as they save or earn by extra labor. They may likewise separate from the parent stem at discretion, and settle in farms of their own. This privilege, however, is seldom exercised, partly from being accustomed from childhood to the former mode of life, and partly from the conviction that by living together they spare a considerable amount of work, and more easily produce the necessaries of life.

Although the great hall—the centre of these Croatian bee-hives—is properly the dwelling-room of the Gospodar, yet it is likewise, at certain times, at the disposal of the community at large, who in summer take their meals in it, and in winter, when compelled by the intense cold to take shelter within-doors, old and young congregate round the enormous stove, in which mighty logs are burning, and listen, when the day's work is over, to tales of witches and ghosts, in which Sclavonian imagination delights. On cold nights, the married people transfer their beds from their unheated rooms into the great hall, where they are placed in a row along the walls, the younger and unmarried members accommodating themselves in the kitchen, stables, and barns.

Scarcely acquainted even from hearsay with the refinements of civilized life, the Croats are extremely simple in their habits, and have but few wants, and these they contrive to reduce to a still narrower compass, to suit their naturally idle inclinations. Notwithstanding the salubrity of the climate, and the riches of the soil, they and their houses not unfrequently look as if suffering from a seven years' famine. The furniture of their rooms is scanty, and of a rude kind, the great hall containing but a large earthenware oven, a long table, several benches, and a collection of gaudy pictures of saints hung upon the walls. In the bedroom there is nothing save a bedstead and a weaving-loom. The kitchen is still more destitute of conveniences: there you find scarcely any utensils but a large iron kettle suspended over the fire, which is kindled on the ground; and so far do they carry their indolence, that, instead of chopping up the wood, they push the entire trunk of a tree through the kitchen door on to the fire, and whilst one end is burning away, the other is still in the yard. The spacious chimneys are the best provided part of the house, for there, during the whole of the year, hangs a good supply of pork, bacon, and sausages for smoking, forming an inexhaustible and almost the sole stock of provisions of a Croatian peasant. Of outbuildings there are but few; for the grain, until trodden out by horses, which they employ instead of threshing, is kept in stacks; and the cattle and horses remain throughout the year in the fields and forests, under temporary sheds.

The expenses of a Croatian household are, of course, very few, the food and clothing being the produce of their own industry. The finery and extra garments occasionally purchased are of a cheap kind, and descend from parent to child. A workman of any trade is seldom, if ever, employed upon a farm; the male members all being expert masons, as well as carpenters and wheelwrights, they build their own dwellings and carts, using as little iron as possible in their construction. Their wealth consists in cattle of all kinds, particularly of swine. The horses are almost as small as ponies, but full of fire and very fleet. They are harnessed four in a row, in such worn and torn trappings, that one might imagine they had already been employed in dragging the wooden horse of the Greeks into the doomed city of Troy. Bees are likewise kept in a

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very primitive fashion. The bee-hive, made of willowings, is plastered inside and out with a layer of cow-dung, and placed with its busy inmates on the bare ground. When it is filled with honey, a hole is dug beneath the hive, and the bees continue their work, as the Latin poet says—*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.** In several parts of the country, the culture of silk-worms prevails, forming a considerable part of the earnings of the populace.

But the idle propensities of the men are fully redeemed by the industry and dexterity of the women. The latter not only perform all the duties of the house, dairy, and garden, but even feed the cattle and horses, cleaning and harnessing the latter; while the men never stir till the women hand them the whip, which is the signal that the carts are ready. These, however, are only a part of their occupations: they provide all the men's clothing, except the hat and sandals; shear the sheep; dye, spin, and weave the wool or hemp, cut out the cloth or linen, which they then fashion into the required articles of dress; so that it rests only with the men to put on the ready-made garments, after their indispensable partners have even combed their hair. As we have stated, there is a weaving-loom in every bedroom, at which one or other of the inmates is continually employed, throwing the shuttle to and fro with marvellous skill and rapidity.

As the *torba*, or pouch, is the never-failing companion of the men, so is the distaff that of the women. Wherever they go, they invariably carry it with them in their girdle, their fingers being constantly employed in turning the spindle and drawing out the thread. In knitting and embroidery they are likewise skilful: every part of their dress is more or less tastefully ornamented with the latter, either in wool or gold.

The favorite food of the Croats is pork and milk. Their bread, although they grow wheat in abundance, is made of maize or *hirse—panicum malacum.*

The patriarchal authority of the Gospodar extends also to the marriages, which are arranged in the following manner: First, the two Gospodars hold a consultation as to the price of the girl, to be paid in cattle; and when they agree as to the terms, they ask the young people if they love each other. The answer, if in the affirmative, is considered as an official pledge of their mutual acceptance, and from that moment, whenever the affianced see each other in public, they dare not exchange a word or a look, but must turn round and fly, as though smitten, not with love, but with the plague. So it goes on, till the parties meet at one of the church ales in the vicinity, on which occasion a fair is always held; when, at the general meeting of the friends and relations, rings are exchanged. After this public betrothal, the lass has the right of choosing and buying, at the expense of her future father-in-law, all the articles of finery for her wedding, which are not a few, and of the most gaudy description. On their return home, the Gospodar, in the name of the *fiancé*, sends the girl an apple filled with gold or silver coins, which form the chief part of her dowry. Besides the cattle, he has to present each member of her family with a gift, usually of wearing apparel; this sometimes making a greater drain upon his purse than even the apple with its costly contents.

On the wedding-day the procession proceeds to the church, headed by a clown, mounted upon the worst hack that can be found, and clad half in male and half in female attire; his hat decorated with the wing of a goose. This post is always filled by the wittiest and merriest person in the neighborhood, who is expected to entertain the company with his droll sallies. After the clown comes the bride, accompanied only by one female friend; then follows the bridegroom on horseback, carrying a nosegay, and wearing a cloak which, according to custom, was thrown over his shoulders at the bride's house, and surrounded by a troop of mounted comrades. In the church a canopy is prepared for the bride and bridegroom, and during the ceremony two crowns of silver-gilt, or bronze, are held above their heads. The priest, having offered up a prayer, first takes the man's crown, saying, as he places it upon his head: "I crown thee, servant of God, for the maiden N—." He then takes the girl's crown, and proceeds in a similar manner. With that the ceremony is concluded, and the procession, with the newly-wedded pair wearing their crowns, return to the house of the bridegroom, where the wedding is celebrated with feasting and dancing, which last for three days and nights, or longer—that is, until the numerous guests have as fairly emptied both cellar and larder, as if a swarm of locusts had swept over them. The morning after the marriage, the bride carries the water for washing to the guests, on which occasion she receives a gift from each.

The music of the Croats is the bagpipe;

* You bees, you collect honey, yet not for your own use.

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and their national dance—*kolo*—is simply turning round in a large circle, which is joined by all persons present, who, in order to keep their places, take hold of each other's girdles. The performers wheel round, or move quickly backwards and forwards, keeping time with the music, and singing or rather bawling one of their national melodies; the rings and coins hanging from their garments chinking, as they move, like so many spurs.

In Croatia, the good old custom of celebrating every particular event, such as birthdays, baptismals, deaths, &c., by a feast, is still in full vigor. As they are, however, rather expensive affairs, the prudent Gospodar manages to keep several at the same time. This is most practicable in the case of a christening, which rite is seldom performed until the births of two or more children have taken place in one family. The names given to their offspring are selected less from the calendar of saints, than from the vocabulary of affection or of nature. Names such as *Milosh*, Darling; *Lubitza*, Beloved; *Jagoda*, Strawberry, are usually chosen.

At their feasts the Gospodar drinks to the health of the guests one by one, and every time in a bumper. It is a matter of courtesy, on the part of the entertained, to empty their glasses after each health; which of course brings about the natural consequence, that a very few veterans are left on Bacchus' battlefield to do honor to those who come last; as most of the combatants are, by that time, disabled for further effective service on that day.

Another of their peculiar customs, is that of going to the cemeteries on Easter-Monday, attended by their priests, where, for an hour or more, they pray for the souls of the departed. Many bring the wardrobe of a deceased relative with them, and, whilst laying the garments one by one upon the grave, exclaim, amidst tears and lamentations, "Oh, why did you leave us so soon? your clothes are still good—they would have lasted you for many years!" This singular act of piety over, they close the day, according to the usual custom, with feasting; and on the very gravemounds, where a few moments before they prayed and wept, they now display the contents of their *torba*, eating, drinking, and making merry; as if there were not enough mournful emblems around to check their mirth in its very core.

The Croatian language, which is understood also by the Servians, is an inharmonious idiom of the Sclavonian tongue. Like every Sclavonian tribe belonging to the Catholic creed, the Croats use the Latin characters in print and in writing. Their schools are few, and those are badly attended and still worse managed; the chief part of the inhabitants neither being able to read nor write. The border districts, though better supplied with village schools, have none of a higher class; for, as the men are trained solely for the military profession, they are not allowed to learn any thing beyond the narrow compass of their oppressive duty.

As we have stated, the Croatian, Sclavonian, and Servian borders are divided into eleven military districts, each of them furnishing one infantry regiment of four battalions, or three thousand one hundred men. As, however, every man is by birth a soldier, and must serve as long as he can bear arms, the number of battalions can easily be augmented.

So imposing a number of armed men, led as they are by their own native generals, several of whom have gained at least Austrian renown, looks formidable enough upon paper, but loses much in the reality, like many other things in Austria bearing a grand name and an imposing appearance. It is a well-known fact, that military training alone does not instil true martial spirit, and far less heroic devotion. Where there is no nobler motive-power than pay, or at most the prospect of plunder, the soldiers may be driven into battle, and kept together as long as their arms are victorious, but the first reverse demoralizes them, and they rapidly succumb to the hardships of war. Such is the case, at least, with the Austrian Grenzers. They do well enough as cordonists against smugglers or Turkish depredators; yet, in their present condition, they can never gain fame in a regular battle. Even in the Austrian army they are looked upon as a body far below the common standard. As an illustration of this, we will quote one or two striking examples from modern history.

In September, 1848, Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, invaded Hungary with an army of fifty thousand Croats. This he did at a moment when the Hungarian nation still confided in the solemn oaths of their king, and were thus unprepared to meet a hostile aggression. Jellachich, aware of this, hastened by forced marches towards Buda-Pesth, in order to crush at one blow the liberty of the country. There was every prospect of a speedy victory; for who would dare to oppose the formidable legions that had already conquered the peaceful inhabitants of several counties, and, like their forefathers, the Trenck-Pandars, filled their knapsacks with

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spoil? Yet, contrary to all expectation, a few miles from the capital, a corps of fifteen thousand men—a medley of soldiers, citizens, national guards, ministers and members of the Diet—awaited the invaders in battle-array, determined to face and to fight them. The Ban, with his overwhelming force, could easily have crushed such a handful of men; so it was generally believed. But it turned out quite the contrary: for as soon as the Croats heard the Hungarian bullets whizzing about their heads, they at once remembered that the better part of valor is discretion. Accordingly, after a short cannonade, they turned and fled, never looking back until they were under the walls of Vienna. This movement of Jellachich is immortalized in the Austrian annals as "The Ban's famous flank-manœuvre!"

The reserve corps of Jellachich, amounting to ten thousand men with twelve guns, which advanced along the Lake of Balaton, a two days' journey behind the main army, was doomed to a still more ignominious defeat. At the tidings of the Ban's flight, the corps presently fell back towards Croatia. Yet the populace, exasperated by the excesses the enemy had committed during their advance, had already risen *en masse*, gradually hemming them in on all sides, until there remained no chance of escape. In this emergency, the Croats, instead of showing the muzzles of their guns, showed the white feather, and surrendered at the mercy of the people, without having fired a single shot. The Hungarians, however, as usual, generous in success, instead of treating the robbers as they deserved, regaled them with meat and wine, and after taking their oath that they would never again bear arms against the mother-country, sent them back with an escort to their homes.

The campaign in the spring and summer of 1849, proved not less disastrous for the Ban and his Croats. One of his brigades was annihilated by Damjanich, at Szolnok, on the 5th of March; another met a similar fate at Tápio-Bicske, on the 4th of April; and on the sixth of the same month, he was defeated at the head of his corps by Klapka and Damjanich. Such repeated reverses induced the Ban to fall back upon his resources in Croatia; from whence he reäppeared in mid-summer, at the head of twenty thousand veterans, and commenced an advance upon Pesth between the Theiss and the Danube. Unfortunately, at Hegyes, he encountered a Hungarian force of some eight thousand men, under the Generals Vetter and Guyon, who gave him such a warm reception, that he retreated, with a severe loss of men and guns, in one forced march behind the Danube—a distance of about fifty miles.

The Grenzers are all foot-soldiers, being quite unfit for cavalry service. During the above-named campaign, the Austrians, having no hussars at their disposal, made an attempt to organize a regiment of them in Croatia. They so far succeeded, that eight hundred horses were equipped and mounted by as many men, who were called the Rauderial Hussars. The new cavalry were to gain their first laurels in the battle of Tápio-Bicske. When, on that day, the genuine hussars of Klapka were told whom they had to attack, they sheathed their swords, exclaiming, that they could put such scarecrows of troopers to flight with their fists. At the ensuing onset, two squadrons of the 1st Hussars did literally disperse eight escadrons of Croats. The prisoners taken in that dashing exploit were conducted as great curiosities through the Hungarian camp, and the horsemen from the Theiss and the Puszta could not comprehend the impudence of a Grenzer daring to mount a steed in hussar attire.

After this defeat, the Croatian hussars entirely disappeared from the scene of action.

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From the Leisure Hour.

AN OLD HOUSE IN COLOGNE.

Among the many historical objects of curiosity in Cologne, to which the professional cicerone seldom fails to conduct the sight-seeing traveller, is a goodly mansion, situated in the Sternengasse, and well known in the town by the name of Jabach House. The interior of the house is not usually shown to strangers; indeed, it contains no historical relics of the celebrated personages who once inhabited it, nor aught to satisfy the cravings of visual curiosity, the only gratification to be derived from an inspection of it being the association of ideas; for we naturally feel pleasure in contemplating even four bare walls, when we know that genius once resided within them, or fallen royalty underwent therein the bitter trials of poverty and deprivation.

The entrance to this mansion, like that of most of the larger houses in Cologne, consists of folding-doors, large enough to admit of the ingress of a carriage. Immediately over the door, in a kind of frame, is the bust of a man, carved in oak, which at once arrests the attention of the passer-by, the more so as he does not fail to recognize, at the first glance, the large bonnet so intimately connected with the well-known portrait of Rubens. On each side of the doorway is an inscription in German, engraved on a tablet of stone, let into the wall.

That on the left is as follows:

"On the 29th of June, 1577, being the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, Peter Paul Rubens was born in this house, and baptized in the parish church of St. Peter's. He was the seventh son of his parents, who lived here nineteen years. His father was a senator at Antwerp for the term of six years. On account of religious troubles he fled to Cologne, where he died in 1587. He was buried with great pomp in St. Peter's church. Our Peter Paul Rubens, the German Apelles, wished to see his birth-place, Cologne, once more, and with his own hand inaugurate, in the church where he was baptized, his celebrated picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, which had been ordered of him by our celebrated connoisseur of art, Eberhard Jabach, senator, but death overtook him, in Antwerp, on the 30th of May, 1640, in the sixty-third year of his age.

On the right hand we read:

"To this house fled Maria de Medicis, widow of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII. of France. She called Rubens from his dwelling in Antwerp to paint for her palace in Paris the principal epochs of her life. He completed the work in twenty-one large pictures; but she, persecuted by fate, died in Cologne on the third of July, 1642, aged sixty-eight years, in the very room where Rubens was born. Her heart was buried before the chapel of the three kings in the cathedral; her body was afterwards removed to St. Denis. Before she died she thanked the senate for the permission they had granted her to reside in Cologne, accompanying her thanks with honorable gifts, which the turmoils of revolutions have for the most part destroyed."

The events recorded in these inscriptions give an historical importance to the house that, according to some indefatigable truth-loving antiquaries, does not in reality belong to it. They were written in the early part of the present century by a learned antiquary, named Walraff, of considerable local fame, and whose name is associated with the museum of antiquities, which he founded and bequeathed to his native city.

His enthusiastic patriotic zeal has prompted him to speak of *our* Rubens, and the *German* Apelles—titles which the patriots of Antwerp will not be so willing to concede to the great painter. We are indebted also to the same zealous patriotism for the information that Marie de Medicis died in the *very same chamber* in which Rubens was born. The fact, if true, lends a greater interest to this historical monument; but in reality there is so little foundation in history for the assertion, that even the identity of the house itself, as we have said, is a matter of dispute—the official documents of Cologne mentioning only the name of the street. Tradition, however, often the surest guide in such matters, has fixed upon the house in question as the scene of the recorded events, and, as the contrary has not yet been proved, we may say with the learned antiquary himself, on being asked what was his authority for fixing on this particular house, "We must take it for granted."

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The founder of the Flemish family of Rubens was Bartholomew Rubens, an Austrian, who was in the suite of the Emperor Charles V. After the coronation of the emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle, he followed his court to Brussels, and remained in the Netherlands.

The character and excellent qualities of his son, John Rubens, the father of our great painter, were duly set forth in an inscription on his tombstone in St. Peter's at Cologne. Though engraved on stone, it exists at present only on the more durable monument of paper, the gravestone having been demolished on the removal of the floor of the choir some years ago. Besides the facts mentioned in the inscription on Jabach House, it informs us that he was a distinguished lawyer, and had travelled through France and Italy, to cultivate his mind and enlarge the sphere of his knowledge; and that he enjoyed the esteem of his countrymen for his probity, and the high sense of justice which he displayed as a member of the senatorial college. Also, that the monument was erected to his memory by Maria Pypeling, his wife, after a happy union of twenty-six years. In the tranquillity of his retreat at Cologne, surrounded by every domestic comfort, he devoted the considerable energies of his mind to the education of his family and the cultivation of the fine arts, which his ample fortune and extensive knowledge enabled him to do with great success, and a large portion of his wealth to the alleviation of misery and affliction among the poor of his adopted city. Such a father was not likely to be long in discovering nor backward in fostering the extraordinary talent of his youngest son, whose genius for painting already showed itself, as well as those general powers of mind which *did* make him a great diplomatist, and would have made him a great man, in whatever career he might have chosen as their sphere of action. Peace having been restored to the Netherlands, after the siege of Antwerp by the Duke of Parma, the mother of Rubens, a year after the death of her husband, returned to her native city with her whole family.

Rubens was not long in rising to distinction. His predilection and genius for painting raised him to be the greatest artist of his age, but did not prevent his devoting himself to science and learning, and those lesser accomplishments and graces which are requisite to form the complete gentleman. So great was his success, that his patrons scarcely knew which to admire in him most —the painter, the scholar, or the courtier. He gained the unbounded confidence of the Spanish grandees in the Netherlands, and was especially protected by the Infanta, Isabella Clara Eugenia, with whom he was so great a favorite that she recommended him to King Philip, her nephew, with high encomiums on his excellent qualities and extraordinary talents.

Rubens was appointed secretary to the royal special council of the Netherlands; and the ability with which he filled the post soon reached the ears of Philip. The road to the highest official appointments lay open before him, but he was without political ambition; and no temptation could withdraw him from his easel, to which he devoted all the time that he could spare from his duties as secretary. He infused a new spirit into the painting of the Netherlands, and sought to lead his countrymen from their too servile imitations of others. Of too original a mind to be an imitator himself, he executed the conceptions of his own expanded intellect; and instead of following the public taste, he formed it. His pupils followed his instructions as implicitly as servants the orders of a master; and thus was formed the celebrated Flemish school, of which he may be considered the patriarch.

Philip had an important mission to the court of England, which could only be confided to a man of rank and capacity, well acquainted with the politics of Spain and its relation to foreign countries. Among all his ministers and grandees there was not one in whom he did not discover some failing or other, when he accidentally cast his eyes on one of the official documents of the special council, which recalled to his mind all that he had heard of the sound sense and practical knowledge of business which its secretary possessed. "That is the man for my purpose," exclaimed the king, half aloud, and immediately gave the order for the drawing up of the official appointment to the post.

Rubens fulfilled the mission to the perfect satisfaction of his royal master, who, as a reward for his services, made him a knight of the empire. Charles I., with whom he had concluded peace between the crowns of Spain and England, made him considerable presents, dubbed him a knight, and gave him, in presence of the parliament, his own sword, and a ring which he drew from his finger.

Cologne possesses two master-pieces by the hand of Rubens. The one, a Holy Family, as it is termed, in the excellent private col-

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lection of Herr Weyer, in which the painter has represented the members of his own family; the other is the Crucifixion of St. Peter, forming the altar-piece of the church dedicated to that apostle.

The latter celebrated picture was one of the last, if not the very last, executed by the renowned maestro. After his death it was purchased by an agent of Herr von Jabach, for the sum of 1200 Brabantine florins, and brought to Cologne. Of its merits there are several conflicting opinions; but this is not the place to enter into a discussion of them. It was carried off to Paris by the French at an early period of the Revolution, when a miserable copy supplied its place in Cologne. After remaining in Paris nearly twenty years, it was restored to its original position through the active patriotism (or the vandalism, according to M. Denon, then conservateur of the museum in Paris) of a distinguished citizen of Cologne, Herr von Groote, at that time an officer in the allied army. At present both copy and original are exposed to view—the former at all times, the latter only on great festivals, and then the purses of the curious are especially opened for the purpose.

From the year 1635 Rubens suffered much from the gout, which, becoming gradually worse, compelled him to renounce the service of the state, and the execution of many artistical works he had projected, and which finally put an end to his brilliant and prosperous career.

Let us now turn to the other celebrated and less fortunate inhabitant of Jabach House. Strange, indeed, is the contrast that the lives of these two personages form! The one going forth into the world from the house of his birth to gain riches, honors, and a renown more lasting and brilliant than all the regal pomp and pride of the days of her prosperity could gain for her with whose name he is here associated; the other an unwilling exile, both from the land of her birth and that of her adoption, separated from her friends, quitting regal power and the splendors of a court, to die in the same house, surrounded by strangers, amid the deprivations of an almost abject poverty! The decrees of an all-wise Providence appear hard sometimes to short-sighted mortals; and yet, if our sympathy with the present sufferings of the unfortunate did not lead us to cast a veil of oblivion over the errors of the past, we should but too often confess that the sufferers from adverse fortune are in reality but the victims of their own imprudence and misconduct.

Our space does not allow us to follow the occurrences of Marie de Medicis' eventful and dramatic life, nor to trace the workings of an ambition too great for the strength of her mind, nor to enumerate her many imprudent and violent actions; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the little that is known of her last days as passed in Jabach House.

Banished from France by the influence and intrigues of Richelieu, Marie de Medicis alternately took refuge in England, Belgium and Germany. In London, where she remained three years, she received from Charles I. the munificent sum of a hundred pounds a day, for the maintenance of her rank—a liberality but ill repaid by the French court some time afterwards. Henriette, daughter of Henri IV., and widow of Charles, was suffered to linger in poverty in an attic of the Louvre; and, while waiting for her miserable pittance, was compelled, in the winter, to lie in bed to supply the place of fuel which she was unable to purchase.

It is a strange anomaly in the human character—but no less strange than true—that men are always most vindictive towards those whom they have most deeply wronged. The vengeance of Richelieu, not satisfied with the banishment of its victim from France, followed her into exile; and Charles I., who resisted Cromwell with such tenacity, and Philip, King of Spain, found themselves too weak to oppose the demands of the all-powerful minister; accordingly they withdrew from the mother of their respective queens the pecuniary aid they had hitherto afforded her.

In Antwerp, it was the house of Rubens that afforded a refuge to the persecuted queen; and his reception of her was such as might be expected from a man of so noble and generous a mind.

Marie de Medicis arrived at Cologne on the 28th February, 1642; and though Rubens had been dead nearly two years, it was, doubtless, in consequence of his recommendation that she took up her abode in the house that had once afforded his own family a safe refuge. The passions which had led herself and others into misfortune had been subdued by time and adversity, and she lived at Cologne in the most retired seclusion, occupied only with the remembrance of her past glory, and with the contemplation of a future life. But, alas! these preparations were clouded and defiled with an unscriptural superstition. Her only intercourse with strangers was with the nuns of a neighboring convent, whom she visited with the

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express permission of the Pope, and with whom she passed much of her time.

To this convent of the "Holy Virgin Mary," in the Schnurgasse, she made during her life, and bequeathed in her testament, many expensive presents, among which was an image of the Virgin that she had had made in Brabant, and to which her erroneous devotions had constantly been paid in the chapel of Jabach House. This image was soon endowed by the superstitious with supernatural powers, and was supposed to be instrumental in bringing about the celebrated Peace of Westphalia, and became in consequence so celebrated, that, from far and near, pilgrims came to pay their devotions to it! It was called the image of Mercy; but the lower classes, ever prone to connect the spiritual (if we may use such a term in speaking of a gross superstition) with some outward and visible quality, called it the Black Mother of God in the Schnurgasse, the wood of which it was made having become black from age.

In the registers of the council at Cologne, we find several entries referring to the residence of Marie de Medicis in that town:

"April 9th, 1642. At the request of the queen dowager, the honorable council grants that for a few days two or three soldiers may mount guard before her majesty's house. The commissioners of war are ordered to leave the chains across the street locked till ten o'clock in the forenoon."

"April 21st. All the neighbors having complained of the inconvenience arising from the locking of the chains, Drs. Lennep and Cusemann are commissioned to communicate with the chamberlain of the queen dowager of France, to see what can be done for the removal of the cause of annoyance."

"April 25th. The post for the chain placed before the house of Widow Kollini shall be taken away on the removal of the queen dowager: the neighbors to be exhorted to patience by Doctors Lennep and Cusemann."

"May 2d. The serjeants to be informed that the honorable council will not permit the beating of drums in the vicinity of the queen dowager's house, or any thing else that may disturb her peace."

"July 4th, 1642. The queen dowager of France having departed this life yesterday, his imperial majesty and the crowns of Spain, France and England, to be informed of the same."

Marie de Medicis was attended on her death-bed by Fabius Chiusius, afterwards cardinal, who ascended the papal throne under the name of Alexander VII., but who was then resident nuncio at Cologne, and ambassador of the Pope to assist in bringing about the peace of Westphalia. He was also present, the day before her death, at the drawing up of her will and testament, which is still preserved in the Royal Library of Paris.

During the short period of her residence in Cologne, she won the esteem and respect of the citizens, and died deeply lamented by them, not only on account of her singular and heavy misfortunes, but for her excellent personal qualities.

"Thus perished," says Miss Pardoe, in her history of this unhappy queen, "in a squalid chamber, between four bare walls—her utter destitution having, as we have already stated, driven her to the frightful alternative of denuding the very apartment which was destined to witness her death-agony of every inflammable article it contained, in order by such means to prepare the scanty meal that she could still command—and on a wretched bed which one of her own lacqueys would, in her period of power, have disdained to occupy—childless, or worse than childless, homeless, hopeless, and heart-wrung—the haughty daughter of the Medici, the brilliant regent of France, the patroness of art, the dispenser of honors, and the mother of a long line of princes."

We know not what authority the gifted historian may have for those eloquent words, nor whether they are to be taken in a literal sense, or if a portion of the truth has been sacrificed for dramatic effect; but we scarcely know how to reconcile such abject poverty with many circumstances attendant upon her residence in Jabach House. The presents she made to the above-mentioned convent alone, to say nothing of those she gave to the town and to her own attendants, were of such value as to have rendered unnecessary the resorting to her furniture for a supply of fuel; though it may be urged, that as these presents were mostly articles used in the service of the Roman Catholic Church, she was influenced by superstitious motives, and might consider it a meritorious action to give away, as she imagined, for the benefit of the soul, that which would have amply supplied the necessities of the body. Nor can we suppose that the authorities of the town, who paid her such marked attention, or the wealthy and influential nuncio, who had frequent intercourse with her, would suffer her to remain in such utter destitution; and

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surely a chamberlain was superfluous in a household so reduced as not to be able to supply fuel for the preparation of a simple meal.

We do not undertake, however, to dispute the fact, and merely state that no mention is made of it in any of the documents to which we have had access in Cologne. Be it as it may, that she was reduced to comparative destitution is an indisputed fact; and this is quite sufficient to enlist our sympathies on behalf of the royal sufferer.

Marie de Medicis was buried in the cathedral of Cologne, between the chapel of the three kings and the high altar; but, on the 9th of February following, her body was removed, and taken to France by an embassy that journeyed to Cologne for the express purpose. Her heart alone remained in its original burial-place. A plate of copper covered the tomb, but it was torn up at the time of the French occupation of the town; and at present the copper nails which fastened it alone remain to point out the resting-place of a heart that was only free from suffering when it ceased to beat.

Her remains, together with those of her husband, Henry IV., and the hearts of Louis XIII. and XIV., having been rescued from the revolutionary violation of the royal tombs, were again deposited, in 1824, in the vaults of the church at St. Denis, near Paris. Her persecutors soon followed the unfortunate queen to the grave. Richelieu died in the same year, and her son, Louis XIII., in the following year, after having thanked the honorable council of Cologne, and presented them with a curiously-wrought image of the Virgin as a token of his gratitude for their kind reception of a mother whom he himself had suffered to die in a foreign country, amidst all the horrors of penury and neglect.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

SCRAPS FROM THE PEERAGE.

It is not uncommon to hear people speak of the House of Lords as a body of men almost wholly unconnected with the commercial and professional interests of the kingdom. But those who do so forget the very important fact that, with the exception of a few families of Norman extraction, who came over with the Conqueror, such as the Vernons, the Howards, the Talbots, Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Berkeleys, a very large proportion of the founders of existing peerages rose from the ranks of common every-day life, as merchants and respectable tradesmen. And so far from regarding this fact as a matter of disgrace, we are happy to state from our own experience, that many of the present possessors of the peerages are proud of the honorable achievements of their ancestors.

To bring out this point, I mean to lay before my readers some "Scraps from the Peerage," which, doubtless, will be found interesting to many of them.

For example, the Earl of Cornwallis is lineally descended from Thomas Cornwallis, formerly a merchant in Cheapside, and Sheriff of London in 1378. The Earl of Coventry is in direct descent from John Coventry, or de Coventry, mercer, and Lord Mayor of London in the year 1425, (and one of the executors of the celebrated Whittington.) The ancestor of the Earls of Essex was Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor of London in 1503; the first founder of the family of the Earls of Craven was a merchant tailor, and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Elizabeth. The noble house of Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham and Earl Fitz-William, was a certain Samuel Wentworth, (also called Fitz-William as being a natural son,) who was an Alderman of London and Sheriff in 1506. He was one of the retainers of the unfortunate Cardinal Wolsey, and was knighted by Henry VIII. for his attachment to that prelate when he was in misfortune. He built the greater part of the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft in the City. Lawrence de Bouvines was a Flemish tradesman, who, having married the only daughter of a silk mercer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, came to London in the reign of Elizabeth, and settling down as a merchant in Thames street, laid the foundations of the noble house of Radnor. The

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present Earl of Warwick is lineally descended, not from the great "kingmaker" of that name in the reign of Edward IV., but from a certain humble William Greville, a citizen of London, and "flower of the woolstaplers," in the time of James I., who was himself the grandson of Richard Rich, of the city of London, who executed the office of Sheriff of that city in 1441. The Earl of Dartmouth acknowledges as the founder of his family a certain Thomas Legge, who was Sheriff of London in the eighteenth, and Lord Mayor in the twenty-first and twenty-eighth years of the reign of Edward III. The Earl of Craven, in a like manner, looks up to Sir William Craven, Knight and Lord Mayor of London in 1611. The grandfather of the first Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, was brought up as an apprentice under the Rowland Hill whom we mention below, and by marrying his niece, came in for a great portion of his estate, and finally became Lord Mayor of London in the first year of Elizabeth's reign. William Paget, from whom the Marquis of Anglesey derives his blood, was the son of a plain serjeant-at-mace, in the city of London. Thomas Coventry, the grandson of the John Coventry mentioned above, was a member of the Inner Temple, and eventually rose in the law till he became Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles I. One Thomas Bennett, a mercer, who served the office of Sheriff of London in 1594, and was Lord Mayor in 1603, laid the foundations of the family of the Earls of Tankerville, who are lineally descended from him. The ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret was Richard Fermor, or Fermour, who having amassed a splendid fortune as a citizen in business at Calais, came to England, suffered attaint under Henry VIII., and did not recover his property till the fourth year of Edward VI.'s reign. The Earl of Darnley owes the first elevation of his family to John Bligh, a London citizen, who was employed as agent to the speculations in the Irish estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1641. "Plain John" Cowper, an alderman of Bridge Ward, and Sheriff in 1551, was the ancestor of the Earls Cowper, of Panshanger. The Earl of Romney, too, is descended from another alderman of London, one Thomas Marsham, a jeweller in Threadneedle street, who died in 1624. Lord Dacres' ancestor, Sir Robert Dacres, was banker to Charles I., and although he lost £80,000 through the misfortunes of that monarch, he left a princely fortune to his descendants. Lord Dormer, too, is descended from Sir Michael Dormer, Lord Mayor of London in 1541, and Lord Petre from Sir William Petre, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Ward's ancestor was one William Ward, who made a large fortune as a goldsmith in London, and was jeweller to Henrietta, the Queen Consort of Charles I. Sir Rowland Hill, who was Lord Mayor in the reign of Edward VI., was the ancestor of the families of Lord Berwick and Lord Hill, and of "all the Hills of Shropshire." And perhaps still more wonderful than all, the family of Osborne, Duke of Leeds and Marquis of Carmarthen, trace up their pedigree to one Edward Osborne, who was apprenticed to Sir William Hewitt, an alderman and pinmaker, living on old London Bridge, in the days of Elizabeth, and whose only daughter he gained in marriage by a romantic adventure, having saved her life by jumping into the Thames after her. Thomas Osborne, the first Duke of Leeds, it is said, showed his strong good sense, by being more proud of the circumstance of his ancestor having acquired wealth and station by his honesty and intrepid spirit than he was of any of the subsequent services of his family during the civil wars; and on one occasion he related to King Charles II. the whole story of Sir William's daughter and the brave apprentice, with an air of conscious pride which did honor to his feelings. Two more recent instances of the same kind have occurred in our own day, in the elevation of Mr. Alexander Baring, formerly head of the great city house of Baring, Brothers, to the peerage, in 1835, by the title of Lord Ashburton; and again in the still more recent promotion of Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd, the wealthy banker of Lothbury, to the dignity of Lord Overstone.

As to the legal profession, it is wonderful to observe how many peerages it has been rewarded with. To this beginning the Earldoms of Aylesford, Mansfield, Ellenborough, Guildford, Hardwicke, Shaftesbury, Cardigan, Clarendon, Bridgewater, (now extinct,) Ellesmere, Rosslyn, besides other inferior peerages, such as those of Lords Tenterden, Abinger, Wynford, Thurlow, Eldon, Cottenham, and Cowper, owe their ennoblement. The first Lord Somers was the son of a plain attorney of the city of Worcester, and gained his title from William III. by defending the nonjuring bishops under James II., and by expounding the measures of that unfortunate monarch as virtually amounting to an abdication, at a conference between the two Houses of Parliament. The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham confesses that he owes the latter title partly to the abilities of

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Christopher Hatton, who began life as a humble student of law, at one of the Inns of Court, and was eventually made Lord Chancellor, and created Viscount Hatton by Queen Elizabeth, and partly to Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, who married Elizabeth, daughter of a London merchant, named Daniel Harvey. And to come to our days, some of the brightest ornaments of the peerage are men who, like Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Denman, Lord Langdale, Lord Truro, Lord Cranworth, Lord Campbell, and Lord St. Leonard's, have started life among the middle ranks of society, but have risen to the highest honors in the land by abilities and industry of which not only they themselves but the nation at large may well be proud. The father of Lord Lyndhurst was a portrait painter, who came and settled in this country from America. The father of Lord Brougham was a plain country gentleman in Cumberland. The late Lord Langdale began life as a surgeon, and went to the bar when he was of middle age. Lord Truro started as an attorney. "Plain John Campbell," in spite of having won the peerage for his wife, and another for himself, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman at Cupar, in Fifeshire; and so poor was he as a young man, that some time after he was called to the bar, he used to walk from county town to county town when on circuit, because he could not afford the luxury of posting. The father of the present Lord St. Leonard's (better known as Sir Edward Sugden) is well remembered as a tradesman in Oxford street or Holborn, (we forget which,) and saddle-maker to his Majesty George III.

From the Leisure Hour.

THREE VISITS TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES, 1705, 1806, 1840.

FROM THE FRENCH.

On the 9th of May, 1705, the soldiers of the Hôtel des Invalides were ranged in line in the great Court of Honor. It was touching to see two thousand brave fellows, all more or less mutilated in war, pressing round the banners which they had won in many a bloody fight. Amongst these victims of war might be seen soldiers of all ages. Some had fought at Fribourg or Rocroy; others at the passage of the Rhine, or the taking of Mäestricht; a few of the oldest had assisted in the capture of La Rochelle, under Cardinal Richelieu, while one or two could even remember the battle of Mariendal under Turenne. But all alike appeared happy and pleased, waiting for the coming of Louis XIV., who had announced his intention of visiting for the first time these, as he called them, "glorious relics of his battalions."

At length, surrounded by a magnificent *cortège* of guards and nobles, the royal carriage approached; and, with that delicate courtesy so well understood by the king, the troops in attendance were ordered to sheathe their swords and fall back, as he entered the gateway. "M. de Breteuil," said the monarch to the captain of his guard, "the king of France has no need of an escort when he finds himself in the midst of his brave veterans."

Followed by the Dauphin, the Marquis de Louvais, and other distinguished personages, Louis carefully inspected the invalids, pausing now and then to address a few kind words to those whom he recognized. One very young lad chanced to attract the king's attention. His face was very pale, and he seemed to have received a severe wound in the neck.

"What is your name?" asked Louis.

"Maurice, Sire."

"In what battle were you wounded?"

"At Blenheim, Sire."

At that word the brow of Louis darkened.

"Under what marshal did you serve?"

"Sire, under Monseigneur de Tallard."

"Messieurs de Tallard and de Marsein," said the monarch, turning to Louvais, "can reckon a sufficient number of glorious days to efface the memory of that one. Even the sun

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is not without a spot." And again addressing the young soldier, he said, "Are you happy here?"

"Ah! Sire," replied Maurice, "your Majesty's goodness leaves us nothing to wish for."

The Marshal de Grancey, governor of the establishment, advanced and said: "Sire, behold the fruits of your beneficence! Before your accession, the defenders of France had no asylum: now, thanks to your Majesty, want or distress can never reach those who have shed their blood for their country. And if that which still runs through our veins can do aught for the safety or glory of our king, doubtless we will yet show our successors what stout hearts and willing hands can do."

Once more Louis looked around, and asked in a loud voice: "Well, my children, are ye happy here?"

Till that moment etiquette and discipline had imposed solemn silence; but when the king asked a question, must he not be answered? So two thousand voices cried together: "We are! we are!—Long live the king! Long live Louis!"

Accompanied by the governor and a guard of honor chosen from amongst the invalids, the monarch then walked through the establishment. The guard consisted of twenty men, of whom ten had lost a leg, and ten an arm, while the faces of all were scarred and seamed with honorable wounds. One of them, while serving as a subaltern at the battle of Berengen, threw himself before his colonel in time to save him, and receive a *ricochet* bullet in his own leg. Another at the age of seventy-five was still a dandy, and managed to plait a *queue* with three hairs which yet remained on the top of his head. In one of the battles his arm was carried off by a bullet. "Ah, my ring! my ring!" cried he to a trumpeter next him—"go get me my ring!" It had been a present from a noble lady; and when the trumpeter placed it in his remaining hand, he seemed perfectly contented.

The royal procession quitted the Hôtel amid the saluting of cannon and the shouting of the inmates; and the next day; in order to commemorate the event, the following words were engraved on a piece of ordnance:—"Louis the Great honored with his august presence, for the first time, his Hôtel des Invalides, on the 9th May, 1705."

II.

On the afternoon of the 1st September, 1806, Napoleon mounted his horse, and quitted St. Cloud, accompanied only by his grand marshal, his aide-de camp, Rapp, and a page. After enjoying a brisk gallop through the Bois de Boulogne, he drew up at the gate of Maillot, and dismissed his attendants, with the exception of Rapp, who followed him into the avenue of Neuilly. Galloping by the spot where the triumphal arch was then beginning to rise from its foundations, they reached the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and proceeded towards the Hôtel des Invalides. There Napoleon stopped and gazed at the splendid edifice, glowing in the beams of the setting sun.

"Fine! very fine!" he repeated several times. "Truly Louis XIV. was a great king!" Then addressing Rapp, he said, "I am going to visit my invalids this evening. Hold my horse—I shall not stay long." And throwing the bridle to his aide-de-camp, Napoleon passed beneath the principal gateway. Seeing a man dressed in a military hat, and with two epaulettes badly concealed by his half-buttoned *redingote*, the sentry supposed him to be a superior officer, and allowed him to pass without question.

Crossing his arms on his chest, the visitor, having reached the principal court, stopped and looked around him. Suddenly the conversation of two invalids coming out of the building attracted his attention. In order to listen, he walked behind them, regulating his pace by theirs, for they walked very slowly. These two men seemed bowed down with years. The least feeble of them led his companion, and as they tottered on, he looked anxiously around.

"Jerome," said the eldest, in a husky voice, "do you see him coming?"

"No, father; but never mind! I'll read him a lecture which he won't forget in a hurry—careless boy that he is!"

"But, Jerome, we must make some allowance for him—we were once young ourselves. Besides, I dare say he thought my prayers would not be finished so soon this evening—the boy has a kind heart."

Napoleon stepped forward, and addressing the old men, said, "Apparently, my friends, you are waiting for some one?"

The youngest looked up and touched his hat, for he saw the gleam of the epaulettes.

"Yes, colonel," replied he, "my father Maurice and I have been waiting for my truant son. He knows well that his grandfather requires the support of his arms to reach the dormitory, as one of mine is——" Here he shook his empty sleeve.

"You are a brave fellow!" said the empe-

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ror, "and your son has done wrong. But how came your father," he continued, as they walked along, "to remain so late out?"

"Because, colonel, he always devotes the afternoon of the 1st of September to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the king, under whom he formerly served."

"What king was that?"

"His late majesty, Louis XIV.," said the old man, who had not before joined in the conversation.

"Louis XIV!" repeated Napoleon, in astonishment. "Where can you have seen him?"

"Here, in this place; he spoke to me, and I answered," said Maurice, grandly.

"How old are you?"

"If I live till Candlemas, colonel, I shall be one hundred and twenty-one years old."

"A hundred and twenty-one years!" cried the emperor. And taking the old man's arm, he said kindly, "Lean on me, old comrade, I will support you."

"No, no, colonel, I know too well the respect——"

"Nonsense! I desire it." And the emperor gently placed the arm within his own, although the veteran still resisted.

"Come, father," said Jerome, "do as the colonel orders you, or else the end of your politeness will be, that you'll have a fine cold to-morrow. And then this young Cyprien is not coming yet!"

"You must have entered this Hôtel while very young?" said Napoleon, as they walked along.

"Yes, colonel; I was but eighteen when I fought at Freidlingen, and the next year, at Blenheim, I received a wound in my neck which disabled me, and obtained for me the favor of entering here."

"It was not a favor," interrupted Napoleon—"it was a right."

"I have lived here upwards of a hundred years. I was married here, and I have seen all my old comrades pass away. But, although there are only young people now in the Hôtel, I am very happy since my children came to join me."

"M. Jerome," said Napoleon, "how old are you?"

"Going on ninety-one, colonel; I was born in 1715."

"Yes," said his father, "the very year that his late majesty Louis XIV. died. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday."

"What battles have you been in, my friend?"

"At Fontenoy, colonel, at Lamfedl, at Rosbach, at Berghen, and at Fribourg. It was in the last battle I lost my arm. I came here in the year 1763, in the time of Louis XV."

"That poor king," said Napoleon, as if speaking to himself, "who signed a shameful treaty that deprived France of fifteen hundred leagues of coast."

"And for the last forty-three years," said Maurice, "Jerome has watched me like a good and dutiful son. Pity that *his* should be so forgetful!"

"Well," said Napoleon, "I will do my best to supply M. Cyprien's place. At your age, it is not good to be under the night air."

"Here he comes at last!" cried Jerome.

The emperor looked with some curiosity at this wild boy, for whose youth allowance was to be made, and saw to his astonishment an invalid of some sixty years old, with two wooden legs, but one eye, and a frightfully scarred face, advancing towards them as quickly as his infirmities would permit. Jerome began to reproach his truant son, but the latter interrupted him by holding up a flask, a piece of white bread, and a few lumps of sugar. "See," he said, "it was getting these things that delayed me. I knew grandfather would like a draught of warm wine and sugar after his long stay out; so I went to my old friend Colibert, and persuaded him to give me his allowance of wine in exchange for my mounting guard in his place to-morrow."

"Well, well," said Jerome, "that was thoughtful of you, my boy, but meantime we should have been badly off but for the kindness of this noble colonel, who has made your grandfather lean on him."

Cyprien saluted the emperor, whom, in the increasing darkness, he did not recognize, and said: "Now then, Sir, with your permission, I will resume my post."

"And an honourable one it is," said Napoleon. "Pray, in what engagement were you wounded?"

"At the battle of Fleurus, colonel, gained against the Austrians by General Jourdan, now marshal of the empire. A volley of grape-shot knocked out my eye, and carried off both my legs at the same time. "But," added Cyprien, striking his powerful chest, "my heart was not touched, nor my stomach either, and they have both, I hope, some good days' work in them yet."

Napoleon smiled. "The battle of Fleurus," he said, "was fought, I think, in 1794?"

"Yes, colonel."

"That was already in Bonaparte's time," remarked Maurice.

"Grandfather," replied Cyprien, "please

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to say the Emperor Napoleon the Great; that is his proper title."

"In the time of his late majesty Louis XIV.——"

"Ah, grandfather," interrupted Cyprien, impatiently, "we're tired of hearing about that monarch of the old *régime*, who used to go to war in a flowing wig and silk stockings! He's not to be mentioned in the same year with the emperor, who dresses and lives like one of ourselves. Is it not so, colonel?"

Napoleon knitted his brows, and answered coldly: "You are mistaken, M. Cyprien; Louis XIV. was a great king! It was he who raised France to the first rank amongst the nations of Europe; it was he who first marshalled 400,000 soldiers on land, and one hundred vessels on the sea. He added to his dominions Roussillon, Franche-Comté, and Flanders; he seated one of his children on the throne of Spain; and it was he who founded this Hôtel des Invalides. Since Charlemagne, there has not been a king in France worthy of being compared to him!"

This eulogium on the monarch whom he almost idolized caused the dim eyes of old Maurice to sparkle; he tried to straighten himself, and said in a broken voice: "Bravo! bravo! Ah! colonel, you are worthy to have served his late majesty Louis XIV. Had you lived in his time, he would have made you a field-marshal!"

Somewhat abashed, Cyprien stammered out, "Excuse me, colonel; but you know I never knew this king of grandfather's. I only heard him spoken of by some of the oldest men here."

"And those who spoke disrespectfully of him," said Napoleon, "did wrong. *Here*, at all events, the memory of Louis XIV. ought to be venerated."

At the moment, lights appeared at the end of the court, a sound of voices was heard, and many persons approached. Rapp had waited a long time on the spot where the emperor had left him; but when it became dark, and his master did not return, he grew uneasy, and giving the horses in charge to a soldier, he entered the Hôtel, and told the governor, Marshal Serrurier, that the emperor had been for the last hour *incognito* within the walls. The news spread quickly among the officers; they hastened to look for their beloved master, and found him on the terrace conversing with his three companions.

At the cries of "Here he is! long live the emperor!" Cyprien, fixing his eye attentively on the supposed colonel, suddenly recognized him, and clasping his hands, exclaimed: "Ah! Sire, pardon me. Father, grandfather—this is the emperor himself!"

"*You* the emperor, colonel!" cried the two old men.

"Yes, my children," replied Napoleon, kindly holding each by an arm, in order to prevent them from kneeling, "although much younger than you, I am your father, and the father of every soldier who has fought for the honor of France!"

At that moment, Rapp, the governor, and their attendants, came up and saluted Napoleon. With a stern look, he said to his aide-de-camp, in an under-tone, "You should have had patience to wait." Then, turning to the others in an affable manner, he said: "Approach, marshal and gentlemen; help me to recompense three generations of heroes. These brave men," pointing to Maurice, Jerome, and Cyprien, "have fought in three glorious battles—Freidlingen, Racours, and Fleurus. Marshal," to Serrurier, "lend me your cross; you shall have one in its stead to-morrow," he added, smiling. "Give me yours also, Rapp."

Having received the two crosses, Napoleon gave one to Jerome, the other to Cyprien; and then taking off his own, he fastened it on the breast of the venerable Maurice, saying, at he did so, "My old comrade, I regret that I did not sooner discharge this debt which France owes you."

"Long live the emperor! long live the emperor!" shouted all present.

"Sire," said old Maurice, in a voice trembling with rapture, "you have made the remainder of life happy to me and my children."

"My brave fellow," replied Napoleon, giving his hand, which the old man seized and pressed respectfully with his lips; "I repeat that I am only discharging a debt which our country owes you."

Meantime the news had spread throughout the Hôtel that the emperor was there. All the inmates, disregarding rules and discipline, came out of their rooms, and rushed into the court, crying out, "Long live the emperor!"

In a moment Napoleon found himself surrounded by a crowd of eager veterans, each trying who could get nearest to his beloved general.

"My emperor!" cried one, "I was with you at Toulon!" "And I at the passage of St. Bernard!" "And I at Trebia!" "You spoke to me at Aboukir!" "I shared my bread with you at Roveredo!" "I picked up your hat at Marengo!" "I was at Austerlitz!" etc., etc.

Napoleon smiled at the reminiscences of these extempore Xenophons, and tried to

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answer each individually, inquiring whether they were content with their position, or wished for any thing with which he could supply them.

At length Napoleon took leave of the governor; and the crowd opening, respectfully made way for him to pass to the gate. Rapp had sent back the horses, and ordered a carriage with an escort of dragoons to be in attendance. The emperor got in with his aide-de-camp, while the echoes of the Seine resounded with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"This has been one of the happiest evenings in my life!" he said to Rapp. "I should like well enough to pass the remainder of my days in the Hôtel des Invalides."

"Then I," replied the aide-de-camp, with his usual frankness, "should like to be assured of dying and being buried there."

"Who knows?" said Napoleon; "that may happen; and I myself—who knows——" He did not finish the sentence, but fell into a profound reverie, which lasted during the remainder of the drive.

III.

On the 15th of December, 1840, a funeral-car, covered with crowns of laurel, preceded by the banner of France, and followed by the surviving relics of her forty armies, passed slowly beneath the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile. The sarcophagus it bore contained the mortal spoils of him who, in the space of fifteen years, had well-nigh conquered the world. The dead Napoleon was thus tardily borne to his place beneath that dome raised for the shelter of heroes.

Late in the evening, when the crowd had slowly dispersed, when the murmur of its thousand mournful voices was hushed, when the solitude was complete, and the silence unbroken, an invalid, a centegenarian, almost blind, and walking on two wooden legs, entered the chapel where reposed the body of Napoleon. Supported by two of his comrades, he reached with difficulty the foot of the imperial catafalque. Taking off his wooden legs in order to kneel down, he bent his venerable head on the steps; and presently, mingled with sobs, he uttered in broken accents the words, "Emperor! father!"

At length his companions succeeded in drawing him away; and as he passed out, the superior officers of the Hôtel respectfully saluted the old man. He who thus came to render his last homage to his master was Cyprien, the grandson of father Maurice.

From Tait's Magazine.

A NIGHT WITH THE LORDS.

Amongst the sights of London surely may be reckoned the Chamber of Peers—fallen from its high estate, but still existing as a potent institution in this self-governing country and democratic age. Of course it is usual to sneer at the peers: we all do so; and yet we would move heaven and earth to be seen walking arm in arm with a peer, no matter how old or vicious he be, on the sunny side of Pall Mall. We all say the peers must give way to the Commons, and yet we all know that half the latter are returned by the former, and that you can no more succeed in contesting a county against its lords and landlords, than you can hope to fly in the air, or to walk on the sea. Hear a pot-house orator on the House of Peers, you would think it the most indefensible establishment imaginable. But is it so? Ask Exeter Hall; that truly British institution is in raptures with the whole British peerage. A lord at a Bible-meeting, a lord stammering a few unconnected common-places about the propagation of Christianity in foreign parts or the conversion of the Jews; a lord denouncing the Pope, or anticipating the coming of the millennium, is a sight dear to the British public—sneer at the lords as you will. Expatiate on the manifest absurdity of supposing that they are wiser and better than other people; say, what every one knows and thinks, that you cannot transmit brains as you can the family spoons, and that therefore the idea involved in hereditary peerage is a lie; nevertheless, the House of Peers still continues a great fact. And it is a gorgeous fact as well. The apartments of the Commons are poor and mean compared with the

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chamber, all resplendent with crimson and gold, where the lords meet. As you enter the central hall in the new Houses of Parliament, the passage to the right leads you to the Lords. We will suppose you have got an order—any peer can give you one—and as the house commences its sitting at five, and there is plenty of room in the gallery, you may take your time, almost as freely as the celebrated Miss Lucy Long herself. Passing the lobby, you soon find your way into the house, the magnificent adorning of which will be sure to excite your utmost admiration. Some may say it is too gaudy, every thing pertaining to the chamber is so richly decorated; but it is very fine; and when Parliament is opened by Majesty in person, and the house is crowded with all the great men of our land, and the galleries blaze with beauty and diamonds, the effect must be, as it has always been described, imposing in the extreme. On ordinary evenings, however, nothing of this splendor is visible; the house has a deserted air; an assembly of a dozen or twenty is a very fair muster; a debate of a couple of hours is generally considered as unusually exciting and fierce. The best description of a debate in the Lords we have ever read is that by Disraeli, in the "Young Duke." We quote the passage:—"The Duke of St. James took the oaths and his seat. He was introduced by Lord Pompey. He heard a debate. We laugh at such a thing, especially in the Upper House, but on the whole the affair is imposing, especially if we take part in it. Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivey Seal seconded him with great effect—brief, but bitter, satirical, and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech, so inaudible that it was doubted after all whether the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the Premier, who, having nothing to say, was manly, and candid, and liberal; gave credit to his adversaries and took credit to himself, and then the motion was withdrawn. While all this was going on, some made a note, some made a bet, some consulted a book, some their ease, some yawned, a few slept. Yet, on the whole, there was an air about the assembly which can be witnessed in no other in Europe. Even the most indifferent looked as if he would come forward if the occasion should demand him, and the most imbecile as if he could serve his country if it required him."

But let us look around us. We, the strangers, are up in a comfortable gallery at one end of a long, narrow, and rather dark chamber, along the sides of which are narrow windows of painted glass, and bronze statues of the barons of the olden time. In a smaller gallery, just beneath us, sit the parliamentary reporters. Exactly opposite us is the THRONE; its splendor we but faintly perceive, for it is veiled from vulgar eyes; but there it is—the very spot where Majesty sits, while around her are principalities and powers,—there the royal assent is given to laws which affect the weal or woe of an empire—there, with silvery voice, and faultless delivery, and perfect pronunciation, are spoken royal speeches, greedily bought up in second editions of the evening papers, and flashed along the electric wires to all the great cities of our own and the capitals of other lands. At present a few peers are leaning against the rails and chatting—that is all. A little below the throne is the purple velvet cushion—the object of so many a struggle—of so many a year of unflinching toil—of so many a defence of party spoken in another place—of so many a clever piece of intrigue. We mean the woolsack, on which sits the Lord Chancellor Cranworth. Greater men than himself have sat there. We live in a little age. Our great men are little men, after all. Our Lord Chancellor has never done what other Lord Chancellors have done, viz., wielded the fierce democracy of the lower house, shone unrivalled on the parliamentary arena, thundered from the platform, won fame by their daring, and acumen, and learning, and eloquence in every corner of the land. Indeed, he makes no pretensions to oratory or greatness of any kind. In this respect not at all resembling, or rather very much differing from, the extraordinary individual who has just darted on the woolsack, as if he would edge off the Chancellor and take his very seat. That individual we need not name: a glance at the nose and plaid trousers are sufficient. It must be my Lord Brougham and no one else. To no other

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man born of woman has nature vouchsafed the same power of universality. No other man would attempt to do what he is now doing, talking law with one man, politics with another, and scandal with a third, and all the while listening to the debate and qualifying himself to take a part in it. In the course of time we shall see him pursuing an erratic career in any part of the house except in that one part in which sit ministers and their supporters. Amongst their ranks Lord Brougham is never to be found. To the party in power he is always opposed. It is his pride that he never worships the rising sun. The Ex-Chancellor has never forgotten or forgiven the treatment he received, but it does not affect his health—it does not tinge his life with melancholy. He does not let consumption, like a worm in the bud, prey upon his damask cheek. His hair is a little grayer—his face is a little fatter—that is all the change the wear and tear of half a century of public life has produced—and of such a half century—the half century that waged war with France—triumphed at Waterloo—carried Reform—repealed the corn laws, and saw the birth of railways and the electric telegraph; a half century of more interest than any preceding age—the work and the excitement of which wore out our Romillys, Follets, and Horners, with premature decay. Yet Brougham still lives. Slightly altering Byron, we may say of him,—

Time writes no wrinkles on his brazen brow,
Such as the Edinburgh's dawn beheld, he wriggleth now.

Below the woolsack is a table, and on each side are ranged the orators and partisans of the two great sections which, under some name or other, always have existed and always will exist in our national history. The uninitiated call them Conservatives and Reformers—the wiser simply term them the men who are in office and the men who are not. The Government for the time being sits on the right hand of the Lord Chancellor, who acts as Speaker, and who has a far easier berth of it than Mr. Shaw Lefevre. The Lords are not long-winded, nor noisy; not passionate, and, like true Britons, always adjourn to dinner. Hence no post-prandial scenes are visible. In the small hours no patriots, smelling strongly of whiskey and water and cigars, expatiate to a wearied assembly on that ever-fertile theme, the wrongs and woes of the Green Isle. The lords, like Mr. Wordsworth's gods—

Approve the depth but not the tumult of the soul.

We can never fancy the House of Lords to be what you may sometimes take the House of Commons to be — a bear-garden or a menagerie. You miss the vulgarity of the one, and you also miss its excitement and earnestness—its cries of "question" and "divide," when some well-known bore is on his legs, and its long-resounding cheers when some favorite partisan sits down. All is staid, and correct, and proper, with the exception of a tirade from the Rupert of debate and some father in God on the Episcopal Bench. We would fain say a word about the Episcopal bench. One could hardly expect to find a minister of the self-denying and lowly Jesus of Nazareth sitting in a gorgeous house with the proudest and wealthiest of the English peers. You would expect to find these reverend gentlemen by the bedside of the sick, in the houses of the poor, combating with the vice and infidelity of the day; or else you would look for them in their studies, surrounded with stately folios; or in the midst of their clergy, reviving the faint-hearted, urging on the timid, counselling the young, and girding up the energies and hearts of all. You would expect to find them in the House of the Lord, rather than in the House of Lords. In short, anywhere but in the turmoil of party conflict. This, however, is not the case. The bishops are almost the first object that attracts your eye. They sit on benches by themselves, on the Government side, but beyond the ministerial bench. In the dark, religious light of the Upper House, you can scarcely make out what they are. You see venerable wigs, and black robes, and lawn sleeves; and, if you look sharp, you may, at times, catch the outline of a reverend face—most probably of the deep lineaments of Charles James of London, or of the pug nose and plebeian profile of Samuel of Oxford. They are very regular in their attendance, and frequently take part in the debate. Indeed, the latter bishop is a great man in the Lords, and so was Henry of Exeter, but his voice is seldom heard, and his name never mentioned now. The Archbishop of Canterbury is also pretty regular in his attendance. The other bishops do not muster quite so strongly. Half of them is a good attendance. It is to be hoped they are more profitably employed.

Coming lower down, our eyes rest on the men who carry on government and occupy the unenviable situation of Ministers of the Crown. Generally at the top of the bench

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is seated a slight, undersized, juvenile, red-haired Scot—that is the Duke of Argyle, who, in virtue of being a Duke and the husband of the daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, is Lord Privy Seal. His Lordship is as pert and ready as any forward youth in a debating-club, and has much of the appearance and manner of such a one. He gives you no great idea of hereditary statesmanship, the only quality conspicuous in him being a tolerable amount of modest assurance, perfectly natural to a peer who is an author, and has lectured at mechanics' institutions, and read papers before the British Association. A strong contrast is presented by the next illustrious personage—a severe, well-made, heavy, gray-haired man, who sits almost silent and sullen, as if he had no feelings, as if the debate was a sham, and he should be glad if it were over. We refer to

The travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen,

the best-abused man at this time in her gracious Majesty's dominions, but without whom, nevertheless, it is questionable whether the Queen's Government could be carried on. Unfortunately, Lord Aberdeen is not the man for the public. The public likes to be gammoned, and his Lordship cannot gammon. He is spare in words, cold and unimpassioned in delivery, and somewhat too indifferent to party attacks. The other ministers sit below him; they are none of them distinguished for oratorical power—one of the best of them is the good-tempered looking Earl Granville, who has managed to succeed better in the Upper House than he did in the Lower. He is a better speaker than his illustrious chief—has a more musical voice, and a less monotonous manner, and like him he aims at little effect as a speaker—like him, he never soars. The tall, thin, courtly Earl of Clarendon shines in comparison with them, as does also the Duke of Newcastle, who has fine intellectual features, and a commanding presence, and has that fluency of language so remarkable in all the prominent followers of the late Sir Robert Peel.

On the neighboring benches are seated discontented Whigs, overlooked in the scramble for place when the Coalition Ministry was formed, and who, therefore, view its proceedings with an impartial, but yet a jealous eye. Prominent amongst such is the sandy-looking, unamiable Earl Grey, who seems angry with himself and all the world, because he is lame, and has not the command of the colonies. Below the table are half-a-dozen benches, on which congregate a few peers till dinner-time. Here sits Earl Fitzwilliam—here also sits one of the most frightful bores in the house, Lord Monteagle, who always speaks, and, for a lord, cruelly long. That is the consequence of his having been in the Lower House. Never stop to hear him. As soon as you see his bald head, be off. Crossing to the opposition benches, the Earl of Derby fills the first place. We need not paint his portrait; the sharp aristocratic face—but feebly reflected in that promising young man, but unfortunate speaker, his son—is familiar to us all; there he is out of place. He has no fitting opponents. It was among the Commons that he won his laurels. Yet, at times, the old afflatus serves him, and his clear voice and fluent declamation are as bitter and terrible as when night after night he wrestled, as if for very life, with the brawny champion of Catholic Emancipation, and the somewhat too selfish, unscrupulous exponent of Irish wrongs. By his side is his trusty page, the inelegant and insipid Malmesbury, of whom, in a passing freak, the author of "Vivian Grey" not merely made a statesman, but actually Minister for Foreign Affairs. Higher up, facing the bench of bishops, sits a tall, thin gentleman, with a copious head of hair, and a force of gesticulation hardly English: that is the Earl of Ellenborough, in his own opinion hero, statesman, lawyer—all things by turns, and nothing long; in this respect, second only to Lord Brougham, who sits everywhere, speaks whenever he can, and whose Ciceronian eloquence, aided by a delivery more expressive than dignified, by gestures and tones at any rate vivacious, astonish the weak nerves of the spectators, and ofttimes puzzle the parliamentary reporters themselves. Few other notabilities do we see. Perhaps we may note near Lord Ellenborough the pale aristocratic form of that popular nobleman, the Earl of Shaftesbury. Disraeli makes one of his peers say, the House of Lords looks like a house of butlers. We think the satirist is unjust. At any rate the peers are well dressed. Hats, gloves, boots, and frock-coats are all unexceptionable. We need not say, in this respect, the House of Lords presents a very different appearance to the House of Commons. Yet the Lords need not be so particular about their "gorgeous array;" there are seldom more than half a dozen ladies present to admire and reward their display. The Lords are more polite than the Commons. Such ladies as are present take their seats in the gallery,

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where they can see and be seen; in the other house, as our readers know, the case is different. But even the ladies, we dare say, would not mind being treated as the Commons treat them, if the debates in the Lords were as good as in the Commons. If the peers did not dress so well and were not so excessively polite, but spoke better, no great harm would be done; but there's the difficulty. It is difficult for a polite man to be ill-bred, and to lose his temper, and say sharp things. In the House of Commons nothing is easier. Say something bitter, and you will have a murmur of applause—be savage, and at any rate your own party will cheer; but in the Lords you can't get up the semblance of earnestness. The whole thing seems too much like play—an apology for business, and that is all. No man can speak to twenty sleepy peers as he could to four or five hundred eager partisans. No man can be impressive in the bosom of his family—and the Lords are a family party, all connected, or nearly so; and if a stranger comes in, he soon apes the fashionable tone, and becomes as dull and apathetic as the rest. And why should a lord be otherwise? A lord is not more a lord for having brains—nor the less a lord for being without. Intellect, skill, oratory, are no helps—are unnecessary in an hereditary institution. Sir Robert Peel knew this, and lived and died a commoner. Chatham became comparatively a small man when he took a pension and a peerage. So was it with Walpole, when, meeting his old rival Pulteney, after they had both been raised to the peerage, he exclaimed, "Here we are, my Lord, the two most insignificant personages in Europe." The Upper House but registers the decision of the Lower—the business of the country is carried on elsewhere.

But while we have been looking at the house, the debate has closed. Lord Malmesbury has asked a question and made an attack. Lord Derby has uttered a few petulant remarks, to which Lord Aberdeen has made a cold and formal reply, to which some of the disappointed Whigs have added a little independent criticism on their own account. Two or three exquisites have been discussing little matters of their own, till they find that if they stop much longer they will be too late for Rotten Row, and the house merely waits for Lord Monteagle to sit down and go home. Happily his noble lordship is briefer than his wont, and the Lord High Chancellor declares the house adjourned. Rushing outside, we catch hasty glimpses of our hereditary legislators as they, in fashionable brougham or on splendid blood, start for their parks or respective Belgravian homes. We also, in more plebeian manner, do the same. We are sure the reader will have had enough of the lords for one night. He will have found out that they are not much better orators or speakers than other men—that even lords stammer, utter incoherent remarks, display poverty of ideas — and more, the great merit of a night in the lords is, that it is soon over. If the lords be dull, at any rate they are short. To be dull and long-winded is an offence against good-breeding of which few peers are guilty.

From the Eclectic Review.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.*

The names of the Gurneys, the bankers of Norwich and London, and that of their kinsman, the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, stand high in public estimation. These eminent men, along with their no less eminent relative, Elizabeth Fry, have won European and *American* fame by standing forward among the foremost in promoting the best works of our time; and they have helped to sow seeds of humanity so plentifully, that younger philanthropists are now enabled to follow out their benevolent designs with far less difficulty than they encountered. It is then right to hold them up as examples to others who are to be the instruments of doing even better things than they accomplished. The Gurneys are brilliant representatives, so to speak, of the Society of Friends,—a portion of the British people whose influence

* *The Memoirs of Joseph John Gurney: with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence.* Edited by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite. 2 vols. 8vo. Norwich: 1854.

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should be measured by character, not by numbers. It is not the least of the merits of these Memoirs that they present in striking lights the method by which a powerful mind contributed to direct the efforts of *Friends* towards special works of reformation; and the habit of that society, after deliberating upon some one object of improvement, to pursue it with the collective and individual zeal and prudence which so rarely fail of success.

Joseph John Gurney, the subject of these volumes, was one of the eleven children of John Gurney, a banker of Norwich, sprung from a younger branch of the ancient family of the Gurneys, or Gournays, powerful landowners in several counties, whose ancestors came from Normandy with the Conqueror. The story of that ancient family is told in a work* of even more historical than personal interest, from the pen of Mr. Daniel Gurney, the youngest of the eleven children of John Gurney, of Earlham. In the attractive forms of individual anecdotes and of pictorial illustrations, this volume presents the strangely diversified lives, and the fortress and rural homes, of this manly race, from old Hugh de Gournay, who, with his followers from his lordship of Brai, boldly encountered and mercilessly slew his adversaries,† down to Sir Thomas de Gournay, "a man of a savage and cruel disposition," who was one of the tormentors and assassins of Edward II. in Berkeley Castle, and was then chased by the subtle vengeance of Edward III. half over Europe, to his death at Bayonne;—from Francis Gurney, a prosperous merchant of London in the seventeenth century, to the princely provincial traders and bankers of Norwich of a later date;—from the more strongly-contrasted Gournai, of the Norman monastery of Bec, down to anti-Cromwellian puritans, and the Quakers and philanthropists of our time. Mr. Daniel Gurney has abstained, with good taste, from including in the Memoir the living members of his family, and from setting forth those advocates of peace and reformation in contrast with the daring warriors and the regicide barons of his remarkable race; but the portraits scattered through the volume strikingly attest its genuine type, and recall the kindly features with which we are all so well acquainted. He has, however, carefully recorded the progress of his forefathers in religious dissent, and enlarged with curious felicity upon the antiquity of the craft of banking and loans, to which the worthily employed wealth of their descendants is traceable. On this head a slight error in his historical sketch, of styling the founder of the Bank of England *Sir* William Paterson, instead of plain *William Paterson*, may be noticed the more properly, inasmuch as "Mr. John Gurney of Norwich" is a fellow-subscriber with a plain William Paterson to an early book on Commerce, "The British Merchant," along with Harley and Walpole, Addison and Steele, and a host of other historical names.

This "Record of the House of Gournay" ought to be published for general use, as a picture of our progress in civilization. What a contrast is here seen of the ravages of the barbarians who violated all the decencies of social life in the middle ages, to the happier influence of the members of the same family in our day! With equal energy of character at both periods, and probably an equal amount of wealth, according to the requirements of the times, the men of brute force a e the disturbers of society, the good and gentle its preservers and improvers.

The grandfather of John Gurney was one of the first *Friends;* and suffered in their religious persecutions in the time of Charles II. John Gurney, of Earlham, did not strictly maintain the habits of the *Friends;* but he respected that sect, and his wife, Catherine Bell, great-granddaughter to Barclay, author of the "Apology," became in her latter years, says the author of her son's memoirs, a decided *Friend.* She possessed superior talents, and her admirable qualities are fully described in the life of her highly-gifted daughter, Elizabeth Fry, one of the sisters of Joseph John Gurney. At her early death, leaving numerous young children, the eldest daughter, then but seventeen, took the place of her mother—a charge she proved singularly capable of. Joseph John Gurney was at that time under five years of age; but he had already received good religious impressions. "I have no doubt," he says in his journal, "that some seed was sown in my heart when I was little more than an infant, through the agency of my watchful mother; and that seed was sedulously cultivated by my dearest sister Catherine;" but he had no recollection of any decided turning-point in regard to religious impressions except what afterwards brought him to "*plain Quakerism.*" "I was by no means

* Record of the House of Gournay, compiled from original documents, by Daniel Gurney, Esq., F.S.A. 4to. London: Nichols. 1848. pp. 715. (For private distribution.)

† "Li vieil Hue de Gurnai, ensemble o li sa gent, de Brai. Mult e ocistrent et tuerent." Roman de Rou, par Wace. 2d Vol. pp. 241.

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insensible," he says, "in very early life to religious considerations; being no stranger, from the first opening of my mental faculties, to those precious visitations of Divine love which often draw the young mind to its Creator, and melt it into tenderness. If religion has indeed grown in me, (as I humbly believe it has, though amidst innumerable backslidings,) it has pretty much kept pace with the growth of my natural faculties; for I cannot now recall any decided turning-point in this matter, except that which afterwards brought me to plain 'Quakerism.'"

At eight or nine years old he was sent to a good classical school in Norfolk, kept by the Rev. John Henry Browne, a minister of the Church of England, and a pupil of Dr. Parr. When there, he regularly attended the Friends' meeting at Wymondham. In his Journal for January 6th, 1811, a curious passage indicative of changes known to have been long taking place in that body occurs, which marks his conscientious treatment of every thing, however trivial. "I have had," he writes, "some powerful doubts on my mind whether or not it was my duty to adopt the phraseology of Friends; whether in not doing it I was not paying something like a false tribute to other people. I desire that I may not drive away these or *any* other *scruples,* and *yet that* I may be *favored with a clear discernment of what is really my duty. At present, as such a step would involve large consequences,* and as the thing is not now very forcibly on my mind, I believe I may rest till I have more closely investigated the differences between Friends and others." At fifteen he went with a cousin, Gurney Barclay, to study at Oxford under the care of a very able tutor, John Rogers, who was employed in correcting the press at the Clarendon printing-house. The youths being dissenters, were not entered as members of the University. Joseph John Gurney had had come well grounded from school; and here he worked hard, and with extraordinary success, for two years, so as to lay the foundation of that superior scholarship for which he was afterwards distinguished. His tutor was lively to eccentricity in his manners, and original in his method of teaching; but profound and various in his attainments. He seems to have set his pupils hard tasks of every kind. But they were ready learners, and to extensive classical study Joseph John Gurney willingly added Hebrew, mathematics, *chemical lectures,* and "Italian," the last being learned secretly to surprise a sister.

The eagerness with which, according to one of his letters of the time, he searched over Oxford for news of "Dr. Kidd's lectures," is highly characteristic of the activity of his whole life; as well as of the then dawning state of chemical science in Oxford. "As I saw no advertisements in any hole or corner," he says, "all good judges thought Dr. Kidd had not begun his lectures. So I staid at home. Next lecture night I sent to the *Cellar,* as it is called, to be certain he had not begun; when, to my mortification, my messenger brought me word he had seen a light and heard a voice. I flew to the place, and sure enough found the Doctor haranguing. I was really disappointed to have missed *three* lectures on nitric, muriatic, and carbonic acids. I have partly made up my loss by studying an account of them in chemical books."

A summary of *one week's* work towards the close of the residence of this young dissenter of seventeen in Oxford contains a remarkably satisfactory account of his proficiency. It may be doubted whether in 1805, the date of this letter to one of his sisters, the University could have produced his equal for the variety, depth, and exactness of his attainments. Vicesimus Knox had not indeed labored in vain to reform the Oxford system; and the Allens had proved what fitting stimulants Oxford can produce in every department of science and learning. But here was their equal, however much their junior.

"My studies," he says to his sister, "go on in rather a flourishing way. I have read *this week* almost half through one of Æschylus' plays, a great deal of Thucydides and Josephus, two or three acts of Plautus, a great part of Caligula's reign in Suetonius, four cantos of Dante, and a proportionate quantity of Davila, a tolerable number of verses in the Hebrew Bible, some Euclid, and a great deal of algebra, a crowd of German grammarians, with portions of Locke, Gregory, and Ferguson. Besides these things, I have been employed by exercises of all kinds, Latin verses, chemical lectures, and, to conclude the whole, the composition of a long dissertation in Greek—rather a good week's work."—Vol. i. p. 26.

His course of education might indeed become a model for all. Its solid foundation in the country school and its varied superstructure at Oxford do much credit to his teachers. How early he formed a correct notion of what makes a good scholar is shown in one of his letters at sixteen to his younger brother. "Never despair," he writes from Oxford, in 1805; "fag on, and you will soon have your reward. . . . I hope

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Mr. —— does not follow ——'s method of not laying sufficient stress upon grammar. Unless you know *that* perfectly, you will always find Greek difficult. *Never let a word pass without knowing every circumstance belonging to it.* You will find this tedious at first, but it will, I assure you, soon smooth down your difficulties."

The contemplation of these two young *dissenters* at Oxford, zealously and successfully engaged in all the studies of the University, *with their examinations by their own tutors*, not by its public officers in the usual way, cannot but suggest very painful reflections. Why were they not members of the great educational establishment where they so creditably spent their youth? Why were they not to share its honors, which they were proving themselves so well to merit? The answer is a heavy reproach. The proud designation of *University*, which should signify a seat of all learning, and, without a strain of the term, a place of study open to all ranks and denominations of men, was narrowed by a by-law of bigotry to mean the profession of a section among us. It is matter of national triumph in 1854 that so miserable a rule no longer prevails!

Joseph John Gurney had another destination in life than literature. His father was a partner in the bank established in Norwich in 1771, and which had greatly prospered. Two of his elder brothers were already introduced into the business—one of them, Mr. Samuel Gurney, was fixed in London. He was himself disposed to the same career, which would favor the continuance of his home enjoyments. It was his greatest delight to be in daily intercourse with his father and sisters. Although joining in the amusements suited to his age, he was already beginning to take the graver view of life, and of a Christian's duties. His journal, now begun, and continued without interruption to within a short time of his decease, has early entries to this effect.

The family at Earlham were divided in their views on ecclesiastical matters, yet without any diminution of mutual regard. In this respect they constituted an example most worthy of imitation, and one which deserves serious attention from that numerous body which associates agreement of sentiment on all the secondary points of Christian faith and practice with mutual charity. Two of Mr. Gurney's sisters became decided Friends and ministers of the gospel, whilst others formed ecclesiastical relationships of a different order. His own mind was deeply exercised on these points, and the conscientiousness with which he set himself to their consideration forms one of the most pleasing features of his character at this period. Having recorded, under date of July 1st, 1810, his attendance at a quarterly meeting "with much satisfaction and peace of mind," he adds, "At the same time, I am not yet a believer in the peculiar pretensions of Friends; nor has any thing which I have witnessed this week tended to make me so. Yet if it be the will of God to bring me more nearly to them, I earnestly pray that no countervailing disposition of my own may stand in his way." In July of the following year he refers to the same subject in terms which sufficiently indicate his growing conviction:—

"I also think," he says, "that Friends have reason on their side with respect to the ministry; because I can hardly conceive any other authority for the ministry than the direct gift of the Spirit. . . . . Their testimonies about oaths and war put them, I think, upon a very high ground; and their ecclesiastical discipline is very admirable. I also think there is some reason in their minor testimonies about plainness of speech and dress. Indeed, I have felt so much about the former, that I have adopted their modes in some degree. How far the reason of the thing will bear me out I know not; but my having made such a change should induce a state of watchfulness and prayer, in a far greater degree than is at present my portion. If it be the Lord's pleasure that I should adopt these things, may I be enabled to do so with all Christian boldness. Let me not be afraid of approaching my Saviour in solemn waiting to know his will. With respect to the sacraments, I own they are matters of great doubt; may I use all my efforts to discover the divine will respecting them."—Ib. pp. 67, 68.

On the 2d of August, 1812, he records that his mind was made up to "conform more entirely with Friends in plainness of speech and apparel;" and on subsequently reviewing this period, he records an anecdote which, whilst clearly illustrating the strength of his own conviction, betokens in our judgment a misapprehension, the conscientiousness of which we honor, whilst we demur to the propriety of the conclusion formed. We should do injustice to the narrative if we reported it in any other than his own simple and lucid words:—

"Soon after my return home," he says, "I was engaged to a dinner-party at the house of one of our first county gentlemen. Three weeks before the time was I engaged, and three weeks was my young mind in agitation, from the apprehension, of which I could not dispossess myself, that

I must enter his drawing-room with my hat on. From this sacrifice, strange and unaccountable as it may appear, I could not escape. In a Friend's attire, and with my hat on, I entered the drawing-room at the dread moment, shook hands with the mistress of the house, went back into the hall, deposited my hat, spent a *rather* comfortable evening, and returned home in some degree of peace. I had afterwards the same thing to do at the bishop's; the result was, that I found myself the decided Quaker, was perfectly understood to have assumed that character, and to *dinner-parties*, except in the family circle, *was asked no more*."—Ib. p. 85.

That so clear a thinker, honestly devoted to the pursuit of truth, should confound such acts with religious conscientiousness, is matter of grave wonder to us, nor does his candid biographer remove our surprise by the remarks which he appends. There is something infinitely superior to all this in the testimony borne by the spiritual mind against worldly conformity, and that something—whatever it may be—was nobly exhibited by Mr. Gurney throughout his subsequent life. There is no religious community on which we look with more respect than on that of the Society of Friends. It occupies an important post in the Church of Christ, and has rendered to it most important service; yet we are free to confess that some of its habits seem to partake rather of "will-worship and voluntary humility" than of the fidelity and spiritual-mindedness which characterize the servants of God. From some of the evils which frequently flow from sectarian associations, Mr. Gurney was happily exempted by the largeness and catholicity of his mind. "His natural character," says his biographer, "doubtless led him to dwell rather on the points of union than of difference with those around him. With his expansive feelings, it was to him peculiarly painful to be separated in outward religious fellowship from some whom he much loved, from many whom he highly valued, and from the great bulk of his fellow-professors of the Christian name." This temper beautifully appears in a letter to his aunt, written in September, 1811, giving an account of the formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society in Norwich. Speaking of the resolutions which were submitted to the general meeting, he says:—

"The Bishop proposed them, I seconded them; and after I had given a little of their history and purport, they were carried with acclamation. Fellowes moved thanks to the Bishop; Kinghorn seconded, with some excellent remarks upon the Bishop's liberality. The Bishop replied, and said some fine things of Kinghorn. It was really delightful to hear an old Puritan and a modern bishop saying every thing that was kind and Christian-like of each other. The Bishop's heart seemed quite full, and primitive Kinghorn, when the Bishop spoke of him so warmly, seemed ready to sink into the earth with surprise and terrified modesty."—Ib. p. 70.

His attention to the business of the bank was assiduous; but it did not prevent a close pursuit of knowledge, and especially of the study of the more serious branches of theology and biblical literature. At this period, Edward Edwards, a minister of Lynn, described him as "an extraordinary young man, about twenty, entirely employed in the bank, yet in the habit of devoting so much time to study early in the morning, as to have read nearly the whole of the Old Testament in the original Hebrew."

An entry in his own journal, the twenty-third year of his age, presents a still more striking view of his literary vigor:—

"I wish," he says, "to complete the Psalms, attending a little to Syriac and Chaldee as I go along. After that, to read Solomon, then Job again; to make myself master of the Jewish laws, and translate the 'Yad Hachazekah' of Maimonides; to study the New Testament critically, and with a particular view to the great doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement; to finish Ancient History in Plutarch, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, &c.: after that to read Tacitus, then Gibbon; to read every afternoon a hundred lines of Greek poetry, and go on with Pindar. After I finish Michaelis I shall launch into English history, and follow it up, if possible, with English law."—Ib. pp. 58, 59.

It is not surprising that so ripe a student should have corrected the less exact learning of Sir William Drummond, as Joseph John Gurney did in an acute criticism, published in the "Classical Journal," (vol. ii. No. 3, p. 524,) in his twenty-third year.

Such suitable preparation enabled him to produce his important "Essays on Christianity," his "Biblical Notes and Dissertations," and his treatise "On the History, Authority, and Use of the Sabbath." But deep learning was a secondary instrument in his chosen path in life. Attached from early association, and on principle, to the Society of Friends, he soon became one of their ministers, so far as their plan admits of such a service. This employment long claimed a large portion of his earnest and active labors in all parts of the United Kingdom, and in the United States of America. He also devoted much time and thought to the calls of *philanthropy* in the widest and purest meaning of that abused word, and has left a poetical, truthful view of a good man's proper way of directing his

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sympathies with his kind. His own practice conformed to this curious scheme of communicative benevolence, which is of universal application:—

"I have often," he says, "thought that the grounds on which a serious Christian stands in connection with other men, while he prosecutes his various objects in life, may be compared to the successive stories of a *pyramid*. When he is transacting the common business of the day, with men of all characters and conditions, he is surrounded by vast numbers of people, and stands on the broad basement story. Here, while he abstains from evil things, he is compelled to communicate with many evil persons; and he calls to mind the words of the Lord Jesus: 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil.' But now an hospital is to be built; he mounts to the second story, his ground is narrowed and his company lessens. The utterly selfish and dissolute disappear from his view; but he still finds himself in communication with the worldly as well as the religious; with the infidel as well as with the believer. Christian benevolence, however, has new services in store for him. A society is formed for distributing the Scriptures without note or comment. The object is one of undoubted excellence, and he heartily engages in the cause. Here he stands on the third section of the pyramid. Again the company is diminished; again the circumference is contracted. Yet it is large enough to comprehend all reflecting persons of every class who value the Bible and approve of its dissemination. Our philanthropist knows that the work is pure and good, and though he by no means agrees in sentiment with all who coöperate in it, the last thing he dreams of is to narrow the circle either of its friends or of its efficacy.

"But while in distributing the Bible he stands on a common level with all who approve that object, he well knows the importance of a sound interpretation of its contents; and on the next story of the pyramid he finds himself engaged with rather fewer companions, and within somewhat narrower boundaries, in a Missionary Society, or in a Sabbath-day school formed for the express purpose of affording, to those who need it, *evangelical* instruction. The merely nominal Christian and the Socinian subscriber to the Bible Society have now parted from him; yet he is still encompassed by many persons whose religious views, on secondary points, differ from his own. He ascends, therefore, when occasion requires it, to an area of still smaller dimensions, and there he joins the members of his own church, in distributing tracts written in defence of the sentiments or practices peculiar to themselves. Finally, he has some solitary duty to perform, or some opinion, all his own, to maintain or develop; and behold, he stands alone on the top of the pyramid."—Ib. pp. 461, 462.

It is impossible to have taken a very slight part in the various objects of social interest here sketched, without observing the cordial spirit in which the *Friends* have met on a common platform with others to promote the success of what they could agree upon, without being diverted from a good cause by the gravest differences in religious opinions. Who has not heard with satisfaction the *papist* O'Connell, before crowds of them, rousing Exeter Hall in behalf of the slave, and in mitigation of capital punishment? Christian charity was never better shown than in Joseph John Gurney's scheme of universal intercourse on proper occasions for good purposes.

He was one of the first to revive the work of prison reform, which had become almost null among us after Howard's death. The evils attendant upon capital punishment had struck him forcibly, as is recorded in his Journal, in the year 1816. Within two years of that date, his sister, Mrs. Fry, began her labors as a Christian heroine, by appearing before a Committee of the House of Commons as the advocate of penitentiary reformation; and, at the same time, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton made his first effort in the same career by publishing his work on "Prison Discipline." In 1819, Mr. Gurney published his own "First Book,"—notes of a visit made to some of the prisons of Scotland and the North of England, in company with Elizabeth Fry, with general remarks on prison discipline. At this period he "was much interested, at Yarmouth, by a mantua-maker, who gave up the time and earnings of one day in every week in order to visit the wretched prisons of that place. She has surmounted," he says, "many difficulties, and has produced great effects."—(Ib. p. 161, 1819.) Thus early did he appreciate the merits of SARAH MARTIN, who, by her own efforts and experience, solved the two most difficult penitentiary problems. She practically, and upon a considerable scale, comforted, taught, and reformed the prisoner within the prison; and what is to them just as important, she helped them effectually to find honest employment at home when discharged. Her example, with that of the magistrates of Durham, and others which abound throughout the country, show what may be done towards settling the chief difficulties in the way of penitentiary reform.

Joseph John Gurney never ceased to follow his early, excellent views, in aid of the efforts of his sister, Elizabeth Fry, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and Sir James Mackintosh, for the improvement of the criminal law in all branches. As a banker, he

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was a powerful advocate in favor of making the punishment of forgery more mild; and, in particular cases, he was an unwearied, and sometimes successful, intercessor for the mitigation of sentences of death.

His friendships are among the most valuable subjects of this record of a good man's life. His excellent tutors had his early attachment; and his near relatives shared his affectionate respect for the high qualities of intelligence and principle which have placed them among the best of our worthies. Of distinguished persons not related to him, but with whom his intercourse was intimate, the most detailed accounts concern Mrs. Opie, on her becoming a *Friend*, Wilberforce, and Dr. Chalmers. An original memoir, cited under the title of "Chalmeriana," supplies the following extract. After dining with Dr. Bird Sumner, (the present Archbishop of Canterbury,) Dr. Chalmers, and others, he tells us—

In the evening Joanna Baille joined our party; and, after the bishop and others were gone, we formed a social circle, of which Chalmers was the centre. The evidences of Christianity became again the topic of conversation. The harmony of Scripture, and the accordance and correspondence of one part with another, were, I think, adverted to. This evidence of accordance is one to which Dr. C.'s mind is obviously much alive. He knows how to trace, in the adaptation between one branch of truth and another, and especially between God's religion and man's experience, the master-hand of perfect wisdom and goodness.

Chalmers.—"The historical evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutinizing researches of the learned; and are within the reach of all well-educated persons. But the internal evidence of the truth lies within the grasp of *every* sincere inquirer. Every man who reads his Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with the records of his own experience; every man who marks the adaptation of its mighty system of doctrine to his own spiritual needs as a sinner in the sight of God, is furnished with practical proof of the divine origin of our religion. I love this evidence. It is what I call the *portable evidence of Christianity*." . .

When comparatively ignorant and worldly, he was called upon by his learned friend, Dr. Brewster, to write the article on Christianity for the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia." He obeyed the summons, though himself scarcely a believer; and his researches in order to this end, especially the study of Scripture itself, were the means first of convincing his understanding of the truth of religion, and next of impressing his heart with a sense of its unspeakable importance and excellence. In the whole of this process he was doubtless marvellously assisted by that childlike *simplicity* of mind which he recommended to us so beautifully, and which is so marked a feature in his own character. "The meek will he guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his way." . .

When our conversation was concluded, my brother, Samuel Hoare, took me with him on the box of his chariot, and drove Dr. Chalmers and his pleasing wife to Wilberforce's, at Highwood Hall, beyond Hendon. Dr. Chalmers and his lady were engaged to stay some days there; and we were glad of the opportunity of enjoying the company of the *senator emeritus*, together with that of Dr. C., for a few hours. Our morning passed delightfully. Chalmers was, indeed, comparatively silent, as he often is when many persons are collected, and the stream of conversation flowed between ourselves and the ever-lively Wilberforce. I have seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance; Wilberforce minute, and singularly twisted; Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with a delicate step; Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, flies about with astonishing activity; and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on every thing that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humor in his countenance; but in general he is grave—his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered: Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is "rapid productiveness." A man might be in Chalmers' company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was—though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some unexpected display of powerful originality: Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent: Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud; Wilberforce is always in sunshine. Seldom, I believe, has any mind been more strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise. Yet these persons, distinguished as they are from the world at large, and from each other, present some admirable points of resemblance. Both of them are broad thinkers and liberal feelers; both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity; both appear to hold self in little reputation; above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge Him to be their only Saviour.

Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant at Hull, and was scarcely more than of age when he was elected member of Parliament for that town. But he was not long to occupy this station, for a higher one awaited him. Immediately after the Hull election, he attended the county election at York; where, to the vast assembly collected in the castle yard, he made a speech on the popular question of the day—Fox's India Bill. His eloquence, especially in the earlier stages of his course, was, as I understand, of a most animated and diversified character; and his voice sonorous and mellifluous. The speech produced an almost magical effect on the assembled multitude; and under a strong and apparently

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unanimous impulse, they cried out, "We will have the little man for our member." In short, though without pretensions from family or fortune to the honor of representing that vast county, he was elected its member by acclamation.

Wilberforce was now one of the most popular of men. His fine talents, his amiability, his wit, his gayety, adapted him for the highest worldly circles in the county. Happily, however, that heavenly Father whom his pious parents had taught him to love in early life, was preparing for him "better things" than the blandishments of the world, even "things which accompany salvation." Not long after his election, he was travelling through France, in order to visit a sick relation at Nice, in company with his friend, Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, a person somewhat older and more serious than himself. In the course of their journey they happened to converse about a clergyman in Yorkshire, who, having been impressed with evangelical views, was remarkably devoted to his parochial duties.

WILBERFORCE.—"That man carries things a great deal too far, *in my opinion*."

MILNER.—"Do you think so? I conceive that if you tried him by the standard presented to us in the New Testament, you would change that opinion."

WILBERFORCE.—"Indeed, Milner—well, I have no objection to try the experiment. I will read the New Testament with you, if you like, with pleasure."

Important, indeed, were the results of this casual and unexpected conversation. The two friends read the whole of the New Testament together as they journeyed on towards Nice: and this single perusal of the records of inspiration was so blessed to Wilberforce, that he became a new man.—Ib. pp. 409–413.

Mr. Gurney's appreciation of the virtues of individuals among his own people—the Friends—will be traced with great interest in the extensive intercourse which the controlling plan of Quakerism occasions between its members. For a church without a stated ministry, this body is under a system of internal supervision beyond all others; and besides the examples here held up to reverence, this practical supervision brings forward some remarkable cases of severe discipline and *excommunication*.

The *deliberative* character of the philanthropic works of the Friends is curiously illustrated in these memoirs, in which the thread of such works may be followed for many years. Upon a special topic of great difficulty, which has much occupied public attention during the last quarter of a century, without yet producing satisfactory results,—the treatment of the aborigines of the colonies,—there is an early entry in Mr. Gurney's Journal, showing that the Society of Friends had formally considered the case, and resolved to make efforts for the relief of the sufferers. This was independently of the question of Negro emancipation, and the resolution to contribute largely to the great exertions of Sir Fowell Buxton in the same field of philanthropy. Individual Friends, such as Daniel Wheeler and the Backhouses, obtained the unanimous approval of successive "meetings" to their "missions" to the Eastern Colonies and the South Seas. A similar sanction is recorded in 1832, as given to the philanthropic visit of John and Martha Yeardley to Greece and the islands of the Archipelago. Hannah Kilham had previously devoted her life to the cause of the negroes in West Africa with the warm sympathy of her society; as, at a much earlier date, the 17th century, Mary Fisher had carried out, with success, a bold resolution to visit the Grand Seignior in his camp on the Danube, in order to bring him Christian tidings for his good!

The same deliberative spirit prevails on all grave occasions. Even the quasi-missionary travels of Joseph John Gurney to America were not undertaken without the formal approbation of the religious body of which he was a member. Under such auspices, his life was literally spent "in going about doing good." Besides frequent visits to Friends in his ministry in various countries, he made a special visit of philanthropy to Ireland with Mrs. Fry. The result was an able memoir upon the measures wanted to regenerate that country, which has lately received high praise from the ablest Irish authorities. He also visited Scotland for a *penitentiary* object; and more than once passed some time on the Continent to inspect the benevolent establishments of France, Germany, and Holland.

His voyage to the West Indies was one of the most important of these excursions; and its result was a decided conviction of the benefit of Negro emancipation.

The object of his visit to America, to promote unity among the Friends by ministerial appeals to all the members of the Society, respecting doctrinal schism, which had become threatening, met with more reluctant assent, which accounts for some painful passages in his Journal. Indeed, the controversial character of some of his labors brings under review a deplorable schism, which long divided the Friends, but which, unlike some other religious differences, although ending in some secessions, has left, we are assured, no bitterness behind.

For twenty years Mr. Gurney had contemplated a visit to America in the cause of

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the Society. So early as 1814, a minister of the Friends from the United States, followed by a colleague, had been formally disavowed by the *Yearly Meeting*,—the one for discrediting the writings of the Old Testament, the other for promulgating Unitarian doctrines. Towards 1826 and 1828, a separation took place from the main body in five out of the eight of the American Yearly Meetings, under the influence of Elias Hicks. They had been led on, step by step, to the same results.

To one of Joseph John Gurney's "cast of mind," it was a source of unhappiness without compensation to be engaged in controversy with any member of his Society. The elements of such controversy had, however, long existed in its bosom—largely in England,—more extensively in America.

"There were," says Mr. Braithwaite, "some members of the body who, whilst distinguished for their warm attachment to those views of the spirituality of the gospel which had led the early Friends to the disuse of all outward rites and ceremonies in the worship of God, and to press home to the consciences of men the practical operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, were yet, perhaps, hardly enough alive to the importance of keeping steadily in view the great and glorious truths of the incarnation of the Son of God, and of the necessity and efficacy of his atoning sacrifice upon the cross. These were not indeed disbelieved, but they had evidently not occupied so large a share in their meditations as some other portions of divine truth. Others there were who, though brought up with great strictness in the habits and usages of the society, had not imbibed in their earlier years an extended knowledge of scriptural truth, and who, after leading a regular and blameless life among their fellow-men, had, in their middle or declining age, been, for the first time, awakened to the full conviction that their salvation wholly depended on the free and unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus. This was indeed a new light to their souls, and, under the painful consciousness that they were dark before, they were too ready, perhaps, to reject all their former experiences; too ready to think that all their brethren were precisely in the same condition as they had been in; too ready to make this one precious doctrine the entire sum of their Christianity."—Vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

A grave incident in the annals of the Society brought on a serious crisis. In 1829, a solemn declaration of its principles had been made, in expectation of staying the spread of differences already broken out in America. Between the divergent sections of the body, Mr. Gurney sought to steer a middle course, on which his biographer enlarges with commendable fidelity. After stating the case at large, he thus sums up its more serious conclusion:

Such was the state of Joseph John Gurney's feelings when, towards the conclusion of his ministerial labors in London, the conflict of opinion amongst Friends in this country was brought to a crisis by the publication of the "Beacon," in the beginning of the year 1835. The late Isaac Crewdson, of Manchester, the author of this work, was a man greatly esteemed and beloved by a large circle, and was then in the station of an acknowledged minister. He had been brought up in all the strictness of an external Quakerism, and had early imbibed a strong attachment to its usages; but it was not until towards middle life that evangelical truth dawned upon his mind. "I remember," says Joseph John Gurney in his Autobiography, "telling my friend Isaac Crewdson, nearly three years before the publication of the 'Beacon,' that he and I had started in our race from opposite points, had met, and crossed on the road."

"This publication consisted," to adopt Joseph John Gurney's description, "of a running commentary on various passages in the sermons of the late Elias Hicks, of North America, who had been disowned by Friends in that country; and with proof, drawn from Scripture, of this preacher's perversions and delusions, are mixed up many painful innendoes, trenching, in various degrees, on our well-known views of the spirituality of the gospel of Christ. Indeed, it is my deliberate judgment, that the work, professing as it does to defend sound Christianity, has an undeniable tendency to undermine the precious doctrine of the immediate teaching, guidance, and government of the Holy Spirit. Calculated as it was to disparage the character of the society, it was forced upon the attention of the public by placards and advertisements of various kinds; and was the means of bringing down upon us a shower of offensive weapons, in reviews and other publications, from our evangelical fellow-Christians. The society was, in no common degree, held up to scorn and reproof; the common butt of many who were destitute of any correct knowledge of our principles." "—Ib. pp. 15, 16.

During more than ten years of these distressing agitations, Mr. Gurney, of all the members of the Society of Friends, perhaps suffered the most acutely under the trial of the hour, and from apprehension of the possible issue of that trial. During this whole period he was deeply impressed with the conviction that he might by suitable efforts bring peace to his people, by testifying personally and plainly to what he believed to be truth. Himself a Friend from conviction, even more than from early instruction, he never shrank from the duty of giving a reason for his faith. This was seen at a later period of life in his answer to the question of the *Christian Observer*, "What is Quakerism?"

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—to which he adverts in his journal of April, 1845.

In the next year he had an opportunity, which he eagerly seized, to draw up a declaration of his "faith in the Holy Scriptures, in the immediate and perceptible operation of the Spirit, the doctrine of the mediatorial justification of the penitent, and in that of the Trinity,"—all of which he avers had always been maintained by the Society of Friends. (Vol. ii. p. 235.) His visit of three years to the United States was undertaken in the hope of healing very serious differences on these and other points of doctrine and discipline. He entered on it most deliberately, and with all the apprehensions which pertain to minds of extreme sensibility. Indications occur to this effect in his journal, not to be read without the greatest pain. The brave spirit, urged almost perhaps beyond its strength by the purest motives, to buffet with contrariety of opinions, had resolved to appeal in person to the members of the Society, in the hope to bring back those he held to be erring to the common fold. A degree of nervous infirmity, seldom experienced, was here joined to an indomitable resolution to act up to his sense of right, and was near overpowering it. In the distraction of mind, not unapt to be occasioned by the terrors of the ocean, added to the sinking of heart that might well attend a mission to charge dangerous error upon his brethren, a flitting thought of despair crossed even the benevolent Joseph John Gurney. On the voyage to America he one day expresses himself thus:—"We have had adverse winds; dead calm; fair wind for a season, and now somewhat the contrary again. How in-incontrollable is this moving power by any human being! . . . . My condition is one of much lowness, for the enemy had been beating against me within, with many a stormy, restless wave; *so that the suggestion arose, Am I a Jonah, to stay the vessel on its course? This temptation, however, left me, after a very interesting meeting in the large dark hold of the vessel, with the steerage passengers before they retired to rest.*"

He discharged his mission, as might have been expected, exemplarily; what he effected, even on minor points, will be told in his own words:—

"I think," he says, as a narrative to his children, "my visit has been the means, through mercy, of leading many, especially of the young, to clearer views of the religion of the New Testament, and to a firmer and more intelligent attachment to the principles of our own society, than they had ever felt before. So far from having at all unsettled their Quakerism, my ministry has been the means, under the divine blessing, of inducing many of them, especially of the young men, to renounce the habits of the world, and, as a token of their allegiance to the Saviour, to adopt the plain dress and language which unquestionably become our Christian profession."—Ib. p. 223.

The Society in America solemnly declared their approval of his course. Nevertheless, after his return, warm discussions were kept up respecting his exposition of his religious views. In reference to charges against him on this subject, in 1845, he expressed his readiness to submit his writings to the judgment of the constituted authorities of the Society. He passed the ordeal unharmed; but opponents were not wanting to embitter the latter years of one whose whole life was spent in efforts to know the truth himself, and to conciliate them by earnest and affectionate appeals. The character of the man was, indeed, in an extraordinary degree, a guaranty of the innocence of the disputant. So mild and benevolent was his nature, that he was incapable of coldly reproving an erring child; and his own obvious and intense pain when the fault of such an one was perceived, proved the child's severest punishment. This part of his character is beautifully set forth in his daughter's "Recollections" of him annexed to the Memoirs.

How nearly his candor approaches to perfection is demonstrated by his journal; every thought is here curiously analyzed, and every action told in its minutest circumstances. It is another admirable trait in this good man's character that he has no respect of persons. The humblest have his sympathy and his personal attentions—as his just sense of good-breeding made him appreciated by the more refined, and acceptable to the highest members of society. His generosity knew no bounds; and in perusing his curious reflections upon his own splendid fortune, with his doubts whether to be so rich was consistent with his Christian calling, it is impossible not to feel that the good use of riches sanctifies their diligent, *honorable* acquisition, dangerous as their abuse is to the individual, and injurious as that abuse is to society at large.

That such a man should have passed away honored by all, will surprise none. The words of his long-esteemed friend, the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich, in his "Brief Memoir," leave nothing to be added:

"His death, 4th January, 1847, in his 59th year, has furnished," says Mr. Alexander, "the prin-

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cipal topic of conversation in every family, in every private circle, in every group by the way-side. Persons of all classes and of every age, however various in opinion on other subjects, have united in their high estimate of the character of the deceased, and in the melancholy satisfaction of recalling excellences of which now, alas! the memory alone remains. Each individual has had his own story to tell of some public benefit, or of some kindness shown to others or himself; and innumerable acts of beneficence, long forgotten amidst the crowd of more recent instances, have been related and listened to with the mournful pleasure incident to such a theme. The very street gossip of Norwich during the past week, if it could have been collected and recorded, would doubtless furnish an almost unparalleled tribute to departed worth."

"The funeral itself, as might have been expected from these unusual preliminaries, was an extraordinary scene. The entire city suspended business, in order to witness or to take part in it.' —Ib. pp. 516-518.

Mr. Braithwaite's volumes are ably written, and they are a valuable addition to a branch of our literature — the *biographies* of the Friends—on which they who are best acquainted with the productions of the British press in the last two centuries set a high value. The patriarchal hospitality of the Earlham family; the affectionate intercourse of its eminent members with each other; the unwearied versatility of Joseph John Gurney's philanthropy, are here well displayed. It may be hoped that future editions of the work will be still more enriched from his remaining journals and correspondence, of which what is produced gives large promise.

From the Westminster Review.

THE BEARD.*

When Erasmus, nearly three centuries and a half ago, published his "Encomium Moriæ," he thought it necessary to remark, that sports were allowable in literature as well as in other departments of life; and that if he did praise Folly, he did not praise it like a fool. What Erasmus condescended to do, modern *littérateurs* may well not be ashamed of; and therefore, if we choose to make a few remarks on such a subject as the agitation for the restoration of beards and moustachios to their historic position on the English countenance, we hope we shall not incur the imputation of an undue levity. But, indeed, so far from the beard's requiring an apology in this way, it would not be difficult to show that in every age it has had a philosophical relation to institutions. Thus, once it was a symbol of patriarchal majesty; next, of general manliness; then, of devotion to speculative pursuits. It has risen and fallen as empires have risen and fallen. And its being an object of so much contest and dispute just now, is profoundly natural. For what tradition or establishment is not just now in pretty much the same critical state? So that the more speculative of mankind are beginning to inquire, in fact, whether the beard is "used up" as an institution, and the demand for its revival merely an unhealthy movement, of the nature of romanticism; or whether it has suffered an unjust exile during the last two centuries, and has a right to expect its recall to its ancient honors. Such being the case, a glance at its civil and literary history may reasonably be expected in our review. We premise distinctly, that we are totally without prejudice in the matter. We approach the subject with the impartiality of Cicero's friends of the New Academy. All that we claim is freedom from tyranny on the one side and the other; that he who wears a beard, and he who rejects it, may equally be permitted liberty of conscience. So that we neither advocate nor do we oppose its adoption; knowing, however, that after the heavy hand of exclusion has rested on the custom so long, it is difficult to sketch its history (however meagerly) without appearing as its advocate.

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* *The Human Hair popularly and physiologically considered, &c.* By Alexander Rowland. Piper Brothers & Co. 1853.

The Philosophy of Beards. A Lecture. By T. S. Gowing. Ipswich.

The Beard. Why do we cut it off? By David. London: Bosworth. 1854.

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It may be remarked that the beard is at present in what we must venture to call an unnatural position in Europe. Once, the symbol of patriarch and king, (and so of the highest kind of order,) it is now, it would seem, that of revolution, democracy, and dissatisfaction with existing institutions. Conservatism and respectability (and after them, plausibility and *its* companions) shave close. The moustachio enjoys military honor, indeed. But the beard itself is from sea to sea in disfavor with power and order. It is hated at once by the King of Naples and by Mrs. Grundy. In England, too, public opinion (which compensates with us for the smallness of our standing army) is perhaps harder on the beard than it is anywhere else. All kinds of offices discourage or prohibit it;* only a few travellers, artists, men of letters, and philosophers wear it; and to adopt it places you under the imputation of Arianism, or dissipation, or something as terrible, with the respectable classes. Yet this opposition proves unable to stem the rising agitation. Pamphlets accumulate on the question; and the curiosity about it has reached that degree of liveliness which authorizes us to pronounce it a movement.

Of the importance of the beard in primeval periods, no doubt can exist; and enviable is the vision of the fathers of the world with their hoary hair. "By the Jews," says an antiquary,† "it was esteemed a great dignity." "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." So it is said in Leviticus. And with regard to priests, specially, it is there prescribed: "They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard." The dignity so preserved was no doubt part of that general dignity of age which is to be reverenced. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." (Leviticus xix. 32.) The natural feeling of early periods seems to be in favor of it as an object of dignity; and the imagination does not tolerate the thought of a patriarch or prophet with a razor in his hand. Thus with the classics:—the gods were bearded. So with early England. When Gray would depict the extreme misery of his bard, he says—

> Loose his beard, and hoary hair
> Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.

How, again, did the hand of Michael Angelo revel in the creation of the beard of Moses? What other feeling made Knox say, "Better that women weep, than that *bearded* men be made to weep!" Patriarch, priest, bard, king—to all of these, the ornament was felt to be a part and parcel of their station, its outward sign and symbol. The Thunderer was sitting in his majesty, when the sea-goddess appeared suppliant—

> —one hand she placed
> Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.
> Pope's *Iliad*, i. 650, 1.

And when Achilles was impressed with reverence for the form of sorrowing old Priam, and

> On his white beard and form majestic gazed—
> Not unrelenting—

much of that reverence must have been owing to the venerable appendage; which, also, was worn by the chiefs, by Agamemnon and Ulysses. First of all, then, what we may call a beard tradition descended from the heroic period, and thus it was that, in ages when shaving had been established as a custom, men still spoke of the "bearded ones," their ancestors, with a peculiar emphasis. When Cicero is lashing the affected gravity and severity of the infamous Piso, he tells you, that you would have thought you were looking at "aliquem ex *barbatis illis*, exemplum veteris imperii, imaginem antiquatatis." There is a similar allusion to the terrible barbæ of the ancient statues and "imagines," in one of the most charming of his minor speeches, the *Pro Cælio*. When Perseus introduces Socrates in the fourth of his satires, he speaks of him as the "barbatum magistrum," whereupon Casaubon, his most distinguished commentator, (he of the mighty learning and the twenty children,) remarks that Perseus so called him—"non, solum, quia barbam alebat Socrates," but also, because the Romans were wont to speak of their ancestors as "bearded," when they praised them. It would seem, then, that the most patriotic Romans of the shaven period (to waive any mention of the *barbula* or goatee, of which, presently!) looked back with a certain tenderness and reverence to

* "A Preston firm has hinted to its young men, in the most polite terms, that they are not to wear the moustachio—they are 'requested' not to wear it '*during business hours.*'"—*Spectator*, March 18, 1854. Was this spark of humor unconsciously struck out of the flinty capitalists? Or is the anecdote too good to be true?

† "Some Account of the Beard and Moustachio." By John Adey Repton, F. S. A.

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the beards of their progenitors, as if there were something naturally worshipful in those objects.

The heart of the matter (as Mr. Carlyle would say) is thus expressed by Becker in his "Charicles," where he lays it down, that "the beard was not looked on as a troublesome burden, but as a dignified ornament of ripe manhood and old age." He confesses that shaving it was in vogue at an early period," but maintains that "the innovation was stoutly resisted." Before we speak of this innovation, let us not forget that "memorable scene" of Rome taken by the Gauls, when an insult offered to the beard of M. Papirius by a Gaul (an unintentional insult, it would seem, but the result of the most barbarous ignorance) led to unholy slaughter. The Gauls had entered, Livy tells us, and looked on the spectacle of the old grandees sitting each at his threshold—"haud secus quam venerabundi." A soldier could not resist reverently stroking (*permulcens*) the beard of M. Papirius, (and they all wore beards long then, Livy says,) but the old man blazed up into sacred wrath at the profane touch; struck him with his ivory sceptre, and "ab eo, initium cædis ortum."* The beard was avenged, but the old men were murdered; every thing was lost but the beard's honor.

It appears to be generally agreed that shaving was introduced into Greece in Alexander the Great's time. It is said that "that prince ordered the Macedonians to be shaved, lest the beard should afford a handle to their enemies."† Here we might observe, that the beard saw the best days of Greece; as it did the purest days of Rome. But leaving the reader to his own reflections on that coincidence, we will transcribe for popular perusal from Mr. Bohn's "Athenæus," just published, the passage testifying to this fact—the orthodox passage to quote in support of it, which commentator hands to commentator, from generation to generation.

"And this custom of shaving the beard originated in the age of Alexander, as Chrysippus tells us in the fourth book of his treatise on the Beautiful and on Pleasure. And I think it will not be unseasonable if I quote what he says; for he is an author of whom I am very fond, on account of his great learning and his gentle, good-humored disposition. And this is the language of the philosopher: —'The custom of shaving the beard was introduced in the time of Alexander, for the people in earlier times did not practise it; and Timotheus, the flute-player, used to play on the flute, having a very long beard. And at Athens, they even now remember that the man who first shaved his chin was given the name of κόρσης;* on which account, Alexis says—

Do you see any man whose beard has been
Removed by sharp itch-plasters or by razors?
In one of these two ways he may be spoken of:
Either he seems to me to think of war,
And so to be rehearsing acts of fierce
Hostility against his beard and chin;
Or else he's some complaint of wealthy men.
For how, I pray you, do your beards annoy you?
Beards by which best you may be known as men?
Unless, indeed, you're planning now some deed
Unworthy of the character of men.

And Diogenes, when he saw some one once, whose chin was smooth, said,—'I am afraid you think you have great ground to accuse nature for having made you a man, and not a woman.' "†

The line in italics expresses a common popular notion about the beard,—and which has survived generations of barbers, viz., that it is a mark of manly potence to have a sturdy one. Hence, we still hear old gentlemen sneer at a "beardless boy," which surely has an inconsistent sound from individuals who daily labor to be beardless themselves. In the same involuntary homage, we now talk of "bearding" a foe, recognizing virtually the idea which yet we contemn in particular; and testifying to the naturalness of letting the beard grow. Taking the first stage in beard-history to be the era of the heroic and patriarchal beard (when it is even a sanctified object)—the second is the era when it is a sign of general manliness, when a πωγων βαθυς indicates a sturdy character. But a period comes, when the human race grows luxurious; when it grows mechanical and commercial; the age of the hero is gone by; the position of the priest is becoming doubtful: the time of the barber is at hand! Greece shaved, after it had lost its liberty; Rome shaved—but not, also, till comparatively late in its history; and here, as in so many other arts, Rome was an imitator. The first Roman *tonsores* came from Sicily, B. C. 300. This statement Pliny copies from Varro. The younger Africanus seems to have been the first Roman who shaved every day, as we do; and Aulus Gellius speaks

* Liv. v. 41. † Encyc. Brit., art. *Beard.*

* From κείρω, to cut the hair.

† The Deipnosophists, &c. Literally translated by C. D. Yonge. B. A. Bohn.

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of his having read that this was done in middle life by the *nobiles viros* of that age. But it is a very noticeable feature that the philosophical world generally seems to have protested against the practice. "The sophists," (says Becker in the "Charicles,") "partly, at least, kept to the ancient fashion." We have heard the remark of Diogenes: there are doubtless statues even of philosophers, without the beard; but that the beard was part of the general "get-up" of a professed philosopher, is one of the best known facts about the social life of antiquity. A professed philosopher, and especially one of those later fellows, (who unhappily brought at once philosophy and the beard itself into disgrace,) was no more complete without a beard (generally a terrible one, such as that with which Virgil has endowed Charon) than without a head.

A supporter of the beard might very plausibly maintain, that this fact came to be characteristic of the philosopher, because he stood for the absolutely and eternally fit and beautiful. In the decay of national religions, and the corruption of national taste, he took his stand upon the eternal truths of nature, and witnessed for them against the decaying world. What saith the golden-tongued Cicero, (too much neglected by the beard-shaving youth of this age?) He, writing of the formation of the academic and peripatetic sects—says, "Ac primam illam partem, bene vivendi, a NATURA petebant."* Doubtless, then, it was in homage to nature that philosophy retained the beard; meaning to protest against mere fashion and change; and likewise respecting the antique tradition of purer and earlier periods. But this insulting contempt of public opinion provoked reprisals. In proverb and in epigram, the ancient world retaliated. The comic writers (in all ages, a genial sort of race, and hateful of all pretence to superior virtue) embodied this retaliation in literature. It was openly urged, that the beard was the *only* thing philosophical about many a so-called philosopher! An epigram asserted, that if the beard made the philosopher, the claim of the goat to Platonic honors must not be overlooked! And the current proverb—"The beard does not make the philosopher,"—rebuked the haughtiness of many a well-thatched chin.

No one can deny that a large class of so-called "philosophers" were what we should designate intolerable bores. They were at once the scandal of respectable and the torture of intellectual circles. Ruffians of hideous aspect, dirty person, and mendicant importunity, eternally babbling of the *summum bonum*, and abusing a world desirous of paying its way in peace, infested the fair and potent cities of the ancient world. Horace tickled them; Martial peppered them; Juvenal flayed them. Scandal loved to hint that the philosophic cloak covered a multitude of offences, dark as those which the stoics and cynics charged on the world. The *Aretalogus*, in fact, was at once a bore and a reproach: suspicious in his conduct, and contemptible in his person, the public conscience yet felt that there was a justice in his gibe, and thin-skinned respectability shrank from his blistering tongue. Often, indeed, he seems to have combined in himself, cynic, pauper, libeller, moralist, tuft-hunter, and diner-out. How charmingly has Horace sketched the tribe; and with what fine humor does he pray the gods to endow Damasippus, in exchange for his wisdom, with a barber!

> Di te, Damasippe, deæque
> Verum ob consilium donent tonsore!

It would seem that the boys even loved to have a tug at the stoic beard, (Sat. i. 3,) and Martial's contempt for Antiochus the barber, seems unable to prompt him to any deeper curse than that he may have pauper, cynic, and stoic beards to trim—

> Tondeat hic inopes Cynicos, et Stoica menta.
> *Ep.* lib. xi. 84.

Yet, it might be urged, that the wearing of the beard by some questionable vagabonds who called themselves philosophers, was but a corruption of the institution of Pogonotrophy? Are the monks of Erasmus's time held to have dishonored all ancient and pious monasticism? Do we not still honor philosophy in spite of the abuse that has been made of its name? Shall the beard of Socrates be forgotten, because the cynic of a later period dishonored the ancient and honorable appendage? Let us distinguish, as Herodes Atticus (who was consul A. D. 143) distinguished. The tale is in Aulus Gellius. A man of this questionable school, "barbâ prope ad pubem usque porrecta," came to him, begging. Being asked what he was, he replied, sharply, that he was a philosopher, and wondered that the inquirer should ask. Admirable was the retort. "Video barbam et pallium; philosophum nondum

* Acad. Posterior. lib. i. c. 5.

video." "I see the beard and cloak; the philosopher I do not see!" As Herodes would not suffer the fellow to do discredit to the name of philosopher, so, let us not suffer him to injure the reputation of the beard.

We have hinted at the *barbula*, or goatee. In Cicero's times, the genuine beard was not worn by society. But the *barbula* seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells;" as we see in the above-mentioned *Pro Cœlio* of the divine orator. He there rallies Clodia with much humor, and happening to allude to the "bearded" of old days, brings in, by a side-wind, that he does not mean that "*barbula*" with which she is delighted, &c. But the regular "barba" was not then worn, except in mourning, when the Romans let their beard and hair grow. No doubt, many a chin grew dark when the mourning for Cicero's exile began, among the youth of Rome. Suetonius (in Julius Cæsar, c. 67) states that Cæsar let his beard grow, "auditâ Titurianâ clade," and did not cut it off, till he had revenged himself. The same curious and interesting writer supplies us with other illustrations of our subject. He tells us that Cæsar, in an altercation, absolutely violated the beard of an Eastern prince (*barbam invasit.*) He informs us that Augustus, too, let his beard and hair grow, after the terrible Varian catastrophe; though, in general, he resigned himself with indifference to his tonsors, to be clipped or shaven, and read during the operation. Further, he has preserved for all posterity the curious fact, (which so survives, when so much is hopelessly lost!) that when Nero dedicated his first beard, (which was consecrated by the Roman youth, on a festal day,) he enclosed the valuable offering in a golden box adorned with precious pearls, and consecrated it in the Capitol!

The beard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the emperors who wore that ornament, none creates so much interest in posterity as the Emperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history, and hangs up like the hair of Berenice, world-famous for ever. All Englishmen early learn to wonder over it, from the pages of Gibbon. The MISOPOGON, which the Emperor wrote to confound the audacious rabble of Antioch, who had presumed to sneer at it—we, indeed, have only consulted it in the version of the Abbé de la Bleterie, (reserving a profounder study of that famous piece for our maturer years)—yet a version which was of value to Gibbon, as he tells us, is not to be pooh-poohed by an age like ours. What, then, are the facts? Let us suffer the Emperor to speak through the medium of the Abbé:—

"I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular, or particularly agreeable about it; and out of humor and whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long *and peopled beard.*"

"Cette barbe longue et peuplée!" The Abbé refers the reader to his notes, and there (having, as it were, got you up in a corner, where he can talk over the awful allusion quietly) he relates how shocked his friends were at Julian's levity, (for of course he must be joking,) and how they advised him to suppress the fact:—further communicating to you that the rest runs as follows:

"It serves as a forest for troublesome little animals, that I suffer to roam there with impunity!"

What are we to say to this? The world does not seem to be quite clear whether the Emperor was joking or not. But in an ironical work, one is entitled to a good deal of license, and Julian is to have the benefit of the doubt. It is true, indeed, that he is the great and standard specimen of the class of men whose tendency is to attempt to restore exhausted forms of life; and that there may have been a certain affectation (if not morbidity) in his wish to possess a genuine, antique, philosophical barba, or pogon. Yet, what then? Were "little animals" known to the primitive barba? Even Death himself, who, according to Burns, *has* a beard—for doesn't he make him say—

> "put up your whittle:
> I'm no design'd to try its metal;
> But if I did, I wad be kittle
> To be mislear'd;
> I wad na mind it, no that spittle
> Out-owre my beard!"
> *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

—would not tolerate such inconvenience. Besides, we know that the care of the ancient beard was an elaborate business; and the *tonsor* an important functionary. No, if Julian was negligent of his person, there is no probability that he carried matters so far as this.

The East (except in the case of Egypt)* has been more consistently faithful to what we have called the beard-tradition, than the North. The Arabs swear very frequently

* Becker derives the custom of shaving from thence.—"Charicles."

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by the beard of the Prophet; and, we are told, "make the preservation of their beards a capital point of religion, because Mohammed never cut his;"* and the Turks (whose sense of personal dignity is so strong, and whose pachas are among the best bred of mankind) cultivate the beard with great attention. "Among them, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipt, or branded with a hot iron. The slaves who serve in the seraglio have their beards shaven as a sign of their servitude."† The late Mehemet Ali had a white and silvery beard; and Byron speaks of the "hoary lengthening beard" of Ali Pacha—another of the latest men of notable energy whom the East has produced. Indeed, there is something in the ornament calculated to become the face of king or potentate; and Dionysius, of Sicily, should not be forgotten, who dared not to trust his beard to an operator, but was obliged to burn it when needful—an example of the misery of tyranny, which Cicero does not forget to moralize on.

When we look at the question, in its relation to our own ancestry, we must not forget the moustachio on the bust in the Townley Marbles, which has been thought to represent Caractacus. "The Britons," says Mr. Fairholt,‡ "like the ancient Gauls, allowed their hair to grow thick on the head; and, although they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore immense tangled moustachios, which sometimes reached to their breasts." The moustachio and beard seem, indeed, to have gone generally together, in ancient times,—as we see them in the bust of Socrates. It may be presumed, that the Northern nations felt the symbolic force of these appendages; we have a well-known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who, he says, made a general custom of what among other German people was an affair of private daring—the letting the "crinem barbamque" grow till they had killed an enemy. Guizot, who sneers at "patriotisme germanique" for attaching too much importance to Tacitus's remark on German morals, will probably admit the correctness of this part of his picture. We know, at all events, that the Saxons grew the beard; and everybody remembers the story of the observer from the Saxon camp at Hastings, who took the well-shaven Norman gentlemen for monks. Monks shaved—"veluti mundo mortui"—but otherwise, the Church and the beard were mostly in friendly relations. "Apud Christianos clerici non *radunt* sed *tondent* barbam,"—shave not, but clip the beard—is the rule which we find laid down by a learned Jesuit on the point.* Yet, councils have repressed huge beards in priests, and have ordered them to shave the upper lip, so that no impediment may be presented by the moustachio to their partaking of the holy chalice.†

In the pages of Fairholt and Planché, the curious reader may hunt for traces of the way in which the fashion of our ancestors varied in this matter. The Normans, when they conquered England, were well shaven, on the back of the head as on the face:—

> "For all were shaven and shorn,
> Not having moustachios left."

But the tide turned again. A spring came; and hair sprouted once more—as when—

> "—redeunt jam gramina campis,
> Arboribusque COMÆ."

There was a revival during Henry I.'s reign, says Mr. Planché. In Edward II.'s, "Beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of state, and knights templars, but not generally," he observes. Sir John Mandeville, the traveller, (who died A. D. 1372,) was called Sir John with the beard, (presumably from the size,) and was as notable in this as in other respects. But, indeed, in Edward III.'s time—the hey-day of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love-poetry, of heraldry—long beard and fine moustachio were in honorable estimation. In an English Froissart before us, illustrated with cuts taken from old authorities, we find very noble faces gifted in this way. In Richard II.'s reign, the fashion continued. The beard was "forked," Mr. Planché notes, and "in all knightly effigies, the moustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth." The venerable authority of Chaucer now comes in; and what a glimpse is this he gives us of his "Shipman:"—

> "Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
> With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake."

Here is vigor of delineation! The "Franklein" (that model country gentleman) derives a poetic grace from his ornament—

* Encyc. Brit. † Ibid.
‡ Fairholt's "Costume in England."

* Laur. Beyerlinck, "Magnum Theatrum," &c. *in voc.* Barba. † Ibid.

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"White was his berd as is the dayesie;"

also—

"A merchant was there, with a forked beard."

From this period to the culmination of Pogonotrophy, or beard-culture, in the triumphant *barba* of the sixteenth century, beard and moustachio appear to have distinguished old men, soldiers, &c. The sixteenth century opens well; for it was in 1513 that James IV. of Scotland presented that manly and brilliant figure which Scott has immortalized in the free and flowing lines of "Marmion:"—

"The monarch's form was middle size,
For feat of arms or exercise,
Shaped with proportions rare;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the deepest dye
His short curled beard and hair!"

The shortness and the curl, probably, were calculated to charm the fair wife of Sir Hugh de Heron—even as the *barbula* of Young Rome delighted the Roman ladies. But the mighty spirits of that time, the men of the Reformation, revelled in those large and noble beards which characterize great ages, and periods of warmest faith! Pre-Raphaelite and Raphaelite painters—painters from the time of Cimabue and Giotto—have depicted their great men as bearded. When Holbein began to paint, (coming over to England, with a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, who kept him in his house, in Chelsea, for two years,) he had many a noble *barba* to depict, besides the well-known one of Sir Thomas himself; which he moved out of the way of the headman's axe, because *it* had never committed treason! Knox wore a grand one, and Buchanan, and Cranmer, and Grindall, and Cardinal Pole. Indeed, a certain "large and profuse beard"* characterized these great men. The beard of Harry the Eighth we shall find celebrated in song. The "great and energetic time" (as Goethe calls it) of Harry's daughter, took up the tradition. A gentleman who grew up to maturity (and *such* a maturity!) under its influences, shall furnish us with a paragraph on the point. Listen to a passage from the autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury:—

"My father was Richard Herbert, Esq., son to Edward Herbert, Esq., and grandchild to Sir Richard Herbert, Knight, who was a younger son of Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, in Monmouthshire, of all whom I shall say a little; and first of my father, whom I remember to have been black-haired and BEARDED, as all my ancestors of his side are said to have been!"

A sober and well-governed gentleman (to use one of Lord Herbert's expressions) of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beard, as he did his dress, his mind, manners, or conduct. It was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes—a symbol to be respected, like his coat-of-arms. Each class of mankind had its own form of the ornament. The Reformer cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as Buchanan, (whose beard may be seen and admired in the portrait by Holbein,) wore it —sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin, perhaps; but also, we may believe, not unmindful of the tradition of Socrates and the Roman patriarchs.* The gentleman adopted it as he adopted the other manners which he inherited;—respecting the "brass" of his ancestors in the parish church, honoring the example of the beard of Edward III. on his monument in Westminster, and the moustachio of the Black Prince on his effigy in Canterbury. When Gray wished to paint the characteristics of that great-hearted age, what points did his eyes seize?

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.

Shakespeare will preserve the custom in everlasting remembrance, alone. For who does not remember the

soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;

and the debate on the attire of Bottom?—

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your

* Repton on the Beard and Moustachio.

* In early editions of the "Scaligerana," Joseph Scaliger has a very handsome one.

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purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

A man gone insane in love could show his departure from a healthy condition no better than by sacrificing his beard, as appears in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Claudio. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brusheth his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?
Don Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?
Claudio. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.
Leonato. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

As for the brilliant Beatrice, her authority obviously settles in favor of the institution, though her wit threatens to singe the beard in the first instance:

——— Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.
Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.
Beat. What should I do with him? dress him with my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man. . . .

Among the items of dandyism which made up the picture of the Swell whom Hotspur describes with such exquisite contempt, we must not forget one:—

—— his chin, new reap'd,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner.

Rosalind, describing to Orlando the marks of love, says—

A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue.

And the same ever-delightful Rosalind, does she not say, in the Epilogue—

If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me . . . and I am sure as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Every class, in fact, had its characteristic beard; and divines especially, of the Church of England, wore theirs "large and trimmed square." Such a square-cut beard was called the "cathedral beard," and was thought to become the grave face of a bishop.

But we will now insert from the literature of this subject, the "Ballad of the Beard," which we extract from a little volume called "Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume: from the 13th to the 19th Century," edited by Mr. Fairholt, for the Percy Society, and pronounced by that gentleman to be "evidently a production of the time of Charles I., if not earlier." Here the reader may learn, on sound authority, the fashions of his ancestors in this matter; and, to our mind, there is no little spirit and point in the style in which they are dashed off:

Now a beard is a thing that commands in a king,
  Be his sceptre ne'er so fair;
When the beard bears the sway, the people obey,
  And are subjects to a hair.

'Tis a princely sight, and a grave delight,
  That adorns both young and old;
A well-thatch'd face is a comely grace,
  And a shelter from the cold.

* * * *

Now of beards there be such a company,
  And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a beard
  Tho' it be never so long.

The Roman T in its bravery
  Doth first itself disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
  With the flames of a torrid nose.

The stiletto beard, oh! it makes me afeard,
  It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a dagger in 's face,
  What wears he in his sheath?

But methinks I do itch to go thro' stitch,
  The needle-beard to amend,
Which without any wrong I may call too long,
  For a man can see no end.

The soldier's beard doth march in, shear'd
  In figure like a spade,
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
  And think their graves are made.

But, oh! let us tarry for the beard of King Harry
  That grows about the chin,
With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
  And a champion ground between.

The "beard of King Harry" is, indeed, a stately object in his portraits; and in most portraits of the leading men of Europe, from his time to that of Charles II., the beard is a conspicuous object.

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The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars; and the same rigor which the Puritan exercised on his head, he exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyke beard is the typical one of this period, and is associated for ever with the melancholy face of Charles I. Peaked beards and moustachios were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pretty generally worn—till the Restoration, deriving its inspiration from the French Court, gave a blow to the cause which it never recovered from. "Beard," says old Fuller, "was never the true standard of brains;" a remark which shows that the tide had set against them. Soon came the era of the wig, and of elaborately artificial attire; and poetry disappeared from the English face and dress. Yet, for the next two or three generations, some sturdy Jacobite ever and anon appeared true to the house of Stuart and the memory of Vandyke, who made a vow not to shave till the king had his own again. These beards were called vow-beards. One Scottish gentleman, from whose loins was destined to spring a descendant who should awaken all Europe to a delighted interest in the memory of its past, made himself famous in his county by one of these ornaments. This was Scott, of Harden, known as "Beardie" Harden, from this peculiarity, to whom the author of "Waverley," proud of his race, as he justly was, looked back, we believe, with a peculiar tenderness. The king did *not*, we know, get his own again; but whether the beard shall ever get *its* own again, is a question not now interesting to Jacobites only, (if such exist,) but to an increasing class of people, of various kinds of opinion. Indeed, nothing would injure its cause so much as its being adopted as symbolic of particular opinions; and one reason why it is discouraged in England is, that it is somehow confused with the maintenance of revolutionary doctrine—as if its wearers were necessarily men who would, from their

> ——— horrid hair,
> Shake pestilence and war,

should an opportunity present itself. At all events, it cannot be doubted that shaving in England is but two centuries old, (a brief period in the annals of an historic nation,) and that it then owed its introduction to mere temporary fashion—to the accidental state of the chin of a French king:—

Every one has admired on medallions and in portraits the beard of the renowned Henry IV. of France, which gave to the countenance of that prince a majestic dignity and openness, and which ought to serve as a model for every great king, as the beard of his illustrious minister should for that of every statesman. But there is little dependence on the stability of things of this world. By an event equally fatal and unforeseen, the beard, which had arrived at its highest degree of glory, all of a sudden lost its favor, and was at length entirely proscribed.

The unexpected death of Henry the Great, and the youth of his successor, were the sole causes of this revolution.

Louis XIII. mounted the throne of his glorious ancestors without a beard. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king with a smooth chin, would look upon their own as too rough; and the conjecture proved correct. They presently reduced their beards to whiskers, and a small tuft of hair under their nether lip. But the people at first refused to follow this dangerous example. The Duke of Sully also persisted in clinging to his beard. This man, great as a general and a minister, was likewise so in his retirement, and had the courage to keep his long beard; nay, to appear with it at the court of Louis XIII., when called thither to give his advice in an affair of importance. The young smooth-shaven courtiers laughed outright at the grave look and old-fashioned appearance of the venerable minister; on which the latter, probably jealous of the honor of his beard, observed to the king, "Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honor to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his court."

The Czar Peter, who had so many claims to the surname of *Great*, seems to have been but little worthy of it in the matter of beards. He had the boldness to impose a tax on the produce of his people's chins. He ordered that the noblemen and gentlemen, tradesmen and artisans, should pay a hundred rubles for the privilege of retaining their beards, and that the lower class of people should pay a copec for the same liberty; and he established clerks at the gates of the different towns to collect these duties. Such a new and singular impost troubled the vast empire of Muscovy. Both religion and manners were thought in imminent danger. Complaints were heard on all sides; and some ill-natured persons even went so far as to write libels against the sovereign. But Peter was inflexible, and shaving began in good earnest; the Russians very generally coming to the conclusion that it was better to cut off their beards than to give serious offence to a man who had the power of cutting off their heads.

Example, more powerful than authority, produced in Spain what the Czar Peter had not accomplished in Russia without great difficulty. Philip V. ascended the throne with a shaven chin. The courtiers imitated the prince, and the people in turn imitated the courtiers. However, although

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this revolution was brought about without violence and by degrees, it caused much lamentation and murmuring; the gravity of the Spaniards lost by the change, and they said, *Desde que no hay barba no hay mus alma:* "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls."*

In Mr. Rowland's comprehensive and interesting work, the title of which is at the head of our article, we are informed that—

It was not the progress of civilization, it was a servile imitation of the first George that introduced among Englishmen the ridiculous practice of divesting their faces of every particle of hair. Prior to the reign of George I. such a practice was unknown, and would have been scoffed at as preposterous.

We set out by saying, that we desire to be impartial, and only aim at attaining a little more social liberty than the iron frame-work of English conventionalism permits people to enjoy at present. It is undeniable that shaving *does* make its appearance as a custom in certain stages of society; that for several generations the cultivated ancients of the classic world shaved as closely as we do, and that the *tonsor* was an important functionary in those days. Nay, from the shop of the *tonsor*, men arrived at great heights. Juvenal's barber—

Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat:

(a line thus rendered in the version of queer old Holyday—†

He whose officious scissors went snip, snip,
As he my troublesome young beard did clip,)

ended by outvying nobles in possessions. Jeremy Taylor's father was a barber, too; and the barbers of Spain (a country which has produced splendid beards) are immortalized in music. Yet the beard is essentially honorable in history; it revived in Rome again; and it would scarcely become the most intensely civilized Englishman to sneer at the Herberts, the Raleighs, and men of that stamp.

Our utter want of knowledge as to what may be (using Fichte's phrase) "the divine intention" of the beard, is abundantly shown in the great variety of *opinions* which have been offered as a substitute. Some one has suggested that the final cause of beards consists in the necessity of supporting the Sheffield trade; but we have not yet been sufficiently imbued with the doctrine of the Bridgewater Treatises to believe in the providential adaptation here implied. Our locomotive engine-drivers have discovered in beards the natural *clothing* of the chin—a discovery, we opine, not without advantages, when, in bleak December mornings, they are rushing through the air at a rate of from thirty to fifty miles an hour. In fact, ardent advocates of the beard rest upon the argument that it is a natural respirator, as their strongest rock of defence. They all eagerly quote the evidence of Dr. Copland and Mr. Chadwick on this point. We will give our readers the benefit of Mr. Chadwick's remarks, as transcribed by Mr. Wilson, in his excellent work on the Skin:

There can be no doubt, says Mr. Chadwick, that the moustachio is a natural respirator, defending the lungs from the inhalation of dust and cold: it is a defence of the throat and face against the cold; and it is equally, in warm climates, a protection of those parts against excessive heat. Mr. Chadwick was first led to make these observations by seeing some blacksmiths who wore beards, whose moustachios were discolored by the quantity of iron dust which had accumulated amongst the hairs; and he justly inferred that, had not the dust been so arrested by a natural respirator, it must have found its way into the lungs, where it could not have done otherwise than be productive of evil consequences. Mr. Chadwick further reminds me of the necessity for the beard in sandy countries, as Syria and Egypt, and mentions the well-known fact, that travellers through those countries will find it expedient, and even necessary, to wait until their moustachios have grown to a sufficient length to defend their mouths against the admission of the burning sands of the desert. Upon the same principle, he conceives that the moustachio would be of service to laborers in all dusty trades, such as millers, bakers, masons, &c.; to workmen employed in grinding iron and steel, and to travellers on dusty roads.

In favor of the moustachio as a defence against the inhalation of the cold air, it has been stated that persons who wear moustachios are less susceptible of toothache than others equally exposed; and that the teeth are less apt to decay. The use of the moustachio and beard as a means of maintaining the temperature of the parts which it covers is indispensable. Mr. Chadwick remarks that he has known an instance of a cold occasioned by shaving the moustachio; and I have myself seen a severe attack of mumps result from the removal of the whiskers. Mr. Chadwick also states that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are remarkable for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity against bronchial affections; and in further illustration of the same principle, he has known persons suscept-

* Encyc. Brit., art. *Beard.*

† In Holyday's "Juvenal" is a portrait of the satirist, in which he is endowed with a noble *barba.* But it is plain from his writings, as from those of others, that the beard was not in general use at his time. See particularly, Sat. vi. 214, 215.

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ible of taking colds and sore throats rescued from that inconvenience by permitting the growth of hair beneath their chins. The celebrated Egyptian traveller, Mr. St. John, informed me, that Walter Savage Landor was a great sufferer from sore throat many years of his life; and that he lost the morbid disposition by following the advice of the surgeon of the Grand-duke of Tuscany to let his beard grow—a certain corrective, as he was assured by that medical authority. There are strong reasons for the opinion advanced by Mr. Chadwick, and others, that the army and navy should wear moustachios and beards. The arguments against the moustachio and beard, at least in this country, are founded on the possible neglect of cleanliness. This argument could not apply to the army and navy, where attention is paid to such points; but it might and would among our ill-fed and worse-lodged working classes. In warmer climates another difficulty arises, as happened to a friend of my own who took pride in a majestic beard, and almost wept over the necessity for its destruction, when, one morning, after enjoying the hospitality of an Arab tent, he beheld his glorious beard teeming with animated forms.*

We fully believe the beard to be the best of respirators; we know that since Englishmen have dispensed with it, a silver gauze substitute has been often found necessary, even at the cost of disfigurement and inconvenience to the wearer. But if the tender lungs and sore throats of men require the beard and moustachio to warm and modify the air as it passes through them before each inhalation, what are we to say of Nature's carelessness regarding her fairer and tenderer offspring—woman? Surely her respiratory organism needs even more shielding than man's. It is true, that women are usually neither stone-masons nor workers in iron or steel, but they are no less wont "to kick up a dust." Do not our housemaids make it fly from the carpets, in clouds, all over the rooms, every day, in every house wherein they hold office? And do they not inhale the said dust with business-like regularity? And yet, unhappily or happily, as taste may affirm, woman is left utterly without protection! It is urged, in defence of Nature's arbitrariness, that woman's life is a domestic one, that her duties are at home; that, unlike man, she is not exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, that she is not called upon to become either a stone-mason or a Sheffield grinder, and that therefore she has no need of such protection as the beard affords. We cannot admit this defence:—the dust-argument we have already disposed of, and we may add, that the women of uncivilized races endure all the vicissitudes of weather and seasons equally with men: so that either the theory of the lung-protective function of the beard, as a final cause of its existence, must, we fear, be given up, or we must accuse Nature of neglectful cruelty to the "better half" of the human race. The latter alternative we are not disposed to adopt, the more especially as we decidedly prefer woman's lip and chin in their *naked* beauty; and as yet we have met with no feminine envy of the masculine protection.

In the absence of any theory, in all respects satisfactory, we would suggest whether Nature's chief motive for investing man with the beard may not consist in her love of exhaustless variety. Who will venture to affirm that she is animated only by a utilitarian spirit in creating her infinite diversity of forms in the animal and vegetable kingdom? She revels in countless modifications of plans for the achievement of similar ends. Regarding only the forms of Nature, boundless caprice would seem her chief characteristic. Studied, however, more intimately, she appears as an almighty artist, developing and individualizing her vast resources into every conceivable gradation of grandeur and beauty. Out of this spirit arises, we believe, the distinctive aspects of man and woman. His potential beauty is not less than hers, but of a different, more complex,* and severer order. When

* "A popular Treatise on the Skin and Hair." By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

* The opinion that the ideal beauty of man is of the highest order, can scarcely be expressed without calling forth, even from ourselves, an instinctive protest, and is infidel to the universal faith in the supreme beauty of woman; nevertheless, in heretical contrast to the chivalrous lines—

> "Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses O,"

stands the grave authority of Winckelmann, and before it that of Aristotle: "In regard to forms and development, there are not so many gradations of difference in the figures of beautiful females, because that development is varied only according to their age. . . . . For the same reason that I find less to notice in the beauty of the female sex, the study of the artist in this department is much more limited and easy; even Nature appears to act with more facility in the formation of the female than of the male sex, since there are fewer male than female children born." [Was not the ancient philosopher wrong in his statistics?—Ed.] "Hence Aristotle says, that the operations of Nature tend to perfection, even in the formation of human beings; but if a male cannot be produced, owing to the resistence of matter, then a female is the result!"—*Hist. of Ancient Art among the Greeks.* Translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by C. H. Lodge. London: John Chapman.

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man's physical system is perfectly developed, his capacious chest and stalwart frame, overlaid with muscles in high relief, seem to us to require the beard for the completion of features fitted to harmonize with their vigorous outline.

But it will be observed, that the very reason which would induce us to sanction the wearing of the beard would also, in a vast number of cases, forbid its assumption. As certain dresses do not become diminutive women, and must, in order to display their wonted effect, be worn by those of noble stature, so the beard—identified as it is with sternness, dignity, and strength—is only the becoming complement of true manliness. If we are not mistaken, therefore, the cultivation of the beard is a perilous experiment for all degenerate sons of Adam, and may produce in the wearers the most ludicrous incongruity. We trust that the noble associations with the beard will never be degraded; and we would advise all beard-loving aspirants to be well assured of their worthiness—physically and mentally—to wear it, before they venture to show themselves in a decoration so significant of honor. He who adopts it is bound to respect its venerable traditions, and to conduct himself with an extra degree of carefulness and propriety. For with beards as with other institutions—at bottom—it is the *man* that makes them respectable. To those who do venture to wear it, we would add: Let us have less hypocrisy! Let us not hear that the healthy Jones wears a beard "because he suffers so from tic," &c. But let him who assumes it plant himself on what he conceives the sense and right of the matter; his moral courage will then sustain him until his friends, who may now amuse themselves at his expense, shall esteem him for his brave fidelity to his convictions.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DAY'S HISTORY OF THE LONDON TIMES.

The mechanical wonders of the daily newspaper have been described a hundred times. We have been made familiar with the great inventions whereby so many thousand lines are put into type, and so many thousand copies laid on the breakfast-tables of the country; the lines having been only a dozen hours before in manuscript, and the copies blank paper. In truth, it would be difficult to point out any fact which combines in itself so many of the prodigious successes of modern science, as the great fact of a London morning paper lying upon an Edinburgh counter at eight o'clock in the evening. Twenty-four hours before, the matter of two octavo volumes existed only in manuscript—part of it, indeed, in the brain of certain persons, at a distance of four hundred miles.

The mechanical arrangements by which this feat is effected are, as has been said, sufficiently familiar to most people: of the intellectual arrangements, much less is known. Few ever think of the direct process whereby such a heterogeneous mass as the columns of daily papers present, is collected, digested, and put into forms so clear, regular, and connected, during the course of one half of a single night; or how half a dozen articles—which would be among the brightest in a collection of essays—are thrown off at an hour's notice, with small preparation, amid the confusion of facts yet uncertain, and after the toil and pressure of the labor of the day. It may be interesting to watch, during its progress, the development of a daily newspaper.*

Enter the working-office of the paper in the middle of the day: it is like a geological interval between the extinction of one creation and the formation of another. You go up a narrow, creaking staircase—dirty and inky—such as would disgrace a collier. Every thing is still. Half-way up, in a little dusty room, sits a man with a pot of porter before him; he wonders what on earth you can want at that time of day. If you succeed in penetrating to the working-room—not yet put in order—your impressions will be curious. On one side lie the slips of an article which cost the writer infinite pains and satis-

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faction—on another, the fragment of a despatch, containing news of the utmost importance, which excited the whole office at its arrival. Both are now interesting myriads of people at a distance of many miles. Here they are crammed into a corner, covered with dirt, and forgotten by the persons who, a few hours before, were so much interested and excited about them. A new world is about to dawn upon the newspaper, and the past is already sunk and forgotten. The newspaper world never thinks again of a thing when it has once done with it: with that world, each day's work is like the May-fly—brilliant and rapid for its hour, then lost upon the winds.

At the same time the editor, four miles out of town, is taking his breakfast. He glances listlessly over his paper, just to see how it looks; but it is a thing gone by with him as with the rest of his world: he would be lucky if, till his hour of duty, he could forget altogether that such a thing as a newspaper existed; but this is a happiness not allowed to editors of daily papers. At every sip of his tea—amidst the prattle of his family—amidst the chat of his friends—the inquiries of his wife—rises in dread solemnity the image of the next morning's paper. Never did coming event cast its shadow before more effectually than the coming newspaper throws its shadow over the mind of its ill-fated editor. What are to be the general subjects for the day—the particular subjects, of course, depend upon what may turn up—whether he shall be indignant on judicial abuses—proud of commercial prosperity—virtuous on the rich—sentimental on the poor—indulgent towards the Lords—piquant towards the Commons—all this—how it is to be done, and who is to do it, will intrude upon his thoughts, however closely he may fix his eyes on the flaxen hair of his pet daughter, or the bright illustrations of the last new publication.

But between him and his next paper there yet intervenes an important ceremony: he has to meet the proprietors at four o'clock. In the old times, those of which our fathers have told us, these meetings were very pleasant. When there was yet a race amongst the newspapers for the first place in influence and profit—ere a single publication had overshadowed all the rest—when personal communications from men of official rank were matters of course—when the destinies of the country seemed to hang upon the press—when the great public pressed less, and great people pressed more upon the newspapers—when the race for earliest intelligence was eager and fiery, and £200, and occasionally very much more, would be spent on a single despatch—in those days, the four o'clock meetings embraced matters of extraordinary interest and excitement. It is much duller work now. If the paper succeeds so far as to pay a dividend, the eagerness of gain sends the proprietors—starched, white-cravatted men—closely into the accounts; the penny-a-line book is too large; a reporter may be dispensed with at such a court; a correspondent at such a station. If the great topics of the day are touched upon, it is in the mercantile view of circulation. If a great name is to be connected with the establishment, it is asked if it will increase the sale. If, on the other hand, the affair does not pay, the poor editor has a sad game to play; his mode of handling general topics, the style of his articles, his choice of features, his management of contributors, and a thousand other matters, are liable to be discussed in an impatient and cross-grained humor, which is not likely to lighten the mind of a man who has a mental burden of such weight to lift and carry every day of his life. It is true, there is commonly a business-manager attached to the paper, who ought to take much of this off the editor's hands; and so he generally does, under new arrangements and new proprietors. But the editorial duties are so intimately connected with the business, under all its forms, that the load gradually and naturally slides from the manager to the editor, who ends by having all the plague, whether he has ostensibly the business or not.

It is seldom the fortune of the editor to fall upon the golden days of a large profit; then, indeed, these annoyances are spared him, and his position is in many respects enviable. The next best position to this is to have rich proprietors, who have taken the paper for the purpose of promoting a crotchet or a principle, and are comparatively indifferent as to the expenses. A few strong articles, good personal praise, and a special tone, suffice to keep these men in good humor; and their editor has an easy time. But this seldom lasts. Such a hobby is terribly expensive, and wearies out most people after a few months.

Our editor has got rid of his proprietors; he has now his contributors to attend to; Persons from influential quarters, with messages or articles, are to be seen and satisfied; new hands are to be engaged for the Gallery, or elsewhere. No wonder the candidate is

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somewhat fidgety at the approach of the great *chef*, for it is a question with him between starvation and £300 a year. It is one of the misfortunes of metropolitan journalism, that its members, instead of beginning with small salaries, and rising gradually and certainly, begin at once with five guineas a week. With this they live famously for a time; but a change intervenes; they are thrown out, and left with nothing. But we cannot stop now to dilate on a subject on which so much might be said, and on which so much depends in the state of modern literature. The editor has fulfilled his engagements; let him go home to his dinner; we shall not want him again till nine.

Meanwhile, the editorial apartments begin to exhibit some slight signs of life. A few packets have found their way to the tables—some of the reports of the day, parcels from penny-a-liners, and letters of correspondents. One or two of the parliamentary staff drop in, to make inquiries about the arrangements of the evening. It is a slight gust before the evening's storm, and drops into silence soon after five.

Between seven and eight, in walks the sub-editor, and with him begins the regular business of the evening. He is a pale, worn-looking man, the sub-editor. Hard and drudging work all through the dark hours, from seven till four, six days out of the seven, and with only a fortnight's holiday in the year, tell grievously on a man's constitution. He is well paid; but where is the enjoyment of money to one whose day is spent in providing rest against the exigences of the night? However, rested or not, there he is, looking on the accustomed packets upon his table. Half of these—reports of the law-courts, or communications from known and accredited persons—he hands at once to the printer without further examination. He then sits down to the "flimsy," as the communications are called of the penny-a-liners—who, by the way, should be "three-halfpence-a-liners," three-halfpence a line being their usual honorarium. With these gentlemen he has a world of trouble. Being paid by the yard, they have of course a direct interest in lengthening their measure. This they might do by amplifying incidents, or inventing a few supplementary particulars; but this the penny-a-liner never does; although, for the most part, the poorest of poor fellows, he is thoroughly conscientious as to matter of fact. His amplifications are sentences of pathos, compound epithets, and little pieces of humor. He has, perhaps, sent in some penny-a-lining matter every day of his life for ten years. During that time he has certainly never known a single instance in which his pathos, his humor or his epithets, have actually found their way into print. The sub-editorial pen is most ruthless in its erasures. The sub-editor, too, having often the choice of several accounts of the same occurrence, naturally chooses that with the least ornamental superfluity, as giving the least trouble. Yet, nothing can cure these gentlemen of their passion for eloquence. The same heroic flourish in a shipwreck, the same magnificent indignation in a murder, expressed in terms of sublimity which Milton never thought of, still, night after night, solicit publication, only to have it refused. The heroism of genius must be truly great to resist such eternal rebuffs! If authors lose half their praise, because it never can be known what they blot, what is to be said of penny-a-liners?

The foreign editor, or rather sub-editor, makes his appearance about half-past eight. This functionary, like others, has of late years had his glories dimmed. The incessant activity of "our own correspondent" leaves him little to do. His work, in former times, used to include the memorabilia of all Europe: at present, it is mainly confined to what is found in the German papers. These multifarious productions, from holes and corners beyond the reach of the corresponding system, often contain facts of interest when least expected. These, and a few gleanings from the Italian papers, form the substance of the foreign work now done at home; and this last source produces so little as to be scarcely worth notice. In these days, when periodical-writing reaches every extreme, from the highest point to the lowest, it would be difficult to find any publication more utterly lifeless, pointless, and uninteresting, than an Italian newspaper.

A heap of country newspapers is lying on the table. If these papers were what they ought to be, they might furnish our sub-editor with the means of placing the state of the nation before the public with unrivalled certainty and completeness. In the country districts, the workings of the law, the state of prisons, of workhouses, of agriculture, of religious opinion, are known to every diligent inquirer; and if these things were properly gathered by the local editors, the daily papers in the metropolis could form a summary of the great facts of the nation, which would utterly throw into the shade the reports of parliamentary commissions.

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England might know itself every week, instead of waiting for enlightenment every two or three years at the hands of peripatetic philosophers, who have just begun to comprehend the district, when they are called somewhere else. Unfortunately, the local newspaper, with a very few exceptions, tells nothing of all this. Observe how languidly our sub-editor glances over its columns, as if fulfilling a duty he cared little about, and from which he expected small fruits. His scissors are inserted at last, only to cut out the notice of the consecration of a church, a colliery accident, or a cabbage of preternatural growth. Let such country papers as aim at higher things, pardon us if we lament that so few of their brethren resemble them: great are the opportunities of all, since the country knows or can know the country, while London is far from having the power of knowing London. Hitherto, there has been little either of excitement or amusement in the office; the first sounds of either come from the Reporter's Room. By this time the debates have become heavy, and have brought with them a host of anecdote—the snubbing given by the minister to a troublesome querist, the absurd look of such a member when he was called to order, the bull of one man, the fantastical argument of another, are—or rather were, for we must again speak in the past tense—an unfailing source of jest and merriment—often just, piquant, and well aimed. They were a gay, rattling set, too, the reporters, with their working-coats, which might have come fresh from Houndsditch, capering and playing pranks in a close, mouldy room, black with the ink of ages. Now, the liberality and sense of convenience of the parliament and its architect have spoiled all the fun. In the gentlemanly, well-contrived lobbies of the Reporters' Gallery is to be found all the accommodation requisite for giving the senatorial eloquence in its full detail. The reporters work silently, under the eye of authority, with the leaden atmosphere of legislation pressing heavily upon them. They make but little use of the jolly old room at the office. They have become, in consequence, staid and gentlemanly themselves, as befits official functionaries, many of them appearing in the gallery in dress fit for a dinner-party, and which would have struck their predecessors with astonishment. The tact necessary for a reporter is greatly diminished. Of old, it was a great point when an eminent speaker fell to the turn of the reporter best qualified to manage him. One was good for an argumentative, another for a humorous debater. At present, the great speeches are written out at full length, or, if shortened, it is by omission rather than abridgment. A simple readiness in shorthand serves instead of the able and often singular dexterity with which the reporters in past days were wont to condense without injuring the wit, wisdom, and follies of parliamentary effusions. Condensation is now chiefly applied to unimportant speeches, where the style matters but little.

At about half-past nine, the editor himself makes his appearance. By this time it has become tolerably clear, as a general rule, what will be the special demands on his attention: it is but seldom that, after this hour, either news arrives or any thing turns up in the debates requiring a special article. He is, therefore, able at once to arrange the subject of the one or perhaps two leading articles not already provided. Sometimes, however, it is necessary, from some unforeseen occurrence, to get up a leader at a later hour; and the commotion to obtain at a moment's notice the right thing from the right person, is quite wonderful. This is what the continental papers find most to admire in the English. Their articles are uniformly got up the day before; their writers have no notion whatever of working on the spur of the moment. The Paris paper of Tuesday is settled, written, and half printed by noon on Monday—at a time when an English newspaper would scarcely have its doors open, and more than half its staff would be fast asleep. Some of the very best articles in our papers have been written in this hasty way: the hurry of the moment produces a vigor and excitement *sui generis;* but it is not everybody who is to be trusted, for as there is no time to look up facts, a man not perfectly careful, or not perfectly well-informed, may be betrayed into awful blunders.

The editor then lounges probably into the sub-editor's room, to hear the day's scandal, and form some estimate of the space and importance of general topics. This is by far the most lively time of newspaper work. You have the consciousness of living a day earlier than the rest of the world; occurrences are fresh, and have not been spoiled by the jokes and commentaries of the herd; the masquerade dresses of the world are new again, and you have the first look at them. Editorial feelings require some such stimulus to brace and nerve them to the proper point.

With a tolerably clear idea of his paper

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now before him, the editor re-descends to his room. His next task will be one of much more importance than is generally suspected. He opens the mass of correspondence which has accumulated during the day. In the multitude of facts, incidents, grievances, suggestions, offered by this correspondence, lies an immensity of the special interest attaching to the chief morning paper. The other newspapers get the individual political opinions of their own set, but very little beyond. On the other hand, the mass of fact alone in the occasional correspondence of the *Times*, is sufficient to set up an ordinary paper. Besides these, there are the whims and caprices of all the world; the thousand little adventures, fancies, and whimsies, which bubble up in the every-day life of ten millions of people; all the multifarious mishaps, hopes, fears, and ideas of twenty-four hours of society—matter much more amusing than private strictures on this or that débate; or the solemn assurance of A. B., that Lord C. is the worst man possible for the duties of his office. The variety of topic, style, and feeling, in the "letters to the editor," is worth any thing to the said editor; it saves him a world of thought and trouble in his efforts to vary and enliven his paper. The choice given to the editor of the *Times* in the myriads of the letters he receives, is no small element in the success and superiority of the journal. Another point to be observed is, that a man, writing under the smart of provocation or injury, usually writes forcibly; and many of these letters—the majority of them, indeed—are singularly well written. Their business, matter-of-fact, and often homely style, serve admirably to set off the studied tones of communications purely literary. The letters to the other papers are not from the same class of persons: they come from talkers at the clubs, oracles of a set, who have picked up one of the threadbare côats of a great question, and send it, with their compliments, to the editor. This matter settled, our editor, if the news and topics of the day are not particularly heavy, unlocks his desk, and extracts therefrom sundry articles of literature on general topics, selecting, for variety's sake, that which contrasts most with the rest of his night's matter. In its reviews, the *Times*, again, occupies a peculiar position. The other papers usually intrust the reviewing duty to some of the staff of reporters. These men are clever and trustworthy, and a partial notice is a great rarity; but they are wont to look upon their task as a work of supererogation, of which it is their principal business to get rid as soon as possible. The *Times*, on the contrary, seldom reviews, except when it intends to produce an effect; intrusts the work to a specialist; and has frequently published some of the most striking pieces of criticism in our literature. To create an effect, wherever an effect is possible, has been uniformly the tactics of that paper, and we all see their success.

In other respects, the daily papers present but little differences in their critical character. None is very ambitious of literary distinctiveness. The case is different with another class of articles, some of which are probably before our editor amongst the treasures of his drawer. These are the occasional—or, as they are called, somewhat technically, "headed articles"—essays on every kind of topic, from an emperor to a potato. The *Times* is not very partial to these things, though they owe their importance in some respects to that paper. Its famous "Irish Commissioner" was an experiment which succeeded beyond expectation. It was the first great attempt on the part of a newspaper to gather general information as distinct from news. Its success induced other attempts—there were commissioners on English agriculture, on the laboring classes, both here and in other countries, which produced a few good articles, but failed to compensate the newspapers for their expenses—necessarily great The occasional papers are, therefore, left to chance contributors. The *Morning Post* is gay, graphic, and descriptive; the *Daily News*, statistical and politico-economical; the *Morning Advertiser* ferrets out jobs and abuses. These are the three papers most addicted to headed articles. They are amongst the most convenient resources to an editor—out of the session—in making up his paper.

About this time drop in the musical and dramatic criticisms. If the rapidity of our political writing startles occasionally the continental journalist, the rapidity of our critical writing ought to startle him still more. Political writers can sometimes take their time—the newspaper critic never. A notice—two newspaper columns in length—is handed in at half-past one, of an entertainment scarcely over at twelve. Janin or Berlioz would shudder if the editor of the *Débats* were but to hint at the possibility of their undertaking such a task even on a single occasion. It is true, the work looks more than it is, for all the historical part of the notice—whether of an opera or a singer—is written beforehand. Still, all the criticism on the

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performance must be written on the spot; and it is really curious to see the critic, in a tavern close by the theatre, with his brandy-and-water, or yet more vulgar porter, before him, writing at furious speed, and stopping to sip or joke with a companion; for your dramatic critic never writes alone, if he can help it. Companionship stirs up his imagination, besides being otherwise useful. The feat is—all things considered—a great one, but we fear we must add, that criticism suffers in consequence. Undoubtedly, the worst part of a daily paper is its dramatic criticism; the hurry to which we have alluded is in part the reason; but there are other reasons too. Obliged, by the system, to make something of every occasion, when there is, in reality, nothing to be said, the writer takes refuge in pedantic terms, or extravagant praises, to conceal the poverty of his matter. The praise is sometimes carried to an extent nothing less than ludicrous. A common performance on the bass fiddle will be characterized as "marvellous," "perfect," "thrilling the audience," and so forth, by an able writer, who, when he comes to the real triumphs of genius, has nothing higher to say, having already exhausted the language. On the other hand, if he had simply said, that the performance of A on the fiddle was good; of B on the flute was good; of C on the harp was good, his criticism would be laughed at for its tameness, and with reason. The fault is with those who compel him to say something when there is nothing to be said. The French plan of working up all the dramatic and musical criticism of the week into a single article, has many advantages: it avoids hurry, and, giving a sufficiency of choice to the writer, prevents him from forcing barren subjects. There is, besides, another drawback on the English critical writing, arising from the simple cause, that the writers do not understand their subject. Men of general information, practised in the art of making dull topics lively, they are sent into the theatre or the concert-room, to make a spirited article, but a most preposterous criticism. The display of learning used on these occasions is, to the initiated, a source of abundant merriment. Professional men are very seldom able to write, and when they are, their strictures often savor so much of their own peculiar clique, that they are not to be trusted.

It is one o'clock, and the paper begins to assume a definite shape. As usual, there is too much matter in hand; the printer fidgets about the sub-editor's room, and looks nervously at new "copy."* He is quite a peculiarity in his way—the London master-printer in the newspaper office. A square, rotund man, with a high forehead, an intelligent eye, and a manner half-deferential, half-conscious of his own importance; giving serious and useful advice in the quietest possible form of good-natured complaint—he is never put out of his way, and never at a loss in cases of absolute necessity. "This *can't* go in, Sir." "It *must* go in." "Very well, Sir," is the regular colloquy, about this time of the night, between the printer and the sub-editor. The printer's ingenuity in finding space is certainly wonderful, and his tact in suggesting what should be preferred for insertion, is of more value than editors choose to acknowledge. Much lies in the appearance and first aspect of the paper, and this the printer has fully before him; and even in the discernment of mere literary reasons, long experience and natural shrewdness make him a safe adviser. He never gives advice unless asked; but when it does come, it is almost always worth having. The reader does not know half his obligations to this functionary. The way in which articles are set up, made good-looking by a judicious arrangement of the paragraphs, and intelligible by a judicious arrangement of the types, does as much for the enjoyment of the said reader, as the efforts of much more pretentious personages. Many a young hand, who goes away with a dim idea that the worthy public next morning will not understand his lucubrations, is astonished to find how intelligible they have become, when he nervously glances over his paragraphs, and wonders at the effect which capitals, rules, and italics, have had in reconciling the different fragments of his text, and introducing a friendly light where he, in his inexperience, found a most uncomfortable mist.

By this time the office assumes a sad and tired appearance. The excitement of fresh news, the lively hurry of critics and reporters, the warm sensations of progressive toil, have all died away, and six hours' hard work is producing its effect. The editor is perhaps in the sub-editor's room, talking lazily over matters general and journalistic. The sub-editor, thoroughly worn out, is looking over proofs; a few empty bottles, blotted manuscript, cut newspapers, complete the dreariness of the scene. The printer alone moves alert and briskly—his excitement is only half over; besides, no one yet ever saw a printer tired. Five hours hence, he will be putting

* **Manuscript to be set into type.**

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on his best coat, without exciting a suspicion that he had been working all night. For the rest, they are at no pains to conceal their weariness. If there has been a late debate, a reporter or two may yet be heard upon the stairs, with dull, heavy tread, as forlorn and dreary as the rest.

It was not always thus. Before railways and electric telegraphs, the foreign expresses would come in at this time—twenty lines, paid for at the cost of hundreds—information wonderful and exclusive, which is to make the fortune of the paper for the next half-year —meetings in the far North, reported and carried two hundred miles in eight hours, at the cost of the death of a dozen horses. Then there was the wonder whether the same intelligence had reached their rivals—what was its real importance—how far it was true. In election-days, these expresses were wonderfully stirring: during an Irish turmoil, a reporter would be following the testy heels of an agitator for days, and sending his notes by a man who would write them out, ready for immediate printing, in a carriage dashing at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Alas! all this is over now. In their essence, railways and electric-telegraphs are wonderfully prosaic things: they do their business quickly; but where is the poetry, the spirit, the excitement of it? The racing post-horse, the steamer panting for its port, was worth, for the fun of the thing, a thousand railways and telegraphs, whose disdainful ease and selfish consciousness of power are enough to quench the fire of Homer himself. To be sure, there is something in the saving of some twenty thousand per annum, which the Indian expresses alone used to cost the newspapers. The economy may add to the comfort of the proprietor; but it is only another in the prosaic items of the present time. Even the pecuniary extravagance of old was infinitely amusing—except to those who had to pay; and even they were not always without a return. The rivalry of early intelligence kept up at once the sap, the spirit, and the equilibrium of the journals.

At present, if there is any exclusive intelligence sent in this way, the dreary hours of the earliest dawn are not enlivened by it. It makes its appearance at the garish hour of ten, telegraphed from the morning's advices, and destined for the prosaic readers of second editions—merchants in the City, and clerks in banking-houses.

No one who has not had experience in the newspaper, could imagine how long it takes to complete the minor details of arrangement. Things which look only like the offshoots of business—correcting proofs, cutting down paragraphs, after the great work appears to be entirely over: all these, and a hundred small matters, run away with one minute after another. Two hours after the last reporter has been asleep—three after the critic has done praising prima donnas, and torturing musical phrases—the editor has given his last instructions, and the sub corrected his last proof. They wend their way—the one in a cab to his cottage four miles off, the other on foot to his chamber in Clifford's Inn. The printers are left alone in the deserted office, working silently, diligently, and coldly. Hours, news, passion, opinion—all come alike to them. The most terrible incident, the most magnificent oration, is to them all so much bourgeois and brevier type. Erelong, the efforts of fifty men have placed in the hands of the machinist 200,000 words, of which scarcely one was printed twelve hours before. A new labor, not less wonderful than the rest, places 20,000 copies in the hands of the news-agent, ere the burgess and the squire have rubbed their eyes to the consciousness that a new day's intelligence is waiting, damp and uncomfortable, at their gates.

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From the North British Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF VINET.*

VINET is the most illustrious ornament of modern French Protestantism. Distinguished alike in literature and theology—at once accomplished and profound—practical and meditative—he presents an example of noble qualities which are too seldom seen united. If there are others among the divines of French Switzerland more familiar to us, this arises in a great measure from the very refinement and dignity of the literary and theological labors of Vinet, which commend themselves rather to the cultivated than the popular Christian sympathy in all countries. We shall devote this article to a review of his life and writings; a task which, so far as we are aware, has not yet, in any connected form, been attempted in our language. The interesting and finely appreciative notice by M. Scherer will form the appropriate basis of our remarks, which—glancing as slightly as possible at the politico-ecclesiastical opinions that connected our author so closely with the religious history of his country—shall be concentrated on those higher pursuits in literature and Christian science, which claim the widest attention, as they must give to his name its most enduring fame.

Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet was born on the 17th of June, 1797, in Lausanne, renowned for the beauty of its natural situation and the interest of its historical reminiscences. His father held an official appointment in his native canton. From him the young Alexandre received his first instructions, which appear to have been inculcated with that undue rigor which so often defeats its end in such matters. Under the paternal discipline, the mind of Vinet developed tardily. We are not detained by any of those precocious manifestations of mental power with which a mythical admiration has too frequently invested the youth of distinguished men. There are evidences enough, however, of that genial susceptibility—that intellectual *blossoming*, which was destined to ripen into such rich and fair fruits. The poetical talent, commonly characteristic of the Vaudois youth, displayed in him a peculiar vigor and fertility—so that songs, epistles, and even mimic epics flowed from his pen. Intended for the church, his studies were very early devoted to theology. Literature, however, continued long and powerfully to attract him—if it ever, in fact, lost for him its predominating charm. He abandoned himself with a rare enthusiasm to its marvellous enchantments, and lost himself amid its proud dreams and raptures. A story is told illustrative of his literary sensibility. While engaged in reading a tragedy of Corneille in the midst of a family, to one of the members of which he acted as tutor, the perusal affected him so intensely that he was forced to leave the room abruptly, and being sought out, he was found in his own chamber, bathed in tears.

At the age of twenty, Vinet was called to Basle, as Professor of the French language and literature in the gymnasium or public school of that city. This would seem to have been before he had completed the full course of his theological studies, as it was not till after two years, on a temporary return to Lausanne, that he received appointment to the ministry. In the same year in which this latter event took place, (1819,) he married; and resuming his duties in Basle, devoted himself with laborious ardor to their discharge. An accident, the nature of which is not ex-

* 1. *Alexandre Vinet—Notice sur sa Vie et ses Ecrits.* Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris, 1853.

2. *Essais de Philosophie Morale et de Morale Religieuse.* Par A. VINET. Paris, 1837.

3. *Etudes sur Blaise Pascal.* Par A. VINET. Paris, 1848.

4. *Etudes sur la Littérature Française aux dixneuvième Siècle.* Par A. VINET. 3 tomes. Paris, 1849–51.

5. *An Essay on the Profession of Personal Religious Conviction, and upon the Separation of Church and State, considered with reference to the fulfilment of that duty.* By A. VINET. London, 1843.

6. *Vital Christianity: Essays and Discourses.* By A. VINET.

7. *Gospel Studies.* By A. VINET.

8. *Pastoral Theology: The Theory of a Gospel Ministry.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark.

9. *Homiletics; or, the Theory of Preaching.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 1853.

10. *The History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 1854.

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plained, interrupted for a season his activity, and laid the foundation of an infirmity which remained with him through life.

There is but little known of the particular events of Vinet's life during his twenty years' residence at Basle. It is to be regretted, as observed by M. Scherer, that some of his friends or pupils have not given a sketch of this period of his career. It would appear that at first, and for some time, he suffered from the prejudice of his German colleagues in the gymnasium. These gradually yielded, however, to the force of his merits and amiability. He was eminently successful in winning the attachment of his pupils; and the effect of his labors soon became observable in the quickening of a new spirit and life among them.

The whole of French Switzerland was at this time more or less the scene of a religious awakening, which, under continued and sometimes bitter persecution, has yet perpetuated itself with gathering strength. Vinet mingled very early in this new movement, and from the force of his genius, and the clear determination of his opinions and character, contributed considerably both to advance and modify it. In the first instance, however, he was more repelled than attracted by it. One of his colleagues, M. Curtat, a pious man, but an opponent of the new tendencies, had written against the *conventicles*, (as the meetings of those engaged in the religious movement were called,) — an interference which had been requited with good intention, but not very good taste, by his being made the subject of special intercession at one of these meetings. The seeming pharisaism of this act drew from Vinet a brief vindication of his colleague, in which he characterized the doctrine of the *revival* as "new, sectarian, and a curious mixture of humility and pride." Some years later an opponent made a handle of this passage against the author, who had then become eminent as a defender of the doctrine which he previously impugned. Vinet at once retracted his words. "He had," he said, "judged ignorantly, rashly, and wrongly." This incident may serve to recall to some of our readers an analogous one in the life of Dr. Chalmers. Both men were certainly in a high degree distinguished by that magnanimity of nature which knows how to confess its error, and to gather dignity rather than humility from the confession.

It was in 1821 that Vinet thus felt and wrote. In 1823 a great change had passed upon him. We are not informed regarding the circumstances under which this change took place. A modesty which shrank at all times with sensitive acuteness from the disclosure of those deeper feelings which relate the soul to God—a discretion which could only feel itself offended by such disclosures, have left unknown the particulars of this crisis of his life. But it is by no means difficult to understand its general character. Vinet clearly entered from the first into the possession of the truth with a rare freedom and earnestness. It was not merely on one side, or towards one aspect of Christianity that his moral nature was stirred; but he felt his whole being drawn to it, with a depth of conviction and intensity of love which filled his soul, and brought him into direct and enduring contact with its profound harmonies and marvellous consistency. Few, perhaps, have ever risen from the darkness and distraction of a faint half-knowledge of the Divine Revelation into the sunlight of a more vigorous and happy faith.

The peculiar depth and comprehensiveness of the Christian views of Vinet may be traced in the very first of his writings which claim our notice,* viz., a paper on the *Inseparable Relation of Christian Doctrine and Morals*, which he contributed to the *Journal of the Society of Christian Morals*. The subject was one in which he continued to feel a profound interest, especially in reference to the restoration of evangelical feeling in the Swiss churches. In some of his purely literary papers he has recurred to it, and dwelt upon it in an admirably felicitous manner.†

The ecclesiastical opinions of Vinet matured rapidly along with his Christian convictions. In the year 1824, the Canton de Vaud, in which the religious reformation had been steadily spreading for some years, became the theatre of active persecuting measures, adopted by the government against the evangelical clergy. Already, in 1822, certain younger ministers had been driven from the national Church for their perseverance in holding *conventicles*. To these younger men (Juvet, Chavvannes, Olivier) the two brothers Rochat somewhat more lately attached themselves, and the foundation of evangelical Dissent was laid in Vaud. Unwarned by the futility of its previous efforts to eradicate the

* Besides the *brochure* in defence of his colleague, already mentioned, Vinet appears to have previously given to the public a discourse which he pronounced by the grave of Professor Durand, and a translation of one of De Wette's sermons.

† For example, in his lengthened paper on Lamartine—Etude sur la Littérature Française. Tome ii. p. 139, *seq.*

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spirit of "religious enthusiasm," the government issued the famous edict of the 20th May, 1824. It was then, in the language of M. Scherer, that intolerance was for the first time officially inaugurated. Vinet felt himself brought face to face with the great question of religious liberty, and, if he did not all at once reach settled convictions on the subject, he yet sufficiently indicated on what side he was to be ranked. A pamphlet under the title, "*Du Respect des Opinions*," appeared with his name in the same year. It was written in the interest of freedom of opinion generally, and boldly expresses the vigor and independence of Christian thought which the author had already attained.

In 1826 appeared the first of Vinet's elaborate works on the subject of religious liberty, under the title of *Memoire en Faveur de la Liberte des Cultes*. A sum of 2000 francs had been left by the late Minister of Justice, the Count de Lambrechts, for the best essay on the *Liberty of Worship*. The subject was announced under the auspices of the Society of Christian Morals. Nine and twenty memoirs were given in; and M. Guizot having undertaken the task of deciding on their respective merits, adjudged the honor to that of Vinet.

In this work, our author announced those special views as to the character and government of the Church, with which his name became afterwards so prominently associated, and which are sufficiently familiar to us in connection with *Voluntaryism*. Although it was not till some time later—so late even as 1842—that his second and larger work* on the same subject was published, and that his convictions regarding it may be said to have attained their complete maturity, they are yet so far unfolded in this earlier work, that we can fairly estimate, once for all, their nature, and the grounds on which they rest. What we apprehend will be found chiefly characteristic of them, is their intellectual *thoroughness*. Here, as everywhere, the views of Vinet start from a clear basis of principle, and develop therefrom into a structure so logically coherent as to defy assault, if we grant to him his starting-point. His constant complaint of the Vaudois clergy was, that he could not carry them back to general principles, and enable them to see their duty in the transparent and comprehensive illumination of abstract truth. It is possible, however, that in this attempt to give logical completeness to an argument which does not admit of such decisive treatment, the reader may find just the weakness and insecurity of Vinet's position.

The State, according to Vinet, is a creature of necessity. It is a social necessity which creates and conserves it. The moral advantages which it secures are among its *consequences*, but not its *end*. Government, which is the means of social organization, ("le moyen de la société,") is also its representative, and does not rest any more than the State itself upon moral ideas. The State, therefore, has no religion, and can have none. There is no doubt a social morality which society is called upon to protect, and upon which it is based. But that morality has a source different from religion. It springs simply from the rights which it is the function of society to guarantee—from the natural wants which have brought men together. We might designate it *public reason*. Its principal elements are justice and virtue—its clear character and warrant are found in its necessity. Beyond its limits entirely, lie the feelings of the heart and of the interior life, and generally all which transcends the sphere of rights positively consecrated by society.

In contrast to the State, the Church is born of voluntary community of sentiment. It is a moral feeling, and not a want or necessity, which determines the formation of it. Not only is constraint entirely foreign to it, but its genuine basis is *liberty*; for it rests upon faith, and faith cannot be forced. The only valid relation, therefore, between the Church and the State, consists in the purely moral influence of the former over the latter.

In his later and more detailed work, the same ideas are expressed, and the special question of the connection between Church and State is argued at length, and still more decisively towards the same result. The system of union between Church and State, he maintains in this work, is simply the corollary of a "principle;" and this principle is, that *society* can have and ought to have a religion—a principle so fundamentally erroneous, in his estimation, that it destroys by direct consequence the right and validity of *individual* religion. "If society possess religion, the individual," he holds, "can have none."

In these views of Vinet, briefly but faithfully enunciated,* the radical idea obviously is,

* *Essai sur la manifestation des convictions religieuses, et sur la separation de l'Eglise et de l'Etát, envisagée comme consequence necessaire et comme garantie du principe*. The translation is included in the list of works at the head of this article.

* The above rapid *précis* of Vinet's views is given in the clear and fair language of M. Scherer.

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that the State, in its very nature, is always something entirely alien from the Church. The civil or national life is not merely distinguished from the spiritual or Christian life, but so distinguished as to leave the territory of the one always necessarily lying outside the territory of the other. That society rests on an independent basis—that there are certain principles of public reason which form at once its condition and guaranty, none will deny; for the very fact of national existence, still more of national civilization, before the gospel, is sufficient proof that such principles exist by themselves, independently of Christianity. But this is not the real question. The real hinge of the controversy is not here, but, as to whether such principles of public morality, admitted, in the broadest manner, to exist separately, ought or ought not, under the gospel, to become transfused and elevated by its power into a higher social spirit, presenting its own peculiar conditions and guaranties of preservation. It will not be denied that Christianity, wherever it lives—in whatever community—has an essential tendency to incorporate itself with the *whole* life of that community. Primarily addressing the individual heart and conscience, it has yet a special social action—or, at any rate, springing from the soil of the individual nature, it rises through every vein of society, assimilating the whole social organization to its own purity and dignity. Let the fact then be freely conceded,—that there is a sufficient basis of civil order in certain principles of common reason, —yet it by no means follows that the State does not, through the infusion of higher Christian principles, have its basis and character necessarily elevated. We believe that it always has. We believe that the diffusion of Christianity in any nation imparts to it a new power and responsibility. And it is this new national life—a life taking its rise in individual conviction, yet which acquires by itself a *real* existence, acknowledged and judicially dealt with by the Divine Government as such—which is the fundamental idea wherein, on the one hand, a Christian State, and, on the other, an Established Church, find, it is believed, their true meaning and realization.

It appears to us to be a defect of Vinet's ecclesiastical doctrine, that it separates so essentially between Church and State as to leave the latter wholly without religious character. It takes up the accidental distinction, or rather antagonism, which *originally* existed between them, and perpetuates it in the form of *an abstract theory, good for all times.* The State, according to his view, can never be Christian, but must still always remain alienated from the Church, just as really as when the latter began its great regenerative work in the heart of the old Roman world. A Christian nation is not with him even an ideal, but, in the nature of the case, an impossibility.

It is interesting, in this point of view, to contrast the theory of the late Dr. Arnold with that of Vinet. With the latter, the State is a form of society, we have seen, essentially alien from the Church, finding not only its warrant but its highest sanction in a lower range of moral ideas. With the former, the state is not only Christian, but is itself the Church. It is not only bound to acknowledge and protect the national Christian life, but is, in its own order and authority, the only proper expression of that life. While Vinet separates Church and State to an extent practically untenable, Arnold unites, or rather identifies them, in a way no less practically unjustifiable. Yet the theory of Arnold is, to our fancy, the nobler one; for, while the Church is not, and can never be, in the present state of things, the State, it is yet its ideal to become commensurate with it,—to diffuse its own divine spirit throughout all the movements of the national society, in all its ramifications,—and thus to become coëxtensive with every local organization within which it acts. It is the error of Arnold's theory, that it exceeds the actual fact of the case, and builds the construction of the Church upon a merely ideal basis; but it is the error of Vinet's theory, that it does not rise to the actual fact of the case, and therefore strikes not only at the union of Church and State in the ordinary sense, but, so far as we can see, subverts, by strict logical sequence, the Christian responsibility of nations yet blessed with the knowledge of the gospel.

In another point of view, the ecclesiastical teaching of Vinet appears to be defective. In its extreme reäction from the old Catholic theory, it is not content merely to assert the right of private judgment, but to isolate it till the idea of authority seems altogether to disappear. Catholicism sinks the individual in the Church; Vinet forgets the Church in the individual. With the former, the Church is a mother nursing her children,—the baptized throughout the earth. With the latter, the Church is merely an aggregate of individuals, freely adhering under the force of a common faith and sympathy. Taken distinctively, there is no doubt truth in both of these views; but in the former assuredly not

less than the latter. We cannot help feeling that Vinet has too much obscured the former, and that the truly scriptural notions of a divine *institution* and *education*, preserved in the Catholic doctrine, are too little regarded in his system of individualism. The fact is,—a fact elsewhere so clearly recognized by our author,—that here, as in every such general question, there is a duplicity of ideas which we must not overlook, but in the strongest manner maintain—difficult as it may be to determine, in point of actual working, their exact correlation—to ascertain their mutual *practical* adjustment.

Having in our remarks somewhat anticipated the progress of Vinet's ecclesiastical opinions, it will be well to pursue, before again pausing, the series of external events with which that progress was intimately bound up, and which so strikingly helped it forward.

The law of May, 1824, constituted, as has been said, the formal commencement of persecution in Vaud. In 1829 the persecuting spirit broke out with fresh and redoubled violence, on which occasion Vinet stepped forth as a determined opponent of the Government, and became in consequence involved in a public prosecution. It is impossible not to admire his frank and manly bearing throughout this matter. In the extended defence of himself and his views which he published — distinguished alike for the resources of its logic and the vigor of its style—he takes his stand on the inviolable rights of conscience, and expresses his opinions with fearless boldness.

The Vaudois Revolution of 1830 revived with new warmth the discussions as to religious liberty, and Vinet again lent his active pen to aid in the solution of the controversy. He published a *brochure* vindicating the utmost latitude of religious freedom, as alone compatible with the interests of Christianity. Far, however, from requiring the overthrow of the national Church, he congratulated himself that all the facts and reasonings of his publication tended to show that the highest prosperity of this institution was involved in the most perfect freedom being allowed to all modes of worship. Vinet indeed remained even for some time after this a member of the national Church, although the force of conviction and the course of circumstances were ever bearing him farther away from it. Already a dissenter in principle, he did not hasten to become one in practice; and for the obvious reason, that the severance of Church and State was as yet to him rather an "ideal than a dogma." He still believed in a Christian nation, if doubts were also beginning to assail him on this head. The sentiments which still in 1831 attached him to the national Church are expressed in a very touching manner in one of his articles in the *Nouvelliste*.*

The new Vaudois government, after many agitations, rejected the clause in the proposed constitution intended to secure religious liberty. This was a great blow to the cause which Vinet had so much at heart, and in whose behalf he had incessantly raised his voice during the prolonged debates regarding it. The result was to him full of grief, and his health, never strong, became about this time a source of great anxiety to his friends.

While mingling so directly in the political and ecclesiastical conflicts of his native canton, Vinet had remained at Basle up to the period of which we speak. Hitherto attached to the university of that city merely as an extraordinary professor; the government at length in 1835 sought to fix him as one of its regular members, by instituting for him a chair of French Literature and Eloquence. The Vaudois authorities, however, about the same time commenced a movement for his recall to his native city, of which he promised to prove so brilliant an ornament; and accordingly, when in 1837 the chair of *Practical Theology* became vacant in the Academy of Lausanne, he was appointed to it. Vinet yielded to what he regarded a duty, but he did not quit Basle without a struggle, and he often looked back with lingering regret to the years he had spent there.

The revolution of 1830 resulted in a political compromise, which it was obvious to all discerning eyes could not be permanent. Although yielding for a time the reins of government, democracy then really triumphed —as subsequent events fully proved. In the

* "Sans doute, je ne suis pas plus étranger qu'un autre à ce sentiment qui attache au passé, à ce respect pour les anciennes institutions, proche parent du respect pour la vielliesse. Je me reprocherais presque autant de manquer à une vieille chose qu'à une vieil homme. L'âge de notre Eglise ne la recommande, son origine bien davantage, ses écrits encore plus, et je considère en outre l'inconvénient de la supprimer. Mais j'aime encore plus en elle ce qu'elle peut devenir que ce qu'elle a été. J'aime en elle un des départements, un des territoires de l'Eglise invisible. J'aime en elle ce que nos pères y ont aimé; un asile pour les âmes travaillées et chargées, une hôtellerie pour les voyageurs en chemin pour l'éternité, un filet jeté par la main du Seigneur sur ma terrestre patrie. J'aime en elle quelque chose de plus ancien que tout notre passé: Je veux dire ce qu'elle a encore de l'Eglise de Christ, ou plutôt c'est l'Eglise de Christ que j'aime en elle."

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meanwhile, discussions continued as to the proper relations between Church and State. In place of the old ecclesiastical ordinances adopted at Basle in 1793, the council of state occupied itself in 1837 with the preparation of a new ecclesiastical constitution, which, before bringing up for adoption to the grand council, it submitted to delegates of the four classes of clergy. Vinet was appointed delegate for the class of Lausanne and Vevay. The sittings of the delegates were public, and may be said to have been devoted to the whole range of the ecclesiastical controversy that had so long agitated the canton. Such questions as the admission of the laity to the government of the Church, and adherence to the Helvetic Confession of Faith, were prominently discussed. On both of these questions Vinet ranged himself once more in opposition to the ultimate decision of the government. In reference to the important point of adherence to the Helvetic Confession, the part taken by him is well worthy of attention. He did not defend the Confession considered in itself—as in all its parts a thoroughly accurate or adequate exhibition of Christian truth; but he maintained the essential relation subsisting between the two terms *church* and *symbol*. It was necessary in his opinion that the Vaudois Church should have a symbol, and, symbol for symbol, he preferred that which was known to that which was unknown—that which represented an historical faith to that which would probably prove a mere series of negations.

The new ecclesiastical constitution came into operation in 1841. Vinet did not think it in his power to accept the *régime* to which it submitted the Church; and accordingly, in the end of 1840, he withdrew from the national Church, setting forth the grounds of his determination in a letter addressed to his clerical brethren of the class of Lausanne. He resigned at the same time his office as Professor of Theology. He appears, however, to have continued privately his theological lectures, and again, in 1844, connected himself openly with the Lausanne Academy as temporary Professor of French Literature.

The Vaudois revolution of 1845 constituted the actual triumph of that wild democracy which was only temporarily stayed by the constitution of 1830. The ecclesiastical consequences which followed this triumph are well known. A direct collision arose immediately between the clergy and the government, and soon thereafter terminated in a large secession of ministers from the national Church. The position of Vinet in reference to this movement was somewhat singular. He felt himself alternately attracted and repelled. He sympathized with the sacrifices of the clergy, but he could not understand the partial grounds on which alone they sought to defend their secession. He complained of their inability to grasp the real importance of their position, and aimed to convince them that the step which they had taken, under the force of circumstances, was not a *pis aller*, but a step glorious and momentous to the Church. He urged his ecclesiastical views in "Considerations" addressed to them; but there were few comparatively that he could raise into the same clear atmosphere of conviction with himself. Even the Evangelical Society of Geneva, in its General Assembly of 1846, protested, by two of its most eminent members, against the importance attached to such merely ecclesiastical questions. D'Aubigné, their President, complained that there was given to such questions a place which only belonged to the cross of Calvary. M. Gaussen, in a report on the theological school, proclaimed that the best church is that which speaks least of the *Church* and most of *Christ*. These were among the last assertions on the subject to which Vinet made reply.

It was thus that, in the closing years of his life, Vinet returned to questions which had occupied his youth. He preached tolerance to a persecuting people. He preached the spirituality of the Church to a clergy whose demission, he believed, had not sufficiently impressed them with this great principle. He labored, at the same time, till the state of his health rendered this no longer possible, in the actual formation of the communion which was born of the Demission. Although himself, we have seen, a dissenter of older standing, he attached himself to this communion and exercised his ministry in it. A project of a constitution was presented to a synod which met at Lausanne on the 10th of November, 1846, and was remitted by this synod to a committee of nine members, who were to report upon it at the commencement of the following year. Vinet was a member of this committee, and hastened to expound in the "Semeur" the principles which he considered indispensable as the foundation of such a work. These principles he reduced to three. The first contemplated not merely the admission of the laity to the councils of the Church, but the modification of the ministry itself, so that there should be different orders for preaching and ruling. The second proposed that the simple fact of secession, and the profession which such an act implied,

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should constitute the terms of admission into the church. The third sought to adjust the relations between the church as a whole and its different congregations. There was to be a general church—a church of the canton; but every separate church—every ecclesiastical monad—was to be the centre of authority for itself. The independence and proper life of the church were considered to be bound up in this principle, which secured as much liberty as unity permitted, and as much unity as was compatible with liberty.

The committee did not limit itself to the revision of the project submitted to it, but prepared a new work, which was presented to the synod in the month of February, 1847. This work was composed of two parts—a project of constitution for the Free Church of the canton of Vaud, and a report containing an exposition of the principles on which the project was based. This report in its most essential parts was from the pen of Vinet. The influence which he exercised in the committee was not however transferred to the synod; and the result was, that not a few of his proposals and principles met with strong opposition, and were ultimately rejected, or at least so modified as to leave them scarcely the same as when they came from his hand. There is reason to think that he deeply felt this defeat of his cherished views. Prevented by the state of his health from taking an active part in the labors of the synod, he gave vent to his feelings in the pages of the *Reformation*, in the form of a letter to a member of this assembly. He had announced a second letter, and even dictated the commencement of it from his couch of suffering, when death put an end to this and all his other labors.

For some time the health of Vinet had been a subject of great anxiety to all his friends; and he was urged to seek repose. But the spirit was willing, though the flesh was weak; and in the commencement of this very year, (1847,) besides the ecclesiastical labors we have mentioned, and from which throughout his whole life he had scarcely rested, he was busy with many literary projects. He cherished the intention of retiring to Clarens, and devoting himself there in quietness to the execution of extended plans of authorship which he had long contemplated. He desired especially to revise and complete his Courses of Lectures on the Practical Philosophy of Christianity, (of which we have only some fragments in one of the volumes at the head of this article,*) and on Pastoral Theology. He proposed collecting his papers on Pascal, (since done by his friends,) in which he defends that illustrious Christian thinker from the charge of philosophic Pyrrhonism, advanced against him by Cousin. He spoke of a selection of sermons from Bossuet, and of a new translation of the "Imitation," with preface and notes. He had already made arrangements for the publication of a History of French Literature in two volumes. He thought even of writing a grammar. Such was, nevertheless, the degree of debility to which he was reduced, that he was scarcely able to proceed from his bed to his lecture-room. At length he was forced to abandon all his professional duties, and on the 20th of April he was conveyed to Clarens. He bore the journey better than was expected, but any hopes of his recovery were of short duration. "Vinet knew clearly," writes M. Scherer, "the gravity of his situation. At the same time, as he had not made of his heart two parts, the one for the world and the other for God, so neither did he make of his life two divisions, the one for living and the other for dying; but he continued up to the last moment to occupy himself with the thoughts and labors which had filled his life." He continued to take a lively interest in literary matters. His last pleasure in this way was the perusal of Lamartine's History of the Girondists. In the beginning of May, on Sabbath the 2d, his sufferings greatly increased, and for the few last days he was unable to speak much. He is supposed to have purposely abstained from such statements as are often collected and recited from the lips of the dying,—having cherished always a distaste for such recitals. The only memorials that have been preserved of his last moments are expressions of affection and humility. One of his friends having said that he would pray earnestly for him, he replied, "You could scarcely pray for a creature more unworthy." At another time he asked pardon for all the offence—so he expressed himself—which he had given by his impatience and intolerance. He left the following message for his son:—"Tell him that he persevere in the love of Jesus Christ, since he has found it." On Monday evening he appeared better, and there seemed yet a glimmering of hope. His sister and Madame Vinet, worn out with fatigue, went to take some repose. A friend remained with him. These were their last words of conversation.

* *Essais de Philosophie morale et de Morale religieuse.*

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"What shall I ask for you?" said his friend. "Ask for me?" replied Vinet, "all grace, even the most elementary." At one o'clock in the morning his breathing became heavy and his sufferings returned. They continued to the end, but without any great struggle or agony. Some one asked a question. "I can no longer think," he answered; and these were his last words. He expired at four o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of May, 1847.

A great multitude from Vevay, Lausanne, and even Geneva, met to pay the last duties to one whom they had so much admired and loved. A monument raised by his friends marks the place where Vinet rests, in the cemetery of Clarens, on the summit of a smiling hill, in one of the most beautiful spots in the world.*

In turning now to the writings of Vinet, we feel that it would be a vain task to criticise them in detail. They are at once so diversified and so fragmentary. We shall best accomplish our purpose by rapidly glancing at his successive publications, and endeavoring to gather up from them his most prominent characteristics as a man of letters and a divine. It is necessary to consider him, to some extent, separately under these aspects; but we would by no means lose sight, even temporarily, of the one character in the other. It is, in truth, impossible to do so from any right point of view in which our author can be regarded. For, as will be fully apparent in the sequel, it is just the very unusual combination of exquisite literary taste and skill with the depth and comprehensiveness of the Christian philosopher, which imparts to the name of Vinet its highest lustre.

Literature was the idol of Vinet's youth, and although graver employments often interrupted his literary ardor, he still clung to it, and, at different intervals, recurred to elaborate plans of literary preparation. He had already in Basle, amid his more ordinary functions as a teacher, begun his literary career. In 1829–30 he gave to the public his first work, entitled *Chrestomathie Française*, which appears to have been intended as a sort of text-book for the use of his classes in the Gymnasium. It was based upon a principle to which he attached great importance in the teaching of languages—viz., the communication of instruction in the concrete, from the actual text of some author, instead of the common abstract method of teaching from the grammar as a species of geometry. The second edition of this work he enriched with various fragments in the form of letters, in which he communicated the fruits of his long meditation on his favorite task, and treated cursorily of language and the study of literature. An historical survey of French literature, which formed the introduction to the third volume, was also entirely recast for this edition, and so admirably accomplished its object, as to draw from critics a warm tribute of praise. "It was a veritable literary *chef-d'œuvre*," wrote M. Sainte-Beuve, "at once full and finished."

In 1831 the *Semeur* was commenced, and this journal formed henceforth for many years the centre of Vinet's literary activity. It might be said, according to M. Scherer, to be *his* journal, so much was it indebted to his pen, and determined in its character by his influence. Especially was it the depository of those literary criticisms which he delighted to throw off, with such easy fertility, and in which he manifested such aptitude as to lead some to consider them his special work and calling.

A famous course of lectures on the French Moralists, which he delivered at Basle during the winter of 1832, deserves special mention. The success which attended them was remarkable. The felicitous union of literary criticism of the most delicate and searching character with a vein of profound and ingenious moral sentiment, was something quite new and striking. Among the many regrets, remarks his biographer, which are left to us from the interrupted career of Vinet, one of the most lively is that which arises from the impossibility of our ever possessing as a whole these memorable lectures. We have only some fragments of them published in the *Semeur*.

In 1837 he collected certain of his miscellaneous writings, and published them in a separate volume, under the title of *Essais de Philosophie morale*, one of the works before us. These Essays, as the title indicates, bear in the main on a common topic. "One train of thought pervades them, and is reproduced under diverse applications."* They cannot be said, however, to exhibit any thing of the unity of a treatise, while several merely literary criticisms are added to fill up the volume.

The Introductory Essay of this collection is among the most characteristic of all Vinet's productions. It is devoted to the consideration of those seeming intellectual contradic-

* For the details of these paragraphs we are indebted to M. Scherer.

* Introduction, p. ii.

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tions—"dualities," he calls them—which meet us everywhere as we push backwards our speculative inquiries. He brings out into clear and sharp prominence a great variety of such *antinomies*, to use the more exact Kantian expression; and dwells strongly on the impotence of all mere Eclecticism to resolve them—pointing at the same time to the direction in which he is disposed to seek their solution. It will be felt by all who have grappled with such difficulties, that Vinet is, as ever, more successful in the exposition of the problem than in the hints which he throws out towards its solution. We believe no less strongly than he did that Christ is the great centre of mediation here, as in all respects, and that in the "gospel alone there is a key which opens all doors;" but it is utterly to mistake the true character of that reconciling power which lies in Christianity, to ascribe to it, as he would seem to do, a purely intellectual as well as moral force. Christ came not to resolve the enigmas of human philosophy, but to restore the harmony of human life. If the Christian, therefore, finds a refuge in the gospel from the oppression of those intellectual contradictions which have been in all ages the torture of speculation, it is not because he is enabled to see with the intellectual eye more clearly than others, but because he is enabled to repose in the perfect peace which flows to him from the Cross, amid all speculative difficulties whatever. We would not say with Vinet, therefore, "this word (the Cross) reörganizes *thought* and the *world*," but simply, this word reörganizes the world, and, through the practical unity which it brings, prepares the way, if not for speculative unity, yet for speculative submission.* To proclaim any thing more than this, is, we believe, radically to misrepresent the truth, and to gainsay the most obvious and undeniable evidence all around us. A Christian Philosophy—a satisfactory solution of the problems which meet us wherever we penetrate to the depths of Christian thought—is still notoriously a desideratum; and if the traces of it may be discerned at length by the patient and thoughtful eye among the suggestions of a more genial, and reverent, and comprehensive philosophic spirit, it assuredly does not yet present itself as a clear and complete doctrine.

The other Essays in the volume treat of such special subjects as the *freedom of the will—the nature and principle of morals—the standard of morals—utilitarianism*—individuality and *individualism*. They all bear abundant marks of Vinet's literary skill, but they do not in this respect claim from us any particular notice.

We hasten to introduce to the reader those more purely literary productions of his pen which his friends have collected since his death, in the three large volumes at the head of our paper, entitled "*Etudes sur la Littérateur Française au dixneuvième Siècle*," and in his other writings on the History of French Literature.* The chief foundation of the three volumes is the lectures which he delivered at Lausanne during the years from 1844 to the close of 1846, while he occupied the chair of French Literature there, in room of his friend M. Monnard. This, indeed, appears to have been one of the most brilliant periods of Vinet's intellectual activity. Rapid, ingenious, and fruitful, as is the display of his powers in these volumes, they convey but little idea of the real resources and charm of his lecturing. This, according to one of his auditors, was "in its form and method of the highest character. Free from all pedantry and scholastic coldness, it was at once lively and profound, thorough and copious. The effusion of his whole soul into the souls of his pupils—it was eminently fertile and creative, inspiring as much as merely instructing. No one ever went from his lectures without some spark of that enthusiasm which a noble and sympathetic spirit always kindles in the hearts of the young." M. Sainte-Beuve has added his testimony to Vinet's

* This subordination of speculation to practice, according to the condensed pith of Christian philosophy, expressed in the pregnant words—"If ye do the will of God, ye shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God"—is, indeed, elsewhere distinctly acknowledged by Vinet; and in the Essay in question he probably did not mean to teach an opposite doctrine, although his concluding paragraphs, in their peculiar emphasis, would seem to point to such a conclusion.

* Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, have just issued a translation of Vinet's posthumous *History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, founded on his last Course—(see list at the head of this article)—a work of great interest, which abounds in illustrations of the profound views and broad literary sympathies of the author, and is the first attempt to estimate the literary age of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, from a Christian point of view.

The mention of this subject suggests another work, recently translated from French literature into our own. We refer to *Voltaire and his Times*, by L. F. Bungener. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co., 1854.) This fascinating work should be in the hands of all who are interested in that memorable period in the history of France and of Europe.

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rare powers as a lecturer. Entering his class-room one day unexpectedly, he reports—"I listened to a lecture profound and elevated—to an eloquence grave and earnest. In language exquisitely finished, weighty and yet animated, the lecturer unfolded his rich mental treasures,—what a profound and genial and complete impression of a Christianity thoroughly real and spiritual! . . . . I have never tasted a purer mental joy, nor experienced a more lively exaltation of moral sentiment."

The whole of the extended criticisms on Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, which fill the first volume of collected "Studies," appear to have been given during this period, as well as the criticisms on the contemporary French lyric and dramatic poets, which compose the second volume. The remaining volume consists mainly of selections from the author's critical papers in the *Semeur.*

These "Studies" furnish us with abundant means of determining the literary merits and character of Vinet. He ranges with a free and facile pen through the most diverse subjects—commenting with equal copiousness on such writers as Beranger and Victor Hugo on the one hand, and D'Aubigné and Sainte-Beuve on the other. All subjects and writers—if they be only French, for he does not seem to have interested himself much in foreign literature—come to the critic alike. Philosophy, history, eloquence, poetry, are handled with the same apparent ease and mastery; and especially, it is deserving of notice, in their subtle and less obvious bearings on the interests of religious thought and feeling. For in the midst of all his diversity, Vinet never forgets, that he is a Christian critic. On the contrary, he acknowledges it at all times to be one of his main duties to penetrate beneath every sphere of intellectual activity, and to lay bare the principles there at work in relation to the gospel.

This feature of Vinet's literary career possesses for us peculiar interest. Manifesting everywhere a wide and hearty appreciation, and shutting his mind to no aspect of intellectual beauty, he yet carries with him everywhere a Christian spirit. You feel yourself to be in the presence of one whose whole intellectual being lives only in the atmosphere of Christian truth, and which, instead of limiting his mental range, or blunting his mental keenness in any direction, has only given to the one a more elevated scope and to the other a finer edge. He abandons himself to the charms of literary excellence. It is impossible to imagine any one more free from the slightest taint of that Puritanism which apprehends danger in the genial impulses of literary enthusiasm. But, amid his most perfect abandonment to the charms of literature, he never, for a moment, ceases to be a Christian. You can never, in his freest sketches, trace the least coldness of evangelical feeling. No one is farther from all the plausibilities of latitudinarianism. With æsthetic sensibility most acute, and a mental organization tremulous to all the impulses of artistic delight, it is noble to see how rigorously he owns all the claims of the gospel, and how thoroughly its life is transfused through all his criticisms. In this respect his intellectual character is perhaps more significant than in any other. There has been so long, and there continues to be, in many relations, so strange a repulsion between literature and Christianity. The literary spirit, in the antithetic language of M. Scherer, is so apt to become *pagan*—the evangelical spirit so apt to become *puritan*. It is, above all, through the example of such men as Vinet, combining both in such rare purity and perfection, that not only their thorough compatibility will be fully shown, but their divine fitness to adorn and beautify each other brightly illustrated.

We need scarcely say, that in thus signalizing the Christian spirit which breathes through all Vinet's literary criticisms, we are far from meaning to suggest that they bear generally a theological stamp. Not in the least degree. Save in one or two instances—as in his review of Lamartine's *Jocelyn* and Soumet's *Divine Epopee,* where he is led, from the professed nature of the subjects, to enter into something that may be considered theological discussion—he is singularly free from theological as from every other sort of pedantry. No one, indeed, could be more destitute of professional narrowness of every kind. His sympathies range so freely as to defy those formal bounds which, in ordinary cases, confine the intellectual taste. Everywhere he rejoices to recognize traits of the beautiful and the good—rays, however broken and deflected, from the great Source of all truth. This dramatic peculiarity of his genius, which enables him to enter so heartily into the views and feelings of the different writers whom he criticises, is one of the most delightful features of his "Studies." Always in the writer he recognizes, and, wherever he can, honors the man.

In their more general character these "Studies" are remarkable for being in the strict sense criticisms. They are not disser-

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tations, setting out from the works of an author as merely a sort of text, but truly analytical digests and reviews of the work before him, although in the Introductions he often launches into a thorough and expanded discussion of literary principles. This minutely critical complexion tends to detract from their permanent interest and value in a collected form, especially as many of the works so carefully reviewed — the *Divine Epopee* of Soumet, for example, and the *Prometheus*, or Edger Quinet—can never be said to have emerged from the oblivion which was their natural destiny. This feature of the "Studies" serves at the same time strikingly to display the acuteness and versatile subtilty of Vinet's genius, and not less his painstaking conscientiousness. Everywhere his conscientious thoroughness is in fact remarkable. Fragmentary as are his works, they are never superficial and never commonplace. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the same variety of literary material marked throughout by a more scrupulous earnestness. His incessant productiveness was, especially in this view, a mystery to his friends. M. Scherer says, "he read, examined, and often re-read, always returning to the study of Pascal, Racine, and Bossuet. He never undertook to lecture upon a literary epoch without studying anew its principal authors, and sometimes even their least important writings. And all this intellectual exertion, divided among lecturing, teaching, preaching, and the composition of innumerable articles, was liable to constant interruption from the inroads of a cruel malady.

We cannot, with the space at our command, pretend to exhibit any thing like an adequate specimen of Vinet's literary powers, as displayed in these volumes. We present the reader with only a single extract from the critique on Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, illustrative of that Christian quality in the criticism of our author of which we have spoken.

Christianity, the work of God, who knows what is in man, admirably fits man for actual life, and for every part of life. It leaves untilled no corner of the field of human existence. It furnishes thinkers to science—arms to labor. It accepts nature and its most diverse gifts, earth and its most various abodes, life in all its circumstances—man in a word wholly; and everywhere qualifies him for action—disposes and excites him thereto. It is the religion of reality, of action, of life. It is a wisdom as fit for man as it is worthy of God. It at once stimulates to activity, and sanctifies it.

M. Lamartine, who knows well that religion like thought must translate itself into action, has exhibited to us Jocelyn active and devoted. He was indeed his master—Jocelyn behooved to be what his poet wished. But it is not his Christianity that makes Jocelyn what we see him to be. We may be active, and even usefully active, without faith, and the faith of Jocelyn, if it is one, never inspires activity. It is the Pantheism of the East transported to the Alps—the sirocco blowing upon the glaciers. Action has only three sources—Faith, Duty, and Love; and how utterly weak are all these in a religion which gives only sensibility as a foundation for belief—which so little appreciates law as to misconceive the necessity of reparation—which gives to love only the same point of departure which scepticism and despair have always chosen, viz., the mere contemplation of life and nature. A lively impulse to action cannot be furnished to all by a religion which can only be that of a small number, since it lives on leisure, reverie, and contemplation. If such a religion could win souls, it would cast them into mere numbness and stupor. We ourselves are in no doubt on the subject; and our industrial population, if they read Lamartine, we feel assured, do not take his mysticism as serious. Action—ardent and indefatigable, yet irreligious—is more than ever the soul and spring of the civilized world. And we have too much faith in the genuine marvels of steam, to give much attention to that other vapor which is without force, because without bounds, which merely undulates and loses itself in the horizon of theosophy. But action, however increasing, is not a religion. It has need of religion, on the contrary, to consecrate and sanctify it. The world will never rest without God. The proofs of divinity start forth at present in all minds, and in every aspect of society. And as this necessity becomes more imperious, it will satisfy itself somehow. But never shall the world, which feels that its creation is at once to believe and to act, be contented with, or even essay such a religion as that of Jocelyn. It acknowledges time for thought, but it has no time for ecstasies. It demands premises, but only to reach a conclusion; and the religion of Jocelyn has none. The world is too busy to harmonize with a syllogism perpetually suspended.*

The rare union—sufficiently shown in the above extract—of acuteness with candor, of rigor of judgment with delicacy of sentiment, is among the highest literary merits of Vinet. There is everywhere an exquisite fidelity and balance in his portraits. Warm in admiration, he seldom exaggerates. Severe in reproof, he is never abusive. An admirable control regulates his intellectual impulses. An admirable truth and finish stamp his intellectual pictures. None even of his countrymen have have hit more felicitously, in a single stroke or two, the peculiar characteristics of certain writers. For example, when

* Etudes sur la Littérature Française, tome ii. pp. 194–196.

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he says of the author of the Pensées, "Many of the paragraphs of Pascal are the strophes of a Christian Byron." Again, of the religion of Lamartine, "It nourishes reason and conscience too little to restore them. It is neither bread nor meat, but a delicate perfumed blanc-manche, which every one is happy to taste, but upon which no one can live." Again, of Chateaubriand's: "The author calls the situation of René *le vague des passions;* he might call it so too, but it is rather *la passion du vague.*" This exquisite finish of Vinet's pen is warmly commented on by M. Scherer. He draws a comparison in this respect between him and two illustrious contemporaries, M. Sainte-Beuve and our own Macaulay, which may interest the reader. "M. Sainte-Beuve," he says, "has a finer and more sustained color, but at the same time a color too uniform and unrelieved by any vigorous and, so to speak, victorious touch. Macaulay shows himself an admirable portrait-painter, in many of the essays with which he adorned the Edinburgh Review. But if these portraits appear sometimes to leap out of the canvas and walk, they are yet also at times more lively than like. Shading is sacrificed to effect. The color is more dazzling than solid. Antithesis and paradox are too conspicuous on the palette of the artist. The pencil of Vinet, on the contrary, is always true; it is true above every thing, and he derives from this very truth a vigor and a grace all his own. We might say, changing the image, that Vinet holds a balance, wherefrom he strikes on the finest gold a multitude of medals incomparable for the *netteté* of the impress and the relief of the image."

The style of Vinet is in these, and in all his works, excellent;—more severe and classical in his early—more ingenious, impressive, and *recherche*, with less simplicity, in his later writings. There is a tendency perhaps in some of his critical papers to a brilliancy too strained and antithetic. The radical French vice of trying to say every thing with effect and contrast, is apparent here and there. More plainness and repose would be welcome at times. There are few, however, who can more truly be called a master of style, or whose writing presents a more lively series of separate felicities of expression, if it does not often rise into sustained grandeur or pathos.

As a more especially theological author, Vinet presents us with a variety of works. In 1831 he published a volume of "Discourses," which he had preached in the French church at Basle; and again, in 1841, a similar volume. It is from these volumes that the selections, translated and published first in America, and then in our own country, under the name of "Vital Christianity," were taken. These Discourses, when first published in France, excited a lively and profound impression. If, in their selected and translated form, they cannot be said to have attained to any thing like popularity, there are some sufficiently obvious reasons for this. In the first place, Vinet suffers more than most writers by transfusion into a foreign tongue, even in the hands of a good translator. The peculiar niceties and exquisite turns of expression which give charm to his style in the original, necessarily disappear to a large extent in the translation. The Discourses themselves, moreover, in their range of thought, are rather academical than popular. Some of those in the second volume were in fact never preached, but were prelections delivered in his class-room at Lausanne. Throughout they resemble more the carefully weighed address of the Christian philosopher than the simple and direct utterances of the Christian preacher. Even those which bear more plainly the character of sermons, have an obviously elaborate aspect. And this is easily explained, when we understand the mode of their composition. Vinet, it appears, like Robert Hall, (whose sermons we have always felt to be obnoxious to the very same objection,) first preached his sermons, and then committed them to writing. It was only perhaps after he had preached a sermon several times, that, in the quiet of his study, he gave it a permanent shape. The consequence was, that there appeared to many in his spoken style, a simplicity, warmth, and variety which they missed in his published writings. The emotion which gave animation and directness to his preaching, yielded in the study to the reflective habits of the author. Hence that frequent appearance of overwrought ingenuity, both of argument and expression, which strikes us in the discourses—that antithetical brilliancy and excessive polish which fatigues sometimes without instructing—that apologetical air, in short, which marks them all, and which suggests the theological professor, defending at every point his position, more than the preacher, aiming to seize by a hearty violence the souls of his hearers. Hence what M. Scherer well calls the "incomplete fusion of the oratorical and scientific tone—of the sermon and the essay."

The subtle severity of Vinet's logic,—a dialetic which never loses sight of its object,

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amid whatever bursts and winding of sentiment,—is apt also to weary, especially as the mind receives no help in its course from his mode of arrangement. This work is never "distributive," but always "progressive." He never lays down his plan in distinct divisions, but links thought to thought in an advancing sequence, highly logical in reality, but without those forms of reasoning which enable the mind to pause and gather in the strength of the argument at given points.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Vinet is not, in many of his Christian writings, thoroughly practical and edifying. He is often so in the highest degree. Even in the "Discourses" the pure impulses of Christian feeling break ever and anon in vivid and startling flashes through the restraints of academic treatment. And in the two posthumous volumes published by his friends, under the title of *Etudes évangeliques*,* and *Meditations évangeliques*, this practical character is, upon the whole, the prevailing one. Throughout many of the pieces in these later volumes, there runs, in fact a deep vein of spiritual experience, rising at times into a rapture of devotion, not more delicate and beautiful in its expression than intense and powerful in its enthusiasm.

In one respect these religious writings of Vinet deserve special commendation. The mere technical verbiage of the pulpit, the professional nomenclature which so often disfigures religious works, and (as deplored by John Foster) renders them distasteful to the literary student, finds no place in them. The refined taste and the deep sincerity of Vinet equally repudiated such conventionalisms,—apt to pass current, like old money from hand to hand, long after they have lost all beauty and meaning. Everywhere he translates the profoundest meaning of the gospel into the language of life, and the ordinary expressions of modern literature,—a feature of his religious composition which gives to its most devotional utterance an air of powerful and impressive *reality*.

This character is said to have even more attractively belonged to his preaching. A secret charm of reality, of *truth*, in the most comprehensive sense, was, according to M. Scherer, that which especially enchained and delighted his hearers. "You had before you," he adds, "a man who mounted the pulpit, because he had something to say. You felt that what he expressed was his life—himself—no mere acquired dogmatism; no set phrases; no religious jargon; no passages tacked the one to the end of the other, in order to hide the emptiness of the thought; all was in the highest degree useful. Nothing betrayed for a moment the oratorical complacency which contemplates itself thinking, or delights to hear itself talking. The tone moved and penetrated, because he who spoke was obviously himself first moved and penetrated."

We have alluded to the apologetical character of the "Discourses." We feel we should overlook one of the most significant points in the theological career of our author, if we did not advert to it more particularly. Vinet found himself, by the necessity of his position, in the attitude of a Christian apologist. Amid the infidel opposition which the newly-awakened evangelical feeling of his country encountered, he felt himself called upon to hold forth, in what seemed to him the most effective manner, the divine verity of the gospel. This may be said to be more or less the pervading aim of the first volume of Discourses. The branch of Christian evidence which Vinet has there peculiarly exhibited, is that drawn from the adaptation of the gospel to the necessities of human nature. He does not indeed for a moment disparage the ordinary historical proofs. On the contrary, he expressly acknowledges their appropriate force to many minds.* But these were not the proofs which obviously most interested and impressed himself. The fitness of divine truth to satisfy the spiritual cravings of man, and its power to *regenerate* his life, were the facts of Christian evidence which he delighted to treat, and to present under a great variety of aspects. This moral fitness and power of the gospel appeared to him in the strictest sense *evidence*, approving itself not merely to the minds of those who had realized them, but also to the minds of others; for even those who continued strangers to the moral experience, could not fail to observe and appreciate its influence on others. They could not help recognizing *facts* presented to them, nor dispute the explanation of these facts. But he argues, it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from Him; and it were the grossest absurdity to believe that our moral life could be regenerated through a lie. "Suppose,

* This volume has also been translated in Collins' cheap series of religious works, (see the head of our article;) and we have seen also, we think, a small volume of selections in English from the Meditations.

* Discourses, p. 45.—Translation.

after all," he says, "you shall be told this religion is false; but, meanwhile, it has restored in you the image of God, reëstablished your primitive connection with that great Being, and put you in a condition to enjoy life and the happiness of heaven. By means of it you have become such, that, at the last day, it is impossible that God should not receive you as his children, and make you partakers of his glory. You are made fit for Paradise, nay, Paradise has commenced for you even here, because you love. This religion has done for you what all religion proposes, and what no other has realized. Nevertheless, by the supposition, it is false; and what more could it do were it true? Rather do you not see that this is a splendid proof of its truth? Do you not see that it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from God, and that the absurdity is precisely that of supposing that you can be regenerated by a falsehood."

The influence of Pascal, of whose "Thoughts," we have already hinted, Vinet was a profound student, is very obvious in these apologetic views. With both, it is the marvellous adaptation of the gospel to the exigences of human nature which constitutes the peculiar evidence of its divinity. On the one hand, man, cast aside from God, yet cannot rest without Him. The vision of a divine home, from which he has wandered, pursues him. The brightness of a vanished light haunts him. The very depth of his sinful misery asserts the reality of his original holiness. On the other hand, the gospel appears as the satisfaction of these confessed wants of humanity—as the remedy of its guilt and wretched discord. This was the fruitful idea of Pascal, to whose full development his great work, of which the *Pensées* are but the disjointed fragments, was to be dedicated. This was also, it is well known, a favorite branch of evidence with Chalmers. But neither of these great writers, perhaps, has seized the view more completely, or dealt with it more effectively, than Vinet, who pursues it with a force of comprehensive analysis, and a confidence of illustration, deeply impressive. "The gospel," he says, "unites itself intimately with all that is most profound and ineradicable in our nature. It fills in it a void—it clears from it darkness—it binds into harmony the broken elements, and creates unity. It makes itself not only be believed, but *felt*; and when the soul has thoroughly appropriated it, it blends indistinguishably with all the primitive beliefs, and the natural light which every man brings into the world." Again, in a beautiful passage:—"You remember the custom of ancient hospitality. Before parting with a stranger, the father of the family, breaking a piece of clay on which certain characters were impressed, gave one half to the stranger, and kept the other himself. Years after, these two fragments, brought together and rejoined, acknowledged each other, so to speak,—formed a bond of recognition between those presenting them, and, in attesting old relations, became at the same time the basis of new. So in the book of our soul does the Divine Revelation unite itself to the old traces there. Our soul does not discover, but recognizes the truth. It infers that a reünion (rencontre) impossible to chance—impossible to calculation—can only be the work and secret of God; and it is then only that we believe—then when the gospel has for us passed from the rank of external to the rank of *internal* truth, and, if I might say so, of *instinct*—when it has become in us part and parcel of our consciousness."

Throughout the Christian writings of Vinet there is a sufficiently marked growth of opinion. We think, however, that M. Scherer, under the force of his own peculiar convictions, somewhat exaggerates the character of this progress. It does not appear to us that Vinet in any respect abandoned the clear and definite orthodoxy of his earlier years. Only in the more thorough transfusion of the different elements of Christian truth in his own consciousness, he certainly came to dwell less upon their logical prominences. He ceased to take any pleasure he may have ever had in sharply defining the boundaries between the different items of his creed. Realizing evermore the whole system of Christian truth as a living synthesis in his own heart, it appears to have been his great aim in his later works to exhibit this synthesis more entirely. He felt always more strongly the force of what he himself says in his Homiletics, and owned more thoroughly the influence of such a conviction. "Every dissection of moral truth," he observes, "is provisory and hypothetical; we separate what is not separate, what cannot be so, what being separate loses its nature. There is, therefore, in the best made analysis something false, were it only in the character of succession which it impresses on simultaneous facts." He became, in short, always more of a profound Christian philosopher, and less of a mere abstract theologian. This appears to us to be the whole explanation of that development in the theological views

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of Vinet on which M. Scherer insists so much.

For example: He propounds in his earlier Discourses a certain view as to the relation between *Reason* and *Faith*—a view still common in more than one of our theological schools—according to which Reason and Faith are apprehended as wholly distinct faculties of the human mind, and it is represented as the glory of Faith to receive that which is stumbling to Reason. Already, however, in the second edition of these Discourses, the idea of his error in this respect had obviously dawned upon him. For he says in the preface, "It is necessary always that the truth without us correspond to the truth within us—to that intellectual conscience which, no less than the moral conscience, is invested with sovereignty, asserts its claims, and may be said even to feel remorse—to those irresistible axioms which we carry in us, which are part of our nature, and the necessary support and basis of our thoughts—in a word, to *Reason*." A higher conception of Reason had here, it is clear, sprung up in the mind of our author, and this, blending it with a higher and more comprehensive conception of Faith, was carried by him up into a unity of power, which, directed to the divine verities of the gospel, may be indifferently denominated *Reason* or *Faith;* the truth being, that the soul does not in any case put forth separate faculties, but in every case truly puts forth its entire activity, only now charged more with a moral, and now more with an intellectual element. This approaching unity of Reason and Faith, conspicuous in his later writings, does not, however, in the least degree impair his orthodoxy. It only exalts and purifies it. In carrying Reason with him in this nobler sense, not merely to the threshold of the divine Temple, but within the Sanctuary, he is so far from approaching Rationalism that he destroys it in the most effectual manner, by showing the eternal conformity between the revealed glories of Christianity and the demands of the human soul. Deep is beheld answering to deep, and in the perfect congruity of Reason (expressing the highest attitude of the soul towards the Truth) and Revelation, the door is shut effectually against all those lower questionings whose issue is alone Rationalism in any intelligible sense.

Again, it is no doubt true, that the distinction between justification and sanctification is much more sharply apprehended and expressed by Vinet in his earlier than in his later Discourses. This does not arise, however, from his having lost sight of the radically distinguishing element in the former, without the due apprehension of which the latter soon loses all its peculiarly evangelical meaning. The whole explanation of his difference of view appears to us to be that, in his earlier representations of the gospel, he looks more at its objective side—at the fact accomplished *for* us by divine grace—while in his later representations, particularly in his famous discourse on "the work of God," he looks more at its subjective side—at the work accomplished *in* us through the Divine Spirit. But while this subjective aspect of salvation assumed latterly a special interest for him—while the realization of the truth in the life of the believer, and his continual purification thereby, became with him obviously the favorite theme of meditation and preaching, there is yet no reason to believe that he for a moment forgot the eternal reality expressed in the peculiarly Protestant doctrine of justification, on the assurance of which the sinner can alone rest amid all his doubts and shortcomings. This great test of a standing or a falling church, we have no right to think was dimmed for a moment from the gaze of Vinet. Only its analytic exposition did not much attract him in his later years, especially in reference to certain Antinomian tendencies which he thought he traced in the Swiss churches. He did not care to dwell on the distinctive theological significance of the doctrine, (truly as he prized it) but rather on its synthetic, practical relation to the whole Christian life. Hence his beautiful and impressive illustration of the river and its source, whereby he shows how in *act* and *life* all the technical and scientific distinctions, by which the theologian characterizes the different stages of salvation, merge into an indivisible unity, even as the river in its source and throughout its course is still the same, however often it may change its name in its onward passage.

Vinet, we have already said, was appointed Professor of Practical Theology in the Academy of Lausanne in 1837. The installation discourse which he delivered on this occasion is a fine specimen of the mingled depth and simplicity of his Christian views.* It strikes with a firm yet delicate hand the

* The reader will find it at the close of the recently published volume on Homiletics, the translation of which we have placed at the head of our article.

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key-note of the theological course, the preparation of which henceforth formed one of the main labors of his life. Fervent and even impassioned in evangelical tone—glowing throughout with love and devotion to the cross—it is at the same time eminently rational, and, in a word, *human* in its sympathies. It blends spirituality and reality, faith and nature, piety and literature, in an exquisite harmony of composition, which fills, as with a full and mellow satisfaction, the mind and heart.

The two volumes on "Pastoral Theology" and "Homiletics" are the fruits of Vinet's theological labors at Lausanne which have been preserved to us. They are both of them posthumous volumes, and appear under every disadvantage attaching to such works. In both cases they are in fact little else than the materials, collected in the shape of notes, for the complete works which the author, had he been spared, would have fashioned out of them. Here and there elaborated with obvious care, and characterized by the utmost finish of sentiment and expression, they yet bear many marks of imperfection. They are apt in consequence to disappoint in the mere perusal,—the thread of continuity is so often broken, and the attention so frequently distracted by the fragmentary, note-like aspect of the page. They are admirable, however, in spirit, and contain as a whole more valuable matter of study for the Christian minister than any similar volumes which we know.

It will not be expected that we can present any analysis of these works at the close of this extended paper. Each in itself might form a theme for separate treatment. The smaller volume on "Pastoral Theology" is especially excellent in the point of view from which it contemplates the whole subject. Here the clear openness of Vinet's nature displays itself with the best effect. In almost every treatise on the Pastorate, from Chrysostom's downward, the great defect has always appeared to us to be the air of exaggeration and unreality which to a great extent pervades them. The Christian priest is too much isolated, and his position and duties treated of too much as belonging to a wholly separate region of experience and responsibility. So much so, sometimes, that, as with certain manuals of mystical devotion, the heart which has not abandoned itself to that subtlest of all delusions, a false and empty spirituality, is driven back in a sort of fright and despair at the picture presented to it. The truth of *life*, admitting of such numberless compromises—marked by such beautiful compensations—is sacrificed to the rigors of theory. Common sense—that vivifying essence in all duty—is made to yield to abstractions. We believe profoundly that such treatises, much as they are sometimes talked about, have exercised but little actual influence in moulding the pastoral mind in successive generations. Eminently adapted to keep an ideal of the pastorate before those who, through the life already in them, are seeking after such an ideal, they yet present far too few points of contact with the necessities and exigences of daily existence, to serve effectually in the great work of pastoral education.

The value of Vinet's work, on the contrary, just consists in the diffused presence of this element of common sense and reality throughout. At every point he brings the position and duties of the pastor into contact with *life*. No man can be more impatient of abstractions in every sense; none care less for raptures and spiritual excesses of any kind. Ceremonialism has no sacredness for him where it cannot render a speedy account of its reason or usefulness. He carries into all departments of ministerial work the positive spirit, which, as he truly says, "distinguishes our age—which brings back to their proper sense all the metaphors of life—which demands from every sign an account of its value, from every form an account of its reason—which wishes every word to be a fact, every discourse an action—which banishes from style, as from society, all arbitrary or unintelligible ceremonial, and which wishes that eloquence, in particular, should render an account of its processes, no longer to I know not what art, to I know not what properties, but to *life*." The reader is accordingly presented in Vinet's volumes with no mere ideal—the vague responsibilities of which, as suggesting their own impracticability, he can easily shift for himself; but he is presented with a real and living picture, whose truthfulness in its very plainness and simplicity often startles him, calling forth from the slumbering depths of the conscience an answering emotion not easily put to sleep either under the impulses of a fantastic spirituality or a hardening worldliness. Before such a clear portrait, the self-delusions both of the one and the other fall away. It is this union of nature and faith—of the reality of the one and the sanctity of the other—which we feel to constitute the peculiar excellence and usefulness of Vinet's "Pastoral Theology."

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Pastoral Theology, according to Vinet, concerns the whole theory and practice of the Christian ministry. The expressions "pastoral duties," and "pastoral prudence," he considers incomplete, as suggesting merely the practical side of the subject, whereas it also claims and deserves our attention on the speculative side. "He who has only regarded the various elements of his profession as they are presented to him in active life, will act neither with liberty, intelligence, nor profundity." The name of Pastoral Theology might thus very well be given to all the collection of topics embraced in the wider name of Practical Theology, for the idea of the pastorate is implied in all these, and governs them all. It is in the light of the Christian ministry, and as bearing on its adequate fulfilment, that they all find their peculiar meaning. At the same time it is desirable, with a view to the more complete treatment of the different branches of the general subject, to apply the designation of Pastoral Theology more immediately to what belongs to Christian *Worship* and *Discipline*, leaving *Homiletics* and *Catechetics* to be discussed as special subjects. Vinet has not, however, attempted to carry out this distinction with any rigor,—as, indeed, it cannot be done, so thoroughly do the different functions of the ministry mutually suppose and involve one another. The subject of preaching is, therefore, treated by him in the volume on Pastoral Theology, as well as in the larger volume especially devoted to it.

This volume on "Homiletics" appears to us, upon the whole, to be stamped with a higher and more comprehensive ability. The truth is, that Vinet from his previous studies was especially at home on such a subject, in which he finds scope not only for his powers of exposition, but also for his rich faculty of criticism, some exquisite gems of which are scattered up and down its pages.

The subject is divided by Vinet according to the "immemorial and inevitable division" of a course upon the art of oratory; viz., *Invention*, *Arrangement*, *Elocution*. Under the first of these heads he has two separate sections, devoted, 1*st*, *to the subject of the pulpit discourse*; 2*d*, *to the matter of the pulpit discourse*. "The matter is to the subject what the edifice is to the foundation." "The subject is the proposition; the matter is the development of it; the very substance of the discourse, the pulp of the fruit." The *subject*, in short, is contained in the text or title of the sermon,—the *matter* in the sermon itself. Under the second head, he considers the whole method of the sermon in its general outline,—exordium, transitions, and peroration. Under the third division he treats at large of style and delivery. The field over which he ranges in this volume is thus very copious and interesting, and one just peculiarly fitted for the display of the author's highest gifts,—one in which his fine Christian intelligence and rare literary skill find the freest scope and exercise.

We have exhausted our space, however, and can add only a few words of general appreciation of the great writer from whom we have received so much delight and instruction, and of whose life and labors we feel we have presented so inedequate a portrait. The peculiar distinction of Vinet, it is obvious from that portrait, does not consist so much in any special eminence as a man of letters, or a divine, as in the beautiful combination which he exhibits of the higher qualities which at once adorn literature and give life to theology. A mere man of letters he certainly was not;—a Christian interest being found, we have seen, to underlie his most purely literary productions, and to touch all the springs of his criticism. Still less perhaps was he a mere theologian. There are even some who would be disposed to grudge him this name at all—so entirely destitute was he of the *technique* of theological science. The critico-historical element, which enters so essentially into the constitution of the theological mind, was certainly too much wanting in him, as in one with whom he has been sometimes, although with little propriety, compared—Dr. Chalmers.

But while Vinet may not thus occupy separately the first rank, either as a littérateur or a theologian, he was something undoubtedly greater than either. He was a Christian thinker, who had the rare skill to clothe his thoughts in precise and beautiful language. He was eminently one of those nobler spirits whom God ever and anon raises up to stir by their living utterances the hearts of many —to bring into powerful relief that perfect harmony of the divine and human which has been given eternally in the gospel—to speak, in short, "the language of the gospel to the world, and the language of the world to the Church." His comprehensiveness as a thinker we reckon his highest intellectual characteristic. He seizes with direct grasp the central principle of every subject of speculation and discussion—the unity in which it inheres, and from which its whole meaning goes forth. What a refreshing strength and buoyant interest does this give to his writings,

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after, it may be, wading through volumes of disjointed, however important, learning. His fertility and variety—the rich profusion of intellectual treasure which he expends so freely and sometimes so brilliantly—is probably his next most prominent endowment. We feel that while we have attempted to exhibit this diversity to some extent, we have only partially succeeded. There is one interesting department of literary effort—that of sacred song—in which he occupied, it may be truly said, a distinguished place, to which we have not even alluded.* It were difficult, certainly, to point out any one—save his own countryman, Pascal, we know of no one—who possessed in a higher measure that manifold gift which can touch with mastery the lighter felicities of literature, and at the same time sound with freedom the utmost depths of Christian thought.

A genuine simplicity gave their enduring charm to all his qualities. The most polished intelligence, combined with the most perfect moral purity, is the picture which we meet in every page of his writings. A uniform elevation of sentiment—a frank sensibility, which rejoiced in, while it did not invite sympathy—a profound humility—a fearless candor—is the picture which, associated with the name of Vinet, lives in the hearts of all who rejoiced in his friendship. And in bidding farewell to him, we feel that while there are no doubt greater names which the "Church of the Future" will delight to honor, there are yet few, if any, which will suggest a finer union of Christian graces and gifts—a character at once more noble and beautiful.

* These sacred pieces of Vinet are mainly found in a collection entitled *Chants Chrétiens*. The first edition of this collection appeared in 1834, and contained seven pieces from his pen. Others were added in successive editions, although he is believed to have written many more than he ever published. These pieces are precious as containing the most intimate expression of the writer's secret feelings. "It was his only way," said one very near to him, "of communicating to me what passed in the depths of his soul." Generally, according to M. Scherer, they fail in preserving the character of the *hymn*. The reflective habit of the philosopher overmasters the inspired mood of the poet. Some of them, however, are very beautiful and touching, and especially one on the death of his daughter in 1838. "If we compare it," says M. Scherer, "with the elegy which a similarly mournful event drew from the pen of Lamartine, we cannot fail to be struck by the real superiority which a living faith has given to the Christian poet in the expression of his grief, and the revelation of its true meaning and end." This piece is found in a separate collection, by Mme. Olivier, entitled *Poésie Chrétienne*, Lausanne, 1839.

From the Biographical Magazine.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

No one that has arisen in England for a long period of time can be justly compared with William Cobbett for strength of character, independent powers of thinking, and for a naturally lucid and forcible method of giving utterance to his opinions. For a period of more than thirty years, the compositions of no English writer exercised a wider influence on the public mind; nor did any ever sink so rapidly out of sight, almost immediately after his death, as those of the author of the *Political Register*. The cause in this instance did not uphold the man; for though he had the credit of being one of the foremost of the Radical school, there was so much of the idiosyncratic in the Radicalism of Cobbett that it never harmonized with the popular sentiment; but choosing a sphere of its own, which was rather anti-oligarchic than that of Radical reform, his system, if it could be called such, was kept before the public only by his own genius, and when that was withdrawn, the whole fell to the ground.

Cobbett's account of his origin is the following: "With respect to my ancestors I shall go no farther back than my grandfather, who was a day-laborer, and I have heard my father say that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death—upwards of forty years. He died before I was born, but I have often slept beneath the same roof that sheltered

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him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows: a damson tree shaded one and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighboring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease. Every one will believe that my grandfather was no philosopher. He never made a lightning-rod, nor bottled-up a single quart of sunshine in his life. He was no almanac-maker, nor quack, nor chimney doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's devil; neither was he a deist, and all his children were born in wedlock; he never cheated the poor during his life, nor mocked 'em at his death. My father, when I was born, was a farmer. When a little boy, he drove plough for twopence a-day. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach he had learned, and had besides improved himself in several branches of the mathematics. He was honest, industrious, and frugal: it was not therefore wonderful that he should be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, liked, beloved, and respected."

He said in an American autobiography from which we quote, "I was born on the 9th of March, 1766. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my own living, and my first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip seed, and the rooks from the peas. When I first trudged a-field with my wooden bottle, and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles, and at the close of the day to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing peas followed, and hence I arrived at the honor of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team and holding plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride, and happy days!

"Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, as it bears the name of my country. As to politics, we were like the rest of the country people in England, for we neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the murmurs of a defeat, would now and then break in upon our tranquillity; but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house, and, most certainly, the privation did not render us less industrious, happy, or free. After, however, war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided concerning that war, and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partisan of the Americans, and continued so staunch an one, that he would not have suffered his best friend to drink success to the King's arms at his table. I cannot give the reader a better idea of his obstinacy in this respect, than by relating the following anecdote:—

"My father used to také one of us with him every year to the hop-fair at Wey Hill. The fair was held at old Michaelmas-tide. It happened to be my turn to go there the very year that Long Island was taken by the British. A great company of hop-merchants and farmers were just sitting down to supper as the post arrived, bringing in the extraordinary gazette which announced the victory. A hop-factor from London took the paper, placed his chair upon the table, and began to read with an audible voice. A dispute ensued, and my father retired, taking me by the hand, to another apartment, where we supped with about a dozen of the same sentiments. Here Washington's health, and success to the Americans, were repeatedly toasted, and this was the first time that I ever heard that General's name mentioned. Little did I dream then that I should ever see the man, and, still less, that I should hear some of his own countrymen reviling and execrating him.

"Towards the autumn of 1782, I went to visit a relation who lived in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. From the top of Portsdown I beheld, for the first time, the sea, and no sooner than I wished to be a sailor. It was not the sea alone that I saw; the grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. What I now beheld so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had long been the theme of our

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praise and the burden of our songs, and the sight of our fleet brought all these into my mind. My heart was inflated with national pride; the sailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and surely I had my part in it, and in all its honors; yet these honors I had not earned, and I resolved to have a just claim, by sharing in the hardships and dangers.

Though I had walked thirty miles during the day, I slept not a moment at my uncle's. It was no sooner daylight, than I arose and walked down towards the old castle on the beach of Spithead. For sixpence given to an invalid I got permission to go upon the battlements; here I had a closer view of the fleet, and, at every look, my impatience to be on board increased. In short, I went from the castle to Portsmouth, got into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board the Pegasus man-of-war. The captain had more compassion on me than is general, and represented to me the toils I must undergo, and the punishment the least disobedience or neglect would subject me to. He persuaded me to return home, and told me it was better to be led to church in a halter, to be tied to a girl that I did not like, than to be tied to the gangway, or, as the sailors call it, married to Miss Roper. I in vain attempted to convince Captain Berkeley that choice alone had led me to the sea. He sent me on shore, and I at last quitted Portsmouth; but not before I had applied to the Port Admiral Evans to get my name enrolled among those destined for the service. I was obliged to acquaint the Admiral with what had passed on board the Pegasus, in consequence of which I was refused; and happily escaped, sorely against my will, the most toilsome and perilous profession in the world.

"I returned once more to the plough, but was spoiled for a farmer. Before my Portsmouth adventure, I had no other ambition than that of surpassing my brothers in the different labors of the field; but now I sighed for a sight of the world; the little island of Britain seemed too small a compass for me. The things in which I had taken the most delight were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid, and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly fled from my work, was heard with indifference. But on the 6th of May, 1783, I was dressed in my holiday suit to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford Fair. They were to assemble at a house about three miles from my home, where I was to attend them: but, unfortunately for me, I had to cross the London turnpike-road. The stage had just turned the summit of the hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind till that very moment, yet the step was completely determined on before the coach came to the spot where I stood: up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the evening.

"It was by mere accident that I had money enough to defray the expenses of the day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crown and half-crown pieces, besides a few shillings and half-pence. This, my little all, which I had been years in amassing, melted away like snow before the sun: and when I had arrived at Ludgate-hill, and had paid my fare, I had about 2s. 6d. in my pocket. A gentleman who was one of the passengers was a hop-merchant in Southwark, and had often dealt with my father at Wey Hill: he knew my danger: he himself was a father, and felt for my parents: he wrote to my father, and endeavored to prevail on me to obey his orders and return home. I am ashamed to say that I was disobedient, and I have repented of it from that moment to this. Willingly would I have returned, but pride would not suffer me to do it. I feared the scoffs of my acquaintances more than the real evils that threatened me. My generous preserver, finding my reluctance, began to look out for employment for me, and related my adventure to an attorney, an acquaintance of his, whose name was Holland, and who, happening to want an understrapping quill-driver, took me into his service, and the next day saw me perched upon a great high stool in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavoring to decipher the crabbed draughts of my employer. I could write a good plain hand, but I could not read the pothooks and hangers of Mr. Holland, who was a month in learning me to copy. Time, however, rendered me useful, and Mr. H. was pleased to tell me that he was well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning until eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those two poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves, and pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our sovereign lord the King,

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seated in his court at Westminster! When I think of the *saids* and *soforths*, and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over, of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber: stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room, but save me from the desk of an attorney! Mr. Holland always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the laundress. It would be wronging the witch of Endor to compare her with this hag, the only creature who deigned to enter into conversation with me. Except the name, I was in prison, and this weird sister was my keeper. I never quitted this gloomy recess except on Sundays, when I took a walk to St. James's Park, to feast my eyes with the trees, the grass, and the water.

"In one of these walks, I happened to fix my eyes on an advertisement inviting all loyal young men who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous where they might enter his Majesty's marine service. I was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of this military bombast, but a change was what I wanted; besides, I knew the marines went to sea, and my desire for that element had increased by my being penned up in London. To avoid all possibility of being discovered, I went down to Chatham and enlisted into the marines, as I thought; but the next morning I found myself before a captain of a marching regiment. When I told the captain (an Irishman) that I thought myself engaged in the marines, 'By St. Patrick, my lad,' said he, 'and you have had a narrow escape;' and assured me that the regiment in which I had enlisted was at that moment serving in that fine, flourishing, and plentiful country, Nova Scotia. As peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send off the recruits. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I learnt my exercise, and took my turn in the duty of the garrison. My leisure time, a considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, was spent, not in the dissipations common to such a life, but in reading and study. I subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greatest part of whose books I read more than once over: novels, plays, history, and poetry, were all read, and nearly with equal avidity.

"One branch of learning, however, I learned thoroughly, and that the most essential—the grammar of my mother-tongue. I had experienced the want of grammar during my stay with Mr. Holland; but I should never have encountered the study of it, had it not been that accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand made me copyist to General Debeig, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old Colonel being stripped of the reward of his long and meritorious servitude. Being totally ignorant of grammar, I necessarily made many mistakes: the Colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended study, and enforced his advice with a sort of injunction and a promise of reward in case of success. I procured a Lowth's Grammar, and applied myself to the study of it, not without some profit; for, though it was a long time before I fully comprehended what I read, I read and studied with such attention that at last I could write without falling into any very gross errors. I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning, every evening; and when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I have since found it capable; and to the success with which it was attended, the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master."

Cobbett observes, "There is no situation where merit is so sure to meet with reward, as in a well-disciplined army; as those who command are obliged to reward it for their own ease and credit. I was soon raised to the rank of corporal, which brought me in a clear twopence additional per diem. As promotion began to dawn, I became impatient to reach my regiment, and the happy day of departure at last came. We set sail from Gravesend, and after a short and pleasant voyage, arrived at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. When I beheld the barren rocks at the entrance of the harbor, I began to fear that the master of the vessel had mistaken his way. Nova Scotia had no other charm for me than its novelty. Every thing I saw was new—bogs, rocks, swamps, mosquitoes, and bullfrogs: thousands of captains and colonels without soldiers, and of squires without stockings and shoes. In England, I never thought of approaching a squire without a most re-

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spectful bow, but in this new world, though I was but a corporal, I often ordered a squire to bring me a glass of grog, and even to take care of my knapsack. After a short residence at St. John's, New Brunswick, the regiment was ordered home in September, 1791, where it arrived on the 3d November, and on the 19th of the next month I obtained my discharge, after having served not quite eight years, and passed through every rank from that of private to that of sergeant-major, without being disgraced, confined, or even reprimanded! What the nature of my discharge was, will appear from the following testimonials:

"'By the Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commanding the 54th regiment, of which Lieutenant-General Frederick is colonel:

"'These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, William Cobbett, sergeant-major in the aforesaid regiment, has served honestly and faithfully for the space of eight years, nearly seven of which he has been a non-commissioned officer, and of that time he has been five years sergeant-major to the regiment; but having very earnestly applied for his discharge, he, in consideration of his good behavior, and the services he has rendered the regiment, is hereby discharged. Given under my hand, and the seal of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this 29th day of December, 1791. EDWARD FITZGERALD.'

"The orders issued in the garrison of Portsmouth, on the day of my discharge, were:

"'Portsmouth, 19th Dec., 1791.

"'Sergeant-major Cobbett having most pressingly applied for his discharge, at Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald's request, General Frederick has granted it. General Frederick has ordered Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald to return the sergeant-major thanks for his behavior and conduct during the time of his being in the regiment, and Major Lord Edward adds his most hearty thanks to those of the General.'"

Cobbett generally spoke well of his military life, but why he should have done so is the more extraordinary, as it appears that in his time the soldiers were very inadequately fed. He adds, "to buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though *in a state of half starvation.* I had no moment of time that I could call my own, and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half-a-score of the most thoughtless of men. Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give now and then for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was also a great sum to me! I was as tall as I am now, I had great health and great exercise; the whole of the money not expended for us at market was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion, I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had on a Friday made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red-herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, *so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life,* I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!"

His courtship and marriage he describes in the following words: "When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John's, New Brunswick. I sat in the room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her marks of that sobriety of conduct which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and the snow several feet on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit when I had done my morning's writing to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of her hearing. From the day I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her being the wife of any other man, and I formed my resolution to marry her as soon as we could gain permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. At the end of about six months, our regiment was ordered to Frederickton, a hundred miles up the river of St. John, and the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I had saved 150 guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the

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paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed; and wrote to her to say, that if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work till I arrived in England. At the end of four years, however, I came home, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army. I found my little girl a servant of all work at five pounds a year in the house of a Capt. Brisac, and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my £150, unbroken. I began my young marriage-days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times, in the middle of the hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep. My wife said to me, 'I could go to sleep now, if it were not for the dogs.' Down stairs I went, and out I sallied in my shirt and trousers, and without shoes and stockings, keeping 'em by stones two or three hundred yards from the house. I walked thus the whole night barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might reach her ears; and I remember that the bricks on the causeway were disagreeably hot to my feet. My exertions produced the desied effect, a sleep of several hours was the consequence, and at eight o'clock in the morning I went to a day's business which was to end at six o'clock in the evening. I used to get up, light her fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in cold weather, take the child while she dressed herself and got the breakfast ready. My wife at one time was much afraid of thunder and lightning, and wanted company; I knew well that my presence would not diminish the danger, but I used to quit my business when I perceived a thunder-storm approaching." There can be no doubt of the extraordinary tenderness of Cobbett for his wife, and it is as much to his credit as it was to hers.

In 1796, William Cobbett settled in Philadelphia, as a bookseller, to which he shortly after added the publication of the *Political Censor*, which had but a short existence, but was followed by a daily paper, which the author called *Porcupine's Gazette;* which, owing to its terrific powers of satire and its vehement and acrimonious personality, won great popularity from the less considerate class of readers. The author soon, however, precipitated himself into difficulties, by publishing, in the pages of the *Porcupine*, a libel on the King of Spain, which was resented by his ambassador, Don Martinez de Yrugo, who commenced an action against Cobbett in the Court of Philadelphia. And in the following year our author was again accused of libelling Justice Dallas, Jefferson, and others, along with Dr. Rush, on which occasion he was fined 5,000 dollars, which was paid at once by some English gentlemen then resident in the United States, and Cobbett himself removed to the State of New York. But America was too small a community at that period for the political genius of our author, who, having published his valedictory American publication, "The Rushlight," embarked for England June 1, 1800. In England, Cobbett began his public course as an apologist for the policy of Pitt; but having been inalienably offended by that aristocratic gentleman, he seems to have commenced rather on an independent footing, and soon fell into his old American propensities of publishing libels. In 1801, the *Porcupine* pamphlets were all collected and republished in twelve volumes octavo, since which period we are not aware that any demand has been made for a new edition. Up to the year 1803, Cobbett, so far as his opinions harmonized with either of the two political parties of England, was considered to be a Tory; but in that year a change came over his opinions, and, as well as writing in opposition to the leaders of the Cabinet, he henceforth made no difference between Pitt and the Tory party. It is impossible at the present time to appreciate the power of Cobbett's pen as a satirist and a political executioner of any character against which he fully arrayed himself. Whether he got the knowledge of human nature by study or by intuition, he could undertake any subject, and cauterize wounds of every class; he was indeed a horrid master at laying open the nerves of the heart to vulgar inspection, and of handling them in such a manner as to produce the most intense suffering. Nor was it the Lord Plunketts or the Attorney-Generals only of that period that winced and roared aloud under the mortification of Cobbett's pen; the whole body of the Government could not drink its claret nor enjoy its venison till it had imprisoned Cobbett for an offence that among the insipid and conventional passed for an unpatriotic action. They did this for his manly and noble sentiments when that Government flogged some of the local militia in the isle of Ely, under the guardianship of Hanoverian soldiers then stationed in England. This was in 1809; and Cobbett says: "The Attorney-

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General Gibbs was set upon me; he harassed me for nearly a year, then brought me to trial, and I was, by Ellenborough, Grose, Le Blanc, and Bailey, sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, to pay a fine to the King of 1,000*l.*, and to be held in heavy bail for seven years after the imprisonment." During that captivity, Cobbett had to pay the monstrous charge of twelve guineas a week for permission to live in a room apart from the felons for the whole of the two years; that is, more than 1,250*l.* for the 104 weeks of the whole term. It is no wonder that the wrath of Cobbett against the Government was implacable, and that the most moderate-minded Englishmen have designated this period of despotic rule as the blackest time that England had ever known since the Revolution of 1688. The fine to the King was paid by Cobbett's friends, as was the case with the 500*l.* which he was fined in 1804 for publishing some libellous matter on the Irish Government. When Cobbett was liberated from jail, he was invited to a dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where, surround-by his friends, Sir F. Burdett, Major Cartwright, and Alderman Wood, with a great number of others, he was congratulated on his services to the country; and he was drawn home by men in his carriage to Botley.

About this time, Cobbett reduced his *Political Register* to twopence a number, which caused the circulation of it to increase to about 100,000 numbers a week. This publication was vigorously continued till, fearful of the consequences on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act by Government, in 1817, he was induced to go to America. He however, when there, continued still his inveterate and withering fire in the *Register;* and, in 1819, when the suspension ceased, again returned to England, had a triumphant reception in Clayton Square, Liverpool, and, cautioned by 6,000 of the borough-reeves and constables of Manchester against making a public entrance into that town, he finally arrived at London. Cobbett had, in 1805, attempted to get elected a member of Parliament, but was unsuccessful; in 1820, he made another effort to stand for Coventry, and in 1826, for Preston, but failed in both instances through the borough influence, which at that period, either by the Whigs or the Tories, was irresistible. In 1829, Cobbett made a lecturing tour through England, which greatly increased his influence, and enlarged indefinitely the sale of his works; and, in 1831, he was indicted for an alleged attempt to excite disaffection among the agricultural laborers; but owing to the effect of his own defence, the jury could not, or would not, agree to a verdict, which quashed the trial. In the following year, Cobbett was elected M. P. for Oldham, which he continued to represent till the close of his life. His appearance in Parliament excited the greatest expectation of his friends, but in this they were disappointed. Like many other strong and vehement, but ill-disciplined minds, Cobbett, when brought into collision with the first men in the kingdom, as acute as himself, more skilful in debate, more professionally ready at reply and repartee, able to talk as long as he could write, found himself at a disadvantage; and the topics in Parliament seldom suiting his vein, he made little or no impression in the House. It is true that he had many friends there, but the vast majority were his sworn enemies; some on account of his views on the currency, others owing to his aversion to the Government, many for his strong leaning to the working-men of England, and, perhaps, the largest number, from the fact that he had once himself been a thresher and a private soldier, and that all his prosperity arose from what they considered to be his ribald pen. With such a confederated host of opponents arrayed against him—a man neither of mild language nor of a forgiving spirit, who had repulsed many of his friends by his extravagances of opinion, his defects of temper, or his ridicule of the rapidly-expanding mind of the age—it was no wonder that Cobbett failed to exert much influence in Parliament.

When we turn to his written compositions, spread over a period of more than forty years, and continued, without a week's abatement for loss of health, for occasional distaste, or through absence from home, we become better able to form a judgment of William Cobbett than from an occasional speech, and that frequently on the wrong side, in the House of Commons. His *Register*, that has now shared the fate of many other periodical writings, and that is by far the most voluminous of all our author's compositions, would furnish the student of modern English history with a political concatenation of the leading events, and, in addition, would also supply him with some of the most lucid and energetic articles that have issued from the press. This magazine may be justly cited as one of the most important agents in the education of the working-men of England; it nourished their fondness for reading and for gardening, as well as for extreme political dogmas, and for a brilliantly terse, but abu-

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sive and personal style. Lost, however, though the *Register* as a whole may be to the modern library, its occasional reading will amply repay the trouble of perusal, and will furnish, where the author's opinions have not misled him, a better account of the history of the time than the newspapers of the same period. His grammars, English, French, and Italian, though one of them bears the name of his son, have long been well known, rather than popular. His "Emigrant's Guide," his "Cottage Economy," his "Poor Man's Friend," his "Village Sermons," and his "Rural Rides," have all been the fireside companions of most of the cottagers in England; they are remarkably alike in style, shrewd, sarcastic, nervous, tautologous, but lucid to a fault, and always energetic and thoroughly English. His "Parliamentary History" is a work of a higher order, but having in it less originality, though equally terse in style. The "History of the Reformation," like several of the author's "Legacies," was the production of his prejudices, and his strongly splenetic passion against the clergy, who early indicated their passionate aversion to the writings of Cobbett. His object in the "Reformation" was purely paradoxical, viz., to prove that Popery was more uniformly the friend of the poor than Protestantism, and that the wars of the Roses and the Reformation had greatly reduced the population of England, which Cobbett seriously maintained was as great in 1650 as in 1825! There is probably the most intellectual power that this writer ever displayed in some of the pamphlets under the name of "Peter Porcupine;" but as they were written before the author's change of political opinions, they will be found to be more racy and saucily loyal than any of his later works; nor must it be forgotten that his letters to Lord Hawkesbury, on the Peace of Amiens, were generally admired by all parties, and were even said by the Swiss Müller to have been the most eloquent things that had ever appeared since the days of Demosthenes! But though those letters were written in behalf of England, the mob broke his windows because he would not illuminate them to celebrate that same peace of Amiens.

We shall not stay to describe the nonsense that Cobbett wrote about his corn, the various productions of his garden and of his farm, his incomparable wife, and his wonderfully precocious children; his ridiculous predictions about his gridiron, and the system of paper-money; and the countless quires of abuse and rhodomontade that he published against the manufacturers of Old England. We have greater pleasure in remembering our author as one of the most energetic and powerful writers of that political school which for the last thirty years of his life rather tended to the right way than actually entered within it. He was the recognized satirist of the Ellenboroughs and the Liverpools of his age, with all their unctuous and energetic followers, whose state papers were analyzed, and made lucid and ridiculous for the country bumpkins. He tortured their grand speeches on his grammatical machines, and tried their bombastic state maxims by his coarse but strong logic. If the Prince Regent spoke, he took his oratory to pieces, and showed its weakness and its shams; poked him severely about the disgraceful state of his domestic history, and often threw into his merriment the mortifying aroma of the fine of £1,000 which he had paid for writing in behalf of the English militia that were brutally flogged in the isle of Ely. Judges often found their solemn sentences to the grand juries turned in Cobbett's various works into footballs, to be kicked about the fields of England; and bishops and clergymen, towards whom, as a class, Cobbett had the utmost aversion, were frequently set in mortifying contrast with the doctrines of the New Testament, or even with the Liturgy of the Common Prayer. Our author professed to detest the whole body of political pensioners, and there can be no doubt that it was chiefly attributable to his pen that the Ministry were shamed into a more sparing use of this power of the Government; family cliques were hunted out of the blue-books, their pretentious services were exposed, and their superfluous wealth was often traced up to its ill-gotten sources. In short, there were no varieties of Englishmen that did not at some time figure in the *Twopenny Trash*, or in the *Political Register;* and the aptitude of Cobbett in giving such nicknames to the men he hated, as Bott Smith and Sir Joseph Surface to Sir Robert Peel, gave a dreaded pungency to these inflictions, which no doubt repressed the malicious tendencies of many of the politicians. But there is great reason to doubt whether Cobbett, though considered a reformer, loved such reform as other men saw practicable; for he seemed always to work apart from the rest of the Progressionists, and dreamed rather of raising a race of independent cottagers than of moulding the nation of England into a free and an independent people. Cobbett was the advocate of cheap government, of low taxa-

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tion, of general reform, and of the growth of public opinion, in a time when all these things, which it is now fashionable to advocate, were considered proofs of a disloyal and a traitorous heart. We can see the hand of Providence in raising up this private soldier to be the great counteractor of the Pitts, the Ponsonbys, the Liverpools, the Sidmouths, and the Cannings of his age; and when the history of the earlier part of the present century comes to be written, William Cobbett must be mentioned as one of the most powerful assailants of those who, after having run this country into a deeper debt and a higher rate of taxation than had ever been known, may be said to have filled up their cup of iniquity by the dreadful panics that from 1824–6 all but ruined England, and which were ushered in by the massacre of Peterloo.

We must, however, hasten to describe the death of Cobbett, which took place on the 18th of June, 1835, at Normandy Farm, in Surrey, from an inflammation of the throat, to which he had been many years liable, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He retained his vigorous powers of thought till within a few minutes of his dissolution; but often as he had used the name of religion in his works, we find no practical mention of it in his last hours; and whatever may have been his private thoughts on the subject, his writings fail to declare, beyond the fact that he hated dissent and belonged to the Church of England. Immediately upon his death becoming known in London, there appeared in the various papers such biographic notices of the event as suited the political purposes of the writers. Some to which he had ever been averse could then afford to praise their fallen competitor; and the *Times* and the *Standard*, that had so often bristled with batteries against the Cobbett school, could at once confess that he was "by far the first political writer of his age; and from his writings may be collected samples of the highest eloquence to be found in our language." He must indeed have been more than an ordinary mortal, of whom Mr. Wyndham openly said in Parliament, "that he deserved a statue of gold for his writings." Cobbett's triumph over the difficulties of his early life was the more remarkable, as he possessed few or none of the resources of polite literature or of imagination. He never quoted poetry except to strike some political truth nearer home, or to fix on some fashionable buffoon the laughter of the age. He would review books occasionally, but they must have been in some way tributary to his own designs; but of the fine arts or the modern writers of romance, Cobbett seems to have taken no notice, if indeed he cultivated their acquaintance at all. No man was more tenacious and difficult to manage in a quarrel than Cobbett; as may be remembered in the instances of Lockhart, of the *Quarterly Review*, and of the bitter one with Sir F. Burdett in 1817. His quarrels often ended like those of many ill-bred men, who are inoblivious of an offence, and who never seem to be enjoying so much as when they have an opportunity of remembering the occasion, to the disparagement of an enemy or to the aggravation of his friends. Cobbett had either the blindness or the perversity of confounding a man's personal character with the cause to which he was attached, as where he quarrelled with the supercilious and shallow; but with the brave and the eloquent Pitt, he forsook his cause; and every one knows that whatever the Prince Regent loved was certain to share Cobbett's detestation. His powers of analysis were great; and the disentanglement of one subject, overlaid by many others, he would admirably achieve by the force of his logic, writing upon it week after week without wearying his readers; but when his mind turned itself to the delineation of character, he committed the error of all early artists, and acted as if ignorant of the world of intermediate men, and the half-hues and half-shadows that make up the brighest characters the world has ever seen. In simple ratiocinative intellect, keen, strong, and steady, Cobbett was without an English parallel; but in the moral qualities of the heart and the religious life, he stood sadly below the average of great writers.

R. S. B.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

The Americans are a queer people, to be sure! In some respects so like children, they are in others wise and reasonable as Socrates himself. With all their bragging, they have yet never bragged half enough, nor of the right things. We have seen urchins, drest by their mammas in the best of every thing, yet priding themselves immensely on a parcel of mean shining tatters, ferreted out of some old trunk in the garret, and hung about them to help to sustain an imaginary character; and even so may we observe inconsistent and vain Jonathans, undervaluing their grand and substantial advantages, aim at and sigh for things utterly worthless, out of their own time and place, all the while fancying themselves much dignified by these ill-fitting shreds of a grandam's finery. Yet, in some directions, how philosophical they are! dealing with ideas as if they were solid, tangible realities; scorning all the aids and appliances of outward seeming; able to bow down in obeisance to a principle, as if it were clothed in all the symbolism of crown, orb, and ermine. Then again, talk to them of the horrors and abominations of negro-slavery, and the impiety of daring to own men and women, and they laugh at you for an abstractionist, and point triumphantly at their slaves, as far better fed, and better drest, and more self-respecting than your colliery and factory laborers, bound to the soil by a necessity more inexorable than chains,—the necessity to eat. If they cannot always stop to give a reason, they are at least always ready with an answer to every objection that can be brought against their present *status;* an answer which is sure to derive a certain amount of silencing force from the evident prosperity, happiness, and improvement of their new-born country. Scornfully disregarding the multitude of petty restraints which go to make up fine manners, they are yet excessively sensitive to comments, foreign and domestic, on their behavior in society. Cast in their teeth (not inappropriately) the national vice which defiles marble floors and Persian carpets without scruple, and they will, as likely as not, deny the fact; convicted in the act, they will justify it. At once the rudest and the most humane among civilized nations, who shall do them justice? But that is not our business just now.

The increasing tendency of the Americans to prefer unmarked men for their Chief Magistrates is very significant, on many accounts; but our present purpose does not include the discussion of general principles The election of Franklin Pierce, after Millard Fillmore and James K. Polk, is an indication of the fact; and those of Jackson, Harrison, and Taylor, are no contradictions of it, since they were a mere temporary ebullition of the war spirit, consequent upon the successes of the Florida, Frontier, and Mexican wars. The universal question asked by the sovereign people, on occasion of the nomination of each of the three civilians we have named, was, "Who is he?" Yet they were no whit the less ready to throw up their caps, and give their most sweet voices for them, the instant they were lifted by a few potent hands to the position of candidate. Mr. Fillmore—sometimes facetiously called "His Accidency," because he came to the presidential throne most unexpectedly by the death of poor General Taylor, hunted to the grave by implacable office-seekers—proved a popular ruler, being by nature, and in all sincerity and good intention, a compromiser, and therefore incapable of giving countenance to any public measure that should raise disputes and set politicians together by the ears. He is a man of majestic figure and bland countenance, with manners elaborately courteous, though not without self-respect. He professes himself much relieved by the permission to lay down his office, though even his friends admit that he could have been persuaded to retain it for another term, if his country had demanded further services. Perhaps the two are not incompatible, after all. Certainly, nothing could excel the smiling grace with which he occupied the second place at his successor's inauguration.

Franklin Pierce has not so much to thank nature for in the way of personal advantages, nor yet so smooth and beaming a counte-

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nance, with which to soften refusals and pacify the disappointed. He has the typical Yankee face: sharp, keen, anxious, able, but neither dignified nor prepossessing. Slender and wiry in form, his gestures are automatic, and his voice unmusical, though sonorous. The deeply afflictive loss of his only child by a railroad accident, shortly before his accession, gives naturally an additional shade of earnestness to a countenance never joyous; and the look of sadness which he now habitually wears, adds much to the interest with which he is regarded by the people.

"One touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin."

He has been somewhat in public life, but with no particular *éclat:* and though he figured somewhat in the Mexican war, it was not very favorably. But his brother officers brought home a warm estimate of his personal character, as being unselfish and considerate of others to a remarkable degree. How he can manage these qualities, or preserve this reputation, in his new position, where he must disoblige a hundred every time he gratifies one, remains to be seen. Borne in on a triumphant vote, he is yet almost as much of an accident as his predecessor, having no more hold on the imagination, the affections, or the pride of the country. One must have been very thoroughly acquainted with the American democracy to have foreseen that Webster and Scott would stand no chance with this *pis-aller* of a party crisis.

The President of the United States does not share the hard fate of other sovereigns, doomed to forego the pleasure of strictly personal friendship and esteem. His honors being necessarily short-lived, no man hates him for them; and the knowledge that he is soon to return to private life, guards him against yielding himself up too much to the haughtiness of power. The President is, in truth, the most oppressed public servant in the nation, and perhaps haughtiness is the fault he is least likely to fall into, if one may judge by the aspect of things at the White House. The sovereign people, in their individual as well as collective capacity, feel that house to be theirs, to enter at all hours, and to be attended to under all circumstances. The President and his family may indeed *lock the doors* of the room they happen to be occupying at the moment, but every door not thus guarded will be liable to be entered, at any hour of the day, by booted visitors from Arkansas or Iowa. The entrance-hall of the presidential mansion looks, in all respects, like the vestibule of a second-rate hotel, all its appointments being calculated for the rough company it is generally used by; and the reception-rooms on the lower floor, being thus made common to the entire public, lack the air of neatness which graces state apartments elsewhere. Not an usher attends to see that the privilege of entrance is not abused. You go in and wander about at your leisure, among gilding, mirrors, and satin damask, and no one asks you for credentials, or hints that you had better not put your feet on the sofas. Is there any other country in the world where this state of things could exist? It seems coarse and careless, certainly; but there must be a considerable degree of refinement somewhere, to make it possible.

The East Room, used for *levées*, has been much spoken of by Western members, who are shocked by its splendor, which, as they aver, helps unwarrantably to deplete the treasury of the nation. This room is eighty feet long by forty-five in width, and its extravagant decorations consist of an ordinary Brussels carpet, window-curtains of crimson damask,* half-a-dozen looking-glasses, and a certain number of far from elegant sofas, chairs, and tables. Not a picture, nor a statue, nor a work of art of any description graces the forlorn bareness of the walls; and no American hotel parlor of any pretensions makes half so poor a figure. Now, our Western friend does not know what an important step in his education would be the placing of a few pictures even—let them be by American artists only, if he insists on it—in this gathering-place of the masses.

The city of Washington is redolent all over of its great founder, whose honest pride was deeply gratified by the just compliment paid him by his country, in naming the capital after him, though his modesty prevented him from ever calling it any thing but "The Federal City." It is a place of great interest, curiously characteristic in all respects. Correspondences without number might be traced by a less imaginative observer than Swedenborg. To our thinking, it is more really the ideal heart of its nation than London or Paris, which owe their existence and interest to an immense variety of causes, while Washington has but one. In truth, "The Federal City" is as near an abstraction as may be, spite of a few marble piles which represent, in some sort, the departments of state, and the Gothic Smithsonian Institute, which stands out a transplanted slip of Old England. Even in its laying out, Washington symbolizes, in

an obscure manner, the whole country; for it is built on an English plan—none other than that devised by Sir Christopher Wren for the rebuilding of London after the great fire, rejected then and there, because of its "magnificent distances," unsuited to an area so valuable, but called up and adopted when Major L'Enfant, the "Capability Brown" of the post-revolutionary era, had scope and leave to use, for the new capital, the best possible idea, with unlimited space to work upon, and boundless (future) means to carry out the details. This fact, unrecorded as yet, as far as we know, was observed by Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, not many years since, in the London Art-Union, where Sir Christopher's diagrams are preserved.

Whoever will stand on Capitol Hill, or, still better, on the balcony of the Capitol itself, and let his eye wander over the grand scene visible from there, will, we think, be inclined to add another "circumspice" to the great architect's epitaph. The avenues of immense width, diverging from that central eminence, carry the imagination to the remotest limits of the great empire, for the observer finds it impossible to refrain from following out, in his thought, the triangulation suggested by the commencing points at his feet. These main avenues, named from the thirteen original States, are crossed by streets, numerically designated in one direction, alphabetically in the opposites, so that when we are seeking "the corner of F and Twelfth street," or "Four-and-a-half street, B and C," we walk as among algebraic signs, surrounded by all the dim glory of abstractions. From the Capitol we look down upon the President's house, though that, too, is upon an eminence; symbols again, though we are far from suspecting General Washington of any thing so fanciful. The distance between the Capitol and the "White House" is about a mile, and the way between is a street one hundred and sixty feet in width, as yet sparsely built, and lacking the grace of architectural effect, but grand and imposing from the sweep of its descent and reascent, as well as because of its magnificent terminations, the state offices clustering at the western end, while the Capitol crowns the steep at the other. The whole space between the Capitol and the Potomac, southward of this great avenue,—an area of seven hundred acres,—is to be thrown into a park, including within its bounds the gardens and conservatories belonging to the nation—from which are sent to all parts of the Union the seeds and slips of rare and useful plants; the Smithsonian edifice, expressly picturesque rather than convenient; and the new monument to the Father of his country; a pile of stone as yet shapeless and huge, such as "lubbard labor" could have contrived as well as executed, but destined in the end to be an edifice worthy at least the wealth of a great country, if not the taste and fitness of a highly civilized one. This park will be laid out in walks and groves, with a carriage drive of eight miles—a prototype, we may hope, for the other public grounds in American cities, thus far miserably unfurnished in this respect. It will be entered, from the Capitol, by a triumphal arch, and is to include an arboretum or scientific classification of trees—an American sylva—planted as a border round the entire space. Evergreens are to be very abundant in it, the mild climate being particularly favorable to their rapid growth and fine size. All this is in accordance with the plans of the lamented Downing, lost by a terrible steamboat accident last summer. Hardly even the far-famed Place de la Concorde will be more beautiful than this esplanade, with its grand adjuncts. The plan of Washington includes a multitude of open spaces intended as small parks, besides this great one.

The Capitol itself, let what fault will be found with its architecture—as who can't find fault with architecture unprotected by the shadow of great and established names?—is a splendid object, if only for its size and the dazzling whiteness of its material. And who can look at it without remembering that Washington himself laid its first corner-stone? It is three hundred and fifty feet in length, and covers an area of an acre and a half. Already too small for its purposes, great wings are being added, which, with the colonnades, will more than double its present size, and make it a still more glorious object in the sunlight, as one looks up from the Potomac shore, trees and gardens clustering about its base, and flags floating above its battlements.

Within, there is much to drag down the imagination. First and foremost, the state of the floors, which would disgrace Timbuctoo or a Hottentot Kraal. Then the absence of all form and order of reception, the whole thing being just like a street, and a very dirty one. The Rotunda is a fine circular waiting-room of a hundred feet diameter and of equal height, with a dome overhead and doors on all sides, and between the doors large pictures of scenes from American history. One panel only

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waits for a picture now painting in Paris by Powell, who has resided there three years for the purpose. It represents the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, and is said to be the best thing yet painted for the Rotunda. Those of Trumbull will, however, always possess superior interest, as containing authentic portraits of the prominent Revolutionists. It will be long, probably, before the masses here will relish pictures—especially national ones—purely imaginative; they acknowledge as yet no reality but literality Pocahontas throwing herself in the way of the tomahawk raised to kill Captain Smith, passes pretty well, though not exactly a "view taken upon the spot;" but Franklin working at his printing-press would please better, because there would be a real portrait of Franklin, and another, equally real, of his printing-press; the latter easily verified by a visit to the Patent Office, where stands the identical press, in a glass case, as clumsy and black as an infant demon need be. Yet the pictures of the Rotunda and the general harmony and elegance of the room exercise a silent influence, no doubt; let us at least hope it, since there are so many proofs, on all sides, that refinement is the one thing yet to seek at this gathering of the American notables in their legislative capacity.

From the Rotunda we pass into the Library, a noble apartment on the east front, lined and shelved with iron, from the sad experience of a year or two since, when its precious contents were burnt without a possibility of help. Besides many thousands of volumes intrinsically valuable, including copies of all American copyright books, the manuscripts, maps, and records, of material interest and importance, made the loss irreparable, at least by any power of the Government. There is, however, a private library in Washington, belonging to Peter Force, Esq., which probably is destined ultimately—long hence, we may hope, since its owner is universally esteemed—to become the property of the nation, and which contains an immense mass of books, pictures, maps, manuscripts, medals, busts, coins, and autograph letters, every one of which illustrates, directly or indirectly, the history of the country from its discovery to the present moment. Mr. M'Guire, another Washington collector, possesses volumes of autograph letters of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, &c.; so that it is possible that in time the loss sustained by the burning of the Congressional library may be, in part, at least, repaired: provided always, that the country ever gets time to attend to any matters not directly bearing on its material prosperity.

The few books that were saved from the conflagration, and such as have been already purchased as the nucleus of a new Congressional library, are collected in a room on the south of the Rotunda, used as a fashionable lounging-place and social exchange by members of both Houses, and strangers visiting Washington from all parts of the Union. It is pleasant to encounter there many people one likes to see for various reasons; but far more interesting to the privileged few to penetrate into a retired apartment beyond, used as a committee-room of the Senate, and as a repository for senatorial reports and documents—where sits, studying and writing for the most unfortunate of human beings, Miss Dix, to whose untiring and self-sacrificing labors the country and the world owe so much. Some fourteen State lunatic asylums on the grandest scale, and under the most intelligent care, are already the result of this lady's benevolent importunity with various Legislatures which had before neglected the wants of the most helpless and abused portion of their population. Even the good works of that proverb of beneficent women, Elizabeth Fry, sink in comparison with the reforms in prisons and asylums of a single woman without fortune, who desires above all things to remain unnoticed and unknown. Grateful communities have again and again desired pictures and statues of her to ornament and dignify the scenes of her labors and her triumphs; but the pain which these propositions occasion her is now so well understood, that even those by whom her worth is most justly felt refrain from any further attempt to do her public honor while she lives. The object which at present occupies her time, and, more than all, her failing strength, is the establishment of a central national asylum, which her unwearied explorations into the necessities of the case have convinced her is imperatively called for, to receive great numbers of unhappy waifs and strays who have no claims on limited State bounty. To this work she has now devoted several winters, spending the entire period of the session at Washington, in such efforts as her large experience has shown effectual elsewhere. But although she has an ascertained and sufficient majority in both Houses to carry her bill, sectional jealousy and party venom always succeed in preventing its passing, by the old expedient of tacking fast to

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it certain unpopular and impossible addenda, which at once oblige its best friends to lay it on the table.

The Legislative Halls of the United States are much like others of similar character—very much like the French Chamber of Deputies. The House of Lords stands alone, not only in its gorgeousness of decoration, but in the air of gentlemanly calmness and high-bred self-restraint which pervades its deliberations. Congress looks like an assembly of men of business, keen, rough, anxious, watchful. When unpleasant things are said, a "rowdy" spirit is called up in a moment. This is not to be wondered at, for Western and Southern members are in a great majority, and Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Adams—all the men whose august personal presence and irresistible weight of character used to be felt—are gone. Cass is there—calm, quiet, reserved, gentlemanly; but his abilities and accomplishments are shorn of their beams by a settled conviction of his selfishness, his greedy spirit, and his lack of high political principles. There is Hale, a great, stalwart, keen man, the champion of the Anti-Slavery interest, whom not all the unpopularity of his favorite topic, nor the bitter wit with which he enforces it, can make personally unpopular, though in the Senate he is hated and dreaded, like a gilded bomb with its fuse for ever alight. He has, however, more of the sharp-shooter than of the trained artillery-man in his oratory, and what he says is not felt long after the echoes of his sonorous voice have died on the ear. Chase, of Ohio, also an Anti-Slavery man, and, as such, deemed by certain Southern fire-eaters a blot upon the Senate—is handsome, more delicate, more gentlemanly than his bulky friend, more silvery in speech, yet no less effective. But both are on the wrong side for general interest and recognition. Seward, again, polished, elaborate, powerful, earnest, is the best hated man in the room, and can do little by his presence for the general tone. The Honorable Pierre Soulé, with his swarthy southern skin, deep fierce eyes, and diabolical beauty, is a finished courtier. Every word, every look, is just what he chooses it shall be. The lightning soul underneath is subdued to the uses of a telegraph, which carries no messages to the outward world but by order. This man, with his deliberate enunciation in a French-tinctured accent, has, perhaps, more personal power in the Senate than any other, and he uses it in favor of gentlemanliness, always. If he killed a man, as he might naturally enough be expected to do if one should affront him, it would be without a violent gesture or an unhandsome word. If it be objected that this is not an American character, it will be because the objector has not calculated the distance between Boston and New Orleans.

A large proportion of members of both Houses figure during the session in Washington society, which is free as air to all who come properly accredited. It is only in summer that the Washington ladies, including now in this term the wives of heads of departments, take time to sleep. As long as Congress sits, so long do routs and balls, dinner-parties and supper-parties, crowd one upon the other upon the devoted population of the Federal City. Without the heavy splendor and unpleasing costliness of New York or Philadelphia, these assemblies, from their advantage in the constant presence of distinguished and eminent persons, possess a character of superior refinement. The younger people are like other young people—they live and breathe and dress and eat only to dance; from ten at night to two in the morning the vibration never ceases, and harp and piano, "sackbut and psaltery, and all manner of music" that can be danced after, know no rest. Clouds of *tulle*, showers of roses, incense of flattery and bouquets, make enchanting the gas-light, and intoxicate fair-haired brains, as they did of yore the brains of these belles' grandmothers.

> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old!

But with the elders, conversation is the amusement, and for this Washington affords, of course, unusual advantages; for if there be any talent or cultivation, joined with even moderate fortune, anywhere in the United States, it is sure to find its way to Washington, sooner or later; and, wholly free from the weight of any privileged class, ability finds its level and real merit its due reception. No exception to this remark is found in the presence of the government functionaries; for without a tinge of servility of manner, these "public servants" are obliged to recognize, at all times and places beyond their own especial bureaux during office hours, their equality with their constituents. Of course they are at liberty to defend themselves from the aggressions of ignorance and ill-breeding, but they assume no state, and pretend to no social respect not accorded to other gentlemen. It must be confessed that

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the world has never before seen such a spectacle as Washington presents in this particular, but a full exposition of its social aspect would require more space than we can spare.

The Torlonia of Washington, Mr. Corcoran, entertains in a style no whit inferior to that of his noted prototype at Rome, though his palace and its gallery are but miniatures of Italian magnificence. The Greek Slave of Power graces one end of this beautiful room, itself enough to throw the glorious light of Art over the whole dwelling. If wealth could purchase princedoms in America, there are few men who would become the state better than Mr. Corcoran, though he is said to have risen by sheer force of talent from very humble beginnings.

General Scott, who resides permanently at Washington as head-quarters, is a man who loses the social advantages he has fairly earned by military ability, success, and integrity, by the weakness of vanity, or the vanity of weakness. Never had giant so little dignity. No one can converse with him half an hour without wondering that he has ever done any thing. There is a strange mixture of respect and contempt in the public estimate of him; and the late attempt to create the office and rank of Lieutenant-General for him, as a reward for his past services, failed as much by means of the prevalence of the latter feeling, as because of the reluctance of many patriotic persons to any increase of military power or patronage. At the late Inauguration, General Scott was "nowhere," if we may be allowed an Americanism literally correct in this case. Clearly the people of the United States do not intend to give undue encouragement to military ambition.

The change of chief ruler is accomplished here with extraordinary quietness. General Washington is said to have had a taste for pomp and ceremony, quite natural for the times in which he lived. What would he have said of his successor of the fourth of March, 1853, in plain citizen's dress, passing from Willard's Hotel through Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, in an open barouche, bareheaded, under a snow-storm, not even an umbrella intercepting the view claimed by the "sovereign people" who thronged the way in thousands? General Washington, in his state costume of black velvet, with lace ruffles and a dress-sword, his hair powdered and a cocked hat carefully poised above it, must have made quite another figure; his majestic height, and a presence which struck every beholder with an involuntary respect, more than supplying the lack of regal paraphernalia. General Pierce is a man with whom one might ride in an omnibus every day for a year, without once thinking to inquire who he was; not that he is contemptible, but common-place—what the Americans call an *average* man. Beside him in a carriage sat Mr. Fillmore, not uncovered, for he had ceased, when the black ball at the Observatory dropped noon, to be a public servant, and as a private gentleman he took no notice of the demonstrations of the crowd. A few companies of infantry, some showy troops of light horse, and a specimen or two of that wondrous flying artillery that, by way of trial, once flew up the forty marble steps that lead to the Capitol, formed the main portion of the *cortège* besides the government functionaries. Then there was a prodigious following on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, not to speak of those spirited "Fire-companies" that make part of every procession in America, dragging gorgeous engines, and hose-carts like triumphal cars waving with flowers and banners. Amid all this, not a policeman was seen. Everybody did that which seemed best in his own eyes, and yet all was orderly. A company of "Fantasticals" or "Callithumpians"—foolish fellows, ludicrously drest, and marching to mock bands of music—showed themselves somewhere on the track of the procession; but they were soon taken in hand, and sent flying in all directions, not by the authorities, however, but by the "sovereigns" in person. The press about the Capitol was, of course, very great, but not a loud word was spoken. Ladies passed in and out of the throng without difficulty, and in spite of the anxiety to secure positions from which the Inaugural Address could be heard, there was no pushing. An Italian crowd in Holy Week, or a French one at a *fête* in the Champs Elysées, could not be more civil. Strange that men who cannot refrain from social enormities within doors, can be so humane and self-governed, in cases where rudeness is least noticed!

A great platform had been erected on the east front of the Capitol, and this was soon filled with officials, members of both Houses, and ladies. In the midst was a table, the plainest that could be found, one would think; and on this table—a pitcher of water! Think of a coronation! A small open space was left behind the table, and in that soon appeared the new President, with the Chief Justice, who was to administer the oath. This was done in dumb show, of course, as far as the crowds below were concerned, and it is

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to be noted that during the ceremony the snow continued to fall on the uncovered heads of the dignitaries, while the spectators were sheltered by hats and umbrellas, no carriages being allowed within the grounds, on account of the crowd. A very few minutes sufficed for the installation of the new ruler, and, without loss of time, while the people were still shouting, he pulled off his overcoat in a very business-like manner, and began his speech. The scene was remarkable. There was the dense crowd of people, deemed by a good part of the world only half-civilized in manners, calm and quiet as Eastern sages, listening with critical ears to a man who the day before was but a country lawyer from a little State of the Union, now endued with the power of a constitutional monarch, which he is peaceably to relinquish at the end of four years. Facing the speaker sat Washington, in colossal marble; cold, severe, watchful, and with all the dignity that ever belonged to earthly hero; seeming to try his successor by a judgment almost unerring in his mortal life, and now, to the imagination at least, sublimely pure in the clearer light of a world removed from passion and prejudice. The orator, too, was demonstrative of the spirit of the hour; he had too much of the lawyer in his pleadings and his gesticulations. The speech was energetic in its exposition of future policy, but the exposition itself seemed undignified under the circumstances. It was too much like what is called in the United States a "stump" speech; an electioneering address, out of place when the post of honor has been won. But there was enough of the moral sublime in the scene taken as whole, to counterbalance or overpower this individual error of taste. That a democratic people should do nothing on this, the chief national occasion, to delight the public eye, seems anomalous; but it has been observed, that as the Americans consider government as, at best, only a necessary evil, they are not prompted to any gay or festive manifestations connected with the institution. The exercise of a keen critical spirit is not favorable to pomp and parade, which appeal to the imagination; the people are too much occupied in watching and weighing their chosen minister to care for the mere externals, and, in general, the Americans have no taste for shows, though they love show. De Tocqueville says it is because they are a commercial people, and calculate the cost. Perhaps it is rather because they are a new people, made grave by the necessity of providing and learning. When they do attempt public spectacles, such as commemorative processions, funerals, &c., they are mean and paltry, and the people laugh at them, even while they throng to see them, while the more instructed shun them altogether.

The national anniversary, July 4th, is the signal for everybody who can afford it to rush out of town, and the streets are filled with country people, foreigners, and children. Intensity is the law of American life; its *pabulum* is excitement, not superficial but deep and serious. When the period for this has passed—perhaps this is deferring a change to the political millennium—we may see quite another phase of character in the self-governed, who may hope by that time to be in some sense master of themselves and their destiny; a nation of philosophers, able to do what they will, and to show why they do it.

When the procession passes from the Capitol towards the "White House," it simply reverses the order of its commencement—leaving the old President at a hotel, and carrying forward the new one to his four years' palace, where he must instantly prepare to play the host, receiving anybody who choses to call, after first having given audience to foreign ministers and other officials. The city being thronged with strangers—hundreds having walked the streets all night for want of a lodging, after every bed, chair, table and floor was packed—the rush at this first levee may be imagined. But it all goes off quietly, and after a couple of hours spent in being gazed at and shaken hands with, the tyro in sovereignty has leave to seek his private sofa, where, let us hope, his attendants shampoo his weary limbs, and

"Lap him in soft Lydian airs,"

to prepare him for next day's labors.

Meanwhile, the released man feels like a bird with wings new plumed for a flight into the warmer atmosphere of home and friends. Occupying the suite of rooms at Willard's, just vacated by the new-comer, he sits, serene and smiling, to receive, not the condolences, but the congratulations of his friends. Mr. Fillmore's trooped about him, with feelings of sincere regard, for no "accident" ever won so many golden opinions. With his grand person and gracious manner, he joins an air of dignified reserve and self-poise that inspires confidence even in a politician. This gentleman retires from office under peculiarly gratifying circumstances; for, really, nobody has a word to say against him, while, from his Cabinet, he received a testimonial of regard

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such as, so far as we know, is unprecedented in the history of the United States—a letter expressive of their grateful sense of his conduct towards themselves, with the highest commendation of his fidelity and devotion as a public officer. To all this the ex-President replies, with much feeling, of which a single paragraph will give some idea of the terms in which the American chief magistrate is accustomed to live with his official advisers:

"No President was ever more fortunate than myself in the selection of his Cabinet. No manifestation of unkind feeling, or even a hard word, has ever disturbed the harmonious action of the Council Board. This cordial unanimity has not only advanced the public service, but has been at all times to me a source of unalloyed satisfaction. I shall ever reflect upon our social and official intercourse with great pleasure, and cherish, to my latest breath, the disinterested friendship with which it has been marked."

And thus, with no attempt at state or form, the discharged official slides back into private life, to appear again at the bar or on the bench, in military or civil service, or at the plough, like a greater than Cincinnatus, Washington, who, loaded with laurels and blessings, felt it a privilege and delight once more to traverse at leisure his fields at Mount Vernon, entering with new pleasure into the minutest details of the management of his estate, and receiving his friends with the simplicity and freedom of an ordinary citizen.

Mount Vernon was named by the elder brother of Washington, who had served under the stout old Admiral. It lies some fourteen or fifteen miles below Washington, on the Potomac, or River of Swans, over whose waters the eyes of the hero of American independence were never tired of wandering. Here, in a simple family vault, lie his precious ashes, destined, in the course of time, to be placed under the huge monument now erecting to his memory in Washington—a perishable thing in comparison with the world's sense of his deserving. No traveller from any quarter but takes this hallowed spot in his way, and all ships, as they pass, lower their flags in reverential remembrance of him who sleeps below. The house he loved better than palaces still stands, though unhappily decaying. The Government should buy it and preserve it religiously, and will doubtless do so, though probably not till time has done further mischief. There is the large old rural dining-room, unornamented save by consecrated relics of the past, showing the very aspect it presented to La Fayette and all the noble brothers in arms who used to love to gather there about their venerated chief. There is the bust of Washington, by Houdon, cast from life in 1785, grand and massive in its contour as that of the Capitoline Jove, but full of human thought, passion, and tenderness, such as the plastic art never portrayed from imagination alone. Enthusiasm sometimes asks, "When shall we look upon his like again?" but this prosperous and happy country of his love and pride may be well content to let him remain for ever unique and unapproached in his glory, since only great and terrible emergencies ever call forth—perhaps it were better to say create—such men.

The monument is designed to be, in the end, something far different from the huge mass it appears at present. Around the shaft or obelisk, which alone is begun, and which is to be carried to the height of six hundred feet, is to be built a circular temple or Pantheon, of two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, intended to contain statues and pictures of Revolutionary worthies and others who may have performed signal service to the state. Below are to rest, besides the ashes of Washington, the remains of those whom the country delights to honor; and the whole will be a centre of consecrated and ennobling national memories, to which succeeding generations may resort as to a fountain of patriotic feeling. Every State of the Union sends a block of native marble for the structure, and on each of these blocks is a characteristic, dedicatory inscription. Should this grand design reach actual consummation —which it is to be feared may not happen in our day—it may laugh at artistic criticism, and claim to be judged by its own rules; or to stand uncensured until a rival memorial shall arise, of equal magnificence and for the preservation of memories equally august. Every day sees the esteem and personal affection of the people of the United States for their first President increase, and every year adds to the numerous memorials of him which States and cities and private individuals are ambitious to possess. In New York has lately been opened a collection of pictures and works of art, called the Washington Gallery, in which are the most valued and authentic representations of the "patriot, hero, sage"—from the age of sixteen, a fine, glowing boy, to that last portrait painted in 1794, which Washington mentions in one of his letters, as the "best likeness" that had yet been made of him. He was at that time sixty-five years of age, and the muscles of his face and form had lost some of their

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firmness. But the qualities for which he was most remarkable are still there: the calm self-possession, so different from coldness; the dignity so far above haughtiness; the traces of passion that had been a servant, not a master; the patience which, having had its perfect work on earth, was then humbly waiting for the award of a higher and more awful tribunal. Though not remarkable as a work of art, this picture has an especial value from having the suffrage of the great original, and because it bears in every line the evidence of simple truth.

Returning, after some digressions, which it is hoped the reader will not deem unpardonable, to the city of Washington: the Smithsonian Institute is one of the most curious objects that attract the visitor. The fruit of an English bequest, this tribute of science and benevolence to the spirit of liberty is without a parallel in its origin, and perhaps hardly more commonplace in other respects. Fanciful heads and hands had the care of details in the carrying out of Mr. Smithson's grand idea, and the result has been a curious specimen of the pepper-box Gothic, very pretty to look at as a decoration in the great park, but suggesting its object, and fitting its place, as little as a Chinese pagoda for a citizen's country-box, or a garden "ruin," which turns out to be a dairy. Certainly, that long array of towers, turrets, and cloisters seems ill-adapted, at first view, for purposes of science, and, unhappily, the impression of unsuitableness is by no means diminished upon interior examination. In length four hundred and fifty feet, and having an extreme breadth of one hundred and forty, it covers a vast extent of ground, compared with the available space within, since the towers are, one and all, simply useless. The fund, originally about half a million of dollars, has not as yet been encroached upon, as the building was not commenced till interest sufficient for its erection had accrued; and the design of the Regents (the President of the United States and his Cabinet, with some other high functionaries, forming this board, *ex officio*) is to divide the income into two parts, one part devoted to scientific research, and the other to the formation of a library, a general museum, and a gallery of art. The scientific branch is under very able direction, in the person of Professor C. S. Henry, whose name is no stranger in Europe since his discoveries in electro-magnetism, &c., and whose whole heart and soul are devoted to the studies suited to his position. Several scientific works of world-wide value have already been published by the Institute, under his direction. The library numbers already ten thousand volumes, and is increasing very rapidly; Mr. Jewett, the assistant-secretary of the Institute, and acting librarian, being also an enthusiast in his branch. His plan for avoiding the incessant labor of amending and renewing catalogues is considered very happy. He proposes to stereotype all titles separately, and to preserve the plates in alphabetical order, inserting additional titles as need arises. This promises very much to lighten the labor of librarians, and the cost and delay of that order without which the grandest collection must become comparatively useless. The museum is as yet but a beginning, but has received some valuable scientific donations; and the gallery of art has not even been commenced, unless we reckon as its germ a few specimens, rather curious than beautiful, and a fine collection of engravings and works on art. This department will naturally fill slowly; but in this country it needs only an impetus, which some accidental cause is very likely to supply. There is a vast amount of slumbering or struggling talent in the United States, which, as circumstances become every day more favorable to its development, will, ere long, begin to make itself felt in the domain of art. In sculpture, particularly, American genius is at work, and is destined, as it would appear, to shine to a degree hardly to have been expected so early in the history of a utilitarian and unpoetical people. One obstacle to the steady and efficient encouragement of art in this country must ever be the want of permanence in private fortunes, though there will be, doubtless, in time an appreciation of really meritorious works that will prevent their proving "bad property" in the sales that inevitably follow the demise of an American millionaire. Until this point in taste is reached, few will purchase very costly works of art, and until costly, *i. e.* exquisite, works of art are brought to view, the public taste for it must grow slowly. All is progress here, however; and improvements that would lag elsewhere, waiting for the entire concurrence of causes, here dart forward in the most marvellous way, and under what would be total discouragements elsewhere. De Tocqueville, indeed, insists that a democratic society will be likely to produce rather a great number of middling works than a few of the highest merit. "In the confusion of ranks," he says, "every one hopes to appear what he is not, and makes great exertions to succeed in

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this object. This sentiment, indeed, which is but too natural to the heart of man, does not originate in the democratic principle, but that principle applies it to material objects. Many of those who had already contracted a taste for the fine arts are impoverished; on the other hand, many who are not yet rich begin to conceive that taste, at least by imitation; and the number of consumers increases, but opulent and fastidious consumers become more scarce. The productions of artists are more numerous, but the merit of each production is diminished." This oracular writer, whose vaticinations on the New World are always worthy of respect, did not, could not, take into account circumstances which have arisen as unexpectedly and as much without precedent as the general condition of the people whose tendencies he analyzed with so much philosophical acumen twenty years ago. The increase of wealth since that time has been such as no theories had supposed, and foreign travel has become the every-day occurrence among people who do not even belong to the wealthy class. That proximity to Europe which M. de Tocqueville thought would tend to render the American satisfied with imported works of art, has but warmed his taste and increased his knowledge of such productions to a point which will force him to attempt to become himself an artist. What he will originate, if originality be any longer possible, remains to be seen; what he has done is sufficient to prove that he is not going to be satisfied with an occasional view or an imperfect reproduction of the treasures of European galleries.

We must hardly quit the Federal City without mention of one of its most important central advantages, the National Observatory, which the country owes to that very original person, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who underwent, in his advocacy of it, an amount of derision which was almost persecution, but which only incited his bull-dog pertinacity to a more fixed determination. Up to his day, the Americans were entirely dependent on Europe for nautical data and meteorological observations. At present, under the care of Lieutenant Maury, the whole round of necessary instruments, and the skill required for their best use, are at home, and constantly occupied in valuable labors. The great equatorial telescope, in its revolving dome, is but one of the grand and costly appliances already collected in this great building, which scornful unbelievers used to call Mr. Adams' "light-house in the skies."

LORD BROUGHAM

WITH A PORTRAIT.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, philosopher, law-reformer, statesman, and critic, has, in these various characters, drawn upon himself, perhaps, more public attention than any man of his times. Mr. Henry Brougham, father of his Lordship, was educated at Eton, England, and distinguished himself there as a classical scholar; his verses may be found in the "Musæ Etonenses." He was entered at Gray's Inn, and appears to have kept some terms, but was never called to the bar. While travelling in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with Miss Eleanor Syme, niece to Robertson, the historian, and having married that lady, he took up his abode in the house of the Earl of Buchan, No. 19, St. Andrew's Square, where the subject of this sketch was born.

The young Henry received his preliminary education at the high-school of his native city; and at the early age of fifteen entered its university. He devoted himself with great ardor to the study of mathematics; and about a year after his matriculation transmitted to the Royal Society a paper on an optical subject, which that learned body adjudged worthy of a place in its "Transactions." After leaving the university, he made a tour in Holland and Prussia, and on his return settled down for a time in Edinburgh, practising till 1807 at the Scottish bar, and enlivening his leisure by debating at the celebrated Speculative Society.

While thus nerving himself for greater efforts, he was called to appear before the House of Lords as one of the counsel for Lady Essex Ker, whose family laid claim to the dukedom of Roxburgh.

In 1807, he permanently left his native city; was shortly called to the bar by the society of Lincoln's Inn, and soon acquired a considerable practice. In 1810, he addressed the House of Lords two days, as counsel for a body of English merchants, who were ag-

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grieved by the orders in council issued in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees.

In 1810, he entered Parliament for the borough of Camelford, then under the influence of the Earl of Darlington, and attached himself to the Whig opposition. Here his energies were directed chiefly to the slavery question, in conjunction with Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Grenville Sharpe.

In 1812, Parliament was dissolved; and on contesting Liverpool with Mr. Canning, he lost the election, an event which excluded him from Parliament for four years, during which the lately-repealed corn laws were enacted.

In 1816, the Earl of Darlington's influence was again employed to procure him a seat in Parliament—this time for the borough of Winchelsea.

In 1820, Mr. Brougham, who had been appointed Attorney-General, had the honor of conducting the defence of Queen Caroline, in which he was successful, and became, in consequence, a popular idol. In the same year, he introduced a bill to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales, the provisions of which have not yet ceased to excite discussion, from the general power they were designed to give to the Church of England clergymen of every parish in the direction of free education.

Believing, when Mr. Canning took office, in the spring of 1823, that he had resolved to sacrifice the cause of Catholic emancipation, which he had always maintained in words, Mr. Brougham accused him in the House, on April 17, of the "most monstrous truckling for office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present." At the sound of these words, Canning started to his feet, and cried, "It is false!" A dead calm ensued, which lasted some seconds. The Speaker interposed his authority, the words were retracted, with the aid of friends the quarrel was composed, and both gentlemen were declared to have acted magnanimously, as they shortly after shook hands in the House.

From this period till the reform crisis of 1830, Mr. Brougham labored energetically and fearlessly in the cause of freedom and the rights of conscience. In the struggle of 1829, which ended in the emancipation act, he bore an honorable part; and in supporting the Wellington and Peel Cabinet on this question, increased still more his popularity. He was member for Knaresborough, when the death of George IV. occasioned a general election; and he had sufficient confidence in public opinion to offer himself to the constituency of the great county of York, a body whose favors, it had been the custom to believe, were not to be accorded to any candidate not boasting high birth or splendid connections. He was triumphantly returned to Parliament, and took his seat, the acknowledged chief of the liberal party in the House of Commons. Flushed with success, he vigorously attacked the Cabinet, and while indignantly alluding to the Duke of Wellington's imprudent declaration against all reform, he exclaimed, pointing to Sir Robert Peel, "Him we scorn not—it is you we scorn; you, his mean, base, fawning parasite!" The calm and ordinarily imperturbable baronet leaped from his seat, and, in his most contemptuous manner, angrily declared that he was the parasite of no man living. The scene which followed terminated in the usual parliamentary manner. The Tory Ministry was very shortly compelled to resign.

In the new Whig Cabinet which was to succeed, it was naturally expected that Brougham would find a place. The country was, therefore, somewhat mystified by several eager and uncalled-for declarations on his part, that under no circumstances would he take office, and particularly by his notice in the House, that he would bring on his reform motion, whoever might be in power. It was asserted by his enemies that he was standing out for terms. His name, however, appeared duly in the ministerial list, and great was the astonishment of Whigs and Tories that the tribune of the people had become at once a lord and a chancellor. In the Upper House his appearance was dreaded as the spectre of revolution. For a long time his Lordship took no pains to conciliate these fears, but rather seemed to wanton in the indulgence of an oratory so strange as his to the floor of the House of Lords. In the debates on the Reform Bill, he found many opportunities of inveighing against prescription to an audience every member of which sat in his place by hereditary privilege; and it was with peculiar unction he told them more than once, that the aristocracy, with all their castles, manors, rights of warren, and rights of chase, and their broad acres, reckoned at fifty years' purchase, "were not for a moment to be weighed against the middle classes of England." This declaration is the key to his political career; it was the power of the middle classes rather than that of the multitude that he sought to raise.

During and after the passing of the Reform Bill, he exerted himself to realize a favorite idea of law-reform, which has since found its nearest expression in the county

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courts now established. In June, 1830, he introduced a measure, the declared object of which was to bring justice home to every man's door, at all times of the year, by the establishment of local courts. By this bill the law of arbitration was to be extended; a general local jurisdiction established, and courts of reconcilement were to be introduced. A succession of bills for reforming proceedings in bankruptcy were afterwards introduced by Brougham, who, from his accession to the House of Lords to the last session of Parliament, has labored for the improvement of the law, with a zeal almost reaching enthusiasm.

From 1830 to 1834 he shared the early popularity and subsequent discredit of the Whig Cabinet, but in the poor-law debate drew upon himself a peculiar measure of reprobation, by a frequent, minute, and evidently complacent iteration of the Malthusian doctrines embodied in the new bill, and was attacked with vigor and virulence by *The Times*. He denounced, in the most explicit terms, all establishments offering a refuge and solace to old age, because that is before all men; he thought accident-wards very well; dispensaries, perhaps, might be tolerable; but sick-hospitals were decidedly bad institutions.

The energetic repressive policy pursued towards Ireland, and the prosecution and transportation of the Dorchester laborers, were defended by Brougham, and drew down much unpopularity upon the Whigs; and on Nov. 4, 1834, upon the death of Earl Spencer, the King took advantage of the altered public feeling to dismiss the Whig Cabinet.

On the construction of the Melbourne Cabinet, Brougham was left out of the ministerial combination, and has never since served the crown in the capacity of an adviser. His parliamentary career was henceforth one of desultory warfare; at one moment he was carrying confusion into the ranks of his old friends, the Whigs; at another, attacking the close Tory phalanx. He several times brought forward the subject of the corn-laws, whose iniquity he exposed with great power and fervency, and fought the battle of repeal with eagerness and irregularity to the last.

The session of 1850 exhibited his Lordship as the same eccentric, inscrutable speaker as ever. He both supported and attacked the Great Industrial Exhibition, then in projection for the following year; deprecated the commission of inquiry into the state of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and attacked with almost wild fury those who were seeking to abolish expensive sinecure appointments.

Inconsistency is the first feature in this statesman's character, which the brilliancy of his talents only makes more apparent. He has written to depreciate the negro's capacity for civilization, and yet toiled for years to procure his freedom. In 1816, he endorsed the protectionist fallacy, and wailed over the ruin resulting to agriculture from an abundant harvest; in 1835, he was opposing the corn-laws; and in 1845, again inveighing against the Anti-corn-law League, and calling for the prosecution of its chief members. In 1823, he hurled the thunder of his eloquence upon Austria and Russia, "the eternal and implacable enemies of freedom;" and in 1850 was praising their clemency, and even urging an alliance with the Czar. He is now the champion of aristocracies, but in 1848 sought to become a citizen of republican France.

His literary and scientific labors can only be slightly sketched. Having enrolled his name with scientific writers, in 1802 he became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, then just started by Jeffrey and Smith, and continued for many years some of the most pungent criticisms in that renowned work. In 1803, he published his treatise on the colonial policy of the European powers, a brilliant performance, to which the progress of events has left but one utility, that of a waymark in the development of Brougham's opinions. In 1821, he took a very prominent part in the movement originated by Dr. Birkbeck for naturalizing the mechanics' institutes in England, speaking and writing in their favor. He was the principal founder of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and composed several of the treatises in the series, as well as articles for its *Penny Magazine*, with a special view to the wants of the million. On his loss of office in 1834, he bethought himself of making a reputation in metaphysical as well as natural science, and undertook to illustrate and expand Paley's great work on "Natural Theology," with less success than his talents had justified the world in expecting. He has further published "Lives of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.;" and also three or four volumes called "Political Philosophy." A volume of "Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate" belongs rather to oratory than to literature.

His Lordship, except during the sitting of Parliament, resides chiefly at Cannes, in the south of France, where he has a château. His last winter, however, was passed at Brougham Hall, where he was detained by the state of his health.

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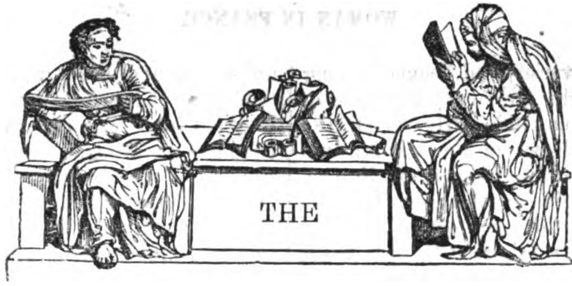

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1854.

From the Westminster Review.

WOMAN IN FRANCE: MADAME DE SABLÉ.*

In 1847, a certain Count Leopold Ferri died at Padua, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women, in various languages, and this library amounted to nearly 32,000 volumes. We will not hazard any conjecture as to the proportion of these volumes which a severe judge, like the priest in Don Quixote, would deliver to the flames; but, for our own part, most of those we should care to rescue would be the works of French women. With a few remarkable exceptions, our own feminine literature is made up of books which could have been better written by men; books which have the same relation to literature in general, as academic prize poems have to poetry: when not a feeble imitation, they are usually an absurd exaggeration of the masculine style, like the swaggering gait of a bad actress in male attire. Few Englishwomen have written so much like a woman as Richardson's Lady G. Now, we think it an immense mistake to maintain that there is no sex in literature. Science has no sex: the mere knowing and reasoning faculties, if they act correctly, must go through the same process, and arrive at the same result. But in art and literature, which imply the action of the entire being, in which every fibre of the nature is engaged, in which every peculiar modification of the individual makes itself felt, woman has something specific to contribute. Under every imaginable social condition, she will necessarily have a class of sensations and emotions—the maternal ones—which must remain unknown to man; and the fact of her comparative physical weakness, which, however it may have been exaggerated by a vicious civilization, can never be cancelled, introduces a distinctively feminine condition into the wondrous chemistry of the affections and sentiments, which inevitably gives rise to distinctive forms and combinations. A certain amount of psychological difference between man and woman necessarily arises out of the difference of sex, and, instead of being destined to vanish before a complete development of woman's intellectual and moral nature, will be a per-

* 1. *Madame de Sablé. Etudes sur les Femmes illustres et la Société du XVII siècle.* Par M. Victor Cousin. Paris: Didier.
2. *Portraits des Femmes.* Par C. A. Saint-Beuve. Paris: Didier.
3. *Les Femmes de la Révolution.* Par J. Michelet.

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manent source of variety and beauty, as long as the tender light and dewy freshness of morning affect us differently from the strength and brilliancy of the midday sun. And those delightful women of France, who, from the beginning of the seventeenth to the close of the eighteenth century, formed some of the brightest threads in the web of political and literary history, wrote under circumstances which left the feminine character of their minds uncramped by timidity, and unstrained by mistaken effort. They were not trying to make a career for themselves; they thought little—in many cases not at all—of the public; they wrote letters to their lovers and friends, memoirs of their every-day lives, romances in which they gave portraits of their familiar acquaintances, and described the tragedy or comedy which was going on before their eyes. Always refined and graceful, often witty, sometimes judicious, they wrote what they saw, thought, and felt, in their habitual language, without proposing any model to themselves,—without any intention to prove that women could write as well as men,—without affecting manly views, or suppressing womanly ones. One may say—at least with regard to the women of the seventeenth century—that their writings were but a charming accident of their more charming lives, like the petals which the wind shakes from the rose in its bloom. And it is but a twin fact with this, that in France alone woman has had a vital influence on the development of literature; in France alone the mind of woman has passed like an electric current through the language, making crisp and definite what is elsewhere heavy and blurred; in France alone, if the writings of women were swept away, a serious gap would be made in the national history.

Patriotic gallantry may perhaps contend that Englishwomen could, if they had liked, have written as well as their neighbors; but we will leave the consideration of that question to the reviewers of the literature that might have been. In the literature that actually is, we must turn to France for the highest examples of womanly achievement in almost every department. We confess ourselves unacquainted with the productions of those awful women of Italy who held professional chairs, and were great in civil and canon law; we have made no researches into the catacombs of female literature, but we think we may safely conclude that they would yield no rivals to that which is still unburied; and here, we suppose, the question of preëminence can only lie between England and France. And, to this day, Madame de Sévigné remains the single instance of a woman who is supreme in a class of literature which has engaged the ambition of men; Madame Dacier still reigns the queen of blue-stockings, though women have long studied Greek without shame;* Madame de Staël's name still rises first to the lips, when we are asked to mention a woman of great intellectual power; Madame Roland is still the unrivalled type of the sagacious and sternly heroic, yet lovable woman; George Sand is the unapproached artist, who, to Jean Jacques' eloquence and deep sense of external nature, unites the clear delineation of character and the tragic depth of passion. These great names, which mark different epochs, soar like tall pines amidst a forest of less conspicuous—but not less fascinating—female writers; and, beneath these again are spread, like a thicket of hawthorns, eglantines, and honeysuckles, the women who are known rather by what they stimulated men to write, than by what they wrote themselves—the women whose tact, wit, and personal radiance, created the atmosphere of the *Salon*, where literature, philosophy, and science, emancipated from the trammels of pedantry and technicality, entered on a brighter stage of existence.

What were the causes of this earlier development and more abundant manifestation of womanly intellect in France? The primary one, perhaps, lies in the physiological characteristics of the Gallic race:—the small brain and vivacious temperament, which permit the fragile system of woman to sustain the superlative activity requisite for intellectual creativeness; while, on the other hand, the larger brain and slower temperament of the English and Germans are, in the womanly organization, generally dreamy and passive. The type of humanity in the latter may be grander, but it requires a larger sum of conditions to produce a perfect specimen. Throughout the animal world, the higher the organization, the more frequent is the departure from the normal form; we do not often see imperfectly-developed or ill-made insects, but we rarely see a perfectly-developed, well-made man. And, thus, the *phy-*

* Queen Christina, when Mde. Dacier (then Mlle. Le Fevre) sent her a copy of her edition of "Callimachus," wrote in reply:—"Mais vous, de qui on m'assure que vous êtes une belle et agréable fille, n'avez vous pas honte d'être si savante?"

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sique of a woman may suffice as the substratum for a superior Gallic mind, but is too thin a soil for a superior Teutonic one. Our theory is borne out by the fact, that among our own countrywomen, those who distinguish themselves by literary production, more frequently approach the Gallic than the Teutonic type; they are intense and rapid, rather than comprehensive. The woman of large capacity can seldom rise beyond the absorption of ideas; her physical conditions refuse to support the energy required for spontaneous activity; the voltaic pile is not strong enough to produce crystallizations; phantasms of great ideas float through her mind, but she has not the spell which will arrest them, and give them fixity. This, more than unfavorable external circumstances, is, we think, the reason why woman has not yet contributed any new form to art, any discovery in science, any deep-searching inquiry in philosophy. The necessary physiological conditions are not present in her. That, under more favorable circumstances in the future, these conditions may prove compatible with the feminine organization, it would be rash to deny. For the present, we are only concerned with our theory, so far as it presents a physiological basis for the intellectual effectiveness of Frenchwomen.

A secondary cause was probably the laxity of opinion and practice with regard to the marriage-tie. Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defence of French morals, most of all in relation to marriage! But it is undeniable, that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling, and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual attraction, tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men, and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama. The quiescence and security of the conjugal relation are doubtless favorable to the manifestation of the highest qualities by persons who have already attained a high standard of culture, but rarely foster a passion sufficient to rouse all the faculties to aid in winning or retaining its beloved object—to convert indolence into activity, indifference into ardent partisanship, dulness into perspicuity. Gallantry and intrigue are sorry enough things in themselves, but they certainly serve better to arouse the dormant faculties of woman than embroidery and domestic drudgery, especially when, as in the high society of France in the seventeenth century, they are refined by the influence of Spanish chivalry, and controlled by the spirit of Italian causticity. The dreamy and fantastic girl was awakened to reality by the experience of wifehood and maternity, and became capable of loving, not a mere phantom of her own imagination, but a living man, struggling with the hatreds and rivalries of the political arena; she espoused his quarrels; she made herself, her fortune, and her influence, the stepping-stones of his ambition; and the languid beauty, who had formerly seemed ready to "die of a rose," was seen to become the heroine of an insurrection. The vivid interest in affairs which was thus excited in woman, must obviously have tended to quicken her intellect, and give it a practical application; and the very sorrows—the heart-pangs and regrets which are inseparable from a life of passion—deepened her nature by the questioning of self and destiny which they occasioned, and by the energy demanded to surmount them and live on. No wise person, we imagine, wishes to restore the social condition of France in the seventeenth century, or considers the ideal programme of woman's life to be a *mariage de convenance* at fifteen, a career of gallantry from twenty to eight-and-thirty, and penitence and piety for the rest of her days. Nevertheless, that social condition had its good results, as much as the madly-superstitious Crusades had theirs.

But the most indisputable source of feminine culture and development in France was the influence of the *salons;* which, as all the world knows, were *réunions* of both sexes, where conversation ran along the whole gamut of subjects, from the frothiest *vers de société* to the philosophy of Descartes. Richelieu had set the fashion of uniting a taste for letters with the habits of polite society and the pursuits of ambition; and in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, there were already several hotels in Paris, varying in social position from the closest proximity of the Court to the debatable ground of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, which served as a rendezvous for different circles of people, bent on entertaining themselves either by showing talent or admiring it. The most celebrated of these rendezvous was the Hôtel de Rambouillet, which was at the culmination of its glory in 1630, and did not become quite extinct until 1648, when, the troubles of the Fronde commencing, its *habitués* were dispersed or absorbed by political interests. The presiding genius of this *salon*, the Marquise de Rambouillet, was the very model of the woman who can act as an amalgam to the most incongruous elements; beautiful, but

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not preöccupied by coquetry or passion; an enthusiastic admirer of talent, but with no pretensions to talent on her own part; exquisitely refined in language and manners, but warm and generous withal; not given to entertain her guests with her own compositions, or to paralyze them by her universal knowledge. She had once *meant* to learn Latin, but had been prevented by an illness; perhaps she was all the better acquainted with Italian and Spanish productions, which, in default of a national literature, were then the intellectual pabulum of all cultivated persons in France who were unable to read the classics. In her mild, agreeable presence was accomplished that blending of the high-toned chivalry of Spain with the caustic wit and refined irony of Italy, which issued in the creation of a new standard of taste—the combination of the utmost exaltation in sentiment with the utmost simplicity of language. Women are peculiarly fitted to further such a combination: first, from their greater tendency to mingle affection and imagination with passion, and thus subtilize it into sentiment; and next, from that dread of what over-taxes their intellectual energies, either by difficulty or monotony, which gives them an instinctive fondness for lightness of treatment and airiness of expression, thus making them cut short all prolixity and reject all heaviness. When these womanly characteristics were brought into conversational contact with the materials furnished by such minds as those of Richelieu, Corneille, the Great Condé, Balzac, and Bossuet, it is no wonder that the result was something piquant and charming. Those famous *habitués* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet did not apparently first lay themselves out to entertain the ladies with grimacing "small-talk," and then take each other by the sword-knot to discuss matters of real interest in a corner; they rather sought to present their best ideas in the guise most acceptable to intelligent and accomplished women. And the conversation was not of literature only; war, politics, religion, the lightest details of daily news—every thing was admissible, if only it were treated with refinement and intelligence. The Hôtel de Rambouillet was no mere literary *réunion;* it included *hommes d'affaires* and soldiers as well as authors, and in such a circle women would not become *bas bleus* or dreamy moralizers, ignorant of the world and of human nature, but intelligent observers of character and events. It is easy to understand, however, that with the herd of imitators who, in Paris and the provinces, aped the style of this famous *salon*, simplicity degenerated into affectation, and nobility of sentiment was replaced by an inflated effort to outstrip nature, so that the *genre précieux* drew down the satire, which reached its climax in the "Précieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," the former of which appeared in 1660, and the latter in 1673. But Madelon and Caltros are the lineal descendants of Mademoiselle Scudéry and her satellites, quite as much as of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The society which assembled every Saturday in her *salon* was exclusively literary, and, although occasionally visited by a few persons of high birth, bourgeois in its tone, and enamored of madrigals, sonnets, stanzas, and *bouts rimés*. The affectation that decks trivial things in fine language, belongs essentially to a class which sees another above it, and is uneasy in the sense of its inferiority; and this affectation is precisely the opposite of the original *genre précieux*.

Another centre from which feminine influence radiated into the national literature, was the Palais du Luxembourg, where Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in disgrace at court on account of her share in the Fronde, held a little court of her own, and for want of any thing else to employ her active spirit, busied herself with literature. One fine morning, it occurred to this princess to ask all the persons who frequented her court, among whom were Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette, and La Rochefoucauld, to write their own portraits, and she at once set the example. It was understood that defects and virtues were to be spoken of with like candor. The idea was carried out; those who were not clever or bold enough to write for themselves employing the pen of a friend.

"Such," says M. Cousin, "was the pastime of Mademoiselle and her friends during the years 1657 and 1658: from this pastime proceeded a complete literature. In 1659, Ségrais revised these portraits, added a considerable number in prose, and even in verse, and published the whole in a handsome quarto volume, admirably printed, and now become very rare, under the title, 'Divers Portraits.' Only thirty copies were printed, not for sale, but to be given as presents by Mademoiselle. The work had a prodigious success. That which had made the fortune of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances—the pleasure of seeing one's portrait a little flattered, curiosity to see that of others, the passion which the middle class always have had, and will have, for knowing what goes on in the aristocratic world, (at that time not very easy of access,) the names of the illustrious persons who were here for the first time described physically and morally with the utmost detail, great ladies transformed all at once

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into writers, and unconsciously inventing a new manner of writing, of which no book gave the slightest idea, and which was the ordinary manner of speaking of the aristocracy; this undefinable mixture of the natural, the easy, and at the same time of the agreeable and supremely distinguished—all this charmed the court and the town, and very early in the year 1659, permission was asked of Mademoiselle to give a new edition of the privileged book for the use of the public in general."

The fashion thus set, portraits multiplied throughout France, until, in 1688, La Bruyère adopted the form in his "Characters," and ennobled it by divesting it of personality. We shall presently see that a still greater work than La Bruyère's also owed its suggestion to a woman, whose salon was hardly a less fascinating resort than the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself.

In proportion as the literature of a country is enriched and culture becomes more generally diffused, personal influence is less effective in the formation of taste and in the furtherance of social advancement. It is no longer the coterie which acts on literature, but literature which acts on the coterie; the circle represented by the word *public* is ever widening, and ambition, poising itself in order to hit a more distant mark, neglects the successes of the salon. What was once lavished prodigally in conversation, is reserved for the volume, or the "article;" and the effort is not to betray originality rather than to communicate it. As the old coach-roads have sunk into disuse through the creation of railways, so journalism tends more and more to divert information from the channel of conversation into the channel of the Press; no one is satisfied with a more circumscribed audience than that very indeterminate abstraction "the public," and men find a vent for their opinions not in talk, but in "copy." We read the *Athenæum* askance at the tea-table, and take notes from the "Philosophical Journal" at a soirée; we invite our friends that we may thrust a book into their hands, and presuppose an exclusive desire in the "ladies" to discuss their own matters, "that we may crackle the *Times*" at our ease. In fact, the evident tendency of things to contract personal communication within the narrowest limits, makes us tremble lest some further development of the electric telegraph should reduce us to a society of mutes, or to a sort of insects, communicating by ingenious anttennæ of our own invention. Things were far from having reached this pass in the last century; but even then, literature and society had outgrown the nursing of coteries; and although many *salons* of that period were worthy successors of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, they were simply a recreation, not an influence. Enviable evenings, no doubt, were passed in them; and if we could be carried back to any of them at will, we should hardly know whether to choose the Wednesday dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, with d'Alembert, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, Grimm, and the rest, or the graver society which, thirty years later, gathered round Condorcet and his lovely young wife. The *salon* retained its attractions, but its power was gone: the stream of life had become too broad and deep for such small rills to affect it.

A fair comparison between the Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century and those of the eighteenth would, perhaps, have a balanced result, though it is common to be a partisan on this subject. The former have more exaltation, perhaps more nobility of sentiment, and less consciousness in their intellectual activity—less of the *femme auteur*, which was Rousseau's horror in Madame d'Epinay; but the latter have a richer fund of ideas—not more ingenuity, but the materials of an additional century for their ingenuity to work upon. The women of the seventeenth century, when love was on the wane, took to devotion, at first mildly and by halves, as Englishwomen take to caps, and finally without compromise; with the women of the eighteenth century, Bossuet and Massillon had given way to Voltaire and Rousseau; and when youth and beauty failed, they then were thrown on their own moral strength.

M. Cousin is especially enamored of the women of the seventeenth century, and relieves himself from his labors in philosophy by making researches into the original documents which throw light upon their lives. Last year he gave us some results of these researches, in a volume on the youth of the Duchess de Longueville; and he has just followed it up with a second volume, in which he further illustrates her career by tracing it in connection with that of her friend, Madame de Sablé. The materials to which he has had recourse for this purpose, are chiefly two celebrated collections of manuscripts; that of Conrart, the first secretary to the French Academy, one of those universally curious people who seem made for the annoyance of contemporaries and the benefit of posterity; and that of Valant, who was at once the physician, the secretary, and general steward of Madame de Sablé, and who, with or without her permission, possessed himself of the

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letters addressed to her by her numerous correspondents during the latter part of her life, and of various papers having some personal or literary interest attached to them. From these stores M. Cousin has selected many documents previously unedited; and though he often leaves us something to desire in the arrangement of his materials, this volume of his on Madame de Sablé is very acceptable to us, for she interests us quite enough to carry us through more than three hundred pages of rather scattered narrative, and through an appendix of correspondence in small type. M. Cousin justly appreciates her character as "un heureux mélange de raison, d'esprit, d'agrément, et de bonté;" and perhaps there are few better specimens of the woman who is extreme in nothing, but sympathetic in all things; who affects us by no special quality, but by her entire being; whose nature has no *tons criards*, but is like those textures which, from their harmonious blending of all colors give repose to the eye, and do not weary us though we see them every day. Madame de Sablé is also a striking example of the one order of influence which woman has exercised over literature in France; and on this ground, as well as intrinsically, she is worth studying. If the reader agrees with us, he will perhaps be inclined, as we are, to dwell a little on the chief points in her life and character.

Madeline de Souvré, daughter of the Marquis of Courtenvaux, a nobleman distinguished enough to be chosen as governor of Louis XIII., was born in 1599, on the threshold of that seventeenth century, the brilliant genius of which is mildly reflected in her mind and history. Thus, when in 1635 her more celebrated friend, Mademoiselle de Bourbon, afterwards the Duchess de Longueville, made her appearance at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, Madame de Sablé had nearly crossed the table-land of maturity which precedes a woman's descent towards old age. She had been married, in 1614, to Philippe Emanuel de Laval-Montmorency, Seigneur de Bois Dauphin, and Marquis de Sablé, of whom nothing further is known than that he died in 1640, leaving her the richer by four children, but with a fortune considerably embarrassed. With beauty and high rank added to the mental attractions of which we have abundant evidence, we may well believe that Madame de Sablé's youth was brilliant. For her beauty, we have the testimony of sober Madame de Motteville, who also speaks of her as having "beaucoup de lumière et de sincérité;" and in the following passage very graphically indicates one phase of Madame de Sablé's character:

> The Marquise de Sablé was one of those whose beauty made the most noise when the Queen came into France. But if she was amiable, she was still more desirous of appearing so; this lady's self-love rendered her too sensitive to the regard which men exhibited towards her. There yet existed in France some remains of the politeness which Catherine de Medici had introduced from Italy, and the new dramas, with all the other works in prose and verse, which came from Madrid, were thought to have such great delicacy, that she (Madame de Sablé) had conceived a high idea of the gallantry which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors.
>
> She was persuaded that men can, without crime, have tender sentiments for women—that the desire of pleasing them led men to the greatest and finest actions—roused their intelligence, and inspired them with liberality, and all sorts of virtues; but, on the other hand, women, who were the ornament of the world, and made to be served and adored, ought not to admit any thing from them but their respectful attentions. As this lady supported her views with much talent and great beauty, she had given them authority in her time, and the number and consideration of those who continued to associate with her, have caused to subsist in our day what the Spaniards call *finezas*.

Here is the grand element of the original *femme précieuse*, and it appears further, in a detail also reported by Madame de Motteville, that Madame de Sablé had a passionate admirer in the accomplished Duc de Montmorency, and apparently reciprocated his regard; but discovering (at what period of their attachment is unknown) that he was raising a lover's eyes towards the Queen, she broke with him at once. "I have heard her say," tells Madame de Motteville, "that her pride was such with regard to the Duc de Montmorency, that at the first demonstrations which he gave of his change, she refused to see him any more, being unable to receive with satisfaction attentions which she had to share with the greatest princess in the world." There is no evidence, except the untrustworthy assertion of Tallement de Réaux, that Madame de Sablé had any other *liaison* than this; and the probability of the negative is increased by the ardor of her friendships. The strongest of these was formed early in life with Mademoiselle Dona d'Attichy, afterwards Comtesse de Maure; it survived the effervescence of youth and the closest intimacy of middle age, and was only terminated by the death of the latter in 1663. A little incident in this friendship is so characteristic of the transcendentalism which

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was then carried into all the affections, that it is worth relating at length. Mademoiselle d'Attichy, in her grief and indignation at Richelieu's treatment of her relative, quitted Paris, and was about to join her friend at Sablé, when she suddenly discovered that Madame de Sablé, in a letter to Madame de Rambouillet, had said, that her greatest happiness would be to pass her life with Julie de Rambouillet, afterwards Madame de Montausier. To Anne d'Attichy this appears nothing less than the crime of *lèse-amitié*. No explanations will appease her: she refuses to accept the assurance that the offensive expression was used simply out of unreflecting conformity to the style of the Hôtel de Rambouillet — that it was mere "*galimatias.*" She gives up her journey, and writes a letter, which is the only one Madame de Sablé chose to preserve, when, in her period of devotion, she sacrificed the records of her youth. Here it is:

I have seen this letter in which you tell me there is so much *galimatias*, and I assure you that I have not found any at all. On the contrary, I find every thing very plainly expressed, and among others, one which is too explicit for my satisfaction—namely, what you have said to Madame de Rambouillet, that if you tried to imagine a perfectly happy life for yourself, it would be to pass it all alone with Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. You know whether any one can be more persuaded than I am of her merit; but I confess to you that that has not prevented me from being surprised that you could entertain a thought which did so great an injury to our friendship. As to believing that you said this to one, and wrote it to the other simply for the sake of paying them an agreeable compliment, I have too high an esteem for your courage to be able to imagine that complaisance would cause you thus to betray the sentiments of your heart, especially on a subject in which, as they were unfavorable to me, I think you would have the more reason for concealing them; the affection which I have for you being so well known to every one, and especially to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, so that I doubt whether she will not have been more sensible of the wrong you have done me, than of the advantage you have given her. The circumstance of this letter falling into my hands, has forcibly reminded me of these lines of Bertaut:

"Malheureuse est l'ignorance
Et plus malheureux le savoir."

Having through this lost a confidence which alone rendered life supportable to me, it is impossible for me to take the journey so much thought of. For would there be any propriety in travelling sixty miles in this season, in order to burden you with a person so little suited to you, that after years of a passion without parallel, you cannot help thinking that the greatest pleasure of your life would be to pass it without her? I return, then, into my solitude, to examine the defects which cause me so much unhappiness; and unless I can correct them, I should have less joy than confusion in seeing you.

It speaks strongly for the charm of Madame de Sablé's nature that she was able to retain so susceptible a friend as Mademoiselle d'Attichy in spite of the numerous other friendships, some of which, especially that with Madame de Longueville, were far from lukewarm—in spite, too, of a tendency in herself to distrust the affection of others towards her, and to wait for advances rather than to make them. We find many traces of this tendency in the affectionate remonstrances addressed to her by Madame de Longueville, now for shutting herself up from her friends, now for doubting that her letters are acceptable. Here is a little passage from one of these remonstrances which indicates a trait of Madame de Sablé, and is in itself a bit of excellent sense, worthy the consideration of lovers and friends in general: "I am very much afraid that if I leave to you the care of letting me know when I can see you, I shall be a long time without having that pleasure, and that nothing will incline you to procure it me; for I have always observed a certain lukewarmness in your friendship after our *explanations*, from which I have never seen you thoroughly recover; and that is why I dread explanations; for, however good they may be in themselves, since they serve to reconcile people, it must always be admitted, to their shame, that they are at least the effect of a bad cause, and that if they remove it for a time, they *sometimes leave a certain facility in getting angry again*, which, without diminishing friendship, renders its intercourse less agreeable. It seems to me that I find all this in your behavior to me; so I am not wrong in sending to know if you wish to have me to-day." It is clear that Madame de Sablé was far from having what Saint-Beuve calls the one fault of Madame Necker — absolute perfection. A certain exquisiteness in her physical and moral nature was, as we shall see, the source of more than one weakness; but the perception of these weaknesses, which is indicated in Madame de Longueville's letters, heightens our idea of the attractive qualities which, notwithstanding, drew from her, at the sober age of forty, such expressions as these: "I assure you that you are the person in all the world whom it would be most agreeable to me to see, and there is no one whose in-

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tercourse is a ground of truer satisfaction to me. It is admirable that at all times, and amidst all changes, the taste for your society remains in me; and, *if one ought to thank God for the joys which do not tend to salvation,* I should thank him with all my heart for having preserved that to me at a time in which he has taken away from me all others."

Since we have entered on the chapter of Madame de Sablé's weaknesses, this is the place to mention what was the subject of endless raillery from her friends—her elaborate precaution about her health, and her dread of infection, even from diseases the least communicable. Perhaps this anxiety was founded as much on æsthetic as on physical grounds, on disgust at the details of illness as much as on dread of suffering. With a cold in the head or a bilious complaint, the exquisite *précieuse* must have been considerably less conscious of being "the ornament of the world," and "made to be adored." Even her friendship, strong as it was, was not strong enough to overcome her horror of contagion; for when Mademoiselle de Bourbon, recently become Madame de Longueville, was attacked by small-pox, Madame de Sablé for some time had not courage to visit her, or even to see Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, who was assiduous in her attendance on the patient. A little correspondence *à propos* of these circumstances so well exhibits the graceful badinage in which the great ladies of that day were adepts, that we are tempted to quote one short letter.

Mlle. de Rambouillet to the Marquise de Sablé.

Mlle. de Chalais (*dame de compagnie* to the Marquise) will please to read this letter to Mme. la Marquise, *out of* a draught.

Madame,—I do not think it possible to begin my treaty with you too early, for I am convinced that between the first proposition made to me that I should see you, and the conclusion, you will have so many reflections to make, so many physicians to consult, and so many fears to surmount, that I shall have full leisure to air myself. The conditions which I offer to fulfil for this purpose are, not to visit you until I have been three days absent from the Hôtel de Condé, (where Mme. de Longueville was ill,) to choose a frosty day, not to approach you within four paces, not to sit down on more than one seat. You may also have a great fire in your room, burn juniper in the four corners, surround yourself with imperial vinegar, with rue and wormwood. If you can feel yourself safe under these conditions, without my cutting off my hair, I swear to you to execute them religiously; and if you want examples to fortify you, I can tell you that the Queen consented to see M. Chaudebonne, when he had come directly from Mlle. de Bourbon's room, and that Mme. d'Aiguillon, who has good taste in such matters, and is free from reproach on these points, has just sent me word that if I did not go to see her, she would come to me.

Madame de Sablé betrays in her reply that she winces under this raillery, and thus provokes a rather severe though polite rejoinder, which, added to the fact that Madame de Longueville is convalescent, rouses her courage to the pitch of paying the formidable visit. Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, made aware, through their mutual friend Voiture, that her sarcasm has cut rather too deep, winds up the matter by writing that very difficult production, a perfect conciliatory yet dignified apology. Peculiarities like this always deepen with age, and accordingly, fifteen years later, we find Madame D'Orleans, in her *Princesse de Paphlagonia*—a romance in which she describes her court, with the little quarrels and other affairs that agitated it—giving the following amusing picture, or rather caricature, of the extent to which Madame de Sablé carried her pathological mania, which seems to have been shared by her friend the Countess de Maure, (Mademoiselle d'Attichy.) In the romance, these two ladies appear under the names of the Princesse Parthénie and the Reine de Mionie.

There was not an hour in the day in which they did not confer together on the means of avoiding death, and on the art of rendering themselves immortal. Their conferences did not take place like those of other people; the fear of breathing an air which was too cold or too warm, the dread lest the wind should be too dry or too moist—in short, the imagination that the weather might not be as temperate as they thought necessary for the preservation of their health, caused them to write letters from one room to the other. It would be extremely fortunate if these notes could be found, and formed into a collection. I am convinced that they would contain rules for the regimen of life, precautions even as to the proper time for applying remedies, and also remedies which Hippocrates and Galen, with all their science, never heard of. Such a collection would be very useful to the public, and would be highly profitable to the faculties of Paris and Montpelier. If these letters were discovered, great advantages of all kinds might be derived from them, for they were princesses who had nothing mortal about them but the *knowledge* that they were mortal. In their writings might be learned all politeness in style, and the most delicate manner of speaking on all subjects. There is nothing with which they were not acquainted; they knew the affairs of all the states in the world, through the share they had in all the intrigues of its private members, either in matters of gallantry, as in other things on which their advice was necessary; either to adjust embroilments

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and quarrels, or to excite them, for the sake of the advantages which their friends could derive from them,—in a word, they were persons through whose hands the secrets of the whole world had to pass. The Princess Parthénie [Mme de Sablé] had a palate as delicate as her mind; nothing could equal the magnificence of the entertainments she gave; all the dishes were exquisite, and her cleanliness was beyond all that could be imagined. It was in their time that writing came into use; previously, nothing was written but marriage contracts, and letters were never heard of; thus it is to them that we owe a practice so convenient in intercourse.

Still later, in 1669, when the most uncompromising of the Port Royalists seemed to tax Madame de Sablé with lukewarmness, that she did not join them at Port-Royal-des-Champs, we find her writing to the stern M. de Sévigny: "En vérité, je crois que je ne pourrois mieux faire que de tout quitter et de m'en aller là. Mais que devendroient ces frayeurs de n'avoir pas de médecins à choisir, ni de chirurgien pour me saigner?"

Mademoiselle, as we have seen, hints at the love of delicate eating, which many of Madame de Sablé's friends numbered among her foibles, especially after her religious career had commenced. She had a genius in *friandise*, and knew how to gratify the palate without offending the highest sense of refinement. Her sympathetic nature showed itself in this as in other things: she was always sending *bonnes bouches* to her friends, and trying to communicate to them her science and taste in the affairs of the table. Madame de Longueville, who had not the luxurious tendencies of her friend, writes: "Je vous demande au nom de Dieu, que vous ne me prépariez aucun ragoût. Surtout ne me donnez point de festin. Au nom de Dieu, qu'il n'y ait rien que ce qu'on peut manger, car vous savez que c'est inutile pour moi; de plus j'en ai scrupule." But other friends had more appreciation of her niceties. Voiture thanks her for her melons, and assures her that they are better than those of yesterday; Madame de Choisy hopes that her ridicule of Jansenism will not provoke Madame de Sablé to refuse her the receipt for salad; and La Rochefoucauld writes: "You cannot do me a greater charity than to permit the bearer of this letter to enter into the mysteries of your marmalade and your genuine preserves, and I humbly entreat you to do every thing you can in his favor. If I could hope for two dishes of those preserves, which I did not deserve to eat before, I should be indebted to you all my life." For our own part, being as far as possible from fraternizing with those spiritual people who convert a deficiency into a principle, and pique themselves on an obtuse palate as a point of superiority, we are not inclined to number Madame de Sablé's *friandase* amongst her defects. M. Cousin, too, is apologetic on this point. He says:

It was only the excess of a delicacy which can be readily understood, and a sort of fidelity to the character of *précieuse*. As the *précieuse* did nothing according to common usage, she could not dine like another. We have cited a passage from Mme. de Motteville, where Mme. de Sablé is represented in her first youth at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, maintaining that woman was born to be an ornament to the world, and to receive the adoration of men. The woman worthy of the name, ought always to appear above material wants, and retain, even in the most vulgar details of life, something distinguished and purified. Eating is a very necessary operation, but one which is not agreeable to the eye. Mme. de Sablé insisted on its being conducted with a peculiar cleanliness. According to her, it was not every woman who could, with impunity, be at table in the presence of a lover; the first distortion of the face, she said, would be enough to spoil all. Gross meals, made for the body merely, ought to be abandoned to *bourgeoises*, and the refined woman should appear to take a little nourishment merely to sustain her, and even to divert her, as one takes refreshments and ices. Wealth did not suffice for this; a particular talent was required. Mme. de Sablé was a mistress in this art. She had transported the aristocratic spirit and the *genre précieux*, good breeding and good taste, even into cookery. Her dinners, without any opulence, were celebrated and sought after.

It is quite in accordance with all this, that Madame de Sablé should delight in fine scents, and we find that she did; for being threatened, in her Port Royal days, when she was at an advanced age, with the loss of smell, and writing for sympathy and information to Mère Agnès, who had lost that sense early in life, she receives this admonition from the stern saint: "You would gain by this loss, my very dear sister, if you made use of it as a satisfaction to God for having had too much pleasure in delicious scents." Scarron describes her as

La non pareille Bois-Dauphine,
Entre dames perle très fine;

and the superlative delicacy implied by this epithet seems to have belonged equally to her personal habits, her affections, and her intellect.

Madame de Sablé's life, for any thing we know, flowed on evenly enough till 1640, when the death of her husband threw upon her the care of an embarrassed fortune. She

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found a friend in Réné de Longueil, Seigneur de Maisons, of whom we are content to know no more than that he helped Madame de Sablé to arrange her affairs, though only by means of alienating from her family the estate of Sablé; that his house was her refuge during the blockade of Paris in 1649, and that she was not unmindful of her obligations to him, when, subsequently, her credit could be serviceable to him at court. In the midst of these pecuniary troubles came a more terrible trial—the loss of her favorite son, the brave and handsome Guy de Laval, who, after a brilliant career in the campaigns of Condé, was killed at the siege of Dunkirk, in 1646, when scarcely four-and-twenty. The fine qualities of this young man had endeared him to the whole army, and especially to Condé; had won him the hand of the Chancellor Séguire's daughter, and had thus opened to him the prospect of the highest honors. His loss seems to have been the most real sorrow of Madame de Sablé's life. Soon after followed the commotions of the Fronde, which put a stop to social intercourse, and threw the closest friends into opposite ranks. According to Lenet, who relies on the authority of Gourville, Madame de Sablé was under strong obligations to the court, being in the receipt of a pension of 2000 crowns; at all events, she adhered throughout to the Queen and Mazarin; but being as far as possible from a fierce partisan, and given both by disposition and judgment to hear both sides of a question, she acted as a conciliator, and retained her friends of both parties. The Countess de Maure, whose husband was the most obstinate of *frondeurs*, remained throughout her most cherished friend, and she kept up a constant correspondence with the lovely and intrepid heroine of the Fronde, Madame de Longueville. Her activity was directed to the extinction of animosities, by bringing about marriages between the Montagues and the Capulets of the Fronde—between the Prince de Condé, or his brother, and the niece of Mazarin, or between the three nieces of Mazarin and the sons of three noblemen who were distinguished leaders of the Fronde. Though her projects were not realized, her conciliatory position enabled her to preserve all her friendships intact, and when the political tempest was over, she could assemble around her in her residence in the Place Royal, the same society as before. Madame de Sablé was now approaching her twelfth lustrum, and though the charms of her mind and character made her more sought after than most younger women, it is not surprising that, sharing as she did in the religious ideas of her time, the concerns of "salvation" seemed to become pressing. A religious retirement, which did not exclude the reception of literary friends, or the care for personal comforts, made the most becoming frame for age and diminished fortune. Jansenism was then to ordinary Catholicism what Puseyism is to ordinary Church of Englandism in these days—it was a *réchereché* form of piety unshared by the vulgar; and one sees at once that it must have special attractions for the *précieuse*. Madame de Sablé, then, probably about 1655 or 6, determined to retire to Port Royal, not because she was already devout, but because she hoped to become so: as, however, she wished to retain the pleasure of intercourse with friends who were still worldly, she built for herself a set of apartments at once distinct from the monastery and attached to it. Here, with a comfortable establishment, consisting of her secretary, Dr. Valant, Mademoiselle de Chalais, formerly her *dame de compagnie*, and now become her friend; an excellent cook; a few other servants, and for a considerable time a carriage and coachman; with her best friends within a moderate distance, she could, as M. Cousin says, be out of the noise of the world without altogether forsaking it, preserve her dearest friendships, and have before her eyes edifying examples—"vaquer enfin à son aise aux soins de son salut et à ceux de sa santé."

We have hitherto looked only at one phase of Madame de Sablé's character and influence—that of the *précieuse*. But she was much more than this: she was the valuable, trusted friend of noble women and distinguished men; she was the animating spirit of a society whence issued a new form of French literature; she was the woman of large capacity and large heart, whom Pascal sought to please, to whom Arnold submitted the Discourse prefixed to his Logic, and to whom La Rouchefoucauld writes: "Vous savez que je ne crois que vous êtes sur de certains chapitres, et surtout sur les replis du cœur." The papers preserved by her secretary, Valant, show that she maintained an extensive correspondence with persons of various rank and character; that her pen was untiring in the interest of others; that men made her the depository of their thoughts, women of their sorrows; that her friends were as impatient, when she secluded herself, as if they had been rival lovers and she a youthful beauty. It is into her ear that Madame de Longueville pours her troubles and difficulties, and

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that Madame de La Fayette communicates her little alarms, lest young Count de St. Paul should have detected her intimacy with La Rochefoucauld.* The few of Madame de Sablé's letters which survive show that she excelled in that epistolatory style which was the speciality of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; one to Madame de Montausier, in favor of M. Périer, the brother-in-law of Pascal, is a happy mixture of good taste and good sense; but amongst them all we prefer quoting one to the Duchesse de la Tremouille. It is light and pretty, and made out of almost nothing, like soap-bubbles.

Je crois qu'il n'y a que moi qui face si bien tout le contraire de ce que je veux faire, car il est vrai qu'il n'y a personne que j'honore plus que vous, et j'ai si bien fait qu'il est quasi impossible que vous le puissiez croire. Ce n'estoit pas assez pour vous persuader que je suis indigne de vos bonnes grâces et de votre souvenir que d'avoir manqué fort longtemps à vous écrire; il falloit encore retarder quinze jours à me donner l'honneur de répondre à votre lettre. En vérité, Madame, cela me fait paroître si coupable, que vers tout autre que vous j'aimerois mieux l'etre en effet que d'entreprendre un chose si difficile qu'est celle de me justifier. Mais je me sens si innocente dans mon âme, et j'ai tant d'estime, de respect et d'affection pour vous, qu'il me semble que vous devez le connoître à cent lieues de distance d'ici, encore que je ne vous dise pas un mot. C'est ce que me donne le courage de vous écrire à cette heure, mais non pas ce qui m'en a empêché si longtemps. J'ai commencé à faillir par force, ayant eu beaucoup de maux, et depuis je l'ai fait par honte, et je vous avoue que si je n'avois à cette heure la confiance que vous m'avez donnée en me rassurant, et celle que je tire de mes propres sentimens pour vous, je n'oserois jamais entreprendre de vous faire souvenir de moi; mais je m'assure que vous oublierez tout, sur la protestation que je vous fais de ne me laisser plus endurcir en mes fautes et de demeurer inviolablement, Madame, votre, &c.

Was not the woman who could unite the ease and grace indicated by this letter, with an intellect that men thought worth consulting on matters of reasoning and philosophy, with warm affections, untiring activity for others, no ambition as an authoress, and an insight into *confitures* and *ragoûts*, a rare combination? No wonder that her *salon* at Port-Royal was the favorite resort of such women as Madame de La Fayette, Madame de Montausier, Madame de Longueville, and Madame de Hautefort; and of such men as Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Nicole, and Domat. The collections of Valant contain papers which show what were the habitual subjects of conversation in this salon. Theology, of course, was a chief topic; but physics and metaphysics had their turn, and still more frequently morals, taken in their widest sense. There were "Conferences on Calvinism," of which an abstract is preserved. When Rohault invented his glass tubes to serve for the barometrical experiments, in which Pascal had roused a strong interest, the Marquis de Sourdis entertained the society with a paper, entitled, "Why Water mounts in a Glass Tube." Cartesianism was an exciting topic here, as well as everywhere else in France; it had its partisans and opponents; and papers were read, containing "Thoughts on the Opinions of M. Descartes." These lofty matters were varied by discussions on love and friendship, on the drama, and on most of the things in heaven and earth which the philosophy of that day dreamt of. Morals—gereralizations on human affections, sentiments, and conduct—seem to have been the favorite theme; and the aim was to reduce these generalizations to their briefest form of expression, to give them the epigrammatic turn which made them portable in the memory. This was the speciality of Madame de Sablé's circle, and was, probably, due to her own tendency. As the Hôtel de Rambouillet was the nursery of graceful letter-writing, and the Luxembourg of "portraits" and "characters," so Madame de Sablé's *salon* fostered that taste for the sententious style, to which we owe, probably, some of the best *Pensées* of Pascal, and, certainly, the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. Madame de Sablé herself wrote maxims, which were circulated among her friends; and, after her death, were published by the Abbé d'Ailey. They have the excellent sense and nobility of feeling which we should expect in every thing of hers; but they have no stamp of genius or individual character: they are, to the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, what the vase moulded in dull, heavy clay, is to the vase which the action of fire has made light, brittle, and transparent. She also wrote a treatise on Education, which is much praised by La Rochefoucauld and M. d'Andilly; but which seems no longer to be found: probably it was not much more elaborate than her so-called "Treatise on Friendship," which is but a short string of maxims. Madame de Sablé's forte was evidently not to write herself, but to stimulate others to

* The letter to which we allude has this charming little touch:—"Je hais comme la mort que les gens de son age puissent croire que j'ai des galanteries. Il semble qu'on leur parait cent ans des qu'on est plus vieille qu'eux, et ils sont tout propre à s'étonner qu'l y ait encore question des gens."

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write; to show that sympathy and appreciation which are as genial and encouraging as the morning sunbeams. She seconded a man's wit with understanding—one of the best offices which womanly intellect has rendered to the advancement of culture; and the absence of originality made her all the more receptive towards the originality of others.

The manuscripts of Pascal show that many of the *"Pensées,"* which are commonly supposed to be raw materials for a great work on religion, were remodelled again and again, in order to bring them to the highest degree of terseness and finish, which would hardly have been the case if they had only been part of a quarry for a greater production. Thoughts which are merely collected as materials, as stones out of which a building is to be erected, are not cut into facets, and polished like amethysts or emeralds. Since Pascal was from the first in the habit of visiting Madame de Sablé at Port-Royal, with his sister, Madame Périer, (who was one of Madame de Sablé's dearest friends,) we may well suppose that he would throw some of his jewels among the large and small coin of maxims, which were a sort of subscription-money there. Many of them have an epigrammatic piquancy, which was just the thing to charm a circle of vivacious and intelligent women; they seem to come from a La Rochefoucauld, who has been dipped over again in philosophy and wit, and received a new layer. But whether or not Madame de Sablé's influence served to enrich the *"Pensées"* of Pascal, it is clear that but for her influence the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld would never have existed. Just as in some circles the effort is, who shall make the best puns, (*horribile dictu!*) or the best charades, in the *salon* of Port Royal the amusement was to fabricate maxims. La Rochefoucauld said, "L'envie de faire des maximes se gagne comme le rhume." So far from claiming for himself the initiation of this form of writing, he accuses Jacques Esprit, another *habitué* of Madame de Sablé's *salon,* of having excited in him the taste for maxims, in order to trouble his repose. The said Esprit was an academician, and had been a frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. He had already published "Maxims in Verse," and he subsequently produced a book called "La Fausseté des Vertus Humaines," which seems to consist of Rochefoucauldism become flat with an infusion of sour Calvinism. Nevertheless, La Rochefoucauld seems to have prized him, to have appealed to his judgment, and to have concocted maxims with him, which he afterwards begs him to submit to Madame de Sablé. He sends a little batch of maxims to her himself, and asks for an equivalent in the shape of good eatables: "Voilà tout ce que j'ai de maximes; mais comme je ne donne rien pour rien, je vous demande un potage aux carottes, un ragoût de mouton," &c. The taste and the talent enhanced each other; until, at last, La Rochefoucauld began to be conscious of his preëminence in the circle of maxim-mongers, and thought of a wider audience. Thus grew up the famous "Maxims," about which little need be said. Every one is now convinced, or professes to be convinced, that, as to form, they are perfect, and that, as to matter, they are at once undeniably true and miserably false; true as applied to that condition of human nature in which the selfish instincts are still dominant, false if taken as a representation of all the elements and possibilities of human nature. We think La Rochefoucauld himself wavered as to their universality, and that this wavering is indicated in the qualified form of some of the maxims; it occasionally struck him that the shadow of virtue must have a substance, but he had never grasped that substance—it had never been present to his consciousness.

It is curious to see La Rochefoucauld's nervous anxiety about presenting himself before the public as an author; far from rushing into print, he stole into it, and felt his way by asking private opinions. Through Madame de Sablé he sent manuscript copies to various persons of taste and talent, both men and women, and many of the written opinions which she received in reply are still in existence. The women generally find the maxims distasteful, but the men write approvingly. These men, however, are for the most part ecclesiastics, who decry human nature that they may exalt divine grace. The coincidence between Augustinianism or Calvinism, with its doctrine of human corruption, and the hard cynicism of the maxims, presents itself in quite a piquant form in some of the laudatory opinions on La Rochefoucauld. One writer says:—"On ne pourroit faire une instruction plus propre à un catechumène pour convertir à Dieu son esprit et sa volonté .... Quand il n'y auroit que cet escrit au monde et l'Evangile je voudrois etre chrétien. L'un m'apprendroit à connoistre mes misères, et l'autre à implorer mon libérateur." Madame de Maintenon sends word to La Rochefoucauld, after the publication of his work, that the Book of Job and the Maxims are her only reading.

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That Madame de Sablé herself had a tolerably just idea of La Rochefoucauld's character, as well as of his maxims, may be gathered not only from the fact that her own maxims are as full of the confidence in human goodness which La Rochefoucauld wants, as they are empty of the style which he possesses, but also from a letter in which she replies to the criticisms of Madame de Schomberg: "The author," she says, "derived the maxim on indolence from his own disposition, for never was there so great an indolence as his; and I think that his heart, inert as it is, owes this defect as much to his idleness as his will. It has never permitted him to do the least action for others; and I think that, amidst all his great desires and great hopes, he is sometimes indolent even on his own behalf." Still she must have felt a hearty interest in the "Maxims," as in some degree her foster-child, and she must also have had considerable affection for the author, who was lovable enough to those who observed the rule of Helvetius, and expected nothing from him. She not only assisted him, as we have seen, in getting criticisms, and carrying out the improvements suggested by them, but when the book was actually published, she prepared a notice of it for the only journal then existing—the "Journal des Savants." This notice was originally a brief statement of the nature of the work, and the opinions which had been formed for and against it, with a moderate eulogy, in conclusion, on its good sense, wit, and insight into human nature. But when she submitted it to La Rochefoucauld, he objected to the paragraph which stated the adverse opinion, and requested her to alter it. She, however, was either unable or unwilling to modify her notice, and returned it with the following note:—

Je vous envoie ce que j'ai pu tirer de ma teste pour mettre dans le *Journal des Savants*. J'y ai mis cet endroit qui vous est le plus sensible, afin que cela vous fasse surmonter la mauvaise honte qui vous fit mettre la préface sans y rien retrancher, et je n'ai pas craint de le mettre, parce que je suis assurée que vous ne le ferez pas imprimer, quand même le reste vous plairoit. Je vous assure aussi que je vous serai plus obligée, si vous en usez comme d'une chose qui servit à vous pour le corriger ou pour le jeter au feu. Nous autres grand auteurs, nous sommes trop riches pour craindre de rien perdre de nos productions. Mandez-moi ce qu'il vous semble de ce dictum.

La Rochefoucauld availed himself of this permission, and "edited" the notice, touching up the style, and leaving out the blame. In this revised form it appeared in the Journal des Savants. In some points, we see, the youth of journalism was not without promise of its future.

While Madame de Sablé was thus playing the literary confidante to La Rochefoucauld, and was the soul of a society whose chief interest was the *belles lettres*, she was equally active in graver matters. She was in constant intercourse or correspondence with the devout women of Port Royal, and of the neighboring convent of the Carmelites, many of whom had once been the ornaments of the court; and there is a proof that she was conscious of being highly valued by them, in the fact that when the Princess Marie-Madeline, of the Carmelites, was dangerously ill, not being able or not daring to visit her, she sent her youthful portrait to be hung up in the sick-room, and received from the same Mère Agnès whose grave admonition we have quoted above, a charming note, describing the pleasure which the picture had given in the infirmary of "Notre bonne Mère." She was interesting herself deeply in the translation of the New Testament, which was the work of Sacy, Arnauld, Nicole, Le Maître and the Duc de Luynes conjointly, Sacy having the principal share. We have mentioned that Arnauld asked her opinion on the Discourse prefixed to his *Logic*, and we may conclude from this that he had found her judgment valuable in many other cases. Moreover, the persecution of the Port Royalists had commenced, and she was uniting with Madame de Longueville in aiding and protecting her pious friends. Moderate in her Jansenism, as in every thing else, she held that the famous formulary denouncing the Augustinian doctrine, and declaring it to have been originated by Jansesius, should be signed without reserve, and, as usual, she had faith in conciliatory measures; but her moderation was no excuse for inaction. She was at one time herself threatened with the necessity of abandoning her residence at Port Royal, and had thought of retiring to a religious house at Auteuil, a village near Paris. She did, in fact, pass some summers there, and she sometimes took refuge with her brother, the Commandeur de Souvré, with Madame de Montausier, or Madame de Longueville. The last was much bolder in her partisanship than her friend, and her superior wealth and position enabled her to give the Port-Royalists more efficient aid. Arnauld and Nicole resided five years in her house; it was under her protection that the translation of the New Testament was carried

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on and completed, and it was chiefly through her efforts that, in 1669, the persecution was brought to an end. Madame de Sablé coöperated with all her talent and interest in the same direction; but here, as elsewhere, her influence was chiefly valuable in what she stimulated others to do, rather than in what she did herself. It was by her that Madame de Longueville was first won to the cause of Port Royal; and we find this ardent, brave woman constantly seeking the advice and sympathy of her more timid and self-indulgent, but sincere and judicious friend.

In 1669, when Madame de Sablé had at length rest from these anxieties, she was at the good old age of seventy, but she lived nine years longer—years, we may suppose, chiefly dedicated to her spiritual concerns. This gradual, calm decay allayed the fear of death which had tormented her more vigorous days; and she died with tranquillity and trust. It is a beautiful trait of these last moments, that she desired not to be buried with her family, or even at Port Royal, among her saintly and noble companions, but in the cemetery of her parish, like one of the people, without pomp or ceremony.

It is worth while to notice, that with Madame de Sablé, as with some other remarkable Frenchwomen, the part of her life which is richest in interest and results is that which is looked forward to by most of her sex with melancholy as the period of decline. When between fifty and sixty, she had philosophers, wits, beauties, and saints clustering around her; and one naturally cares to know what was the elixir which gave her this enduring and general attraction. We think it was, in a great degree, that well-balanced development of mental powers which gave her a comprehension of varied intellectual processes, and a tolerance for varied forms of character, which is still rarer in women than in men. Here was one point of distinction between her and Madame de Longueville; and an amusing passage, which Saint-Beuve has disinterred from the writings of the Abbé St. Pierre, so well serves to indicate, by contrast, what we regard as the great charm of Madame de Sablé's mind, that we shall not be wandering from our subject in quoting it.

I one day asked M. Nicole what was the character of Madame de Longueville's intellect; he told me it was very subtle and delicate in the penetration of character, but very small, very feeble; and that her comprehension was extremely narrow in matters of science and reasoning, and on all speculations that did not concern matters of sentiment. For example, he added, I one day said to her that I could wager and demonstrate that there were in Paris at least two inhabitants who had the same number of hairs, although I could not point out who these two men were. She told me, I could never be sure of it until I had counted the hairs of these two men. Here is my demonstration, I said:—I take it for granted that the head which is most amply supplied with hairs has not more than 200,000, and the head which is least so has but one hair. Now, if you suppose that 200,000 heads have each a different number of hairs, it necessarily follows that they have each one of the numbers of hairs which form the series from 1 to 200,000; for if it were supposed that there were two among these 200,000 who had the same number of hairs, I should have gained my wager. Supposing, then, that these 200,000 inhabitants have all a different number of hairs, if I add a single inhabitant who has hairs, and who has not more than 200,000, it necessarily follows that this number of hairs, whatever it may be, will be contained in the series from 1 to 200,000, and consequently will be equal to the number of hairs on one of the previous 200,000 inhabitants. Now, as instead of one inhabitant more than 200,000, there are nearly 800,000 inhabitants in Paris, you see clearly that there must be many heads which have an equal number of hairs, though I have not counted them. Still Madame de Longueville could never comprehend that this equality of hairs could be demonstrated, and always maintained that the only way of proving it was to count them.

Surely, the most ardent admirer of feminine shallowness must have felt some irritation when he found himself arrested by this dead wall of stupidity, and have turned with relief to the larger intelligence of Madame de Sablé, who was not the less graceful, delicate, and feminine, because she could follow a train of reasoning, or interest herself in a question of science. In this combination consisted her preëminent charm: she was not a genius, not a heroine, but a woman whom men could more than love—whom they could make their friend, confidante, and counsellor; the sharer, not of their joys and sorrows only, but of their ideas and aims.

Such was Madame de Sablé, whose name is, perhaps, new to some of our readers, so far does it lie from the surface of literature and history. We have seen, too, that she was only one amongst a crowd—one in a firmament of feminine stars which, when once the biographical telescope is turned upon them, appear scarcely less remarkable and interesting. Now, if the reader recollects what was the position and average intellectual character of women in the high society of England during the reigns of James the First and the two Charleses—the period through which Madame de Sablé's career

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extends—we think he will admit our position as to the early superiority of womanly development in France; and this fact, with its causes, has not merely an historical interest, it has an important bearing on the culture of women in the present day. Women became superior in France by being admitted to a common fund of ideas, to common objects of interest with men; and this must ever be the essential condition at once of true womanly culture and of true social well-being. We have no faith in feminine conversazioni, where ladies are eloquent on Apollo and Mars; though we sympathize with the yearning activity of faculties which, deprived of their proper material, waste themselves in weaving fabrics out of cobwebs. Let the whole field of reality be laid open to woman as well as to man, and then that which is peculiar in her mental modification, instead of being, as it is now, a source of discord and repulsion between the sexes, will be found to be a necessary complement to the truth and beauty of life. Then we shall have that marriage of minds which alone can blend all the hues of thought and of feeling in one lovely rainbow of promise for the harvest of human happiness.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SEVASTOPOL.

The appearance at this moment of Mr. Scott's travels in Russia, is peculiarly well timed. All eyes being now turned towards the countries and localities of which his book treats, necessarily gives an additional interest to the subject; but the volume before us possesses within itself those elements which most conduce to render similar works popular; and it does not, therefore, derive its value alone from the great events which are taking place on the very spots which it so well describes. It has the first great merit of bearing the stamp of truth and accurate observation, and has evidently been written without the mere object of *making a book*. The consequence is, that an interest is kept up throughout, from the absence of that elaboration on trivial incidents which is too often indulged in by writers of travels. At the same time the author has avoided giving labored descriptions of objects which possess in themselves but little attraction.

These travels, which began in Finland, extended to Astrachan, and terminated at Odessa, include visits to all the great fortified places of the Russian dominions, both in the north and the east, which have been, or are likely to become, the points of active operations by the allied fleets and armies. The tour through the Crimea is extensive; and the notices of that almost untravelled country, its people and antiquities, are highly interesting.

Mr. Scott's journey was undertaken before, and embraces a wider range than that of Mr. Oliphant; and he appears not only to have remained longer in the towns and fortified positions, but to have had greater facilities, and, in some instances, unusual opportunities for gaining information concerning them. He has, therefore, been enabled to correct some inaccuracies into which the latter gentleman has fallen, and, if our memory be faithful, those also of other recent writers. For example: we believe that Captain Spencer says there are four casemated fortresses of three hundred guns each at Sevastopol—a statement shown by Mr. Scott to be exceedingly exaggerated. General Mackintosh recommends the allied armies to be landed at Theodosia, and proposes that part of them should be marched by the southern coast of the Crimea to Sevastopol. A plan which the following interesting passages concerning the latter place, extracted from Mr. Scott's volume,* will show to be impracticable, and which the description of the coast itself, in another part of the book, also confirms:

"The port of Sevastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction, about

* "*The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea,* comprising Travels in Russia, a Voyage down the Volga to Astrachan, and a Tour through Crim Tartary." By Charles Henry Scott. London, 1854.

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four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to four hundred yards at the end, where the 'Tchernaia Retchka,' or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbors; the quarantine harbor being outside the entrance. All these taking a southerly direction, and having deep water. The military harbor is the largest, being about a mile and a half long, by four hundred yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter; the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbor, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbor, near the entrance. The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to a hundred and ninety guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to a hundred and twenty pieces each; and besides these are many smaller batteries.

"The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about a hundred and ninety guns; on carefully counting them, *we* made a hundred and eighty-six. By great interest we obtained permission to enter this fortress. It is built of white limestone—a fine sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable; the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot. We measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or sixty-eight pound solid shot.

"Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say; but my belief is, that most of the fortifications of Sevastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end.

"At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than eight hundred and fifty pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about three hundred and fifty could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay. Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts by counting the guns of the various forts; not always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sevastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea; and it will be seen from what we have stated above, that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

"We are well aware that the *casemated* fortresses are very badly constructed; and, though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation; to remedy which, some alterations were subsequently made: but admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now nine hundred and fifty pieces, there would still remain five hundred guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point-blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship.

"If Sevastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than thirty-two pounders.

"We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sevastopol from the sea alone, but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means; and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot to insure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure.

"In speaking of the means of defence at Sevastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the

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quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect can it be compared to those of England and France, yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage which would lead them to stick to their work when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient.

"There were in the military harbor of Sevastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes, comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers. We visited, amongst others, the *Twelve Apostles,* of a hundred and twenty guns, and the first lieutenant accompanied us over her. She was a remarkably fine-looking ship, in excellent order, and very neat in her fittings. One thing which instantly struck us was the absence of hammock hooks; but we learnt that beds were luxuries which the Russian sailors never dream of, the decks forming their only resting-places.

"On descending to the shell-room we examined one of the shells, and found it fitted with the common fuse. Now, as at that time it was believed that the Russians possessed a percussion or concussion shell superior to any in the world, we were anxious to ascertain whether this was really the case; but from the inquiries we made of the lieutenant, we are convinced that such a shell existed only in imagination; that the common fuse was in use throughout the service, and may be so to the present day. The ports of the ship were marked with lines at different angles, to facilitate the concentration of the guns.

"We thanked our conductor for his politeness, and, in doing so, expressed our admiration of the ship. 'Yes,' said he, 'she is worthy of your praises. She was built on the lines of your *Queen,* now in the Mediterranean, by a Russian architect, educated in one of the royal dockyards of England.'

"The town of Sevastopol is situate on the point of land between the commercial and military harbors, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of two hundred feet. It is more than a mile in length; and its greatest width is about three quarters of a mile, the streets entering the open steppe on the south. It was partly defended on the west, towards the land, by a loop-holed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless; and plans for completely fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long-continued fire of heavy artillery; and unless these fortifications are on an extensive scale, and embrace a wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points, that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction becomes a matter of certainty.

"None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side. Indeed, the great fort, 'St. Nicholas,' has not a gun pointed in that direction; and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands rises behind it to a height of 200 feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay, are commanded by higher ground in the rear.

"The first and all-important consideration in reference to an attack on Sevastopol by land, is to ascertain where an army would find the most desirable place for disembarkation. Theodosia has been named amongst other localities; and it has certainly a beautiful harbor and many other conveniences, but the distance from the scene of action is a serious drawback. The troops would have to march over about a hundred and thirty miles of steppe, as it would be necessary to keep to the north of the mountains, where their progress could be easily arrested. Should wet weather set in, this steppe would become in a very short time quite impracticable for heavy artillery and baggage, as there are no roads whatever; and our little experience of rain showed us how rapidly the country became converted into a state closely resembling an Irish bog.

"Yalta is another port where men and material might be safely landed, and where but little opposition could be offered; but although united to Sevastopol by a good road, this is in many places cut out of the face of the perpendicular rock, and could not only be defended by the enemy with facility, but a few hours' work would render it quite impassable.

"Between Yalta and Balaclava, on the southern coast, there is no available point; but if the latter port could be taken, and the surrounding heights secured, every requisite for advantageously carrying on operations against Sevastopol would be at once

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obtained. Distant only about ten miles from that town, and connected with it by an excellent road, Balaclava so infinitely surpasses all other places for the attainment of the object in view, that there cannot be two opinions on the importance of possessing it, and its admirable harbor would be of incalculable value to the fleets. Nature has, however, made it so strong, that if the Russians have fully availed themselves of the facilities for defence, it might become a work of some difficulty to dislodge them; but it is very doubtful whether they have had sufficient time to erect batteries which could hold out long against the force that could be brought to bear on them. Supposing the whole of the batteries defending the harbor to be destroyed, no ships could enter with safety until all the positions on the heights which surround and overhang it had been carried. The coast between Balaclava and Cape Chersonesus being abrupt and precipitous, furnishes no suitable localities for the required purpose; but some of the bays on the northern boundary of the Chersonesean peninsula may possibly be found available. Were the allied armies in possession of the Chersonesus, they would find plenty of water, for there are two good sources towards Balaclava, though independent of it. One of these has been carried by an aqueduct to Sevastopol, and supplies the reservoir near the public gardens of that place. Destroying this aqueduct would be of no service towards reducing the town, as that from Inkerman would still remain, and the great fitting basin contains an immense quantity. Besides which, there are wells and some small streams at the head of the military harbor, whence the place formerly drew its only, though not very plentiful, supply. Another plan for attacking Sevastopol might be adopted by landing to the north of the bay of Inkerman, destroying or taking Fort Constantine and the other batteries from the rear, and thence bombarding the naval arsenal, the town, and ships; and, indeed, this is the only alternative if a footing cannot be effected in the Chersonesus.

"The streets are built in parallel lines from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses, being of limestone, have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the Emperor for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects, and the sciences connected with them; history, and some light reading.

"The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within. It contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals. There are many good churches; and a fine landing-place of stone from the military harbor, approached on the side of the town, beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts of an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place during our visit; but we cannot say much for the singing, the company being third-rate, and the voice of the 'prima donna' very much resembling at times a cracked trumpet.

"The eastern side of the town is so steep that the mast-heads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers.

"As Sevastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist; the only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provision for the inhabitants and garrison.

"On the eastern side of the military harbor, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts exceedingly defective, the effluvia being most offensive.

"Sevastopol is not the port of construction for ships of war: they are all built at Nicholiev, on the river Bug, as Petersburg is the building-place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and stores and materials of war in great quantity kept in the naval arsenal. The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone, with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master mason. Along the eastern quay were ten large stone buildings for storehouses, then in the course of construction, five of which were already finished.

"But all other works sink into insignifi-

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cance at Sevastopol before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks—three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide these docks are above the level of the sea, and the ships are floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each.

"To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black river has been turned beyond Inkerman. This passes at one part through an excavated tunnel 900 feet long, and is constructed on arches in five or six other places.

"To form a great reservoir, and thus to insure a constant supply of water, an enormous dike of stone, like those of the pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, was built across a mountain gorge, but on a much more stupendous scale. Mr. William Upton superintended the engineering department, and the work was achieved with perfect success; proper sluices being constructed to prevent too great a pressure in case of unusually heavy rain. Soon after all was finished, however, a terrific thunder-storm arose; the valley rapidly filled with water, and a great landslip from the side of the mountain took place; the sluices were thus blocked up, and the flood at last poured over the top, taking away tier after tier of stones, until there was left nothing of the work of years but a jumbled mass of ruin. When we stood upon the remaining portion of this masonry, and marked its extraordinary strength and solidity, we could scarcely comprehend how the rushing of any amount of water could have produced such results.'

"In order to make sufficient space for the docks, the canal of which leads from the southern extremity of the little port, it was necessary to cut away a portion of the mountain, and on the top of the great perpendicular wall thus made, now stands a massive pile of stone buildings, used as the sailors' winter barracks. In case of an enemy penetrating the dockyard port, these barracks might be held as a formidable position by men armed with the Minié rifle; and it has been suggested that a couple of line-of-battle ships in the basin, with their broadsides to the port, and commanding it, would also form a battery of great power. Thus, in an attack by sea alone on Sevastopol, every inch of ground would have to be contested. A large filter has been erected, from which pipes are carried to the quay, into which a stream has been turned from the aqueduct; and when a ship requires a supply of water, she or the tanked barges have only to go alongside, a hose is attached to the pipe, put on board, and the process is accomplished with the greatest facility and expedition. No expense has been spared to render this naval arsenal perfect; and we doubt whether, in many respects, there is another in Europe so convenient, always supposing the works projected to have been carried out. The streets of Sevastopol, as may be expected, teem with soldiers and sailors; indeed, no one unconnected with the services lives there, and all but Russians are discouraged or forbidden to do so. The Jews were at one time ordered away from it entirely, but some few have been allowed to return. It was said that no foreigners were permitted to remain there more than twenty-four hours; but during a sojourn of ten days we met with no interference, although we visited and curiously examined all parts of the town, and every thing worth seeing in it."

"On leaving the harbor we had another opportunity of taking a general view of those extraordinary fortifications which we had previously examined in detail, both on shore and from boats; and our opinion was confirmed, that with all their defects, whether in scientific principles or in carelessness of construction, a great sacrifice of life would follow an attack by sea alone with our present armament. But there appears no reason why England and France, with the talent and resources they have at their disposal, should not with facility produce artillery of a weight and range so great as to batter down these fortresses in succession, while at the same time their own ships remained comparatively free from danger."*

On the whole, we can highly recommend this volume to our readers. It is written in an easy and unaffected style, rising, when the occasion calls for it, to much animation and graphic power.

* "These remarks were written before the late experiments were performed with Mr. Lancaster's gun."

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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

FRANCES BROWN, THE BLIND POETESS.

For several years past the name of Frances Brown has been familiar to general readers. We believe it was in the columns of the *Athenæum* that many of her smaller poems first appeared. The pieces were dated "Stranorlar"—a place we had never before heard of —quite out of the beat of business life. It turned out, however, that there really was such a place in the country of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, and that Stranorlar could even boast of its post-office.

We were very much struck by the verses published by Frances Brown in the *Athenæum*. There was something extremely fascinating about them, in their sweet melancholy, their saddened gayety, or their cheerful philosophy. There was something *new* about them, which interested us. They did not run in the common rut, but excited a novel sensation in the reading. Then their rhythm was excellent, a quality in which English verse is often deficient. Take as an example the following well-known lines by Frances Brown:—

THE FIRST.

The first, the first!—oh! naught like it
  Our after years can bring;
For summer hath no flowers as sweet
  As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree,
  Still wildest seems, and worst;
Whate'er hath been again may be,
  But never as at first.

For many a bitter blast may blow
  O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
  Between us and the grave;
But darker still the spot appears
  Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unblighted years—
  No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 'twas vain,
  Yet, that brief lightning o'er,
The heart, indeed, may hope again,
  But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow
  Like it—unfallen, uncursed;
There may be many an after-glow,
  But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
  Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
  The morning-stars of life;
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
  Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
  Of those that blessed us first.

Its first love, deep in memory,
  The heart for ever bears;
For that was early given, and free—
  Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be death hath buried deep,
  It may be fate hath cursed;
But yet no later love can keep
  The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
  The lights or shadows cast
Upon the dawning of our day
  Are with us to the last.
But ah! the morning breaks no more
  On us, at once it burst,
For future springs can ne'er restore
  The freshness of the first.

These lines appeared in the "Keepsake" for 1843, then edited by the Countess of Blessington, and from a note added to the poem by the fair editress, we learnt for the first time that the authoress of the numerous verses in the *Athenæum* which we, in common with thousands more, had so greatly admired, were written by a blind girl!

We immediately felt interested about the writer's history, and longed to know how, in a remote village in the north of Ireland, a young woman, deprived of most of the ordinary helps to knowledge, having no intercourse with nature except though books, and doomed to live in solitary darkness in the midst of the beauties of the external world, should nevertheless have reared a temple of beauty in her own mind, and found therein not only joy and rejoicing for herself but to all others whom the press has brought within reach of her utterances.

The story of the inner life of such an one, if it could be related in all its fulness, were indeed most interesting as well as most instructive. In any case it is curious to watch

a strong mind developing itself; but where, as in this case, it is under conditions of social and physical disadvantage so great, it is most profitable as an example even to those much more favorably circumstanced, to watch the ardent mind groping, by the aid of its strong instincts, through the darkness of which it was conscious, appropriating to itself every thing whence it could draw nourishment, in the barren elements by which it was surrounded, and seizing upon all that could help it onward, while, by its own undirected energies, it was struggling upwards to the light.

Frances Brown is of humble birth. She was born at Stranorlar, in the county Donegal, where her father was postmaster, a humble man of small means, but respectable character. At eighteen months old Frances was seized by the small-pox in its severest form, and when she recovered from the disease, it was at the sacrifice of her sight. She has never since seen the light of day. Of her early calamity Miss Brown has no recollection; and no forms of the outer world have followed her into her world of darkened meditations. The hues and shapes of things, as they present themselves to human eyes, are to her an utter blank, even in memory. She has been spared that perplexity which often haunts the blind who have lost their sight later in life, in the baffled attempts to summon up and recover the faded impressions and images of a past life; for of things as seen by her infant eyes she has no recollection whatever, nor is she pursued by regret for the loss of that which she was too young to appreciate. The mind has thus been left more clear to act in the conditions to which it was limited; and by devices of her own, by the promptings of a clear natural intellect, by a careful process of self-culture, she has been enabled to see into the world of thought, and made the unpromising soil about her yield intellectual fruit of the most delightful and profitable kind.

We cannot better relate the story of Miss Brown's early education than in her own words:—

"I recollect very little," she says, "of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it: and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly, was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on the subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was probably troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintances of my childhood; but by this method, I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and, when farther advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the Dictionary and English Grammar, each day; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity,) I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it. My first acquaintance with books was neccessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. 'Susan Gray,' 'The Negro Servant,' 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Mungo Park's Travels,' and, of course, 'Robinson Crusoe,' were among the first of my literary friends, for I have often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighborhood, and were much more so in my childhood: but the craving for knowledge which then commenced, grew with my growth; and, as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the few acquaintances I had, to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten. In this way I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones:—but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was 'The Heart of Mid Lothian,' and was lent me by a friend whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighborhood. My delight in the work was very great, even then; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted, in a very short time, with the greater part of the works of its illustrious author—for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read—namely, lying awake, in the silence of night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory which I now possess; but, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil,—for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forget any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find any thing again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful in teaching me habits of order. About the beginning of my thirteenth year, (continues Miss Brown,) I happened to hear a friend read a part of 'Barnes's History of the French War.' It made a singular impression on my mind; and works of fiction, from that time, began to lose their value, compared with the far more wonderful Romance of History. But books of the kind were so scarce in our neighborhood, that 'Hume's History of England,' and two or

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three other works on the same subject, were all I could read, till a kind friend, who was then the teacher of our village school, obliged me with that voluminous work, 'The Universal History.' There I heard, for the first time, the histories of Greece and Rome, and those of many other ancient nations. My friend had only the ancient part of the work; but it gave me a fund of information which has been subsequently increased from many sources; and at present I have a tolerable knowledge of history. In the pursuit of knowledge, my path was always impeded by difficulties too minute and numerous to mention; but the want of sight was, of course, the principal one,—which, by depriving me of the power of reading, obliged me to depend on the services of others;—and as the condition of my family was such as did not admit of much leisure, my invention was early taxed to gain time for those who could read. I sometimes did the work assigned to them, or rendered them other little services; for, like most persons similarly placed, necessity and habit have made me more active in this respect than people in ordinary circumstances would suppose. The lighter kinds of reading were thus easily managed; but my young relatives were often unwilling to waste their breath and time with the drier, but more instructive works which I latterly preferred. To tempt them to this, I used, by way of recompense, to relate to them long stories, and even novels, which perhaps they had formerly read but forgotten; and thus my memory may be said to have earned supplies for itself. About the end of my fifteenth year, having heard much of the Iliad, I obtained the loan of Pope's translation. That was a great event to me; but the effect it produced on me requires some words of explanation. From my earliest years, I had a great and strange love of poetry; and could commit verses to memory with greater rapidity than most children. But at the close of my seventh year, when a few Psalms of the Scotch version, 'Watts' Divine Songs,' and some old country songs, (which certainly were not divine,) formed the whole of my poetical knowledge, I made my earliest attempt in versification —upon that first and most sublime lesson of childhood, the 'Lord's Prayer.' As years increased, my love of poetry, and taste for it increased also, with increasing knowledge. The provincial newspapers, at times, supplied me with specimens from the works of the best living authors. Though then unconscious of the cause, I still remember the extraordinary delight which those pieces gave me,—and have been astonished to find that riper years have only confirmed the judgments of childhood. When such pieces reached me, I never rested till they were committed to memory: and afterwards repeated them for my own amusement, when alone, or during those sleepless nights to which I have been, all my life, subject. But a source of still greater amusement was found in attempts at original composition; which, for the first few years, were but feeble imitations of every thing I knew — from the 'Psalms' to Gray's 'Elegy.' When the poems of Burns fell in my way, they took the place of all others in my fancy:—and this brings me up to the time when I made my first acquaintance with the 'Iliad' It was like the discovery of a new world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was, at the time, a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence, —which, of course, I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me, and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. Soon after I had found the 'Iliad,' I borrowed a prose translation of 'Virgil,'—there being no poetical one to be found in our neighborhood; and in a similar manner made acquaintance with many of the classic authors. But after Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's 'Childe Harold.' The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript, and the other made me resolve against verse-making in future; for I was then far enough advanced to know my own deficiency —but without apparent means for the requisite improvements. In this resolution I persevered for several years, and occupied my mind solely in the pursuit of knowledge; but owing to adverse circumstances, my progress was necessarily slow. Having, however, in the summer of the year 1840, heard a friend read the story of 'La Perouse,' it struck me that there was a remarkable similarity between it and the one related in an old country song called 'The Lost Ship,' which I had heard in my childhood. The song in question was of very low composition; but there was one line at the termination of each verse which haunted my imagination, and I fancied might deserve a better poem. This line, and the story of 'La Perouse,' together with an irresistible inclination to poetry, at length induced me to break the resolution I had so long kept; and the result was the little poem called 'La Perouse' [since published in Frances Brown's collection of poems and lyrics.] Soon after, when Messrs. Gunn and Cameron commenced the publication of their 'Irish Penny Journal,' I was seized with a strange desire to contribute something to its pages. My first contribution was favorably received, and I still feel grateful for the kindness and encouragement bestowed upon me by both the editor and the publishers. The three small pieces which I contributed to that work were the first of mine that ever appeared in print, with the exception of one of my early productions which a friend had sent to a provincial paper. The 'Irish Penny Journal' was abandoned on the completion of the first volume; but the publishers, with great kindness, sent me one of the copies, and this was the first book of any value that I could call my own! But the gift was still more esteemed as an encouragement—and the first of the kind."

About this time Miss Brown, in her remote retreat, heard of the *Athenæum*, and probably desirous of obtaining access to a wider circle of readers, she addressed a number of her small pieces to the editor. Months passed, and she had given up all for lost, when at length the arrival of many numbers of the journal, and a letter from the editor, aston-

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ished her, and gratified a wish which had haunted her very dreams. One may easily imagine the interest and the delight which a complimentary letter from the editor of a London journal will excite in the mind of a literary aspirant in a remote village in the country. From that time Frances Brown's name has been often seen in the public journals and magazines — in "Hood's," in the "Keepsake," and in several literary periodicals. She has also published a collection of her poems, which we cannot help thinking are full of interest and beauty. And doubtless the reader who chances to see her name in print again will read her productions with all the greater interest, after having read the above account of her sufferings, her difficulties, and her triumphs.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LORD METCALFE.*

Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, was born in Calcutta on the 30th of January, 1785. His father, Major Metcalfe, realized a fortune, as "agent for military stores," returned to England when Charles was still young, and having bought a house in Portland Place, became soon after M.P. and an East India director.

There were other sons besides Charles, and after a brief schooling at Bromley, in Middlesex, the two eldest, Charles being then eleven years of age, were entered at Eton. As a schoolboy, it appears that he was quiet and retiring—was neither a cricketer nor a boater, but a great reader, and with a strong literary turn, sending anecdotes to the *Naval Chronicle*, and enlivening the *Military Journal* with his Etonian lucubrations.

Major Metcalfe being an East India director, the career of his sons was chalked out for them before they were almost old enough to know what to anticipate. A China writership, Mr. Kaye remarks, was, in those days, the best bit of preferment in the world. It was a certain fortune in a very few years. And accordingly, Theophilus, the eldest, was despatched to China, while Charles had his writership assigned to him in Calcutta.

Charles was not at this time so young but that, before he left this country, he owned that power which is destined to sway all some time or other in their lives.

It was arranged, therefore, that Theophilus should sail for China in the spring, and that Charles should embark for Calcutta in the summer. In the meanwhile the boys were to enjoy themselves as best they could. Charles, though of a retiring disposition, did not dislike society; and there were a few families, in the neighborhood of his father's house, to whom he was a frequent visitor. In one of these there was a young lady, a little older than himself, with whom he fell in love at first sight. He was first introduced to her, on the day after he left Eton, at a ball in his father's house. After that event he frequently saw her, either at his own house or her mother's. The charms of the young lady, not merely those of external beauty and grace, made a deep and abiding impression on his mind; and he was long afterwards of opinion, that this boyish attachment, pure and disinterested as it was, had a beneficial influence on his character. He corresponded with her for some time afterwards, and her "sensible letters" heightened his admiration. They are almost the only part of his correspondence which has not survived him. The exception tells its own story.

The circumstance was, however—notwithstanding the kindly view the "fervent biographer" has taken of it—much, to be regretted in a youth placed as Charles Metcalfe was, and it led to subsequent discontent and yearning for home, when, with the best prospects in the world, there was nothing but progress to be looked to.

The ideas associated with a writership in India are a close adhesion to the desk, a

* The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada. From Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by himself, his family, and his friends. By John William Kaye. London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

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zealous study of languages, and a gradual initiation into those mysteries of East Indian politics by which a host of the most heterogeneous materials are held together in some sort of harmony. Whatever it may be with others, it was not so with Charles Metcalfe, who belonged to a great privileged class; the son of an East India director, he had many friends in the settlement, and he had a passport to the best society in Calcutta.

Accordingly, the entries in the young writer's journal for some weeks after his arrival seem to be the only writing he cared to be troubled with, and these are mere records of the places at which he dined and at which he danced. We find him, for a "diffident youth," "short, and somewhat homely in appearance," launching forth into the gayeties of Calcutta with great nerve and spirit: getting first a cocked hat, (20 rupees,) then a palanquin, (160 rupees,) and next a khitmudgar, an hircarrah, a masaulchee, and a tailor!

True, he did bethink himself amid all these gayeties of studying the language, and he secured the services of a moonshee; but after two days' trial he dismissed him, finding him of no use; and it was not till he was admitted on the rolls of the College of Fort William that he set himself seriously to work to acquire Oriental knowledge.

Charles was then in his seventeenth year; and Lord Wellesley, who had always befriended him, was not unwilling to sanction his premature escape from college, by an appointment as assistant to the Resident at the Court of Dowlut Rao Scindiah.

And so (says his biographer) ended Charles Metcalfe's first year in India. The experienced Anglo-Indian reader will see in it, peradventure, the reflection of his own trial-year. When throughout the hot months and the rainy season of this year 1801, the young exile felt an irresistible desire to return to his old home, with all its charming associations of love and liberty, his longings were only those of a large proportion of the young exiles who, in loneliness of heart and captivity of person, struggle feebly through this first dreary season of probation. By the old, forgetful of their own experiences, this despondency, attributable as it is in part to physical and in part to moral causes, may be regarded as boyish weakness. But it is weakness better than any strength. Charles Metcalfe had a very warm human heart; and I do not think the reader will admire him the less for being forced to love him more.

Charles Metcalfe's destination was those remote provinces which lie between the Jumma and the Nerbudda, and which had at that time been but little explored. The Mahrattas were then dominant in that fine country. The hereditary enmity of Scindiah and Holkar was rending and distracting it. It was what the natives call a time of trouble. British interests were represented at the court of the former by Colonel Collins—an officer of the Company's army—who, in more than one political situation, had done good service to the state, but whose private amiability, we are told, was not equal to his diplomatic address.

On his way to Oujein, Charles Metcalfe travelled from Cawnpore to Lucknow in the suite of Lord Wellesley, and the pageantry he witnessed first made him begin to think that the bright Oriental tinting of the "Arabian Nights" had nothing fabulous about it. The official connection of Charles Metcalfe with Scindiah's court was, however, brief and unsatisfactory. "My situation was very disagreeable," he wrote in his journal, before he had been more than a few weeks attached to the Residency; and he very soon formed the resolution of seeking more congenial employment elsewhere.

So great was the influence of the East India director, or so strong an impression had his son made upon Lord Wellesley, that the throwing up of his situation at the court of Scindiah, instead of hurting his prospects, opened the way to his employment at the presidency itself, as an assistant in the office of the chief secretary to government—a situation to which the ambitious commonly turn their eyes as the stepping-stone to ultimate greatness.

From this time Charles Metcalfe looked steadily forward. There were no more vain retrospects—no more idle regrets. He had formed the resolution of not leaving the country until the governor-generalship of India was in his hands. And that such would be the end of his career, we are told by his biographer, was not a mere passing thought—an impulsive hope—but an abiding and sustaining conviction.

All through the year 1803, and the earlier part of 1804, Charles Metcalfe continued to graduate in Indian politics, under the directorship of Lord Wellesley. It was a season of unusual excitement. Our relations with the Mahratta states were just beginning to involve us in the greatest war in which we had ever been engaged in India. Lake and Wellesley were in the field, waiting the opportunity to strike. When the campaign began in earnest against Holkar, young Metcalfe was despatched to the camp of the

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commander-in-chief as a political assistant. He started in good spirits, and under happy auspices; but he did not proceed far without meeting with an adventure.

Before he reached Cawnpore, at some point of the road which I cannot precisely indicate, he was set upon by robbers. He was asleep in his palanquin when he fell amongst these thieves, and, according to custom, was abandoned by his bearers. One of his assailants had a club in his hand, which young Metcalfe seized; another then struck at him with a tulwar, or sword, cut off the ends of two of his fingers, and wounded him on the head and on the breast. Single-handed, it was impossible to save his property, but his life he might save; so, finding resistance useless, he staggered away from his assailants, and following a path through the jungle, he soon found himself on the bank of a broad river or stream. There, faint from loss of blood, he sank down, and, as he lay on the ground, thoughts of home came thick upon him. It flashed upon his mind that his parents were not improbably at that very time at Abingdon races, talking with some friends about their absent son, and little thinking of the danger and the suffering to which he was at that moment exposed. These thoughts made a deep impression on his mind; but he presently roused himself to action, and tottered back as best he could to the spot where his palanquin was lying; but found that the robbers had not yet made off with their spoil. After a little while, however, they went, having despoiled the traveller of all the baggage which he carried with him—never any great amount on a dawk-journey—and effected their escape. Metcalfe was then carried on to Cawnpore, where, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Richardson, he soon recovered from his wounds, and proceeded onwards to the camp of the commander-in-chief.

Lake was then on the banks of the Jumna, Holkar was hanging on his rear, and in the full indulgence of the predatory habits of his tribe. When Charles Metcalfe arrived at head-quarters, he was received with all courtesy and kindness, but, unfortunately, he was also regarded with some mistrust. He was a civilian in the midst of a community of soldiers. He was called a clerk, and sneered at as a non-combatant. But Charles Metcalfe, though he wore neither the King's nor the Company's uniform, had as much of the true spirit of the soldier in him as any officer in camp, and an opportunity of showing this was not long in presenting itself.

The fortress of Deeg, distant some forty-five miles from Agra, was garrisoned by the allied troops of our enemies, Holkar and the Rajah of Bhurtpore. In the month of December, General Lake, who had determined upon the reduction of the place, encamped within sight of it, and awaited the arrival of his battering-train from Agra. On the 13th, having been joined by his guns, he took up his position before the fortress, and commenced an attack upon the outworks. On the 17th the breaching battery was ready for action; but such was the strength of the walls, that it was not until the 23d that the breach was reported practicable, and dispositions made for the assault on the following day.

The storming party was told off, and Metcalfe volunteered to accompany it. He was one of the first who entered the breach. There are soldiers now living who remember that memorable Christmas-eve, and delight to speak of the gallantry of the young civilian. The "clerk" fairly won his spurs, and shared with the most distinguished of his comrades the honors no less than the dangers of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. In the commander-in-chief's despatch, the name of Metcalfe was honorably mentioned. "Before I conclude this despatch," wrote Lord Lake, "I cannot help mentioning the spirited conduct of Mr. Metcalfe, a civil servant, who volunteered his services with the storming party, and, as I am informed, was one of the first in the breach." Afterwards, the fine old soldier called him his "little stormer."

Upon this exploit, which nothing but the peculiar position in which the youth was placed can excuse, his mother wrote sensibly enough: "One would think you imagined that your prospect in life was desperate instead of its being one of the finest." The fact is, it is one of those acts which reason condemns, but which the heart cannot help admiring. Charles Metcalfe had also several objects in view: there was not only the desire to show his military companions that he was ready and willing to share their dangers, but there was also nothing to be left undone to increase an influence already in the ascendant, in order to arrive ultimately at the goal of his ambition.

From Deeg the grand army marched upon Bhurtpore, and when a light brigade was detached under General Smith, to drive back a threatened relief under Ameer Khan, young Metcalfe conducted all the diplomátic business of the campaign. This was the most responsible situation he had yet filled, as he was thrown entirely on his own resources. As his biographer remarks, he was now fast becoming a personage of some political importance—taking, indeed, a place in history, and that, too, before he was of age.

When peace was concluded with the Rajah of Bhurtpore on the 21st of April, 1805, Metcalfe wished to return to Calcutta, the more especially as his patron, Lord Wellesley, had just been superseded by Lord Cornwallis; but he was dissuaded by Sir John, then Colonel, Malcolm, who induced him to

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remain at the scene of action. At this time, Lord Lake's army was cantoned among the ruined mausolea and decaying palaces of Muttra, Agra, and Secundra. The still unsettled state of the north-west provinces gave the "politicals" constant work and uneasiness, and young Metcalfe was soon called upon to render the same services to General Dowdeswell's division in the Doab which he had rendered in the spring of the year to General Smith. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe used to call this kind of employment "nursing king's officers;" but these "nurses" have since come to be called "politicals," and Charles Metcalfe was almost the first of the race.

Charles Metcalfe was now only in his twenty-second year, but he had passed nearly six of these in the public service, and was already a ripe diplomatist. By all who knew him—by his principal friends and official associates—he was held in such estimation that not one of them hesitated to predict his speedy attainment of the highest honors of his profession. He had not, therefore, long to wait before he received an appointment as first assistant to the Resident at Delhi. Time was when he would have regarded this appointment with some contempt; but, as his biographer justly remarks, the political service was not then what it once had been in the palmy days of the "glorious little man" who had set Charles Metcalfe on the high-road which leads to fame and fortune. Mr. Seton had lately succeeded Colonel Ochterlony as Resident at Delhi, and he held young Metcalfe in the greatest possible esteem.

Our young diplomatist was thus for a time fairly and comfortably settled at Delhi—the imperial city of the Great Mogul. The necessity, however, of building a house on a city of ruins, caused an increase of expenditure which led to some temporary embarrassments, but which prudence and resolution soon enabled him to recover from. Disliking, as he did, the combination of revenue and judicial employments with political, still he was obliged to work actively at all three, till, on the accession of Lord Minto to office, he was sent on a special misson to Lahore. This was at a time when all Europe was bound in a league against Great Britain, and the shadow of a gigantic enemy advancing from those vast tracts of country which lie beyond the Sutlej and the Indus to the conquest of India, already haunted the imaginations of British statesmen. To meet the emergency of the case, Sir John Malcolm was despatched to the court of Persia, Mountstuart Elphinstone to Cabul, and Charles Metcalfe to the court of Runjeet Singh. He thus, at twenty-three, became the pioneer of that great scheme of diplomacy by which Persia, Afganistan, and the Punjab were to be erected into friendly barriers against Russo-Gallic invasion.

The Maharajah received Metcalfe with outward demonstrations of good-will, but his want of good faith soon led to difficulties and misunderstandings. Runjeet was zealous and suspicious of the British government, and it required all the tact and perseverance of the young diplomatist to do any thing with him. Great difficulty was experienced at the very outset to get the Rajah even to receive the propositions of the British government. When this was got over, it led to nothing but a series of consultations, each less conclusive than the other. The difficulties which the young diplomatist had to contend with were indeed many and great. He soon perceived that in Runjeet Singh he had to deal with a man inordinately ambitious himself, and out of measure suspicious of the designs of others. This distrust of the British mission was not long in assuming the form of open discourtesy. The native bankers were afraid to cash the envoy's bills, and supplies were refused to the mission. All intercourse between the camp and the Sikhs was especially interdicted. But Metcalfe had certain great ends to accomplish, and he would not be arrested or turned aside by any obstructions but those of the greatest national import and significance.

But that which most embarrassed him at this time, was the unscrupulous course of territorial aggrandizement which Runjeet was determined on pursuing in the face of the British mission. On the 25th of September, he, without any previous notice, broke up his camp at Kussoor, and prepared to cross the Sutlej, his object being to capture the fortress and surrounding territory of Fureed-Kote—a tract of country in the domain of the Rajah of Puttealah, one of the chief of the group of the Cis-Sutlej states, and at that time in the hands of rebels.

But while Metcalfe was thus being dragged about in the suite of the predatory Sikh, Lord Minto decided that this aggressiveness on his part should be stemmed, and that the lesser chiefs between the Sutlej and Jumna should be supported. A division was ordered for service on the banks of the Sutlej, under Colonel Ochterlony, and after the usual amount of delay, dissimulation, and tergiver-

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sation, Runjeet was induced to sign a treaty which, during a subsequent reign of thirty years, was never violated.

Metcalfe, on his return to Delhi, was summoned to Calcutta, and appointed Deputy Secretary to the Governor, at that time about to depart for Madras, where disturbances had broken out among the British troops. Nothing particular occurred in this mission, and on his return he was appointed Resident at the court of Scindiah. But this second residence at the same Court was not destined to be of long continuance: at the commencement of the following year, 1811, he was translated to the Delhi Residency.

It was at this period of his life, when he had just completed his twenty-fifth year, that Metcalfe laid the foundation of a fortune which would have creditably sustained the peerage he ultimately won, by not only making a resolution to lay by 800 rupees (100*l.*) out of 2000 he received per month, but by having the firmness and constancy to carry it into practice. With all this prudence it is but just to observe, that Metcalfe was throughout life a liberal, a generous, and a charitable man; indeed, it is only your prudent men who can afford to be either.

It is needless to enter into the details of diplomatic and administrative labors at Delhi. Stripped of his externals, the *burra sahib*, or great lord of the imperial city, says his biographer, was but a solitary exile, continually disquieted by thoughts of home. But he lived with the harness on his back, and incessant occupation preserved him from despondency or oppression.

Among the troubles of the Residency, not the least were those which arose out of the folly of the Mogul, Akbar Shah, who had succeeded to the old blind emperor, Shah Allum, and the wickedness of his family and dependents.

There were things done in the palace, and duly reported to the Resident, in violation of all laws human and divine. The crimes which were thus committed, sometimes behind the sanctity of the *purdah*, greatly disquieted Metcalfe, for it was difficult either to prevent their commission, or to deal with them when they were committed. One day it was reported to him by the officer in command of the palace-guard, whose duty it was to take cognisance of all that passed within the limits of the imperial residence, that two of the young princes had been playing the parts of common robbers—oiling their naked persons, then rushing with drawn swords among the startled inmates of the zenana, and forcibly carrying off their property. Another time it was announced to him that one of these princes had murdered a woman in the palace, either by beating her to death or compelling her to swallow opium. Again tidings came to him that one of the ladies of the emperor's establishment had murdered a female infant. Then it was reported to the Resident that the imperial quarters had been rendered a general receptacle for stolen goods and sequestered property. Then a knotty question arose as to whether the slave-trade, having been prohibited in the city of Delhi, should be allowed to survive in the palace. Then it appeared that the emperor himself, after sundry intrigues at Calcutta, was intriguing with the Newab Wuzeer of Oude, through the agency of his favorite son, the Prince Jehanguire, who, on the pretext of attending a marriage festival, had gone to Lucknow, from Allahabad, where he was a state prisoner, to beseech the Newab to intercede with the British government for the augmentation of his father's stipend.

Nothwithstanding Metcalfe's prudence in money matters, his liberality and hospitality involved him in a rather unpleasant position at Delhi. Misconduct on the part of the Bhurtpore Rajah, and other symptoms of general inquietude, also came to disturb the routine of general political duties. The greater part of the long administration with which this narrative occupies itself, is indeed, like the rest of the modern annals of Indian rule, marked by continual hostilities with neighboring states. Such are the inevitable penalties of the juxta-position of civilization and barbarity. Among the first of these was the war with Nepal—the events of which are not connected with the biography of Charles Metcalfe by any other link than that of the correspondence which he carried on with many of the chief actors in it.

Metcalfe's views upon the settlement of Central India were of a rather arbitrary character; they were to the effect that, with regard to all the great military states and predatory powers, it was clearly our interest to annihilate them, or to reduce them to a state of weakness, subjection, and dependence. And with regard to the weak, and harmless, and well-disposed petty states, though it was not so indispensably necessary for our vital interests that we should support them, yet it was a just and proper object of wise and liberal policy. These plans, however, adopted by Lord Hastings, were not approved of by the home authorities.

At length, in October, 1818, Metcalfe's residence in Central India was brought to a close by his appointment to the conjoined situation of Private and Political Secretary to the Governor-General. There was irksomeness, however, even in this elevated position. There is, indeed, it is well known, no perfect,

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unalloyed happiness here below. "Mornings and days," he wrote to a friend at this time, "I have been at work, and as hard as possible; and every night, and all night, at least to a late hour, I have been at all sorts of gay parties. I have been raking terribly, and know not when it will stop; for, to confess the truth, I find I rather like it. But I hope the hot weather will check it, for though I do not dislike it, I cannot approve what is contrary to all my notions of what is wholesome for body and mind."

Charles Metcalfe solaced himself amidst the discontents of what is designated, upon rather debatable grounds, "a dreary present," with dreams of a brilliant future. When that airy fiction was converted, fifteen years afterwards, into a substantial fact, was he in reality any happier? Certain it is that before he had been a year in Calcutta he had grown weary of the place and of his high office; and after dreaming of a lieutenant governorship of Central and Upper India, he accepted the appointment of Resident at the Court of the Nizam at Hyderabad.

It was no insignificant task for the editor and biographer of Charles Metcalfe's life and career, that each new government that he entered upon had to be preceded by a general history of the political and administrative condition of the country, before our diplomatist entered upon his projected reforms or remedial measures. Hyderabad was, no more than any other of his posts, destined to be a scene of unalloyed triumphs to the laborious administrator; a dispute arose between the Resident and the house of Palmer & Co., generally known by the name given to it by Metcalfe himself, as the "Plunder of the Nizam," which caused an estrangement between Lord Hastings and Metcalfe, and which was only healed on the former quitting the seat of government, but afterwards broke out with furious activity in England.

At length sickness overtook our diplomatist, now Sir Charles Metcalfe, and obliged him to quit the scene of most vexatious conflicts. He returned to Calcutta, and it appears to have been during the leisure of convalescence that he first entertained those views on the great question of the liberty of the press, a practical solution of which was among the greatest measures of his public life.

It was not, however, till after Sir Charles had once more visited the scene of his earlier administrative labors, Delhi, and the fall of Bhurtpore had been achieved, that he obtained a seat in the Council of India. "The highest prize in the regular line of the service," his biographer remarks, "was now gained. It was his privilege to take his seat at the same Board with the Governor-General—to make minutes on every possible subject of domestic administration and foreign policy—to draw a salary of 10,000*l*. a year—to be addressed as an 'Honorable'—and to subside into a nonentity."

Certain it is, that Sir Charles did not work well with his colleagues; society he enjoyed tolerably, so much so as to have thought of building a grand ball-room, which was to cost 20,000 rupees; but his letters at this date, and which are replete with interest, show a mind dissatisfied with itself, and with all from whom he sought public coöperation. Nor was this untoward state of things much improved when Lord William Bentinck succeeded Lord Amherst as Governor-General. Metcalfe soon discovered that "they did not approximate—that there was little sympathy between them." This coldness was, however, of brief duration. "If Lord William Bentinck had arrived in India with any foregone conclusions hostile to his colleague, they were soon discarded as unworthy prejudices, utterly at variance with his growing experience of the fine qualities of the man. There was the same simplicity of character, the same honesty of purpose, the same strength of resolution—in a word, the same manliness of character in them both; and Metcalfe soon ceased to complain that they did not draw towards each other. Before the Governor-General commenced his first tour to the Upper Provinces, a friendship had grown up between the two statesmen which nothing but death could terminate or diminish."

On the 20th of November, 1833, Sir Charles was appointed to the newly-created government of Agra, and a month afterwards he was nominated Provisional Governor-General of India on the death, resignation, or going away of Lord William Bentinck. Allahabad was designated as the seat of the new presidency; and when at length Sir Charles took his departure, all classes, Europeans, natives, and Eurasians, (mixed races) vied with each other in doing honor to the departing statesman. The ladies gave a fancy ball, and the missionaries presented an address. Yet four sentences suffice to describe his government of Agra. He went to Allahabad—he pitched his tents in the fort—he held a levee—and he returned to Calcutta. He had scarcely reached the seat of his government, when advices of the speedy departure of the Governor-General, and the

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certainty that no successor would be immediately appointed, compelled hisr eturn to the presidency. He arrived just in time to take an affectionate leave of Lord and Lady William Bentinck; and on the 20th of March, 1834, he became, what more than thirty years before he declared that he would become—Governor-General of India.

This was however only, after all, a provisional governorship; the Whig government at home held that it was more expedient to appoint an English statesman, than one trained in either of the Indian services, to so high and responsible a situation; but while they were looking about for a fit person, the Tories, with Sir Robert Peel at their head, came in, and at once nominated Lord Heytesbury. Before, however, the latter could even get away, the Whigs were again in power, and Lord Auckland ultimately received the appointment. It was during this brief enjoyment of power that Sir Charles Metcalfe liberated the press of India—an important measure, which made him lose caste with many of his oldest friends, but which received the sanction of the new Governor-General.

As an indemnification for the loss of the provisional governor-generalship, Lord Auckland brought out with him the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath; a public investiture took place, and Sir Charles was induced to accept the lieutenant-governorship of the North-Western Provinces. He did not, however, retain this appointment long; so early as the 8th of August, 1837, he addressed a letter to Lord Auckland, saying that it was with great regret he found himself compelled to resign his office, on or about the following 1st of January, in order that he might embark for England during the approaching sailing season, and retire from the service of the East India Company. The cause of this application is discussed at length by his biographer, and it appears to resolve itself into a justifiable sensitiveness upon the subject of the legislation of the liberty of the press, and a feeling that he had lost the confidence of the Board of Directors.

So correct was this almost intuitive feeling of the position in which he was placed, that scarcely an effort was made to induce him to alter his resolve; and as the time for his departure grew near, public entertainments were given, and addresses began to pour in upon him. Nothing could exceed the demonstrationsof respect and attachment which greeted the departing statesman. Soldiers and civilians, merchants and tradesmen, Europeans and natives, united to do him honor. His residence in Calcutta was brief; but from first to last it was a great ovation, and at last, on the 15th of February, 1838, Sir Charles Metcalfe, after thirty-eight years of constant labor for the welfare of India, left that country for having done too much for it—at least, more than was acceptable to those who wished to rule irresponsibly, and with a gagged press.

Sir Charles Metcalfe took up his abode, on his return to England, on his paternal estate of Fern-hill, near Windsor. Transplanting thither the exuberant hospitality of the East, he soon found that what would do at Allipore and Garden-reach would not answer in Berkshire. Money, the high-minded man felt, was made for better uses than to be thrown away on dinners and balls, horses, coaches, and servants. He did not care to thrust the paternal inheritance and his own hard savings into the plush pockets of fastidious flunkeys. Nor did idleness without leisure, and obscurity without retirement, suit either his temper or his disposition. A Radical in politics, he had always coveted a seat in Parliament, yet now that such distinction was within his grasp, he disliked a mere purchase on the one hand, and shrank back on the other from the large amount of solicitation involved in being returned by a great constituency. His hesitations upon this point were set at rest by the offer of the government of Jamaica. The offer was not a tempting one. He was invited to brave an unhealthy climate; to administer the affairs of a disorganized government; and to grapple with a convulsed state of society. Metcalfe, however, believed or felt that he was wanted once more in the breach, and he accepted.

Metcalfe's policy in Jamaica was of an especially conciliatory character. There was the labor question—the new difficulties that had arisen between the proprietary classes and the emancipated slaves—the missionaries and the stipendiary magistrates, fomenting discord: Metcalfe endeavored to inculcate charity and harmony. Among all these incoherent materials he succeeded to that degree during his short administration, that, as his biographer justly remarks, his success is almost without a parallel. He reconciled the colony with the mother country; he reconciled all classes of colonial society; and whilst he won the approbation of his sovereign, he carried with him, also, the hearts of the people.

Unfortunately, the progress of a fatal malady compelled him to quit the scene of such useful labors. The first slight symp-

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toms of a painful local disease, which gradually ate into his life, had made their appearance some years before in India. A red spot upon the cheek—a drop of blood, to which a friend called his attention one day in Calcutta, had been the first visible sign of the slowly-developed mischief. From that time the progress of the disease had been steady, although gradual and almost imperceptible. It assumed the form of an ulcerous affection of the cheek, at first painless, but under the influence of a West Indian climate it became both painful and malignant. He bore up against it with heroic firmness—took arsenic till his fingers swelled, yet never complained; but he was forced to leave a climate so unfavorable to his complaint.

On his return to England, a consultation was held whether the malady was to be treated medically or surgically. The latter was chosen, and Sir Charles was put to the most grievous tortures, in vain attempts to eradicate the disease by caustic. But although there was such a disturbance of the system as to excite some apprehensions for his safety, not a word of complaint escaped from him. Some improvement was obtained, and he was recommended to favor it by retirement and country air. Metcalfe had felt himself all this time neglected, the responsible advisers of the crown having taken no notice of him since his return. He was rejoiced, then, when the improvement in his health enabled him to accept the royal command to dine at Windsor Castle, and where he met, for the first time, Sir Robert Peel, who was then at the head of the government.

As a result of this interview, the government of Canada was offered to him; and although in such shattered health, Sir Charles had but one standard of right whereby on all such occasions to regulate his personal conduct. The decision had nothing to do with self. The only question to be considered was, whether he thought he could render service to the state, and the result was, that he did not hesitate to place himself at the disposal of the crown.

Thus a few weeks of happiness at Deer Park, checkered by severe bodily suffering, had barely elapsed before he was again on his way to a new country and a new government. If Jamaica was in an unsettled state when Sir Charles took up the reins, it was worse with Canada during the short period of Sir Charles's government, from 1843 to 1845. He, however, addressed himself to his work in a quiet, resolute spirit, with the calm consciousness of a man knowing that he was about to do his best in all honesty and sincerity, and that there were no personal considerations to cause him to swerve one hair's breadth from the path of duty. He had not come to Canada to serve himself—but to serve the state. If he failed, therefore, his failure would have been forced upon him; it would not be self-incurred.

The system of toleration and conciliation adopted, however, with such success in Jamaica, was lost upon such violent antagonism as existed in Canada between the loyal or English, the reform or Irish-American, and the alien or French parties. The very attempt to conciliate brought down the whole English council upon the new governor, led to an open rupture, and a temporary state of suspension of the constitution. Never was Sir Charles Metcalfe, with all his administrative experience, placed in so trying a situation as he was by the rupture in Canada. Only his fine temper, his high courage, and his sustaining sense of rectitude, could have enabled him to bear up against such trials. His firmness and consistency in this great struggle between the British rule in Canada and the popular branch of the legislature, and the unwonted energy he displayed in fighting the battles of the crown, were rewarded by the peerage. Alas! the tardy honor came when Sir Charles, now Lord Metcalfe, was racked by the severest bodily anguish; threatened with total loss of sight, and in apprehension of being soon deprived of the powers of articulation!

It has been said that half the sorrows of life are included in the little words "Too late." It would be easy, looking only at the outside of things, to make special application of this pregnant truth—easy to moralize on the vanity of human wishes, and to show that Metcalfe had clutched a bauble, which he had yearned for all his life, when he was past the power of enjoying its possession. But they who have read aright the character of the man will make no such application of the aphorism. If Metcalfe had died that night, the honors conferred upon him by the crown would not have come too late. They would not have come too late to convince him—not that he had done his duty, for on that subject the testimony of his conscience was most conclusive—but that what he had done was appreciated by the state which he had so faithfully served. They would not have come too late to assure him that sooner, or later, even in this world, such honesty of purpose, such rectitude of conduct, such fidelity to the throne, such love for the people, such abnegation of self, as had distinguished his career of public service, will secure their reward. It would not have come too late to encourage others, and to be a lesson to the world.

Lord Metcalfe remained, however, at his post to the last; he would not leave it while

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there was work to be done; but he was dying—dying no less surely for the strong will that sustained him and the vigorous intellect that glowed in his shattered frame. A little while and he might die at his post; but the Queen had graciously expressed her willingness that he should be relieved, his own council besought him to depart, and at last he consented, ere another winter set in, to embark for England. He left the colony, which he had so ably ruled at the turning-point of its career, cheered by a chorus of gratitude and praise swollen by the voices of all parties.

Soon after his return to England, Lord Metcalfe retired to Malshanger. He never took his seat in the House of Lords. The Garter King-of-Arms wrote to him, with a formula of the prescribed ceremony; and court robe-makers sought his Lordship's patronage. But he smiled sorrowfully as he thought, now that the dreams of his ambitious youth had been realized, and the doors of Parliament thrown wide open to him, that he would never be suffered to cross the threshold.

His patience and fortitude under a severe affliction remained the same to the last. In the words of his biographer, "All his old tenderness—his consideration for others—his pure unselfishness—still beautified his daily life." He never uttered a word of complaint, and it was a privilege to attend upon one so grateful for small kindnesses, so unwilling to give trouble, and so resigned under every dispensation.

He never betook himself to the sick-room, but, as far as his infirmities would allow him, went about his daily avocations, or rather lived his habitual life, with little outward alteration. He received visits from his friends. He received letters, many suggesting remedies for his disorder, and he dictated answers. His last days were cheered, not only by the sympathy and admiration of his friends, but by expressions of respect and admiration from the Eastern and Western worlds. The Oriental Club voted him an address—the Canadian Council sent another. The Metcalfe Hall, erected in Calcutta by public subscription to commemorate the—to Lord Metcalfe untoward—act of the liberation of the press, was completed, and his bust was placed in it—a worthy memorial of a worthy man.

The dreadful progress of his disease having caused the bursting of a vein in his neck, the hemorrhage was so alarming that Mr. Martin, who had continued to visit him, was summoned from London by electric telegraph. When this gentleman arrived at Malshanger, he found the patient in his usual sitting-room, greatly exhausted by loss of blood. The members of his family had been vainly endeavoring to persuade him to suffer himself to be carried up stairs to his sleeping apartment. Against this he had resolutely protested; and he now said to Martin, "I am glad you are come; for I feel rather faint from loss of blood. They wanted to carry me up stairs, but to that I have strong objections—what do you say?" On ascertaining the state of Metcalfe's circulation, Mr. Martin stated his opinion that, with some little aid, the patient might be able to walk up to his bedroom. The decision seemed quite to revive him. "That's right," he said; "I thought you would say so. I would not allow them to carry me." He then sent for a bundle of walking-sticks, collected in different parts of the world, and taking one brought from Niagara, said to Martin, "You keep that." He then selected another, a bamboo, known in India as a Penang Lawyer, and grasping it firmly, said, "Now, with Martin on one side and the Penang Lawyer on the other, I think we shall make it out." Thus he went up stairs to his chamber. And in spite of the increased faintness which the exertion occasioned, all rejoiced that the inclinations of the noble sufferer had not been thwarted.

Mary Higginson, the daughter of a dear friend, a child of merely seven years of age, read God's blessed Word to the dying statesman, and he received the glad tidings of salvation as if he himself were also as a little child: so great was the simplicity and sincerity of his heart. At length he was relieved from pain, and on the 5th of September, 1846, with a calm sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker.

The life of such a man is a national record. All the honors are not with the successful warrior alone. Lord Metcalfe was not a conqueror, but he was more—he was a pacificator of worlds. As Macaulay has nobly said, "He was tried in many high places and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all. He calmed evil passions, he reconciled contending factions." He upheld the honor of the British name, and he consolidated British rule by pacific measures only, and that, perhaps, to as great an extent as any one of his more warlike contemporaries. This is a lesson not to be lost sight of; Mr. John William Kaye has placed it before the world in a clear, eloquent, and attractive form—there could not be a more suitable or a more gratifying monument to the memory of a great man than that which is contained in his own biography honestly and pleasantly written.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

SWIFT: HIS LIFE AND GENIUS.*

In dividing the history of English literature into periods, it is customary to take the interval between the year 1688 and the year 1727 as constituting one of those periods. This interval includes the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. If we do not bind ourselves too precisely to the year 1727 as closing the period, the division is proper enough. There *are* characteristics about the time thus marked out, which distinguish it from previous and from subsequent portions of our literary history. Dryden, Locke, and some other notabilities of the Restoration, lived into this period, and may be regarded as partly belonging to it: but the names more peculiarly representing it, are those of Swift, Burnet, Addison, Steele, Pope, Shaftesbury, Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Prior, Parnell, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Rowe, Defoe, and Cibber. The names in this cluster disperse themselves over the three reigns which the period includes, some of them having already been known as early as the accession of William, while others survived the first George, and continued to add to their celebrity during the reign of his successor; but the most brilliant portion of the period was from 1702 to 1714 or thereby, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Hence the name of "wits of Queen Anne's reign," commonly applied to the writers of the whole period.

A while ago this used to be spoken of as the golden or Augustan age of English literature. We do not talk in that manner now. We feel that when we get among the authors of the times of Queen Anne and the first George, we are among very pleasant and very clever men, but by no means among giants. In coming down to this period from those going before it, we have an immediate sensation of having left the region of "greatness" behind us. We still find plenty of good writing, characterized by certain qualities of trimness, artificial grace, and the like, to a degree not before attained; here and there also, we discern something like real power and strength, breaking through the prevailing element; but, on the whole, there is an absence of what, except by a compromise of language, could be called "great." It is the same whether we regard largeness of imaginative faculty, loftiness of moral spirit, or vigor of speculative capacity, as principally concerned in imparting the character of "greatness" to literature. What of genius in the ideal survived the seventeenth century in England, contented itself with nice little imaginations of scenes and circumstances connected with the artificial life of the time; the moral quality most in repute was kindliness or courtesy: and speculation did not go beyond that point where thought retains the form either of ordinary good sense, or of keen momentary wit. No sooner, in fact, do we pass the time of Milton, than we feel that we have done with the sublimities. A kind of lumbering largeness does remain in the intellectual gait of Dryden and his contemporaries, as if the age still wore the armor of the old literary forms, though not at home in it; but in Pope's days, even the affectation of the "great" had ceased. Not slowly to build up a grand poem of continuous ideal action, not quietly and at leisure to weave forth tissues of fantastic imagery, not perseveringly and laboriously to prosecute one track of speculation and bring it to a close, not earnestly and courageously to throw one's whole soul into a work of moral agitation and reform, was now what was regarded as natural in literature. On the contrary, he was a wit or a literary man, who, living in the midst of the social bustle, or on the skirts of it, could throw forth, in the easiest manner, little essays, squibs, and *jeux d'esprit*, pertinent to the rapid occasions of the hour, and never tasking the mind too long or too much. This was the time when that great distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, which for a century and a half has existed in Great Britain as a kind of permanent social condition, affecting

* 1. *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.* A series of Lectures. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder & Co.: 1853.
2. *The Life of Swift.* By Sir Walter Scott. Edinburgh: Cadell: 1848.

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the intellectual activity of all natives from the moment of their birth, first began to be practically operative. It has, on the whole, been a wretched thing for the mind of England to have had this necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory put so prominently before it. Perhaps, in all times, some similar necessity of taking one side or the other in some current form of controversy has afflicted the leading minds, and tormented the more genial among them; but we question if ever in this country in previous times there was a form of controversy, so little to be identified, in real reason, with the one only true controversy between good and evil, and so capable, therefore, of breeding confusion and mischief, when so identified in practice, as this poor controversy of Whig and Tory which came in with the Revolution. To be called upon to be either a Puritan or a Cavalier—there was some possibility of complying with *that* call, and still leading a tolerably free and large intellectual life; though possibly it was one cause of the rich mental development of the Elizabethan epoch, that the men of that time were exempt from any personal obligation of attending even to this distinction. But to be called upon to be either a Whig or a Tory—why, how on earth can one retain any of the larger humanities about him, if society is to hold him by the neck between two stools such as these, pointing alternately to the one and to the other, and incessantly asking him on which of the two he means to sit? Into a mind trained to regard adhesiveness to one or other of these stools as the first rule of duty or of prudence, what thoughts of any high interest can find their way? Or, if any such do find their way, how are they to be adjusted to so mean a rule? Nowadays, our higher spirits solve the difficulty by kicking both stools down, and plainly telling society that they will not bind themselves to sit on either, or even on both put together. Hence partly, it is that, in recent times, we have had renewed specimens of the "great" or "sublime" in literature—the poetry, for example, of a Byron, a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson. But, in the interval between 1688 and 1727, there was not one wit alive whom society let off from the necessity of being, and declaring himself, either a Whig or a Tory. Constitutionally, and by circumstances, Pope was the man who could have most easily obtained the exemption; but even Pope professed himself a Tory. Addison and Steele were Whigs. In short, every literary man was bound, by the strongest of all motives, to keep in view, as a permanent fact qualifying his literary undertakings, the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, and to give to at least a considerable part of his writings the character of pamphlets or essays in the service of his party. To minister by the pen to the occasions of Whiggism and Toryism was, therefore, the main business of the wits both in prose and in verse. Out of these occasions of ministration there of course arose personal quarrels, and these furnished fresh opportunities to the men of letters. Critics of previous writings could be satirized and lampooned and thus the circle of subjects was widened. Moreover, there was abundant matter, capable of being treated consistently with either Whiggism or Toryism, in the social foibles and peculiarities of the day, as we see in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Nor could a genial mind like that of Steele, a man of taste and fine thought like Addison, and an intellect so keen, exquisite, and sensitive as that of Pope, fail to variegate and surround all the duller and harder literature thus called into being, with more lasting touches of the humorous, the fanciful, the sweet, the impassioned, the meditative, and the ideal. Thus from one was obtained the character of a *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from another a *Vision of Mirza*, and from the third a *Windsor Forest*, an *Epistle of Heloise*, and much else that delights us still. After all, however, it remains true that the period of English literature now in question, whatever admirable characteristics it may possess, exhibits a remarkable deficiency of what, with recollections of former periods to guide us in our use of epithets, we should call great or sublime.

With the single exception of Pope, and excepting him only out of deference to his peculiar position as the poet or metrical artist of his day, the greatest name in the history of English literature during the early part of the last century is that of Swift. In certain fine and deep qualities, Addison and Steele, and perhaps Farquhar excelled him, just as in the succeeding generation Goldsmith had a finer vein of genius than was to be found in Johnson with all his massiveness; but in natural brawn and strength, in original energy and force and imperiousness of brain, he excelled them all. It was about the year 1702, when he was already thirty-five years of age, that this strangest specimen of an Irishman, or of an Englishman born in Ireland, first attracted attention in London literary circles. The scene of his first appearance was Button's coffee-house; the witnesses were Addison, Ambrose Phil-

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ips, and other wits, belonging to Addison's little senate, who used to assemble there.

They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behavior for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes sir; I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however, God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.—*Dr. Sheridan's Life of Swift, quoted in Scott's Life.*

If the company present had had sufficient means of information, they would have found that the mad parson with the harsh swarthy features, and eyes "azure as the heavens," whose oddities thus amused them, was Jonathan Swift, then clergyman of Laracor, a rural parish in the diocese of Meath, in Ireland. They would have found that he was an Irishman by birth, though of pure English descent; that he could trace a relationship to Dryden; that, being born after his father's death, he had been educated at the expense of his relatives, at Trinity College, Dublin; that, leaving Ireland in his twenty-second year, and with but a sorry character from the College authorities, he had been received as a humble dependent into the family of Sir William Temple, at Sheen and Moorpark, near London, that courtly whig and ex-ambassador being distantly connected with his mother's family; that here, while acting as Sir William's secretary, amanuensis, librarian, and what not, he had begun to write verses and other trifles, some of which he had shown to Dryden, who had told him in reply that they were sad stuff, and that he would never be a poet; that still, being of a restless ambitious temper, he had not given up hopes of obtaining introduction into public employment in England through Sir William Temple's influence; that, at length, at the age of twenty-eight, despairing of anything better, he had quarrelled with Sir William, returned to Ireland, taken priest's orders, and settled in a living; that again, disgusted with Ireland and his prospects in that country, he had come back to Moorpark and resided there till 1699, when Sir William's death had obliged him finally to return to Ireland, and accept, first, a chaplaincy to Lord Justice Berkeley, and then his present living in the diocese of Meath. If curious about the personal habits of this restless Irish parson, they might have found that he had already won the reputation of an eccentric in his own parish and district; performing his parochial duties when at home, with scrupulous care, yet by his language and manners often shocking all ideas of clerical decorum, and begetting a doubt as to his sincerity in the religion he professed; boisterous, fierce, overbearing and insulting to all about him, yet often doing acts of real kindness; exact and economical in his management of money to the verge of actual parsimony, yet, on occasion, spending his money freely, and never without pensioners living on his bounty. They would have found that he was habitually irritable, and that he was subject to a recurring giddiness of the head, or vertigo, which he had brought on, as he thought himself, by a surfeit of fruit while staying with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. And, what might have been the best bit of gossip of all, they would have found that, though unmarried, and entertaining a most unaccountable and violent aversion to the very idea of marriage, he had taken over to reside with him, or close to his neighborhood, in Ireland, a certain young and beautiful girl named Hester Johnson, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Sir William Temple's house, where she had been brought up, and where, though she passed as a daughter of Sir William's stew-

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ard, she was believed to be, in reality, a natural daughter of Sir William himself. They would have found that his relations to this girl, whom he had himself educated from her childhood at Sheen and Moorpark, were of a very singular and puzzling kind; that, on the one hand, she was devotedly attached to him, and, on the other, he cherished a passionate affection for her, wrote and spoke of her as his "Stella," and liked always to have her near him; yet that a marriage between them seemed not to be thought of by either; and that, in order to have her near him without giving rise to scandal, he had taken the precaution to bring over an elderly maiden lady, called Mrs. Dingley, to reside with her as a companion, and was most careful to be in her society only when this Mrs. Dingley was present.

There was mystery and romance enough, therefore, about the wild, black-browed Irish parson, who attracted the regards of the wits in Button's coffee-house. What had brought him there? That was partly a mystery, too; but the mystery would have been pretty well solved if it had been known that, uncouth-looking clerical lout as he was, he was an author like the rest of them, having just written a political pamphlet which was making, or was to make a good deal of noise in the world, and having at that moment in his pocket at least one other piece which he was about to publish. The political pamphlet was an "Essay on the Civil Discords in Athens and Rome," having an obvious bearing on certain dissensions then threatening to break up the Whig party in Great Britain. It was received as a vigorous piece of writing on the ministerial side, and was ascribed by some to Lord Somers, and by others to Burnet. Swift had come over to claim it, and to see what it and his former connection with Temple could do for him among the leading Whigs. For, the truth was, an ambition equal to his consciousness of power gnawed at the heart of this furious and gifted man, whom a perverse fate had flung away into an obscure vicarage on the wrong side of the channel. His books, his garden, his canal with its willows at Laracor; his dearly-beloved Roger Coxe, and the other perplexed and admiring parishioners of Laracor over whom he domineered; his clerical colleagues in the neighborhood; and even the society of Stella, the wittiest and best of her sex, whom he loved better than any other creature on earth—all these were insufficient to occupy the craving void in his mind. He hated Ireland, and regarded his lot there as one of banishment; he longed to be in London and struggling in the centre of whatever was going on. About the date of his appointment to the living of Laracor he had lost the rich deanery of Derry, which Lord Berkeley had meant to give him, in consequence of a notion on the part of the bishop of the diocese that he was a restless, ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be "eternally flying backwards and forwards to London." The bishop's perception of his character was just. At or about the very time that the wits at Button's saw him stalking up and down in the coffee-house, the priest of Laracor was introducing himself to Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, and others, and stating the terms on which he would support the Whigs with his pen. Even then, it seems, he took high ground and let it be known that he was no mere hireling. The following, written at a much later period, is his own explanation of the nature and limits of his Whiggism, at the time when he first offered the Whigs his services:

> It was then (1701-2) I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principles, to defend or submit to the Revolution; but, as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with particular courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill-will for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side: but that, the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church to one man to oppose them; and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequences of this.

Even with these limitations, the assistance

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of so energetic a man as the parson of Laracor was doubtless welcome to the Whigs. His former connection with the stately old Revolution Whig, Sir William Temple, may have prepared the way for him, as it had already been the means of making him known in some aristocratic families. But there was evidence in his personal bearing and his writings that he was not a man to be neglected. And if there had been any doubt on the subject on his first presentation of himself to ministers, the publication of his "Battle of the Books" and his "Tale of a Tub" in 1703 and 1704 would have set it overwhelmingly at rest. The author of these works (and though they were anonymous, they were at once referred to Swift) could not but be acknowledged as the first prose satirist, and one of the most formidable writers of the age. On his subsequent visits to Button's, therefore—and they were frequent enough; for as the Bishop of Derry had foreseen, he was often an absentee from his parish — the mad Irish parson was no longer a stranger to the company. Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and the other Whig wits came to know him well and to feel his weight among them in their daily convivial meetings. "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age," was the inscription written by Addison on a copy of his Travels presented to Swift; and it shows what opinion Addison and those about him had formed of the author of the "Tale of a Tub."

Thus, passing and repassing between Laracor and London, now lording it over his Irish parishioners, and now filling the literary and Whig haunts of the great metropolis with the terror of his merciless wit, and talk behind his back of his eccentricities and rude manners, Swift spent the interval between 1702 and 1710, or between his thirty-sixth and forty-fourth year. His position as a High-Church Whig, however, was an anomalous one. In the first place, it was difficult to see how such a man could honestly be in the Church at all. People were by no means strict, in those days, in their notions of the clerical character; but the "Tale of a Tub" was a strong dose even then to have come from a clergyman. If Voltaire afterwards recommended the book as a masterly satire against religion in general, it cannot be wondered at that an outcry arose among Swift's contemporaries respecting the profanity of the book. It is true Peter and Jack, as the representatives of Popery and Presbyterianism, came in for the greatest share of the author's scurrility; and Martin, as the representative of the Church of England, was left with the honors of the story: but the whole structure and spirit of the story, to say nothing of the oaths and other irreverences mingled with its language, was well calculated to shock the more serious even of Martin's followers, who could not but see that rank infidelity alone would be a gainer by the book. Accordingly, despite of all that Swift could afterwards do, the fact that he had written this book left a public doubt as to his Christianity. It is quite possible however, that, with a very questionable kind of belief in Christianity, he may have been a conscientious High Churchman, zealous for the social defence and aggrandisement of the ecclesiastical institution with which he was connected. Whatever that institution was originally based upon, it existed as part and parcel of the commonwealth of England, rooted in the soil of men's habits and interests, and intertwined with the whole system of social order; and just as a Brahmin, lax enough in his own speculative allegiance to the Brahminical faith, might still desire to maintain Brahminism as a vast pervading establishment in Hindostan, so might Swift, with a heart and a head dubious enough respecting men's eternal interest in the facts of the Judæan record, see a use notwithstanding in that fabric of bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, parochial livings, and curacies, which ancient belief in those facts had first created and put together. This kind of respect for the Church Establishment is still very prevalent. It is, a most excellent thing, it is thought by many, to have a cleanly, cultured, gentlemanly man invested with authority in every parish throughout the land, who can look after what is going on, fill up schedules, give advice, and take the lead in all parish business. That Swift's faith in the Church included no more than this perception of its uses as a vast administrative and educational establishment, we will not take upon us to say. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, openly avows his opinion that Swift had no belief in the Christian religion. "Swift's," he says, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit—he could love and could pray;" but such religion as he had, Mr Thackeray hints, was a kind of mad, despairing Deism, and had nothing of Christianity in it. Hence, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands." The question thus broached as to the nature of Swift's religion is too deep to be discussed here. Though

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we would not exactly say, with Mr. Thackeray, that Swift's was a "reverent" and "pious" spirit, there are, as he phrases it, breakings out of "the stars of religion and love" shining in the serene blue through "the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of Swift's life;" and this, though vague, is about all that we have warrant for saying. As to the zeal of his Churchmanship, however, there is no doubt at all. There was not a man in the British realms more pugnacious in the interests of his order, more resolute in defending the prerogatives of the Church of England against Dissenters and others desirous of limiting them, or more anxious to elevate the social position and intellectual character of the clergy, than the author of the "Tale of a Tub." No veteran commander of a regiment could have had more of the military than the parson of Laracor had of the ecclesiastical esprit de corps; and, indeed, Swift's known dislike to the military may be best explained as the natural jealousy of the surplice at the larger consideration accorded by society to the scarlet coat. Almost all Swift's writings between 1702 and 1710 are assertions of his High Church sentiments and vindications of the Establishment against its assailants. Thus, in 1708 came forth his "Letter on the Sacramental Test," a hot High Church and anti-Dissenter pamphlet; and this was followed in the same year by his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government," and, by his ironical argument, aimed at Freethinkers and latitudinarians, entitled "Reasons against Abolishing Christianity." In 1709 he published a graver pamphlet, under the name of a "Project for the advancement of Religion," in which he urged certain measures for the reform of public morals and the strengthening of the Establishment, recommending in particular a scheme of Church-extension. Thus, with all his readiness to help the Whigs politically, Swift was certainly faithful to his High-Church principles. But, as we have said, a High Church Whig was an anomaly which the Whigs refused to comprehend. Latitudinarians, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters did not know what to make of a Whiggism in state-politics which was conjoined with the strongest form of ecclesiastical Toryism. Hence, despite of all his ability, Swift was not a man that the Whigs could patronise and prefer. They were willing to have the benefit of his assistance, but their favors were reserved for men more wholly their own. Various things were, indeed, talked of for Swift—the secretaryship to the proposed embassy of Lord Berkeley to Vienna, a prebendary of Westminster, the office of historiographer-royal, nay, even a bishopric in the American colonies—but all came to nothing. Swift, at the age of forty-three, and certified by Addison as "the greatest genius of the age," was still only an Irish parson, with some £350 or £400 a year. How strange if the plan of the Transatlantic bishopric had been carried out, and Swift had settled in Virginia!

Meanwhile, though neglected by the English Whigs, Swift had risen to be a leader among the Irish clergy—a great man in their convocations and other ecclesiastical assemblies. The object which the Irish clergy then had at heart was to procure from the government an extension to Ireland of a boon granted several years before to the clergy of England—namely, the remission of the tax levied by the Crown on the revenues of the Church since the days of Henry VIII., in the shape of tenths and first-fruits. This remission, which would have amounted to about £16,000 a year, the Whigs were not disposed to grant, the corresponding remission in the case of England not having been followed by the expected benefits. Archbishop King and the other prelates were glad to have Swift as their agent in this business; and, accordingly, he was absent from Ireland for upwards of twelve months continuously in the years 1708 and 1709. It was during this period that he set London in roars of laughter by his famous Bickerstaff hoax, in which he first predicted the death of Partridge, the astrologer, at a particular day and hour, and then nearly drove the wretched tradesman mad by declaring, when the time was come, that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and publishing a detailed account of the circumstances. Out of this Bickerstaff hoax, and Swift's talk over it with Addison and Steele, arose the "*Tatler*," prolific parent of so many other periodicals.

The year 1710 was an important one in the life of Swift. In that year he came over to London, resolved in his own mind to have a settlement of accounts with the Whigs or to break with them for ever. The Irish ecclesiastical business of the tenths and first-fruits was still his pretext; but he had many other arrears to introduce into the account. Accordingly, after some civil skirmishing with Somers, Halifax, and his other old friends, then just turned out of office, he openly transferred his allegiance to the new Tory administration of Harley and Boling-

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broke. The 4th of October, not quite a month after his arrival in London, was the date of his first interview with Harley; and, from that day forward till the dissolution of Harley's administration by the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Swift's relations with Harley, St. John, and the other ministers, were more those of an intimate friend and adviser than of a literary dependent. How he dined almost daily with Harley or St. John; how he bullied them and made them beg his pardon when by chance they offended him—either, as Harley once did, by offering him a fifty-pound note; or, as St. John once did, by appearing cold and abstracted when Swift was his guest at dinner; how he obtained from them, not only the settlement of the Irish business, but almost everything else he asked; how he used his influence to prevent Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, and his other Whig literary friends, from suffering loss of office by the change in the state of politics, at the same time growing cooler in his private intercourse with Addison and poor Dick, and tending more to young Tory writers, such as Pope and Parnell; how, with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Harley, and St. John, he formed the famous club of the *Scriblerus* brotherhood, for the satire of literary absurdities; how he wrote squibs, pamphlets, and lampoons, innumerable for the Tories, and against the Whigs; and at one time actually edited a Tory paper called the "*Examiner*." All this is to be gathered, in most interesting detail, from his epistolary journal to Stella, in which he punctually kept her informed of all his doings during his long three years' absence. The following is a description of him at the height of his court influence during this season of triumph, from the Whiggish, and therefore somewhat adverse pen of Bishop Kennet:

When I came to the antechamber (at court) to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighborhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay the fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord treasurer. He talked with the son of Mr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. "How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; "for," says he, "the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him." Lord treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.

Let us see, by a few pickings from the journal to Stella, in what manner the black-browed Irish vicar, who was thus figuring in the mornings at court as the friend and confidant of ministers, and almost as their domineering colleague, was writing home from his lodging in the evenings to the "dear girls" at Laracor.

Dec. 3, 1710. "Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but it is an old saying and a true one, 'Be you lords or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls.' I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond [an Irish friend] among the Beefeaters, staying to see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy; and just left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes very near to the bottom, &c., &c."

Jan. 1, 1711. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Fr's* company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Fr*. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *Pdfr* [by this combination of letters, or by the word *Presto*, Swift designates himself in the Journal] . . Get the *Examiners* and read them; the last nine or ten are full of reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They were written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountain; but perhaps to-morrow I may answer *M.D.'s* [Stella's designation in the Journal] letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry new year; roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer; and me a share of your good cheer; that I was there or you were here; and you're a little saucy dear, &c., &c.

Jan. 13, 1711. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and I hope shall have no

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more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is better. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, &c., &c.

Jan. 16, 1711. My service to Mrs. Stode and Walls. Has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm! and died in a week, hmmm! and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on, too. And zoo go dine with Manley, and lose your money, doo extravagant sluttikin? But don't fret. It will just be three weeks when I have the next letter, —that is, to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved *M. D.*, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope to be saved.

March 7, 1711. I am weary of business and ministers. I don't go to a coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now, as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? When I am writing in our language [a kind of baby-language of endearment used between him and Stella, and called "the little language"] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now . . Poor Stella, wont Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo must cly Zele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate *Pdfr*, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow. (You must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate *Pdfr*, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for the letter. Good morrow).

And so on, through a series of daily letters, forming now a goodly octavo volume or more, Swift chats and rattles away to the 'dear absent girls,' giving them all the political gossip of the time, and informing them about his own goings-out and comings-in; his dinings with Harley, St. John, and occasionally with Addison and other old Whig friends; the state of his health; his troubles with his drunken servant Patrick; his lodging-expenses; and a host of other things. Such another journal has, perhaps, never been given to the world; and, but for it, we should never have known what depths of tenderness, and power of affectionate prattle, there were in the heart of this harsh and savage man. Only on one topic, affecting himself during his long stay in London, is he in any degree reserved. Among the acquaintanceships he had formed was one with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of property, who had a family of several daughters. The eldest of these, Esther Vanhomrigh, was a girl of more than ordinary talent and accomplishments, and of enthusiastic and impetuous character: and as Swift acquired the habit of dropping in upon the 'Vans,' as he called them, when he had no other dinner-engagement, it was not long before he and Miss Vanhomrigh fell into the relationship of teacher and pupil. He taught her to think, and to write verses; and as, among Swift's other peculiarities of opinion, one was that he entertained what would even now be called very advanced notions as to the intellectual capabilities and rights of women, he found no more pleasant amusement in the midst of his politics and other business, than that of superintending the growth of so hopeful a mind.

> His conduct might have made him styled
> A father, and the nymph his child:
> The innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy.

But, alas! Cupid got among the books.

> Vanessa, not in years a score,
> Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
> Imaginary charms can find
> In eyes with reading almost blind;
> She fancies music in his tongue,
> Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

Nay more, one of Swift's lessons to her had been that frankness, whether in man or woman, was one of the chief of the virtues, and

> That common forms were not designed
> Directors to a noble mind.

"Then," said the nymph,

> "I'll let you see
> My actions with your rules agree,
> That I can vulgar forms despise,
> And have no secrets to disguise."

She told her love, and fairly argued it out with the startled tutor, discussing every element in the question, whether for or against—the disparity of their ages, her own five thousand guineas, their similarity of tastes, his views of ambition, the judgment the world would form of the match, and so on; and the end of it was that she reasoned so well that Swift could not but admit that there would be nothing after all so very incongruous in a marriage between him and Esther Vanhomrigh. So the matter rested. Swift gently resisting the impetuosity of the young woman when it threatened to take him

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by storm, but not having the courage to adduce the real and conclusive argument—the existence on the other side of the channel of another and a dearer Esther. Stella, on her side, knew that Swift visited a family called the "Vans;" she divined that something was wrong; but that was all.

That Swift, the mentor of ministers, their daily companion, their factotum, at whose bidding they dispensed their patronage and their favor, should himself be suffered to remain a mere vicar of an Irish parish, was, of course, impossible. Vehement and even boisterous and overdone as was his zeal for his own independence—"if we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them," was his maxim; and, in order to act up to it, he used to treat dukes and earls as if they were dogs—there were yet means of honorably acknowledging his services in a way to which he would have taken no exception. Nor can we doubt that Oxford and St. John, who were really and heartily his admirers, were anxious to promote him in some suitable manner. An English bishopric was certainly what he coveted, and what they would at once have given him. But though the Bishopric of Hereford fell vacant in 1712, there was, as Sir Walter Scott says, "a lion in the path." Queen Anne, honest dowdy woman—her instinctive dislike of Swift, strengthened by the private influence of the Archbishop of York and the Duchess of Somerset, whose red hair Swift had lampooned—obstinately refused to make the author of the "Tale of a Tub" a bishop. Even an English deanery could not be found for so questionable a Christian; and in 1713, Swift was obliged to accept, as the best thing he could get, the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in his native city of Dublin. He hurried over to Ireland to be installed, and came back just in time to partake in the last struggles and dissensions of the Tory administration, before Queen Anne's death. By his personal exertions with ministers, and his pamphlet entitled "Public Spirit of the Whigs," he tried to buoy up the sinking Tory cause. But the Queen's death destroyed all; with George I. the Whigs came in again; the late Tory ministers were dispersed and disgraced, and Swift shared their fall. "Dean Swift," says Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries." He returned with rage and grief in his heart to Ireland—a disgraced man, and in danger of arrest on account of his connection with the late ministers. Even in Dublin he was insulted as he walked in the streets.

For twelve years—that is, from 1714 to 1726—Swift did not quit Ireland. At his first coming, as he tells us in one of his letters, he was "horribly melancholy;" but the melancholy began to wear off, and, having made up his mind to his exile in the country of his detestation, he fell gradually into the routine of his duties as dean. How he boarded in a private family in the town, stipulating for leave to invite his friends to dinner at so much a head, and only having two evenings a week at the deanery for larger receptions; how he brought Stella and Mrs. Dingley from Laracor, and settled them in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy, keeping up the same precautions in his intercourse with them as before, but devolving the management of his receptions at the deanery upon Stella, who did all the honors of the house; how he had his own way in all cathedral business, and had always a few clergymen and others in his train, who toadied him, and took part in the facetious horse-play of which he was fond; how gradually his physiognomy became known to the citizens, and his eccentricities familiar to them, till the "Dean" became the lion of Dublin, and everybody turned to look at him as he walked in the streets; how, among the Dean's other oddities, he was popularly charged with stinginess in his entertainments, and a sharp look out after the wine; how sometimes he would fly off from town and take refuge in some country-seat of a friendly Irish nobleman; how, all this while he was reading books of all kinds, writing notes and jottings, and corresponding with Pope, Gay, Prior, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and other literary and political friends in London or abroad—are matters in the recollection of all who have read any of the biographies of Swift. It is also known that it was during this period that the Stella-and-Vanessa imbroglio reached its highest degree of entanglement. Scarcely had the Dean located Stella and Mrs. Dingley in their lodging in Dublin, when, as he had feared, the impetuous Vanessa crossed the channel to be near him too. Her mother's death, and the fact that she and a younger sister had a small property in Ireland, were pretext enough. A scrap or two from surviving letters will tell the sequel, and will suggest the state of the relations, at this time, between Swift and this unhappy, and certainly very extraordinary, woman.

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: London, Aug. 12,

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1714. "I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. . . . If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom, but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714, (*some time after August.*) "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die, without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I'm sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For, when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb." . . .

Here a gap intervenes, which record fills up with but an indication here and there. Swift saw Vanessa, sometimes with that "something awful in his looks which struck her dumb," sometimes with words of perplexed kindness; he persuaded her to go out, to read, to amuse herself; he introduced clergymen to her—one of them afterwards Archbishop of Cashel—as suitors for her hand; he induced her to leave Dublin, and go to her property at Selbridge, about twelve miles from Dublin, where now and then he went to visit her, where she used to plant laurels against every time of his coming, and where "Vanessa's bower," in which she and the Dean used to sit, with books and writing materials before them, during these happy visits, was long an object of interest to tourists; he wrote kindly letters to her, some in French, praising her talents, her conversation, and her writing, and saying that he found in her "*tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel*"—"*l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'ame.*" All did not suffice; and one has to fancy, during these long years, the restless beatings, on the one hand, of that impassioned woman's heart, now lying as cold undistinguishable ashes in some Irish grave; and, on the other, the distraction, and anger, and daily terror of the man she clung to. For, somehow or other, there *was* an element of terror mingled with the affair. What it was is beyond easy scrutiny; though possibly the data exist, if they were well sifted. The ordinary story is that, some time in the midst of these entanglements with Vanessa, and in consequence of their effects on the rival-relationship—Stella having been brought almost to death's door by the anxieties caused her by Vanessa's proximity, and by her own equivocal position in society—the form of marriage was gone through by Swift and Stella, and they became legally husband and wife, although with an engagement that the matter should remain secret, and that there should be no change in their manner of living. The year 1716, when Swift was forty-nine years of age, and Stella thirty-two, is assigned as the date of this event; and the ceremony is said to have been performed in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher. But more mystery remains. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott, "Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his widow) said that about the time it was supposed to have taken place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and, upon asking the reason, he said, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but, on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question." What are we to make of this? Nay more, what are we to make of it, when we find that the alleged marriage of Swift with Stella, with which Scott connects the story, is after all denied by some as resting on no sufficient evidence—even Dr. Delany, though he believed in the marriage, and supposed it to have taken place about the time of his remarkable interview with the Archbishop, having no certain information on the subject? If we assume a secret marriage with Stella, indeed, the subsequent portion of the Vanes-

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sa story becomes more explicable. On this assumption, we are to imagine Swift continuing his letters to Vanessa, and his occasional visits to her at Selbridge on the old footing for some years after the marriage, with the undivulged secret ever in his mind, increasing tenfold his former awkwardness in encountering her presence. And so we come to the year 1720, when, as the following scraps will show, a new paroxysm on the part of Vanessa brought on a new crisis in their relations.

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720.— "Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now write to you, because I know your good-nature such that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, have you forgot me? You endeavor by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet, I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion I have for———. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1720. . . . "I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you, the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behavior quickly; for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me unto. . . . When I undertake a thing, I don't love to do it by halves."

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. . . . Raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, so that I am in rebellion with a hundred people besides yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same; but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief." . . .

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you—and twenty particulars; that little master ——and I visited you, and that the Archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. . . "Solitude is unsupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of——, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? . . Oh, that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that inexpressible passion I have for you. . . Surely you cannot possibly be so taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you,) I should find you had often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven. But that would not spare you; for, were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, that one only described?"

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, October 15, 1720. "All the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honor to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking to keep off and avoid spleen as far as I can, so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor, but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have." . . .

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Gallstoun, July 5,

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1721. . . "Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimeé, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.*"

Vanessa did not quit the 'scoundrel-island;' but on the contrary, remained in it, unmanageable as ever. In 1722, about a year after the date of the last scrap, the catastrophe came. In a wild fit, Vanessa—as the story is—took the bold step of writing to Stella, insisting on an explanation of the nature of Swift's engagements to her; Stella placed the letter in Swift's hands; and Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode instantly to Selbridge, saw Vanessa without speaking, laid a letter on her table, and rode off again. The letter was Vanessa's death-warrant. Within a few weeks she was dead, having previously revoked a will in which she had bequeathed all her fortune to Swift.

Whatever may have been the purport of Vanessa's communication to Stella, it produced no change in Swift's relations to the latter. The pale pensive face of Hester Johnson, with her "fine dark eyes" and hair "black as a raven," was still to be seen on reception-evenings at the Deanery, where also she and Mrs. Dingley would sometimes take up their abode, when Swift was suffering from one of his attacks of vertigo, and required to be nursed. Nay, during those very years in which, as we have just seen, Swift was attending to the movements to and fro of the more imperious Vanessa in the back-ground, and assuaging her passion by visits and letters, and praises of her powers, and professions of his admiration of her beyond all her sex, he was all the while keeping up the same affectionate style of intercourse as ever with the more gentle Stella, whose happier lot it was to be stationed in the centre of his domestic circle, and addressing to her, in a less forced manner, praises singularly like those he addressed to her rival. Thus, every year, on Stella's birth-day, he wrote a little poem in honor of the occasion. Take the one for 1718, beginning thus:

Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more;)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years be doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined—
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Stella would reciprocate these compliments by verses on the Dean's birth-day; and one is struck by the similarity of her acknowledgements of what the Dean had taught her and done for her, to those of Vanessa. Thus, in 1721:

When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin.
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.

The death of Vanessa in 1722, left Swift from that time entirely Stella's. How she got over the Vanessa affair in her own mind, when the full extent of the facts became known to her, can only be guessed. When some one alluded to the fact that Swift had written beautifully about Vanessa, she is reported to have said, "That doesn't signify, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." "A woman—a true woman," is Mr. Thackeray's characteristic comment.

To the world's end, those who take interest in Swift's life will range themselves either on the side of Stella or on that of Vanessa. Mr. Thackeray prefers Stella, but admits that in doing so, though the majority of men may be on his side, he will have most women against him. Which way Swift's *heart* inclined him, it is not difficult to see. Stella was the main influence of his life; the intimacy with Vanessa was but an episode. And yet when he speaks of the two women, as a critic, there is a curious equality in his appreciation of them. Of Stella he used to say that her wit and judgment were such, that "she never failed to say the best thing that was said wherever she was in company;" and one of his epistolary compliments to Vanessa is that he had "always remarked that neither in general nor in particular conversation had any word ever escaped her lips that could by possibility have been better." Some little differences in his preceptorial treatment of them may be discerned, as, for example, when he finds it necessary to admonish poor Stella for her incorrigible bad spelling—no such admonition, apparently, being required for Vanessa; or when, in praising Stella, he dwells chiefly on her honor and gentle kin'

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liness, whereas in praising Vanessa, he dwells chiefly on her genius and force of mind. But it is distinctly on record that his regard for both was founded on his belief that, in respect of intellectual habits and culture, both were above the contemporary standard of their sex. And here let us repeat that, not only from the evidence afforded by the whole story of Swift's relations to these two women, but also from the evidence of distinct doctrinal passages scattered through his works, it is plain that those who in the present day, both in this country and in America, maintain the intellectual equality of the two sexes, and the right of women to as full and varied an education, and as free a social use of their powers, as is allowed to men, may claim Swift as a pioneer in their cause. Both Stella and Vanessa have left their testimony that from the very first Swift took care to indoctrinate them with peculiar views on this subject; and both thank him for having done so. Stella even goes farther and almost urges Swift to do on the great scale what he had done for her individually.

> O, turn your precepts into laws,
> Redeem the women's ruined cause,
> Retrieve lost empire to our sex
> That men may bow their rebel necks.

This fact that Swift had a *theory* on the subject of the proper mode of treating and educating women, which theory was in antagonism to the ideas of his time, explains much both in his conduct as a man and in his habits as a writer.

For the first six years of his exile in Ireland after the death of Queen Anne, Swift had published nothing of any consequence, and had kept aloof from politics, except when they were brought to his door by local quarrels. In 1720, however, he again flashed forth as a political luminary, in a character that could hardly have been anticipated—that of an Irish patriot. Taking up the cause of the "scoundrel island," to which he belonged by birth, if not by affection, and to which fate had consigned him, in spite of all his efforts, he made that cause his own; virtually said to his old Whig enemies, then in power, on the other side of the water, "Yes, I am an Irishman, and I will show you what an Irishman is;" and constituting himself the representative of the island, hurled it with all its pent-up mass of rage and wrongs, against Walpole and his administration. First, in revenge for the commercial wrongs of Ireland, came his "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, utterly Rejecting and Renouncing Everything Wearable that comes from England;" then, amidst the uproar and danger excited by this proposal, other and other defiances in the same tone; and lastly, in 1723, on the occasion of the royal patent to poor William Wood to supply Ireland, without her own consent, with a hundred and eight thousand pounds' worth of copper half-pence of English manufacture, the unparalleled "Drapier's Letters," which blasted the character of the coppers and asserted the nationality of Ireland. All Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, blessed the Dean of St. Patrick's; associations were formed for the defence of his person; and, had Walpole and his Whigs succeeded in bringing him to trial, it would have been at the expense of an Irish rebellion. From that time till his death Swift was the true King of Ireland; only when O'Connell arose did the heart of the nation yield equal veneration to any single chief; and even at this day the grateful Irish forgetting his gibes against them, and forgetting his continual habit of distinguishing between the Irish population as a whole, and the English and Protestant part of it to which he belonged himself, cherish his memory with loving enthusiasm, and speak of him as the "great Irishman." Among the phases of Swift's life, this of his having been an Irish patriot and agitator deserves to be particularly remembered.

In the year 1726, Swift, then in his sixtieth year, and in the full flush of his new popularity as the champion of Irish nationality, visited England for the first time since Queen Anne's death. Once there, he was loth to return; and a considerable portion of the years 1726 and 1727 was spent by him in or near London. This was the time of the publication of Gulliver's Travels, which had been written some years before, and also of some Miscellanies, which were edited for him by Pope. It was at Pope's villa at Twickenham that most of his time was spent; and it was there and at this time that the long friendship between Swift and Pope ripened into that extreme and affectionate intimacy which they both loved to acknowledge. Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, now returned from exile, joined Pope in welcoming their friend. Addison had been dead several years. Prior was dead, and also Vanbrugh and Parnell. Steele was yet alive: but between him and Swift there was no longer any tie. Political and aristocratic acquaintances, old and new there were in abundance, all anxious once again to have Swift among them to fight their battles. Old

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George I. had not long to live, and the Tories were trying again to come into power in the train of the Prince of Wales. There were even chances of an arrangement with Walpole, with possibilities, in that or in some other way, that Swift should not die a mere Irish dean. These prospects were but temporary. The old king died; and, contrary to expectation, George II. retained Walpole and his Whig colleagues. In October, 1727, Swift left England for the last time. He returned to Dublin just in time to watch over the death-bed of Stella, who expired, after a lingering illness, in January, 1728. Swift was then in his sixty-second year.

The story of the remaining seventeen years of Swift's life—for, with all his maladies, bodily and mental, his strong frame withstood, for all that time of solitude and gloom, the wear of mortality—is perhaps better known than any other part of his biography. How his irritability, and eccentricities, and avarice grew upon him, so that his friends and servants had a hard task in humoring him, we learn from the traditions of others; how his memory began to fail, and other signs of breaking up began to appear, we learn from himself.

> See how the Dean begins to break!
> Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
> You plainly find it in his face.
> That old vertigo in his head
> Will never leave him till he's dead.
> Besides his memory decays:
> He recollects not what he says:
> He cannot call his friends to mind;
> Forgets the place where last he dined;
> Plies you with stories o'er and o'er
> He told them fifty times before.

The fire of his genius, however, was not yet burnt out. Between 1729 and 1736 he continued to throw out satires and lampoons in profusion, referring to the men and topics of the day, and particularly to the political affairs of Ireland; and it was during this time that his "*Directions to Servants*, his *Polite Conversation*," and other well-known facetiæ, first saw the light. From the year 1736, however, it was well known in Dublin that the Dean was no more what he had been, and that his recovery was not to be looked for. The rest will be best told in the words of Sir Walter Scott:—

The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736 onward, the Dean's fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence; he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading. The following dismal letter to Mrs. Whiteway (his cousin and chief attendant in his last days) in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place.

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day, extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

"I am, for these few days,
"Yours entirely,
"J. SWIFT.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
"July 26, 1740."

His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of Dr. Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift's executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care. From a state of outrageous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering, the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's sank into the situation of a helpless changeling. In the course of about three years, he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743 until the 19th of October, 1745, it pleased God to release him from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution.

Swift was seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death, having outlived all his contemporaries of the Queen Anne cluster of wits, with the exception of Bolingbroke, Ambrose Philips, and Cibber. Congreve had died in 1729; Steele in the same year; Defoe, in 1731; Gay, in 1732; Arbuthnot, in 1735; Tickell, in 1740; and Pope, who was Swift's junior by twenty-one years, in 1744. Swift, therefore, is entitled in our literary histories to the place of patriarch as well as to that of chief among the wits of Queen Anne's reign; and he stands nearest to our own day of any of them whose writings we still read. As late as the year 1820 a person was alive who had seen Swift as he lay dead in the deanery before his burial, great crowds going to take their last look of him. "The coffin was open; he had on his head neither cap nor wig; there

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was not much hair on the front or very top, but it was long and thick behind, very white, and was like flax upon the pillow." Such is the last glimpse we have of Swift on earth. Exactly ninety years afterwards, the coffin was taken up from its resting-place in the aisle of the cathedral; and the skull of Swift, the white locks now all mouldered away from it, became an object of scientific curiosity. Phrenologically, it was a disappointment, the extreme lowness of the forehead striking every one, and the so-called organs of wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely developed at all. There were peculiarities, however, in the shape of the interior, indicating larger capacity of brain than would have been inferred from the external aspect. Stella's coffin was exhumed, and her skull examined at the same time. The examiners found the skull "a perfect model of symmetry and beauty."

Have we said too much in declaring that, of all the men who illustrated that period of our literary history which lies between the Revolution of 1688 and the beginning or middle of the reign of George II., Swift alone (excepting Pope, and excepting him only on certain definite and peculiar grounds) fulfils to any tolerable extent those conditions which would entitle him to the epithet of "great," already refused by us to his age as a whole? We do not think so. Swift *was* a great genius; nay, if by *greatness* we understand general mass and energy rather than any preconceived peculiarity of quality, he was the greatest genius of his age. Neither Addison, nor Steele, nor Pope, nor Defoe possessed, in anything like the same degree, that which Goethe and Niebuhr, seeking a name for a certain attribute found always present, as they thought, in the higher and more forcible order of historic characters, agreed to call the *demonic* element. Indeed, very few men in our literature, from first to last, have had so much of this element in them—the sign and source of all real greatness—as Swift. In him it was so obvious as to attract notice at once. "There is something in your looks," wrote Vanessa to him, "so awful that it strikes me dumb;" and again, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear;" and again; "What marks are there of a deity that you are not known by?" True, these are the words of a woman infatuated with love; but there is evidence that wherever Swift went, and in whatever society he was, there was this magnetic power in his presence. Pope felt it; Addison felt it; they all felt it. We question if, among all our literary celebrities, there has been one more distinguished for being personally formidable to all who came near him.

And yet, in calling Swift a great genius, we clearly do not mean to rank him in the same order of greatness with such men among his predecessors as Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or such men among his successors, as Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. We even retain instinctively the right of not according to him a certain kind of admiration which we bestow on such men of his own generation as Pope, Steele, and Addison. How is this? What is the drawback about Swift's genius, which prevents us from referring him to that highest order of literary greatness to which we do refer others, who in respect of hard general capacity were apparently not superior to him, and on the borders of which we also place some who, in that respect, were certainly his inferiors? To make the question more special, why do we call Milton great, in quite a different sense from that in which we consent to confer the same epithet on Swift?

Altogether, it will be said, Milton was a greater man than Swift; his intellect was higher, richer, deeper, grander; his views of things are more profound, grave, stately, and exalted. This is a true enough statement of the case; and we like that comprehensive use of the word intellect which it implies—wrapping up, as it were, all that is in and about a man in this one word, so as to dispense with the distinctions between imaginative and non-imaginative, spiritual and unspiritual, natures, and make every possible question about a man a mere question in the end as to the size or degree of his intellect. But such a mode of speaking is too violent and recondite for common purposes. According to the common use of the word intellect, it might be maintained (we do not say it would) that Swift's intellect, meaning his strength of mental grasp, was equal to Milton's; and yet that, by reason of the fact that his intellectual style was deficient, that he did not grasp things precisely in the Miltonic way, a distinction might be drawn unfavorably, on the whole, to his genius as compared with that of Milton. According to such a view, we must seek for that in Swift's genius, upon which it depends that, while we accord to it all the admiration we bestow on strength, our sympathies with height or sublimity are left unmoved. Nor have we far to seek. When Goethe and Niebuhr generalized in the phrase, "the demonic element," that mystic some-

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thing which they seemed to detect in all men of unusual potency among the fellows, they used the word "demonic," not in its English sense, as signifying what appertains specially to the demons or powers of darkness, but in its Greek sense as equally implying the unseen agencies of light and good. The demonic element in a man, therefore, may, in one case, be the demonic of the ethereal and the celestial; in another, the demonic of the Tartarean and infernal. There is a demonic of the supernatural—angels, and seraphs, and white-winged airy messengers swaying men's phantasies from above; and there is a demonic of the infra-natural—fiends, and shapes of horror tugging at men's thoughts from beneath. The demonic in Swift was of the latter kind. It is false, it would be an entire mistake as to his genius, to say that he regarded, or was inspired by, only the worldly and the secular; that men, women, and their relations on the little world of visible life, were all that his intellect cared to recognize. He, also, like our Miltons and our Shakspeares, and all our men who have been anything more than prudential and pleasant writers, had his being anchored in things and imaginations beyond the visible verge. But while it was given to them to hold rather by things and imaginations belonging to the region of the celestial—to hear angelic music, and the rustling of seraphic wings; it was his unhappier lot to be related rather to the darker and subterranean mysteries. One might say of Swift that he had far less of belief in a God, than belief in a Devil. He is like a man walking on the earth and among the busy haunts of his fellow-mortals, observing them and their ways, and taking his part in the bustle; all the while, however, conscious of the tuggings downward of secret chains reaching into the world of the demons. Hence his ferocity, his misanthropy, his *sœva indignatio*, all of them true forms of energy, imparting unusual potency to a life; but forms of energy bred of communion with what outlies nature on the lower or infernal side.

Swift, doubtless, had this melancholic tendency in him, constitutionally, from the beginning. From the first, we see him an unruly, rebellious, gloomy, revengeful, unforgiving spirit, loyal to no authority, and gnashing under every restraint. With nothing small or weak in his nature, too proud to be dishonest, bold and fearless in his opinions, capable of strong attachments, and of hatreds as strong, it was to be predicted that, if the swarthy Irish youth, whom Sir William Temple received into his house, when his college had all but expelled him for contumacy, should ever be eminent in the world, it would be for fierce and controversial, and not for beautiful or harmonious activity. It is clear, however, on a survey of Swift's career, that the gloom and melancholy which characterized it, was not altogether congenital, but in part, at least, grew out of some special circumstance, or set of circumstances, having a precise date and locality among the facts of his life. In other words, there was some secret in Swift's life, some root of bitterness or remorse, diffusing a black poison throughout his whole existence. That communion with the invisible almost exclusively on the infernal side—that consciousness of chains wound round his own moving frame at the one end, and, at the other, tugged at by demons in the depths of their populous pit, while no cords of love were felt sustaining him from the countervailing heaven—had its origin, in part at least, in some one recollection or cause of dread. It was some one demon down in that pit that tugged the chains; the others but assisted him. Thackeray's perception seems to us exact, when he says of Swift that "he goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil;" or again, changing the form of the figure, that, "like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it." What was this Fury, this hag that duly came in the night, making the mornings horrible by the terrors of recollection, the evenings horrible by those of anticipation, and leaving but a calm hour at full mid-day? There was a secret in Swift's life: what was it? His biographers as yet have failed to agree on this dark topic. Thackeray's hypothesis, that the cause of Swift's despair was chiefly his consciousness of disbelief in the creed to which he had sworn his professional faith, does not seem to us sufficient. In Swift's days, and even with his frank nature, we think that difficulty could have been got over. There was nothing, at least, so unique in the case, as to justify the supposition that this was what Archbishop King referred to in that memorable saying to Dr. Delany, "You have just met the most miserable man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Had Swift made a confession of scepticism to the Archbishop, we do not think the prelate would have been taken so very much by surprise. Nor can we think, with some, that

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Swift's vertigo (now pronounced to have been increasing congestion of the brain) and his life-long certainty that it would end in idiotcy or madness, are the true explanation of this interview and of the mystery which it shrouds. There was cause enough for melancholy here, but not exactly the cause that meets the case. Another hypothesis there is of a physical kind, which Scott and others hint at, and which finds great acceptance with the medical philosophers. Swift, it is said, was of "a cold temperament," &c., &c. But why a confession on the part of Swift to the Archbishop that he was not a marrying man, even had he added that he desired, above all things in the world, to be a person of this sort, should have so moved that dignitary, we cannot conceive. Besides, although this hypothesis might explain much of the Stella and Vanessa imbroglio, it would not explain all; nor do we see on what foundation it could rest Scott's assertion that all through Swift's writings there is no evidence of his having felt the tender passion, is simply untrue. On the whole, the hypothesis which has been started, of a too near consanguinity between Swift and Stella, either known from the first to one or both, or discovered too late, would most nearly suit the conditions of the case. And yet, so far as we have seen, this hypothesis also rests on air, with no one fact to support it. Could we suppose that Swift, like another Eugene Aram, went through the world with a murder on his mind, it might be taken as a solution of the mystery; but, as we cannot do this, we must be content with supposing that either some one of the foregoing hypotheses, or some combination of them, is to be accepted; or that the matter is altogether inscrutable.

Such by constitution as we have described him—with an intellect strong as iron, much acquired knowledge, an ambition all but insatiable, and a decided desire to be wealthy —Swift, almost as a matter of course, flung himself impetuously into the Whig and Tory controversy, which was the question paramount of his time. In that he labored as only a man of his powers could, bringing to the side of the controversy on which he chanced to be—and we believe, when he was on a side, it was honestly because he found a certain preponderance of right in it—a hard and ruthless vigor which served it immensely. But from the first, and, at all events, after the disappointments of a political career had been experienced by him, his nature would not work alone in the narrow warfare of Whiggism and Toryism, but overflowed in general bitterness of reflection on all the customs and ways of humanity. The following passage in "*Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*," describing how the politics of Europe appeared to the King of Brobdingnag, shows us Swift himself in his larger mood of thought.

This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asking me, whether *I* was a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; "And yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray." And thus he continued on, while my color came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

Swift's writings, accordingly, divide themselves in the main, into two classes,—pamphlets, tracts, lampoons, and the like, bearing directly on persons and topics of the day, and written with the ordinary purpose of a partisan; and satires of a more general aim, directed, in the spirit of a cynic philosopher, against humanity as a whole, or against particular human classes, arrangements, and modes of thinking. In some of his writings the politician and the general satirist are seen together. The "Drapier's Letters" and most of the poetical lampoons, exhibit Swift in his direct mood as a party writer; in the "Tale of a Tub," we have the ostensible purpose of a partisan masking a reserve of general scepticism; in the "Battle of the Books" we have a satire partly personal to individuals, partly with a reference to a prevailing tone of opinion; in the "Voyage to Laputa," we have a satire on a great class of men; and in the "Voyages to Lilliput" and "Brobdingnag," and still more

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in the story of the "Houynhnms" and "Yahoos," we have human nature itself analyzed and laid bare.

Swift took no care of his writings, never acknowledged some of them, never collected them, and suffered them to find their way about the world as chance, demand, and the piracy of publishers directed. As all know, it is in his character as a Humorist, an inventor of the preposterous as a medium for the reflective, and above all, as a master of irony, that he takes his place as one of the chiefs of English literature. There can be no doubt that, as regards the literary form which he affected most, he took hints from Rabelais, as the greatest original in the realm of the absurd. Sometimes, as in his description of the Strulbrugs in the "Voyage to Laputa," he approaches the ghastly power of that writer; on the whole, however, there is more of stern English realism in him, and less of sheer riot and wildness. Sometimes, however, Swift throws off the guise of the humorist, and speaks seriously and in his own name. On such occasions we find ourselves simply in the presence of a man of strong, sagacious, and thoroughly English mind, content, as is the habit of Englishmen, with vigorous proximate sense, expressed in plain and rather coarse idiom. For the speculative he shows, in these cases, neither liking nor aptitude; he takes obvious reasons and arguments as they come to hand, and uses them in a robust, downright, Saxon manner. In one respect, he stands out conspicuously even among plain Saxon writers—his total freedom from cant. Johnson's advice to Boswell, "above all things to clear his mind of cant," was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of Dean Swift. Indeed, it might be given as a summary definition of Swift's character, that he had cleared his mind of cant, without having succeeded in filling the void with song. It was Swift's intense hatred of cant—cant in religion, cant in morality, cant in literature—that occasioned many of those peculiarities which shock people in his writings. His principle being to view things as they are, irrespective of all the accumulated cant of orators and poets, he naturally prosecuted his investigations into those classes of circumstances which orators and poets have omitted as unsuitable for their purposes. If they had viewed men as Angels, he would view them as Yahoos. If they had placed the springs of action among the fine phrases and the sublimities, he would trace them down into their secret connection with the bestial and the obscene. Hence—as much as for any of those physiological reasons which some of his biographers assign for it—his undisguised delight in filth. And hence, also, probably—seeing that among the forms of cant he included the traditional manner of speaking of women in their relations to men—his studious contempt, whether in writing for men or women, of all the accustomed decencies. It was not only the more obvious forms of cant, however, that Swift had in aversion. Even to that minor form of cant, which consists in the trite, he gave no quarter. Whatever was habitually said by the majority of people, seemed to him, for that very reason, not worthy of being said at all, much less put into print. A considerable portion of his writings—as, for example, his "Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind," and his "Art of Polite Conversation,"—in the one of which he strings together a series of the most thread-bare maxims and quotations to be found in books, offering the compilation as an original disquisition of his own; and, in the other, mimics the insipidity of ordinary table-talk in society—may be regarded as showing a systematic determination on his part to turn the trite into ridicule. Hence, in his own writings, though he abstains from the profound, he never falls into the commonplace. Apart from all Swift's other merits, there are to be found scattered through his writings not a few distinct propositions of an innovative and original character respecting our social arrangements. We have seen his doctrine as to the education of woman; and we may mention as an instance of the same kind, his denunciation of the institution of standing armies as incompatible with freedom. Curiously enough, also, it was Swift's belief that, Yahoos as we are, the world is always in the right.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

SAD and sweeping, of late, have been the ravages of Time among our men of letters. Now by the hand of death, now of decay (which is nigh unto death, for that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away), and now of changes and chances in this uncertain life. A long list, and as mournful as long, might be drawn up, of setting suns and falling stars, missed, with more or less of regret, from this visible diurnal sphere, in whose greater light to rule our day we rejoiced, or in their lesser, to govern our night. (Happily, this figure is faulty; for the light of *such* luminaries remain, and often brightens more and more continually, after their earthly orbit has fulfilled its course.) Brief is the space within which we have had to sorrow for the decease of a Wordsworth, though full of years and honors,—of a Moore (and already how "lightly they speak of the spirit that's gone, and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him"),—and, not to name others that might be named, of a Talfourd, the judge upon the judgment-seat, cited before another tribunal, so strangely, solemnly, suddenly, 'εν 'ατομῳ, 'εν 'ριπῃ 'οφθαλμου! And, again, the breaking up of old literary alliances, the evanishing of familiar systems, the scattering of time-honored but time-dissolving galaxies, is mournfully instanced in the case of two of Scott's "young men," "wild young bloods," who are now compassed with infirmities that require seclusion, as well as stricken with years that yearn for it,—John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart. To each may the influences of retirement be healing and restorative—to each may there come a soothing experience of what is a sacred promise, "At evening-time it shall be light"—light with a mellow radiance, fit precursor of the gloaming, and not unfit conclusion of the noonday heat and sunny splendors of their fervid prime.*

It is of the latter we have now, and in our desultory way to make mention;—of the son-in-law of Sir Walter, the ready writer of "Peter's Letters," the reckless, dashing *attaché* to Old Ebony's gay staff, the classical author of "Valerius," the morbid anatomist of "Adam Blair," the manly biographer of Scotland's two chiefest names in song and story, the animated translator of "Spanish Ballads," and the long-reigning editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

The present generation is little versed in the pages of Mr. Lockhart's first work of note, "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"—of which he has, in his riper experience, said, that nobody but a very young and a very thoughtless person could have dreamt of putting forth such a book,—while he protests against denouncing these epistles of the imaginary Welsh Doctor, Peter Morris, "with his spectacles—his Welsh accent—his Toryism—his inordinate thirst for draught porter—and his everlasting shandry-dan,—as a mere string of libels on the big-wigs therein portrayed. Among these were Scott, happy and happy-making at Abbotsford,—Jeffrey, the "wee reekit deil o' criticism" and laird of Craigcrook,—Playfair, always considered fair game by good haters of the *Edinburgh*,—James Hogg, the "inspired sheep's-head,"—Chalmers, with his sublimely-developed mathematical frontispiece, &c. Allan Cunningham calls the work all life and character, and admires its freshness and variety, treating as it does of courts of law and Glasgow punch, of craniology and criticism,—telling us how to woo a bride or cut up a haggis,—and giving us "the pictures, mental and bodily, of some of the leading men of Scotland, with great truth and effect." Scott himself was much interested in this last-mentioned feature of the book. "What an acquisition," he says, "it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago;* and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber, which have [*sic*] now mouldered away. When I think that an age, not much

* Alas, since this was penned, the poet of the "Isle of Palms" hath "fallen on sleep."

* Sir Walter wrote this (in a letter to his son-in-law presumptive) in July, 1819.

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younger than yours I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one, the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colors." And Sir Walter goes on to say that Dr. Morris ought, like Nourjahad, to revive every half century, to record the fleeting manners of the age, and the interesting features of those who will be known only to posterity by their works.* Could Sir Walter have foreseen the host of third-rate and thirtieth-rate Dr. Morrises, who, between then and now, have infested the face of the earth, on the plea of being chiels amang us takin' notes, and faith! wull prent 'em—notes of our *res domi* (never mind how *angusta*,) of our dressing-gowns and slippers, of our *obiter* allusions and by-the-way interjections, of how we clear our throats, and whether we wear straps, and so forth,—he would probably have put in a qualifying clause, to modify his panegyric of the Morrisian tactics. And this reminds us of a passage to the purpose in one of the lively letters of the author's countrywoman, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. "You ask me," she writes, "what I think of Peter's Letters? I answer in a very low whisper—not much. The broad personality is coarse, even where it is laudatory; no one very deserving of praise cares to be held up to the public eye like a picture on sale by an auctioneer.† it is not the style of our country, and it is a bad style in itself. So much for its tendency. Then, if you speak of it as a composition, it has no keeping, no chastity of style, and is in a high degree florid and verbose. . . . Some depth of thought and acuteness appears now and then, like the weights at the tail of a paper kite, but not enough to balance the levity of the whole. With all this, the genius which the writers possess, in no common degree, is obvious through the whole book: but it is genius misapplied, and running riot beyond all the bounds of good taste and sober thinking. We are all amused, and so we should be, if we lived in a street where those slaves of the lamp had the power of rendering the walls to transparent that we could see everything going on at our neighbors' firesides. But ought we to be so pleased?"* Aye, gentlemen tourists, pencillers by the way, domestic police reporters, household inventory takers, and breakfast-table shorthand-writers, all the sort of you—aye, there's the rub. Good Mrs. Grant would perhaps have changed her mild interrogative into a very decisive affirmative, or rather a very indignant negative, had she lived to see what we see, and hear what we hear, in these times of gossiping fireside inquisitors.

From "Peter's Letters" to "Valerius" is an abrupt transition. In this classical novel we are made spectators of a series of *tableaux*, illustrative of the manners and events of Rome under Trajan. Thus the narrator takes us to patrician reception-rooms; to the Forum—with its grand associations and familiar traditions—the ancient rostrum from which Tully had declaimed, and the old mysterious fig-tree of Romulus, and the rich tesselated pavement, memorial of the abyss that had once yawned before the steady eye of Curtius; to senatorial gardens, with their garniture of fountains and exotics and perfumed terraces and sculptured nymphs and fauns; to a supper party in the Suburra; to a prætorian guard-room, and a prison for doomed Christians; to the Flavian amphitheatre, to hear the gladiator's *moriturus vos saluto*, and the confessor's dying *credo;* to the temple of Apollo, shrine of the reliquary Sybilline prophecies, and museum of the busts of earth's immortals: to a Veronese painter's studio; to a Neapolitan witch's midnight enchantments; to a village barber's shop, full of custom and fuss and small talk; to a secret congress of the faithful in the catacombs; to Trajan's presence-chamber, and the Mammertine dungeons. The characters engaged in the action present a fair diversity of types of society in the capital, but for the most part lacking individuality and life. Valerius himself is too much of the faultless walking gentleman, though his betrothed, the high-hearted and deep-hearted Athanasia, is some removes beyond the standard walking lady. Sabinus, the jovial, kindly, bustling centurion—with his strong muscular fabric and hearty masculine laugh,—who, under Agricola and his real triumphs, and Domitian and *his* sham one, has undergone various freaks of fortune, and preserved his equanimity and rubicundity unaltered in them all; Xerophrastes, the professed Stoic, and

* Lockhart's Life of Scott. Chap. xiv.

† Even Scott, it may be observed, considered the general turn of the book too favorable, both to the state of public society, and of individual character, in Scotland—quoting Goldsmith's couplet,

"His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud."

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

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eventual cynic, greedy, selfish, mercenary, and mischievous; and Dromo, the Cretan slave, "a leering varlet, with rings in his ears, whose face resembles some comic mask in the habitual archness of its malicious and inquisitive look;" these are perhaps the most noticeable of the *dramatis personæ*, though themselves subordinate agents. There is a scattering of philosophers, who discourse learnedly on their conflicting systems—the Epicurean in particular being set forth and incidentally exemplified in a prominent degree. Among the more remarkable passages in the action of the tale may be noted, the scene in the guard-room, where, after the boisterous choruses of a boon soldiery, Valerius overhears "the voices of those that were in the dungeon singing together in a sweet and lowly manner,"* and his subsequent interview with the singers in the expectant martyr's cell; the visit to the gladiator's ward and its adjoining menagerie,—and indeed the whole description of the doings at the amphitheatre (parts of which recal, in their way, some pages in "Ivanhoe," devoted to the spectators at the tournament); to which may be added, the meeting with Athanasia in the temple of Apollo, and her interrupted share in the idolatrous hymn—her part in the betrayed assembly of believers, and its stern results—the baptismal and betrothal scene in the moonlit grotto.

Under the shade of melancholy boughs—

where stood the fountain which became to Valerius the λουτρον παλιγγενεσίας, as he stepped into its cool water, and the aged Aurelius stooped over him, and sprinkled the drops upon his forehead, and repeated the appointed words, and then kissed his brow as he came forth from the water, while Athanasia also drew slowly near, and hastily pressed his forehead with trembling lips, and then all three sat down together, and in silence, by the lonely well.

Jeffrey's fling at Mr. Lockhart, as being "mighty religious, too," and as obtruding a "devotional orthodoxy," with a tendency, "every now and then, a little towards cant,"—which, however, had reference to his Scotch novels (in common with those of Professor Wilson)—finds no justification, so far as it is a sneer, in the instance of "Valerius." The author has even exercised a reserve and restraint, in the face of strong temptations (from the nature of his agitating theme) to an opposite treatment, which to many appear forbiddingly cold and fatally apathetic. It cannot be alleged that his heathens are all painted black, and his Christians white. Not Gibbon himself is much more charitably—or, if you will, impartially—disposed towards Trajan and his policy. The keen-scented editor of the *Edinburgh* must have been keen-scented beyond human or even canine parallel, could he have sniffed the odor of sanctity, in "devotional orthodoxy" power, and in the rankness of a tendency to "cant," in the too dispassionate and, so far, uncharacteristic colloquies of Mr. Lockhart's Roman Christians. They are, in fact, unreal from their very failing to speak out: not that they would, or ought to speak out when to do so would be unseasonable and fruitless—but that, where they would, and ought to, they do not—which is noticeable not as a fault (for the author had good reasons—*art*ful ones, for abstaining from sermonizing), but as evidence how free "Valerius" is from affectation of the *ower-guid*. The book seems to have been flung off at a heat—not of enthusiasm; there is, indeed, little in its composition, whether we regard the story or the accessories, to belie the assertion that it took but three weeks to write:—"when he was writing 'Valerius,'" Professor Wilson is reported to have said of his friend and literary ally, "we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in three weeks. I thus heard it all by piecemeal as it went

* "Ah, sir!" said the old soldier, "I thought it would be even so—there is not a spearman in the band that would not willingly watch here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice.—Hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep, strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner." "Hush!" quoth the centurion, "heard you ever anything half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?" "What the words are I know not," said the soldier; "but I know the tune well—I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the city was beleaguered." . . . . . "But this, surely," said the centurion," is no warlike melody." "I know not," quoth the old soldier, "whether it be or not—but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow,—and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!" "The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth." "Ay, sir, but that is the old man's own voice—I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour Tisias dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a Christian, or had kept his religion to himself. But as for changing now—you might as well think of persuading the prince himself to be a Jew."—*Valerius*, Book i. chap. viii.

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on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing." Mr. R. P. Gillies, too, has put on record his wonder at the rapidity of the same pen—which, if surpassed by Christopher North's* in the one article of fiery despatch, was its superior in systematic assiduity and regularity of labor: Mr. Lockhart, the "Literary Veteran"† assures us, thought thirty-two columns of *Blackwood* (a whole printed sheet) an ordinary day's work, involving not the slightest stress or fatigue.

Turning, however, from his first to his last essay in fiction, we find but too many footprints of the seven-leagued boots of this perhaps fatal facility. It was the scenes descriptive of university life at Oxford, that chiefly attracted public attention to "Reginald Dalton"—a kind of subject which has since found many another scribe, more or less conversant with and master of it; among whom may be named Mr. Hewlett, of the same university, and Dr. Samuel Phillips, whose "Caleb Stukely" illustrates Cambridge experiences of a like order. Maiden aunts and uninitiated papas must have formed horrible notions of Oxford, if they had within reach no corrective or alterative, to restrain and tone down the effect of "Reginald Dalton's" revelations—which are certainly open to the charge of giving an *einseitig* and exaggerated picture of Alma Mater-ia. But the picture won eager albeit shocked gazers, by its broad strokes and its high coloring—and may, we suspect, have tended as directly to induce anxious "governors" to send their boys to the other university, as, in later days, the alarm at "Tractarianism" has done. The lively chapters devoted to Reginald's under-graduate career were devoured by those *ab extrà*, as an exciting novelty—and scanned by those *ab intrà* as a "refresher" of old times and cherished associations, not forgetting the once-familiar slang peculiar to court, and quadrangle, and hall, and combination-room. A Town and Gown row, a bachelor's supper-party,—with the orthodox complement of pickled oysters, exquisitely-veined brawn, and peerless sausages, served on lordly dishes of college plate, and magnificent flagons of that never-to-be-resisted potation, *Bishop* (a beverage which, thirty years ago, it was not superfluous for Mr. Lockhart to explain in a foot-note, as being the resultant of port-wine, mulled with roasted lemons—just as claret, similarly embellished, is yclept *Cardinal;* and Burgundy, *Pope*);—a fox-hunting raid to Newnham Harcourt, *viâ* roads all alive with

> —Buggy, gig, and dog-cart,
> Curricle and tandem—

and the gallop, at Parson Hooker's, "hark, hark!" to the music of hound and horn—pell-mell, priest and layman, squire, curate, bachelor, and freshman—away over bush and furze, bog and briar, hedge and stile, ditch and double-ditch—"tramp, tramp across the stubble; splash, splash across the dubble;"—boating engagements at Mother Davies's;—dunning blockades against the "sported oak;"—scuffles with proctors and bull-dogs;—a duel in the meadows, and a lodgement in the Castle;—such are some of the topics ungrudgingly set forth in Reginald's Oxford career. Little enough there is to glorify the ideal Oxford of scholarship, and earnest study, and gracious refinement—to echo Warton's apostrophe,

> Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
> Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat; &c.*

The hero's university course is only an episode; but to it the leading interest of the work attaches, and upon it the novelist has expended the best of his power and pains. Reginald's subsequent experiences in London and elsewhere are dull, and loosely put together. The table-talk—wine-table, breakfast-table, supper-table, or what not—so profusely detailed, is too frequently of the veriest weak tea-table sort; weak enough, mawkish and vapid enough, to make one almost incredulous of its coming from the trenchant pen† of the editor of the *Quarterly*, and the

* "Mr. Wilson had then (viz., thirty years ago) a rapidity of executive power in composition such as I have never seen equalled before or since." "But then he would do nothing but when he liked and how be liked."—*Gillies' Literary Veteran.*

† *Heu, quantum mutatus ab illo* KEMPFERHAUSEN of the *Noctes*, and the President of the "Right, Wrong or Right Club!"

* Triumph of Isis.

† We have all seen, it may be presumed, in *Punch* or some cognate repertory of satirical censorship, specimens of the way in which the flimsiest manufacturers of novels manage to fill up, at least expense of brain-work and penmanship, the necessary number of pages decreed by the circulating libraries—whose decree, implastic and inexorable as that of Medes and Persians, altereth not. But who would willingly accredit the editor of the *Quarterly*, in his most finished novel, with dialogues of such calibre as the following (between a match-making couple at cross-purposes)—taken from a large stock of which it is but a current sample:

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manly, vigorous, forcible biographer of Sir Walter Scott. The humorous parts of "Valerius" were flat, nor are those of this tale of modern life much more potent—though there is certainly some pungent satirical writing, and a plentiful seasoning of caustic wit. The characters are, with one or two exceptions, far from being loveable or even likeable people: the Catlines irritate, the Chisneys repel or fatigue, Macdonald thoroughly annoys, and even good old Keith bores us. But the elder Daltons are a refreshing relief—genial, natural, and heart-whole; the Vicar wins our affectionate reverence; young Macdonald is one of the better sort of "good-natured fellows," (a complimentary epithet of cruel kindness,) and sweet Helen Hesketh sways our loyal souls whithersoever she listeth. *Her* part in the tale, with its pathetic associations, is wrought out with emphasis and discretion, and shows what the novelist can do when he will:

[Macdonald, the "pawky" writer, is trying to bring to terms the lady-mother of the damsel he desiderates for his son.]

"When is't to be, Leddy Catline? Since other folk intend to speak, what can I do?"

"To be? what to be, Mr. Macdonald?" said the lady with an air of surprise, rather too grave to be affected.

"What's to be, Leddy Catline?"

"Yes, what's to be, Mr. Macdonald?"

"What's to be, mem?"

"What's to be, sir?"

"The thing, mem—the business—the whole affair——"

"The whole affair, sir?—the business, sir?"

"Yes, mem, the business—the business—God bless my heart!"

"The business, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Come, come, Leddy Catline, we've had enough of this work. Time's no chuckey-stanes—Has your leddyship not been holding any serious conversation?

"Why, really, Mr. Macdonald, I scarcely think we *have* been very serious."

"'Sdeath, mem, what do you mean?"

"Sir?"

"Mem?"

"Mr. Macdonald?"

"Leddy Catline?"

"Sir?"

"Hoots, hoots—a joke's a joke."

"A joke?"

"Ay, a joke."—*Reginald Dalton*. Book vii. chap. v.

We are to this hour distrustful of Mr. Wakley's capacity for writing Wordsworthian lyrics by the mile, but we *can* imagine him doing *this* kind of composition by his crowner's metre of mileage.

And Nature holds her sway, as Lockhart tells
How dark the grief that with the guilty dwells;
How various passions through the bosom move,
Dalton's high hope, and Ellen's sinless love.
Creative fancy gives a lovelier green
To Godstowe's glade;* and hallows all the scene
Where Love's low whisper sooth'd their wildest fears,
Till Joy grew voiceless and flow'd forth in tears.†

The "dark grief" that tabernacles with "the guilty," and the "various passions" that agitate the bosom of frail humanity, were impressively delineated in the two Scotch novelets, "Adam Blair" and "Matthew Wald." The former is pitched in the same key with Wilson's painfully intense tale of "Simon Gray," and Mrs. Southey's "Andrew Cleaves." It is not improved in moral tone, however it may be heightened in melo-dramatic coloring, by the evident influence exercised on the author's mind by his familiarity with German fictions; to the morbid characteristics of which, he too nearly adapted his own story. We can imagine him at a later period inditing merciless strictures on similar trespasses, by some later romancer, in the way of overwrought emotion and pathological diagnosis—and visiting with peremptory rebuke the *morale* which drags down to ruin, in its blackness of darkness, a too soft-hearted and susceptible minister of the Gospel, by the iron chain of "fate and metaphysical aid," Calvinism and philosophy. In "Matthew Wald" there are some powerful bits of tragic, or rather, perhaps of melodramatic writing—the story of Perling Joan is touching, and that of the Glasgow shoemaker, who murders a guest, and goes on his way *praying*, and who dies praying for the hooting crowd around his scaffold, is not without its awed admirers.

Of Mr. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," a fellow-countryman and brother poet has said, that fine as were the original verses, they certainly lost nothing (as did the shield of Martinus Scriblerus) from being subjected to his modern furbishing; but that, on the contrary, what was tame he inspired, what was lofty he endowed with additional grandeur, while even the tender—as in the lay of "Count Alarços and the Infanta Soliza"‡—grew still more pathetic beneath his touch. Another fellow-countryman and brother poet—well versed in Border minstrelsy—admiringly recognizes all the simplicity, and energy, and picturesque

* See *Reginald Dalton*. Book iii. chap v.

† The Novel: a Satire. (1830.)

‡ "Than which, as rendered by Mr. Lockhart, no finer ballad of its kind—more gushingly natural, or more profoundly pathetic—probably exists in the poetry of any nation."—*David Macbeth Moir*. (Δ.)

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beauty, and more than the flow of the ballads of the Border, in these translations from the Spanish and Moorish. "The fine old Bible English into which they are rendered, gives the antique hue so natural and becoming in the old minstrels; all other translations fade away before them."* Mr. Hallam, too, always a cautious judge, has awarded no faint praise—that damning sentence of cautious judges—to these bold and buoyant lyrics.

We reckon it blessing rather than bane that our limits defy us to be prosy about that glorious piece of biography, the life of Scott. It is far too interesting and valuable to be a present text of controversy, about the Ballantines "and a' that;" the man who reads such a book with fussy critical pretensions, should be required to name one poor half-dozen of biographies that equal it in matter and manner. The life of Burns, again, is a pleasant compilation—vigorous in narrative, and set off with fit reflections, the germ of other and deeper ones, in the essays of Wilson and Carlyle.

Still more emphatically may we count ourselves happy in being without space to discuss the editor of the *Quarterly Review.* One word, nevertheless, against the not unpopular impression of his "merciless" disposition, and "implacable" opposition to opponents. The *personal* characteristics foisted on him by certain scribblers, have been commonly identified with his editorial ideal—making up an austere man, haughty, reserved, recklessly satirical, and somewhat vindictive withal. Tom Moore could discriminate between editor and man, when he introduced Lockhart's name among "Thoughts on Editors:"

> Alas, and must I close the list
> With thee, my Lockhart, of the *Quarterly,*
> So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—
> With pen, so *very* gruff and tartarly.
> Now in thy parlor feasting me,
> Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
> Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
> Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Mark, believer in the bilious "personal talk" of N. P. Willis and his sympathisers, how Thomas the Rhymer here recognizes in the man what it was *his* fate to miss in the reviewer. Only because of the vulgar acceptation of the aforesaid personal strictures do we thus trench on what is a personal province. But one so often hears allusions founded on what has been sketched by the Penciller by the Way, that it is but fair to point to testimony recently given, incidentally enough, by other popular writers, whose opinions happen to be on record, and may be taken for what they are worth: we will confine ourselves to two—John Sterling and B. R. Haydon—both men strikingly diverse in party and tendency from him they refer to. "I found him," says Sterling, describing an interview with Lockhart on the subject of S.'s *Strafford,* "as neat, clear, and cutting a brain as you would expect; but with an amount of knowledge, good-nature, and liberal anti-bigotry, that would surprise many. The tone of his children towards him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness."* "L., when we became acquainted," says Haydon, "felt so strongly how little I deserved what had been said of me, that his whole life has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the time a party to. Hence his visits to me in prison, his praise in the *Quarterly,* &c. . . . . This shows a good heart, and a fine heart L. has; but he is fond of mischief and fun, and does not think of the wreck he has made till he has seen the fragments."† Very like Haydon, truly; but let that pass.

* Allan Cunningham.

* Carlyle's Life of Sterling.

† Autobiography of Haydon.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

History presents us with several remarkable instances of great men retiring from public life into privacy and seclusion. None, however, can compare to Charles V., who in 1556 exchanged the crowns of kingdoms for the seclusion of a monastery. The only historical parallel to such a renunciation of power is the involuntary abdication of Napoleon the Great; but, in the latter, the renown, the ability, and power, are the only points of similitude, the chief point, that of voluntary abdication of the pleasures and pomp of greatness, is wanting.

Hence the peculiar interest attaching itself to the history of the last days of Charles V. His contemporaries, as the old Pope Paul IV., dismissed the subject from their minds by adopting as a received fact that the emperor had lost his senses; historians, as Robertson and Sandoval, were equally wide of the mark when they pictured the statesman and warrior as a humble ascetic, clothed in serge, immured in the solitude of a cloister, and given up to nothing but pious exercises.

The light thrown in modern times upon the last days of Charles V. has had one common source. This is a large MS. volume, written by Tomas Gonzalez, designated, "*Reeiro, estrancia y muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en el Monasterio de Yuste.*" This MS. was left by Tomas to his brother, Manuel Gonzalez, keeper of the archives of Simancas, and he sold it for £160 to the French government. This MS. was the basis of Mr. Stirling's charming work, "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," and of M. Amédée Pichot's interesting "*Chronique de la vie intérieure et politique de Charles Quint.*"*

M. Mignet has been enabled to add to this invaluable source of information others not less important and interesting, derived from the archives of Simancas, and collected and published by M. Gachard, under the title of "*Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint au Monastère de Yuste.*" The last work constitutes an essential complement to all that has hitherto been published upon the subject. What adds still more to the value of M. Gachard's work is, that he has also been able to avail himself of a memoir on the conventual life of Charles V., discovered only four years ago among the archives of the feudal court of Brabant, written by a monk living in the convent at the time; and the narrative of the monk is more circumstantial and satisfactory than even that of the Prior Fray Martin de Angulo himself, and who has been almost the sole authority with Sandoval in his "*Vida del Emperador Carlos Quinto en Yuste.*"

It appears from these new materials thus obtained and compared with one another, and certain inedited despatches of which M. Mignet has also been able to avail himself in his newly-published work,* that Charles V. entertained the idea of withdrawing from the pomps and vanities of the world from a much earlier period in life than has hitherto been supposed.

An inedited letter of the Portuguese ambassador, Lorenzo Pirez, to King John III., dated 16th January, 1557, and for reference to which M. Mignet expresses his obligations to Viscount Santarem, attests that Charles V. first entertained this idea upon the occasion of his narrowly escaping shipwreck on his return from the expedition to Tunis in 1535. In 1539 the death of his beloved wife, the Empress Isabella, revived the feeling in still greater intensity. The contemplation of the quick destruction that awaited upon human beauty and power alike, and the narrow home to which both were ultimately consigned, made the resolve to with-

* We regret to have received M. Amédée Pichot's work so late this month as not to have been able to incorporate some of the curious facts which that distinguished writer has eliminated, regarding the habits and manners of the illustrious recluse, into the present article. The subject is, however, far too interesting to be passed over cursorily, and we shall gladly avail ourselves of M. Pichot's researches on a future occasion.

* Charles Quint son Abdication, son Séjour et sa Mort au Monastère de Yuste. Par M. Mignet, de l'Académie Française.

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draw from the world so fixed, that he actually shut himself up for a time in a convent of Hieronymite monks at Sysla.

At the time when Charles V. first entertained these ideas of religious seclusion he was scarcely forty years of age, and at the height of his power. The responsibilities of his position, and the necessity of providing for a safe succession to the throne, alone delayed the execution of this desire, which, as years rolled on, became increased by the infirmities which overtook him, and which were a natural consequence of his incessant activity, his mode of life, and of holding in his hands a power too great and too much dispersed to be within the compass of the genius and the administrative capacities of one man.

Of middle height, but well-set, Charles V. had been remarkable in his early days for his prowess in the chase, the tournament, and in all athletic exercises. He had even entered the arena to combat with bulls. The remarkable activity and vigor of his intellect were betokened in his spacious forehead, and interpreted in his penetrating look. A defect in the lower part of the face was, however, as injurious to his health as much as it detracted from his looks. The lower jaw advanced beyond the upper one so much, that when he closed his mouth his teeth did not meet. The teeth themselves were also few in number, and very irregularly disposed, so that he stammered a little, and digested badly. His appetite was as capacious as his intellect. The Englishman, Roger Asham, has recorded the surprise he experienced at witnessing the emperor's voracity. Boiled beef, roast mutton, baked leveret, stewed capon, nothing came wrong Five times, says the venerable chronicler, he dipped his head into his glass, and each time he did not drink less than a quarter of a gallon (a quart) of Rhenish wine.

Van Male, the emperor's *ayuda de cámera*, complained bitterly that even when ill he could not dispense with his usual dishes and drinks. His wine was always iced, and his beer, which he imbibed the first thing in the morning, was left all night in the open air to cool. He was particularly partial to fish, and to the horror of his attendants he eat his oysters raw as well as boiled and roasted!

The emperor was also given to certain pleasures, in which, according to the expression of a contemporaneous ambassador, *il ne portait pas une volenté assez moderée; it se les poacurait on il se trouvait, avec des dames de grande et aussi de petite condition.* Excesses in the cabinet and the field, at table and in the boudoir, soon brought this great mind and powerful frame low. In 1518 he had an epileptic fit when playing at tennis; and in 1519 he was struck down when attending mass at Saragossa. Gout assailed him by the time he was thirty years of age. Its attacks, more and more frequent and more and more prolonged, bore more particularly in his hands and knees. He could not always affix his signature when wanted, and often when he was in the field he could not mount his horse, but had to follow the army in a litter. Thus assailed by infirmities, tormented in addition by asthma, subject to a flux of a most exhausting character, irritated by cutaneous irruptions on his right hand and in his feet, his beard and hair prematurely grey, he felt his strength and capabilities abandoning him at the very time that the aspect of affairs was most threatening.

Add to all this, Charles V. had a decided inclination for religious exercises. To use the words of his biographer, "The perusal of the Old and New Testaments possessed great attractions for him; the poetry of the Psalms struck his imagination and stirred his soul. The magnificence of the Catholic ceremonies, the affecting grandeur of the expiatory sacrifice in the mass, the music mingled with prayer, the beauty of the arts relieving the austerity of the dogma, the mediatory power of the Church giving succor by absolution, and reassuring the weakness of the man and the anxiety of the Christian by repentance, all combined to retain him with fervor in the olden form of worship."

His policy also, it would appear, helped in no small degree to confirm him in the olden faith. Successor to those Catholic monarchs who had recovered the Spanish peninsula from the Moors; possessor of a great part of that Italy in the centre of which was placed the seat of apostolic tradition and Christian government; chief elect of that holy Roman empire whose crown, from Charlemagne to his own day, had been placed on the forehead of the emperor by the Pope's hands; he was bound to preserve and to defend the ancient creed of his ancestors and of these different realms, and the hereditary worship with which were associated the fidelity of his subjects, the principle of existence of many of his states, and the solid grandeur of his domination.

This sense of duty, this feeling of political necessity, may have served in no small degree to uphold the fervor of Charles V.'s religious convictions. He attended several masses in the day. He communicated at the

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great festivals. Upwards of an hour every morning was devoted to religious meditation. He had even composed prayers himself. His last political and warlike efforts were directed against Protestant ascendancy in Germany; they were those also which were attended with the least success of any undertakings which marked his once brilliant career.

Charles V. having decided upon cloistral seclusion, the Hieronymite monks obtained his preference. They constituted an order which was almost exclusively Spanish, having been founded by a few hermits of the Peninsula, who in 1373 obtained the authority of Pope Gregory XI. to unite in religious congregations under the name of St. Jerome and the rules of St. Augustin.

Their first monastery had arisen at San Bartholome de Lupiana, near Guadalajara, on one of the airy heights of Old Castile. From thence they had rapidly spread over the plain of Toledo, into the pine forests of Guisando, among the myrtles of Barcelona and Valencia, under the vine-clad bowers of Segovia, and into the chesnut forests of Estramadura. Placed at no great distance from the towns, in agreeable and secluded situations, they had covered the Peninsula with their establishments—from Granada to Lisbon, from Seville to Saragossa. They had devoted themselves in the first instance to contemplation and prayer. They lived upon charity, and from the middle of night to the end of the day they sang to the praises of God with a rare assiduity and a singular pomp. Soon enriched by the gifts of the people and the favors of princes, the Hieronymites, whose entire order was governed by an elective general, and each convent ruled by a triennial prior, added science to prayer and the cultivation of letters to the practice of psalmody, and from poor monks they became the opulent possessors of extensive lands, of numerous flocks, and of rich vineyards. No other monks in Spain celebrated Catholic worship with a more imposing dignity, could rival the sweetness of the music of their choirs, distributed such abundant charities at the gates of their convents, or offered in their establishments a more generous hospitality to travellers.

At Notre Dame de Guadalupe, one of the three most venerated and most frequented sanctuaries in Spain, their convent was in extent like a town, and was, by its fortifications, rendered as strong as a citadel. Here the Hieronymites kept their treasure in a tower; here their spacious cellars were always full; their beautiful gardens were clothed with orange and lemon trees; while on the neighboring mountains they pastured flocks of sheep, cows, goats, and pigs. In Estramadura alone they possessed fifty thousand feet of plantations of olives and cedars; and in their spacious refectories the table for visitors and pilgrims was laid six or seven times a day with bounteous profusion.

It was near a monastery of this description, given to prayer and to study, that Charles V. resolved to withdraw. He had always held monastic life in peculiar veneration. This veneration was a kind of heirloom, which he had from his grandfather, and which he transmitted to his son. Ferdinand the Catholic had built two monasteries of the same order after the victory of Toro, in 1475, and the conquest of Granada, in 1492; and he had retired to one of these cloisters upon the death of the queen, Isabella of Castile, and when he felt himself at the point of death, he repaired to Madrigalego, to a house belonging to the Hieronymites, whom he had constituted guardians of the royal tombs. Philip II. was destined to found for the same order the vast Escurial, in commemoration of the battle of Saint Quentin, and there he also in his turn both lived and died. Charles V., who had been on several occasions the host of the Hieronymites, in their convents of SantaEngracia, of Sysla, and of Mejorada, resolved to end his days in their cloister of Yuste.

Yuste, to which the emperor's adoption was to give so much celebrity, had been founded at the commencement of the fifteenth century, near a rivulet from which it took its name, in a mountain chain of Estramadura, cut up by valleys, clothed with trees, and watered by numerous rivulets that flowed down from the summits of the mountains. From this picturesque site—having to the east and to the south the plains of Talavera and Aranjuelo—the eye followed the course of the Tietar and the Tagus, dived into the fine cultivations and smiling villages that lay nestled amid the woods of the magnificent basin of *Vera de Plasencia*, and rested finally in the distance on the azure outline of the Guadalupe mountains.

Such was the monastery which Charles V. selected for his place of retirement. The pleasing salubrity of the spot and its peaceful solitude were alike adapted for an infirm and weary mind. But while he nominally withdrew among the Hieronymites of Yuste, whose extensive knowledge and pious regularity he duly appreciated, he by no means intended himself to adopt their mode of life. What he proposed to himself to do, was to build close to their monastery a separate edifice, from whence he could enjoy the free use of the church of the monastery, or, when it suited him, the company of the monks, but at the same where he could preserve his own independence while he respected theirs.

Three years before his abdication, he had a suitable residence planned by Gaspard de Vega and Alonso de Covarruvias, the two most celebrated architects in Spain, and he left the superintendence of its building to the Prior Juan de Ortega, under the direction of the Infante and the secretary of state, Vasquez de Molina.

Many circumstances of high political import caused the emperor's abdication to be delayed for some time. Among these were

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the hostile alliance of Henry II. of France with the Pope Paul IV.; the state of the Low Countries; the marriage of the Infante with Mary of England; and the final measures necessary to ensure a peaceful succession to his son.

At length, on the 3d of February, 1557, the emperor took formal leave of his court, where the deepest grief prevailed at the step taken by their illustrious master. Being placed in a litter, he started on horseback, accompanied by Count Oropesa, La Chaulx, and Luis Quijada. At the same time, the halberdiers who had formed his body-guard threw their halberds down upon the ground, as to intimate that the arms which had been employed in the service of so great an emperor could never be used in the service of any one else. The procession traversed the bottom of the valley in silence, and slowly ascended the slope of the mountain on which stood the monastery of Yuste. The emperor arrived there at five o'clock in the evening. The monks were waiting his arrival in their church, which they had illuminated, while their bells rang a merry peal. They went out in procession to meet the emperor, carrying their cross before them, and received him chanting the *Te Deum*. They were, says an eye-witness, transported with joy at seeing that which they never could have believed. Charles V., descending from his litter, placed himself on a chair, and had himself carried up to the steps of the high altar. There, having on his right Count Oropesa, and on his left Luis Quijada, after prayer he admitted the monks to kiss his hand. The prior, clothed in his cap, was somewhat nervous in the presence of the powerful sovereign who had established himself as a religious guest in his convent, and intending a compliment, made use of the expression "Your Paternity." "Say your Majesty," interrupted a monk who stood by. Charles V., on leaving the church, examined the whole of the monastery, after which he withdrew to his own private abode, of which he took possession the same evening, and which he was destined never to leave.

The house erected for the reception of the emperor and his suit stood to the south of the monastery, and overlooked the *Vera de Plasencia*. It contained eight rooms of very modest dimensions, four below and four above, and the rear was protected by the walls of the church. A balcony in front was shaded by orange and lemon trees, and enlivened by flowering plants. The waters of the mountains were also brought to play in fountains—one of which, lined with Dutch tiles, was so capacious as to serve as a pond for the trouts brought from the neighboring villages. Below was the garden of the monastery, which had been given up to the emperor. A door opened from the emperor's bedroom on the upper story into the church, so that he could participate in divine service without mixing with the monks. Philip II. managed a similar contrivance at the Escurial. Monarchs love to be exclusive, even on the threshold of heaven. The imperial study was also charmingly situated, and commanded a delightful prospect.

Charles V. lived in this humble abode as a monk, without ceasing to be an emperor. Without possessing the luxuries of a palace, his habitation was not without such conveniences and decorations as belonged to the epoch. The walls were lined with Flemish tapestry. His own room alone was lined throughout with fine black cloth. The couches, chairs, and stools, were similarly covered, some being decorated with rich black velvet. He had two beds most luxuriously furnished, and no end of clothes, dresses of linen, and materials for the toilet. His great favorite, Titian, had painted himself at all ages, his empress, and all the members of the royal family. Many of these portraits were there, so that he had them always before his eyes. He was particularly partial to one picture by the same master; it represented the royal family invoking the Trinity. This picture, afterwards removed to the Escurial, is now in the Royal Museum of Madrid. He had many other religious subjects from the pencil of his favorite, as well as crucifixes and Virgins sculptured by Miguel. He had also a collection of relics, in whose virtues he had learnt to place every confidence as memorials, but probably little more.

The emperor's passion for clocks was so great, that, complaining one day to his major-domo, Baron de Montfalconnet, of the inaptitude of his cook, the latter retorted that he no longer knew how to please his majesty, unless he should try the efficacy of a stew of clocks. The mechanician Juanello had gratified the imperial inclinations this way, by clocks of all shapes and sizes in exceeding number. He had also dials, compasses, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments, besides a good collections of maps.

His collections of books was not extensive, but the list given by Gonzalez is very interesting, as indicative of the resources of

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Charles V., at a time when it was considered proper to give to a prince the practice of warlike exercises and the habits of a *gentleman*, and not habits of seclusion among books, like a monk or a philosopher. Charles was, however, all four, and more; and he is said to have begun the task of inditing his own commentaries, in imitation of those of Julius Cæsar.

The emperor, a victim to so many infirmities, had also a considerable collection of medicinal talismans. He had stones set in gold proper for staying hemorrhages; bracelets and rings of bone set in gold, efficacious against hemorrhoids; a blue stone set in a claw of gold to keep off the gout; nine English rings, efficacious against cramp; a philosopher's stone, which had been given to him by a certain Doctor Beltran; and lastly, several bezoar stones brought from the East, and powerful to oppose many disorders. Sad reality had, however, taught him to look more to the aid of his physician, Mathys, and the remedies of his apothecary, Overstraeten, than to his numerous charms and amulets.

His services of plate were royal in extent and magnificence. He had a double service silver-gilt for the altar of his private chapel, cabinets of gold, silver, and enamel, were filled with costly jewels and objects of vertu. His table, toilet utensils, vases, basins, fountains, decanters, even utensils for the kitchen, cellar, pantry, brewery and pharmacy, were all alike of silver.

The service of the house was performed by no less than fifty persons, under the direction of the major-domo, Luis Quijada. This list comprised secretary, physician, apothecary, clockmakers, cooks, bakers, butlers, a master of the wardrobe, four *ayudas de cámara*, four *barberos*, brewers, confectioners, fruiterers, cheesemongers and poulterers, huntsmen, gardeners, litter-bearers, valets, porters, scribes, washerwomen, and their assistants: there were also a chaplain and a Franciscan monk to confess the household, so that Charles V.'s hermitage was, in reality, a monastery within a monastery. The wages of his household alone came to 8,400*l.* a year.

All these people could not be accommodated in an eight-roomed house, so that a portion dwelt at the neighboring village of Quacos, another lived in the monastery itself, some in the cloisters, some in the hostelry department. At Quacos were also eight mules kept for the transport of provisions, as also an aged infirm horse, the only one that had followed his master's fortunes. The Princess of Spain had nominated a magistrate, clerk, and alguazil to the village of Quacos, to settle disputes that might arise between the country-people and the emperor's retinue.

Although thus entirely independent of the monastery, Charles had selected from among its monks his confessor, Juan Regla, his reader, and three predicators. Juan Regla was a very learned and acute theologian; so liberal that he had been obliged to abjure eighteen propositions denounced by the Holy Inquisition; but he was also servile, insinuating, and worldly—just the kind of confessor for an imperious penitent. So, also, he became the confessor of Philip, after having been that of Charles. The latter appears, with all his piety, to have been more dogmatic than humble in his religious practices. Juan Regla had demurred at first at undertaking the responsibility of being confessor to the queen. "Be easy upon that score," said Charles V. to him. "I have had near me for a whole year, before I left Flanders, five theologians and canons of the Church, with whom I discharged my conscience upon all past affairs. You will only have to know that which may happen in the future." The happy casuistry of these learned theologians and canons for discharging an overburdened conscience, had no doubt found profound and mystical excuses for war, ambition, gluttony, and all other possible sins and vices. Charles V., who could command absolution from the most learned theologians, could afford to treat the aid of Juan Regla as a very indifferent matter: his clear intellect must, however, often have whispered to him how unsafe were all such foundations for hope, unless backed by true repentance.

Charles was alike zealous and regular in his religious practices. Every day he heard four masses and a funereal service, and on the Thursdays he had a grand sacramental mass. In order to give all the accessories of good music to these services, monks with fine voices, and who sang best, were sought out from all the monasteries in Spain and brought to Yuste.

The day was passed with the same regularity, only that it was sometimes disturbed by political and other business. On waking up, the first thing was to eat; his stomach could not remain empty. This habit was so inveterate, that it could not be given up either to sickness or religion. Even the days when he took the communion he was not fasting—the latitudinarianism of the Romanists showed itself in this matter, as

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well as others. The Pope, Jules III., had granted, in virtue of his apostolic authority, an absolution for the past and a dispensation for the future, in regard to communicating "upon a light breakfast," or even "such food as might be deemed necessary."

The first who attended upon the royal recluse was the confessor, Juan Regla. At ten o'clock the *ayudas* and *barberos* dressed him. Then, if well enough, he went to church; if indisposed, he listened to the service from his bed-chamber. At dinner, when he had the free use of his hands, he would cut up his meat himself. After some conversation with his physician and secretary, Juan Regla would read to him extracts from the fathers of the church, after which he would take a brief siesta. Wednesdays and Fridays he went at three o'clock to hear a sermon from one of his predicators; when not well enough to attend himself, which was frequently the case, he made Juan Regla give him an account of the sermon. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, were devoted to lectures by Doctor Bernardino de Salinas.

If there is no greater mistake made by most historians than that Charles V. lived either in cloistral seclusion, in poverty of vesture, in exercises of piety, abrogation of personal dignity, deficiency of attendance, or self-denial of any kind, equally far from the truth is it to suppose that he gave up all interference with secular and political matters. Sandoval and Robertson have been alike in error upon these points. "In this retreat," says Mignet, "at once pious and noble, in this life dedicated to God, but still occupied with the great interests of the world, his mind remained firm, his aspirations lofty, his character decided, his views bold; and he gave upon the conduct of the Spanish monarchy the most valuable advice, and the most judicious directions to his daughter, the regent of Spain, and to the king, his son, who solicited them with urgency, and followed them with respect."

Hence, shortly after Charles V.'s withdrawal to Yuste, his time was largely occupied with Lorenzo Pirez in negotiating with Jean III. the transfer of the Infante Doña Maria into Spain, as also with matters concerning the war in Italy and the Low Countries. So great were the perils of Philip, that the young king even sent his favorite, Gomez da Silva, to induce the emperor to quit his retirement and resume the imperial crown. Charles refused, but withheld neither his influence, his counsel, nor his means from his son in difficulty. He exerted himself with the greatest energy to raise additional moneys throughout the country, and to transmit them to the seat of war.

The health of Charles V. went on at the same time improving under the influence of retirement, a fine climate, and good living, combined with an habitual recurrence to pills and senna wine. He, upon one occasion, asked for an arquebuse, and shot two pigeons, without requiring any assistance to rise from his chair, or to hold the gun. He also dined, upon another occasion, in the refectory of the convent, but he was never tempted to renew the experiment, and is said to have hurried away rather indecorously from the table before the conclusion of the repast.

The monastery of Yuste, once so tranquil and silent, had become a centre of movement and action. Couriers were incessantly arriving and taking their departure. Charles received the visits of many persons of distinction; he was universally appealed to, to settle differences and disputes among those in authority; some came to consult him, some to ask for favors. Among the most distinguished of these visitors were his sisters, the Queens Eleanor of France and Mary of Hungary; the Emperor was delighted to see them. They found him passing the little time which his pious exercises and affairs of state left to him in improving and embellishing his abode.

The second year that Charles spent at the monastery was more disturbed by sickness than the first, and events without contributed to these unfavorable symptoms. At the end of November, 1557, he experienced a very violent fit of gout, from which he did not recover for a month. It was at this very time that he received the news of the humiliating peace concluded in Italy.

Little tribulations also came with greater ones to irritate a broken-up constitution. The villagers of Quacos quarrelled with his followers, poached his trouts, and even took his cows if they got beyond bounds: 800 ducats were abstracted from his strong box, but he would not permit any of his attendants who were suspected to be put to torture. A severe relapse of gout came on, on the 4th of January, 1558. On the 2d of February the news was communicated to the emperor of the capture of Calais by the Duke of Guise. Upon hearing this, the suffering monarch said he had never experienced so much pain in his lifetime. On the 8th, however, he was a little better; he eat some

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fresh oysters, and sent to Seville for some sarsaparilla to make decoctions. Still his sufferings were so great that he was obliged to sleep with his lower extremities uncovered.

This month, on the anniversary of his admission to the monastery, Charles V. having been informed by the master of the novices that his novitiate had expired, and that he must make up his mind to make his profession as a monk, or he would not, after the expiration of the year, be allowed to quit the monastery of his adoption, he went through what Mignet calls *un simulacre de profession de monastique.* Feigned or not, with the exception of the ordeal necessary to establish that he was of *sangre azul* (blue blood) and unmixed with Jewish or Moorish fluids, mass, sermon, procession, *Te Deum,* and banquet, attended by all the neighbors in their best clothes, were duly gone through, and the Hieronymites of Yuste added to their list the name of a prince who from emperor had become a simple monk of their order. So strict had Charles become, that he now found fault with young women coming to participate in the charities of the monastery, and they were in future ordered not to approach so holy a place within two shots of a cross-bow, under penalty of a hundred stripes.

The imperial monk, however, whose name had been so lately inscribed on the registers of Yuste, was not long before he treated his brethren with a haughty indifference that had little that was monastic in it. The news of the death of Queen Eleanor came at the end of the same month to add to the afflictions of the recluse. When he heard that his sister, who was only fifteen months older than himself, and to whom he had always been tenderly attached, was dead, the tears flowed down his cheeks. "Before fifteen months are gone," he said, "most likely I shall keep her company." One half that period had not elapsed before the brother and both sisters were united in their last home.

The Queen of Hungary came in despair to Yuste to seek and to give consolation to her brother. Charles ordered an apartment to be prepared for her on the ground floor of his own residence. At this time the gout was travelling from one to another extremity, involving every limb in his body, his mouth was inflamed, his tongue swollen, and he was obliged to be fed upon sops. Shortly after the arrival of his sister he is spoken of as only willing to eat herrings, salt fish, and garlic. He wished, and yet he dreaded seeing the Queen. "It does not appear possible," he used to say, "that *la reine très Chrétienne* is dead; I shall not believe it till I see the Queen of Hungary come in alone." She did come in alone, and the emperor could not restrain his emotion on seeing her. Nor were his sister's feelings of a less tender character. She remained with him for twelve days, and during that time his health improved a little. Much could not be expected, for the state of his limbs debarred him from all exercise.

On the 2d of May, Charles V. learnt that the last crown, which he had preserved against his will—the imperial crown—had been placed on the head of his brother Ferdinand. He was from that moment, as he himself expressed it, *desnuê de tout.* He renounced all the titles which he had preserved up to that period. He had his escutcheons removed from his apartments, and he ordered his name to be omitted in the prayers of the church. "As to me," he said to his confessor, Juan Regla, "the name of Charles suffices, for I am no longer any thing." But, adds his historian, although the imperial crown had disappeared from his apartments, although his titles had been effaced from his seals, although his name was no longer pronounced in public prayer, he remained what he had always been for the whole world. From Valladolid, as from Brussels, they never ceased to write to him as *l' Empereur notre seigneur,* and when speaking of him every one said the EMPEROR.

An unexpected event came to disturb the tranquillity of the recluse. Two focuses of Protestantism were simultaneously discovered at Valladolid and at Seville. Charles V., who regretted having spared the life of Luther when in his power at Worms, dictated the most cruel proceedings to his daughter to arrest the progress of heresy. He paved the way for, if he did not live to witness, the terrible religious executions of 1559 and 1560. He gave that stern impulse to the bigotry of the day, which attained its acme in the *auto-da-fés* which were celebrated with the greatest solemnity at Valladolid on the 21st of May, 1559, in the presence of the Regent Doña Juana, the Infante Don Carlos, and all the court; and the 2d of October, 1559, in the presence of the king, Philip II.; and at Seville, the 24th of September, 1559, and the 22d of December, 1560, before the clergy and nobility of Andalusia. The miserable Cazalla, notwithstanding his recantation, and the bones of Constantin Ponce de la Fuente, although he had perished in his dungeon before his sen-

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tence had been passed, was placed on the funeral piles, whose flames devoured sixty-three living victims. By the side of these human beings, sacrificed in the name of an all-merciful God, appeared a hundred and thirty-seven others, condemned to lesser penalties, and who, clothed in the ignominious *san benits*, were reconciled with the church. "These frightful holocausts," says Mignet, "and these degrading reconciliations, were accomplished in the midst of demonstrations of satisfaction and joy on the part of a dominating clergy, a pitiless court, and a fanatic people. The Inquisition showed itself triumphant: after having conquered heresy, it mastered, so to say, royalty." Where, it might be asked, are now the abettors, the assistants, and the joyous witnesses of these horrible immolations?

The heats of summer in 1558 rather benefited the imperial recluse than otherwise. His mode of living continued nearly the same: he eat great quantities of cherries, as also of strawberries with cream, after which he partook of pasties well spiced, of ham, and fried salt fish, things that did not agree with his cutaneous disorders. His doctor, Mathys, was by no means insensible to this fact; he was always complaining of the impracticability of his patient. "The Emperor," he said, "eats much, drinks still more, and will not change his mode of living, although his body is full of peculant humors."

Early in July, in this summer, Quijada brought his family to Quacos, and with them was the future conqueror of the Moors and the Turks, the hero of the Alpujaras, of Tunis, and of Lepanto, Don Juan—then known simply as Geronimo—son of Charles V., by Barbe Blumberg, a young and beautiful native of Ratisbon. Don Juan had been in various hands; at first in those of Francisco Massi, a musician, with whom he had passed his early years in shooting birds with a little cross-bow, in preference to attending to the lessons of the village priest. This free and open air life had contributed much to render the child as strong and hardy as he was handsome by descent. His blue eyes and charming sunburnt face were shaded by long fair ringlets. Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, wife of Quijada, had adopted this beautiful child, and spared no pains on his education. No sooner had that noble lady and her precious charge arrived at Quacos, than Charles gave her an audience. Don Juan, who accompanied her, was called her page; but neither monks nor villagers were long in divining the truth. The young conqueror, whose ardent temperament was little suited for cloisteral seclusion, still visited, with respectful admiration, that emperor whom he subsequently had the glory of calling his father. When dying at the early age of thirty-three, Don Juan demanded as a favor that he might lie near his lord and father, and this wish was gratified by the bigoted Philip. "The noble and dear child," writes the historian, "whom the emperor had brought near him in the last days of his life, and whose interests he was looking to the very evening of his decease with a mysterious solicitude, was placed on his right in the same vault of the Escurial."

The health of the imperial recluse was in the mean time failing more and more. The cutaneous eruptionin his legs was accompanied with such intolerable itching that he was induced to use means to repel it, which the good sense of his physician in vain objected to. He used to sleep in the month of August with open doors and windows, and he thus caught a cold, which brought on sore throat and a relapse of gout, such as he had not before experienced at that season of the year. On the 16th of the same month the emperor experienced a fainting fit, which left him very weak, without appetite, and feverish. At this time intermittent fevers prevailed in the neighborhood to an unusual degree. On the 28th a change took place, a violent thunder-storm broke upon the mountains, old trees were thrown down, and twenty-seven cows were destroyed by the lightning, but the air was refreshed, and the virulence of the fever abated. Yet it was the very day after this benificent manifestation of Providence that, according to the Hieronymite monks, Charles V. experienced the first attack of the sickness which was destined to lay him low. This malady, if we are to believe the same monks, who have been generally followed by historians, was preceded, if not more or less indirectly induced, by the obsequies which the emperor was led to celebrate whilst still alive:

Eight days previously, that is to say, when scarcely free of the gout, and at a time when the eruption on his legs gave him grievous annoyance, in the midst of grave political matters and a very multiplied correspondence, the emperor held, according to the chronicle of the Prior Fray Martin de Angulo, the following conversation with Nicolas Bénigne, one of his *barberos*: "Master Nicolas, do you know what I am thinking about?"—"About what, sire?" replied the barbero. "I am thinking," continued the emperor, "that I have two thousand crowns to spare, and I am calculating how I could spend them on my funeral."—

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"Your majesty," replied Bénigne, who seems to have been no courtier, "need not trouble yourself upon that score, for if you should die, we could surely see to that."—"You do not understand me," said the emperor; to see one's way clear, it is a very different thing to have the light behind one or to have it in front." The Chronicle of the Prior of Yuste adds, that it was as a sequence to this conversation that the emperor ordered the obsequies of himself and of his relations. Sandoval relates the conversation, but takes no notice of the obsequies; and hence it is probable that he did not believe in them.

The anonymous monk whose manuscript has been analysed by M. Baklimzen, and the Father Joseph de Siguenza, who probably copied the same in his History of the Order of Saint Jerome, go further in their narratives. According to them, Charles V., enjoying at the time perfect health, and in the best possible spirits, called his confessor, Juan Regla, and said to him: "Father Juan, I feel myself better, much relieved, and without pain; what do you think if I should have the funeral service performed for my father, my mother, and the empress?" The confessor approved of the suggestion; and in consequence the emperor issued orders that everything should be prepared for the said religious ceremonies. The celebration commenced on Monday, the 29th of August, and was continued on the following days. Every day, adds Father Joseph de Siguenza, the emperor attended with a lighted taper, which a page bore before him. Seated at the foot of the altar, he followed out the whole service in a very indifferently ornamented and poor-looking copy of Les Fleures. These pious commemorations being concluded, the emperor again summoned the confessor, and said to him: "Does it not appear to you, Father Juan, that having commemorated the obsequies of my relatives, I should also perform my own, and see what must soon happen to myself?" On hearing these words, Fray Juan Regla was much moved, the tears came to his eyes, and he said, as well as he was able: "May your majesty live many years, if it so pleases God, and do not let him announce to us his death before the time is come. Those among us who may survive him will acquit themselves of this duty, if our Lord permits it, as they are in duty bound to do." The emperor, who was inspired by higher thoughts, said to him: "Do you not think that it would be profitable to me?'—"Yes, sire," replied Fray Juan, "much. The pious works which are accomplished by a person whilst alive are of a much greater merit, and possess a much more satisfactory character, than those which are performed for him after death. Happy would it be for us all if we did as much, and if we entertained such good thoughts?" The emperor accordingly ordered that everything should be prepared for the same evening, and that his obsequies should be immediately proceeded with.

A catafalque, surrounded by tapers, was accordingly raised in the centre of the great chapel. All the attendants on his majesty came in the garb of deep mourning. The pious monarch, also in mourning and a taper in his hand, came to see himself buried, and to celebrate his funeral obsequies. He offers up prayers to God for that soul to which He had granted so many favors during lifetime, so that, arrived at the supreme hour, He should have pity on it. It was a spectacle which caused those who were present to weep, and many would not have wept more had he been really dead. As to himself at the funeral mass, he went and placed his taper in the hands of the priest, as if he had deposited his soul in the hands of God, and which the ancients represented by the same symbol.

At noon the following day, the 31st of August, before evening had come on, the emperor sent for his confessor, and expressed the great gratification he felt at having performed these funeral ceremonies; he felt a degree of joy, he said which actually seemed to overflow within him. The same day he sent for the guardian of his jewels, and asked for the portrait of the empress his wife. He remained some moments contemplating it. Then he said to the keeper: "Lock it up, and give me the picture of the Prayer in the Garden of Olives. He looked for a long time at this picture, and his eyes appeared to express outwardly the elevated sentiments which pervaded his mind. He then gave it back, and said, "Bring me the other picture of the Last Judgment." This time the contemplation was longer than ever, and the meditation so deep, that his physician, Mathys, was obliged to warn him not to make himself ill by keeping the mental powers, which direct the operations of the body, so long on the stretch. At this very moment the emperor experienced a sudden shivering fit. Turning to his physician, he said, "I feel unwell." It was the last day of August, at about four in the evening. Mathys examined his pulse, and found that it was slightly affected. He was at once carried into his room, and from that moment the sickness went on always increasing.

Here, says M. Mignet, is a perfectly well-arranged scene, in which nothing is wanting. The generality of historians have accepted it from the monks, and some among them have added still more extraordinary details. Not only have they made Charles V. attend his own funeral service, but they have stretched him like a corpse on his bier. But the whole is according to the same authority, more than apocryphal. The nature of the ceremony, he says, the emperor's health, the occupations which took up his time, the thoughts which filled his mind, the testimony of his attendants, which contradict the tales of the monks, and authentic facts, which are in contradiction with the date assigned to this strange proceeding, do not permit the least credit to be attached to it.

On the 1st of September, Charles V. spoke to his major-domo and his confessor concerning his last testamentary dispositions. He felt that he was at the point of death. For

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thirty years he had never had fever without having gout. He wished to add a codicil to the will he had made at Brussels the 6th of June, 1554.

On the 2nd, the cold fit came on nine hours before its time, and the paroxysm was so violent that it drove the patient out of his senses, and when it was over he remembered nothing that had happened that day. The paroxysm itself was followed by bilious evacuations. The night of the 2nd and 3rd he experienced much anguish, but as he was a good deal exhausted he fell asleep. In the morning, being a little better, he confessed himself and received the holy communion.

At about half-past eight Mathys opened a vein in the arm, and obtained about nine or ten ounces of a black, corrupt blood. This relieved the emperor a good deal, who eat a little at eleven, drank some beer and wine and water, and afterwards slept calmly for two hours. As his head was, however, still hot, Mathys opened one of the veins in the hand, much against his patient's wishes, who desired to be more efficiently bled, for he describe himself as feeling full of blood.

Having eat a little sugared bread and drank some beer, the same day, the 3d of September, he had another severe paroxysm, which lasted till one in the morning. The paroxysm of the 4th came on three hours earlier than usual, and, although not very violent, still caused him so great a heat and such intolerable thirst, that he drank eight ounces of water with vinegar syrup, and nine ounces of beer, and having got rid of his clothes, he lay with only his shirt and a silken counterpane over him. The crisis finished as usual with the evacuation of bilious and putrid matters.

In the intervals of the paroxysms the imperial monk was clearing his way to heaven by donations of thirty thousand ducats for the redemption of Christian slaves, as also for poor women and other necessitous persons. He also ordered divine service to be celebrated shortly after his death in all the monasteries and all the parish churches of Spain; he further founded perpetual masses, and in order that more prayers should be said at his tomb, he had prevailed upon the Pope to grant a jubilee, with plenary indulgences, as an attraction.

On the 6th of September the emperor had a paroxysm which lasted from thirteen to fourteen hours, during which he was incessantly delirious. The 7th he was somewhat better, eat some eggs in the evening, and drank same wine and water. Nevertheless the inflammation was extending to his mouth, which was dry and painful. The attack of the 8th did not last so long, and was rather less violent, but he was as delirious as ever, and his face became livid. This day Doctor Corneille Baersdop arrived, as also a messenger from the Queen of Hungary. Charles V. experienced his last sensation of gladness on hearing that the queen had acceded to his request, and was about to resume the government of the low Countries.

By the 11th of September the interval between the febrile paroxysms had become less, the patient was also becoming weaker and weaker, and his stomach could not even retain a little mutton broth. The same day the grand commander of Alcantara arrived at Yuste, to no longer quit his dear and glorious master until his death.

The 16th the emperor rallied a little, but this was followed by a paroxysm of fearful intensity. The same night the fever came on with an amount of cold hitherto unknown. This was followed by black vomit, after which the hot stage seized upon him with such violence, and lasted so long, that he was twenty-two hours without motion or without speaking a word. He remained, indeed, in this frightful condition all the 17th and until three o'clock on the morning of the 18th. The physicians were apprehensive that he would not be able to stand another paroxysm, yet on the same day the emperor regained his senses, and only remarked that he did not remember what had taken place the previous evening.

The eleventh paroxysm occurred on the 19th, at nine o'clock in the morning. The preliminary cold fit was more intense than ever, and as upon the advent of the hot stage the imperial patient fell into the same state of insensibility as on the previous day, the physicians, apprehensive that he would not rally, requested that the extreme unction should be administered. Quijada objected to this for some time, from fear of the depressing effects of the ceremony on his master, who, albeit immovable and silent, might still be sensible as to what was going on; but at nine o'clock the physicians became so seriously alarmed for the fate of their patient, that the majordomo yielded. The confessor, Juan Regla, brought the extreme unction, which Charles V., says his historian, received in the enjoyment of perfect consciousness, in great composure, and with every feeling of devotion.

The moribund emperor, however, got through the night of the 19th and that of the 20th, fighting against the accumulation of

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evils, till he had scarcely any pulse left. Having resumed his wonted self-command, it appeared as if by a supreme effort of will, he preserved his reason clear and the same pious serenity up to the moment when he expired. Having confessed himself again, he wished to communicate once more; but fearful that he should not have time if he waited till Juan Regla had consecrated the wafer in his own apartment, he bade them fetch the holy sacrament from the great altar of the church. Quijada did not think that force remained to him sufficient for the accomplishment of this supreme act of a dying Catholic. "Let your majesty consider," he said, "that it cannot receive nor swallow the host." "I shall be able to do it," replied the emperor, simply and resolutely. Juan Regla, followed by all the monks of the monastery, brought the viaticum in procession; Charles V. received it with the greatest fervor, and said, "Lord, God of truth, who have purchased our salvation by your death, I place my soul in your hands." He afterwards heard mass, and when the priest pronounced the comforting words of Christian redemption, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world," he struck his breast with his faltering hand.

Before attending to these religious duties, the emperor had given a few minutes to terrestrial cares; at about eight o'clock he had made every one go out of the room except Quijada. The latter, going on his knees to receive his master's last words, Charles V. said to him, "Luis Quijada, I see that I am getting weaker, and that I am going bit by bit; I am thankful to God for it, since it is His will. You will tell the king, my son, he must take care of those who served me up to my death, and that he must not permit strangers to reside in this house." Then for half an hour he spoke in a low voice, very slowly, but with a certain firmness, of his natural son Don Juan, of his daughter the Queen of Bohemia, whom he would have wished had been happier with Maximilian, and of all who remained the object of his affections and of his solicitude in the world that he was about to leave.

At noon, the same day, Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, who had distinguished himself by his violent propagandism in England, arrived. Charles V. mistrusted a man who had been denounced by the Inquisitor-General Valdes, but he was anxious to see him, as he was bearer of a message from his son Philip.

When Quijada introduced the unorthodox primate, supported by two Dominicans, the archbishop went on both knees near the bed of the emperor and kissed his hand. The emperor, who was near his end, looked at him some time without saying anything, and then, after having asked for news of his son, he invited him go and repose himself.

A little before night set in, the emperor bade Quijada have the consecrated tapers brought from the renowned sanctuary of Notre Dame de Montserrat ready, as also the crucifix and image of the Virgin which the empress had with her at her death, and with which he had already said he intended also to die. A few minutes afterwards his weakness increasing, Quijada summoned the Archbishop of Toledo, in order that he might be with the emperor at his last moment.

At the request of the dying monarch the primate read the *De Profundis*, accompanying each verse with remarks appropriate to the existing conjuncture; then, falling on his knees and showing the emperor the crucifix, he spoke those words which were afterwards imputed to him as a crime by the Inquisition: "Here is He who answers for us all; there is no more sin, everything is pardoned!"

Many of the monks who were in the imperial chamber, and the Grand-Master of Alcantara, were shocked at these words, which appeared to place in Christ alone the work of salvation acquired to man by the great sacrifice of the cross, without man having aught to obtain by his own merits. When the archbishop had finished, Don Luis de Airla immediately urged Fray Francisco de Villalba to speak to the emperor of death and salvation in more Catholic terms.

The two doctrines which divided the age were thus once more brought before Charles V., on the point of expiring. He listened with serenity, probably no longer capable of distinguishing between what was granted through the redeeming grace of Christ and what was expected form the moral coöperation of man.

About two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of September, the emperor felt his strength sinking, and that he was about to die. Feeling his own pulse, he shook his head, as if to say, "All is over." He then bade the monks recite the litany and the prayers for the dying, and he ordered Quijada to light the consecrated tapers. He next made the archbishop give him the crucifix which had served the empress on passing from life to death, and pressed it twice to his bosom and then to his mouth. Then taking the taper in his right hand, which

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was supported by Quijada, and stretching out his left hand towards the crucifix which the archbishop held out towards him, he said: "The time is come!" A moment afterwards he pronounced the name of Jesus, and then expired, sighing once or twice deeply. "Thus passed away," wrote Quijada in the midst of his affliction and his admiration, "the greatest man that ever was or ever will be."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

SOMETHING ABOUT ROSSINI.

Joachim Rossini was born in 1792, at Pesaro, on the shores of the gulf of Venice. Upon the roll of his ancestors appear the names of two eminent men,—a governor of Ravenna, and the author of a valuable work on Italian statistics,—but his father was only an itinerant musician, who gained his livelihood by performing on a copper trumpet in the streets. The Christian name of this humble Orpheus was Guiseppe. He was a poor enough performer on his instrument, but seems to have been a merry-hearted fellow, who never suffered a care to cloud his brow, and was always happy and contented, provided he had *paoli* enow in his pocket to pay for one day's food and one night's lodging. In all his wanderings he was accompanied by his wife, who was one of the handsomest women, but, alas! also one of the worst singers, in the Papal States. If ever a coin were thrown to her husband more than would have reached him but for her, he did not owe it to the beauty of her voice, but to that of her person. In this respect she was strangely unlike the majority of her countrywomen, for, taken as a body, the peasant girls of the Romagna have finer voices than any other syrens in the world. But she was also unlike them in one other particular, and in *its* regard the comparison shows considerably in her favor. She was very economical, and Italian women generally are anything besides. It may be that she never greatly *added* to her husband's earnings, but she did a better thing in taking that good care of them, owing to which it was that he was enabled, at the age of forty, to purchase a little cottage, and to retire from his profession, possessed of enough to provide for not only his and her future maintenance, but also for the education of their son.

As a child, this son of theirs was as beautiful as his mother, who used to speak of him as her "little Adonis." Her ambition was that he should become an eminent singer, and as the first step towards its accomplishment, as sooh as he had reached the age of eleven, she conducted him to Bologna, and placed him under the care of one Doctor Angelo Tesei, who taught him the first rudiments of music. So unusually rapid was his progress, that within the short space of three months he was qualified to become a chorister, in his capacity as which he earned nearly enough to pay the current expenses of his education. Nor was this *all* that he effected in it. In addition, by the beauty of his figure and features, his quick intelligence, and the surpassing sweetness of his "divine" soprano voice,—which was as limpid and melodious as we imagine those of the angels,—he charmed Bologna, as it had never been charmed before, nor has been since. Old and young admired him with the same enthusiasm, and alike predicted great things of his future. But they spoke of it in their prophecies more as that of a marvellous singer than as a composer's. "He will yet make the greatest singer in all Italy,"—this was the verdict of the principal prelate of Bologna. And that of the majority of his flock was like it.

Two years passed, and Joachim Rossini, now thirteen, knew more than his master. So a new one was found for him, in the person of Stanislas Mattei, one of the ablest contrapuntists that Bologna—a city which has held so many—ever held. He studied under him fifteen months, and then made his *debût* as a composer, by the publication of a promising cantata, entitled *Il Pianto d'Armonia*. This little composition won unbounded applause,

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and obtained for its author the honor of being elected a director of one of the most important of the musical academies of Italy. This was in August 1808, and in the spring of the year following Master Joachim composed his first opera, completing it within six weeks of his seventeenth birthday. It was not placed upon the stage for nearly three years,—not until the spring of 1812, that is,—but long before 1809 had passed away, its principal airs were sung and admired throughout Italy. Though possessed of many faults, it is a marvellous production. Some of the melodies enshrined in it, have never been surpassed before or since, Rossini himself having done nothing better in his best days. They formed, moreover, the first specimens of a style of composition more intensely emotional than any that had preceded it, and were therefore better fitted than any other productions of a similar class then in existence to find their way to the passionate hearts of the Italians. And they did, in reality, find their way thither at once. Within three months their popularity became unbounded. In the autumn and winter of 1809, no one in Italy sang anything besides.

As is usual in such cases, the admiration of the Italians extended from the composition to the composer, and Rossini became the idol of the populace. Of all the peoples in the world, the Italians are the most enthusiastic worshippers of successful genius,—the Italian ladies especially never seeming to imagine that they can go far enough in their adoration of it. In this instance, nothing could exceed the haste with which they sought to throw themselves at the feet of "the divine *maestro*." He was young and handsome, and a genius; so they straightway ceased to value anything but his regard. He became at once, therefore, as he remained for fifteen years, the hero of more love adventures than fall to the lot, even in Italy, of a thousand ordinary men. The only strivings amongst the ladies of Bologna were, as to who should be looked upon with the greatest favor by Rossini. The day was gained by one Giudetta P. the wife of one of the richest advocates of Bologna. Deplorable must be the state of the morals of a country in which such things could be, but, with the consent of her husband, she induced him to accompany her to Venice, where her husband had given her leave to stay two months. There he wrote a comic opera in one act, which was immediately placed upon the stage, and was accordingly the first of his works that obtained the honors of representation. Its success was immense, and entirely without precedent. It was applauded at the theatre with an enthusiasm so wild as to verge almost upon frenzy, and its principal airs were sung afterwards in the streets and in the *cafés*, and,—an honor which of all others Italian composers find always the most difficult of attainment, such excellent judges of music are these world-famous chanters of Tasso,—even upon the canals by the gondoliers.

In the meantime, her two months' leave of absence having expired, it became necessary for Giudetta to depart from Venice. There being those in the city of Saint Mark who, for the moment pleased him better, Rossini suffered her to return alone. But before she had been gone long, he began to grow weary of the homages of the beauties of Venice, and to sigh for those of the beauties of Bologna. So he followed her to the scene of his first triumphs, and soon afterwards gained there a more important one than ever, by the composition of *L'Equivico Stravagante*. But, as was so well said by Jean Paul, "the paradise of men is always where they are not," and the recollection of the charms of a Venetian cantatrice, who had fallen in love with him, soon occasioned a second visit to the city of the Doges. He wrote there, for the carnival* of 1811, *L'Inganno Felice*, one of the most brilliant and most ravishing of his works.

As yet he was scarcely twenty years of age, but his reputation, young as he was, had already become so great that the managers of the first theatres of Italy disputed for the possession of the productions of his genius. It was Marcolidi, the Manager of La Scala, the famous theatre of Milan, who succeeded in engaging him for the autumn season of 1812. He wrote for that season *La Pietra del Paragone*, his *chef-d'œuvre* in the buffo line. He had before achieved extraordinary successes, but that of *La Pietra* surpassed them all. From all parts of Italy people flocked to the

* In Italy, the theatrical year is divided into three seasons, or *stagioni*. The first and most important is that of the carnival, the *stagione teatrale del carnevale*, which commences on the 26th of December, and ends, at Naples and Venice, during the last days of Lent; the second is the Spring season, or *stagione della primavera*, which commences on the 10th of April, and finishes with June; and the Autumn season, or *stagione del 'autumno*, which opens about the 15th of August, or the 1st of September, and lasts till towards the latter part of November. It is customary for each *stagione* to be opened by the representation of a new opera,—in the majority of instances by a new company,—and if the opera be successful, it is represented every night till the end of the season.

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Lombard capital to hear the enchanting music of this opera, sung so magnificently by Marcolini, Galle, and Bonoldi, then in the flower of their age and the noon of their talent. Rome and Naples, Florence and Genoa, sent enthusiastic deputations to La Scala every day; and so did nearly every other Italian city. The ladies of Milan became almost frantic, and could speak of nothing but the "Swan of Pesaro," the Bolognese Orpheus, the *Dio della Musica!* Never before was there witnessed so much enthusiasm, even in Italy; never, before or since, did musician achieve so magnificent a triumph.

Of course that is with the exception of Rossini himself, for each of his subsequent successes eclipsed all that had preceded it. The next in order was that of *Il Tancredi,* which was produced at Venice in 1813. To convey an adequate idea of the fanatic enthusiasm with which it was welcomed would be impossible. It had to be represented twice a-day to satisfy the clamors of the Venetians. From the grand signor to the gondolier, every body sang airs from it. Even in the courts of justice it was impossible to keep silence; the people *would* sing *Ti Rivedro mi Rivedrai.* This air and one or two others seemed to have veritably bewitched them. They could not refrain from singing them even in church; so to make the best of the matter, the priests adapted them to sacred words, and ordered the litany to be sung to airs from *Il Tancredi!* In some of the Catholic churches of the continent it is sung to these airs still; and, unless we are mistaken, in some of those of London also.

But we must not omit to mention, in connection with *Il Tancredi,* an anecdote which well illustrates the marvellous facility of composition, the possession of which enabled Rossini to write a whole opera, when needed, within a fortnight. The Signora Malanotti, who was to take one of the principal parts in the new opera, like many an other eminent cantatrice, was about as capricious as even a petted woman of genius could very well be. When a morsel of music belonging to her part displeased her, she never hesitated to tell its author he must write another. In this instance, the evening before that on which *Tancredi* was to be played, she found fault with the first piece she was to sing, and flatly declared that she would not sing at all unless it was replaced by something which better suited her voice and talents. When word was brought to him, Rossini was just entering an hotel in order to dine. He was terribly vexed for a moment or two, but there was nothing for it but to humor the *prima donna,* so almost insensibly he set to work. In Lombardy all dinners invariably commence with a plate of rice, and as the Lombards like their rice very little cooked, and as three minutes and a half are sufficient to cook it to the extent needed, the portion required by each particular guest is left uncooked at the public dining-rooms until he has actually entered and ordered dinner, for which he has thus to wait exactly three minutes and a half. At the door of the hotel Rossini parted from La Malanotti's messenger, and at the same moment met a waiter, of whom he ordered dinner. He then sat down and attempted to fulfil his task; and before his dinner was brought to him had actually begun and ended the famous air, *Di tanti palpiti.* He had thus composed this celebrated melody in as little time as is ordinarily allowed for the boiling of an egg! From this circumstance it has obtained from the Italians the soubriquet of the *aria dei rizzi,* or "the rice tune."

Il Tancredi appeared in the spring of 1813, and in the autumn of the same year, whilst upon the plains of Leipsic were being enacted the earlier portions of that tragic drama which had for its denouement the fall of the throne of Napoleon, the happy *maestro* gave to the world another masterpiece, the famous *L'Italiana in Algeri.* It was produced at Venice, at the theatre San Benedetto; and impossible as it may appear, was greeted with an enthusiasm which exceeded even that which had been roused by *Il Tancredi.* Before, the Venetians had been only frantic, this time they became absolutely delirious. The squares of the city were filled all day with immense crowds singing *Cruda Sorte* and *Langua per una bella* enthusiastically. When Rossini appeared in public every head was at once uncovered, and every voice hailed him with shouts of "Long live the God of Music!" In a word, the Venetians decreed him all the triumphs,—excepting, indeed, that of taking the horses out of his carriage, which they omitted for the simple reason that there are no carriages in Venice.

Fifteen days after the first representation of *L'Italiana* Rossini wrote to his mother, and put upon his letter this Cæsarian superscription *"All' illustrissima Signora Rossini, madre del celebro maestro, in Pesaro:"* "To the most illustrious Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated maestro, in Pesaro." Its purport was to announce his intention to shortly visit her, an intention which he im-

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mediately carried into effect. "Ah! my Joachim!" exclaimed the worthy mother on embracing him; "what a handsome and famous man you have become! No one here sings anything but your music! All the women envy me for having brought you into the world!" But the joy occasioned by this return was interrupted by an incident which might have produced the saddest consequences. The young *maestro*, having attained the age of the conscription, was summoned to enter the army. On learning this ill news his mother fainted; but Joachim held hartshorn to her nose, and telling her to take courage, declared that the difficulty should immediately be got over.

There was then at Milan, the seat of the vice-royalty of Italy, a personage to whom the viceroy, the Prince Eugene, could refuse nothing. Rossini recollected that a year before this individual had evinced the utmost admiration of his genius, and he resolved at once to sit down and write to her. Three days afterwards the viceroy sent for his minister of the interior, and commanded him to see that Joachim Rossini should be exempted from military service. "I dare not take upon me," he said, "to expose to the balls of the enemy so precious an existence. Neither my contemporaries nor posterity would forgive me. It is perhaps only a second-rate soldier that we shall lose; but it is certainly a man of unparalleled genius that we shall preserve to our country." And with this the Prince dismissed his minister, humming as he did so a cavatina from *Il Tancredi*.

For the carnival of 1813 Rossini wrote for La Scala an opera which was comparatively a failure. He fully retrieved this failure, however, in the autumn of the same year by the production of *Il Turco in Italia*, a comic opera, which took the hearts of the Milanese by storm.

And now we approach a most important event in his life. "Glory" and wealth—these were in his eyes the essentials of human happiness. Of the first he had already won enough to satisfy the most craving appetite, but as yet he certainly possessed little enough of the second. He therefore determined to win more,—but how? There resided at that epoch at Naples a celebrated *impresario*, named Barbaja, who was famous throughout Europe for his wealth, and for the style of voluptuous magnificence in which he lived. "See Naples and die," says the Italian proverb; "See Naples and live better, said the author of *Tancredi;* and accordingly, one splendid morning in the May of 1815, he embarked from the quay of Santa Lucia for Naples, bent upon visiting "the most illustrious Signor Barbaja, director of the Theatre Royal of San Carlo."

This Signor Barbaja, *impresario*, or director, of one of the most extensive theatrical establishments in the world, was at this period, in dramatic matters, the most powerful potentate in Europe. He had risen from the lowest ranks of the social scale—having been, turn by turn, before he became proprietor of San Carlo, pot-boy, horse-jockey, tavern-keeper, and spy—by force of industry, impertinence, and cunning, to the possession of as much power and as many honors as it is within the bounds of possibility for wealth to purchase. He was familiar with ambassadors and ministers of state, and was accustomed to treat King Ferdinand as an equal. He was surrounded by as many courtiers as the king himself, and lived in a style even more costly and magnificent. His palace was the most sumptuous in Italy, and was such an one as you read of in *The Thousand and One Nights*. It glittered with crystal gold and precious stones; was decorated with the most costly fresco and mosaic work, and its floors were carpeted and its walls hung with the richest productions of the looms of the east.

But then the Sardanapalus who inhabited this most luxurious of habitations not an uglier or more coarsely-minded individual existed in Europe. In his personal appearance he was exactly what Sir John Falstaff would have been translated into Italian. His proportions, however, were huger than Sir John's—Daniel Lambert could scarcely have exceeded him in corpulency. His little black eyes, which always sparkled with a look of consummate cunning, were almost hidden amid the fleshy folds of his immense face; his nose was as unusually large and rubicund as his hog-like eyes were inordinately small; his ears were so utterly asinine in their proportions that they would have more than rivalled those of old king Midas; his neck would have served for that of a bullock or a buffalo; his belly was almost as large as a London water-butt; and his hands and feet were of corresponding proportions. His figure was thus grotesque in the extreme, but he was accustomed to dress it even more grotesquely; for one thing, wearing huge gold pendants in his ears, chains almost without number around his neck, and a couple of rings, set with the most valuable of jewels, upon each finger. As for his

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manners, they were little better than those of the *lazzaroni* or street-beggars; and his language was that of the lowest orders of Italian society. Though unapproachable as a man of business, it is said that he could neither read nor write, and it is certain that he was not acquainted with a single note of music, neither did he understand anything of the art presided over by Terpsichor, so he was solely indebted for his success to his business talents, and to the tact with which he could manage and humor what he called "my public."

He was usually denominated the "Sultan of San Carlo;" and it was not without reason that this title was bestowed upon him. We have seen that his palace was as gorgeously magnificent as that of an Eastern prince, and in one respect it certainly resembled a huge harem, since it always constituted a home, for the time being, of whatever cantratrices had the good fortune to win the favor of the public of Naples. They were all expected to dine at a common table, but for the rest they each had a separate suite of apartments, a separate carriage, a distinct body of attendants, and an enormous salary. They all enjoyed equal privileges, except the *prima donna* of the day, who was always made mistress of the household and queen over the rest. In imitation of one of the customs of his favorite models, the *lazzaroni*, the Grand Sultan had a nickname for everything and every one connected with him, and upon each of the cantatrices who thus inhabited his mansion it was his usual practice to bestow the name of some bird. Thus one of them was his Linnet, another his Nightingale, and a third his Thrush. Collectively, he spoke of them as constituting his Aviary, whilst he denominated the male singers in his employment his Menagerie and gave to each of them the name of some wild beast.

This grotesque and *bizarre* personage received Rossini with the most flattering distinction. He at once installed him the best apartments in his palace, agreed to allow him the free use of his cellar, kitchen, and carriages, and, under certain conditions, an annual salary of two thousand ducats. This bargain made, for some time henceforth the life which was led by this man of genius was as follows:—He slept each day until eleven; took, on awaking, a first breakfast in bed; rose about mid-day, and spent an hour or two over his toilet, and when it was completed, came down and lunched with Barbaja. Lunch over, he spent an hour with the Signora Colbrand, who was, at that time, the reigning favorite at Naples, and, by many degrees, the finest cantatrice in Europe. Leaving the celebrated "Nightingale of Madrid," he spent till six o'clock in the garden of some *café* in the suburbs, sipping wine and ices, reading the newspapers, and chatting with some of the principal members of the Grand Sultan's Menagerie. At six, he dined with Signor Barbaja, and, after dinner, repaired usually to San Carlo, and there amused himself till midnight either in passing from box to box, and chatting and laughing with first one great personage and then another, or in flirting with the singers behind the scenes. The performance concluded, he supped with some minister, or perhaps with the king himself, and retired to rest about two or three in the morning.

But if no part of his day was specially consecrated to labor, when was it that he managed to compose such magnificent works as *Elizabetta* and the *Barber of Seville?* When awake, he was composing *always*—when playing at dominoes, when walking in the streets, when amusing a dinner party with his sallies of wit or flights of fancy, and when relating, or listening to, a story or an anecdote. With him, composition was not a labor or a task. Of art, he knew nothing. Inspiration with him was everything, and that inspiration came upon him at all hours. His first care in the morning was to place in one of his pockets a few sheets of paper ready ruled for writing music, and upon these, with a pencil which he wore suspended from his neck, in the streets, the theatre, the *café*, or the *salon*, he marked down, in the order in which they flowed in upon his mind, the marvellous melodies which afterwards enchanted Italy—and not Italy alone, but all the world.

The first opera that the grand *maestro* wrote for Barbaja was *Elizabetta*. It was produced in the September of 1815, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. A few few weeks after its first representation Barbaja was roused one night from his bed by a cry of "Fire!" proceeding from the neighborhood of his theatre, and in less than an hour afterwards San Carlo was in ruins. As the King Ferdinand felt its loss even more keenly than the Sultan Barbaja,—since he had long ceased to relish any other than theatrical amusements—he presented to the latter a large sum of money with a view to hastening its re-erection. But notwithstanding that the work of re-building was therefore carried on with the utmost possible despatch, it was ten months before San Carlo was again fit to re-

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ceive an audience, and in the interim all its *personnel*, with the exception of Signora Colbrand, were dismissed. Rossini repaired to Rome, and there wrote *Torvaldo et Dorliska* for the Theatre Della Valla. So unparalleled was the success of this work, that within six weeks it made the fortune of the director of the theatre at which it was produced, and ruined those of all the other theatres in Rome. Driven to desperation, the director of the Theatre Argentina, as a last resource, posted to Naples, borrowed from a rich merchant there a goodly number of ducats, hurried back, and throwing himself at the feet of the "divine *maestro*," implored him to write an opera for *his* theatre also, and offered the bag full of ducats as its price. Rossini was very willing to comply, and inquired for the libretto, intending to set to work upon it at once. But, pulling a long face, the director here informed him of a difficulty. He had ten or twelve librettos ready, but the censor had found culpable allusions in them all, and had refused to allow any of them ,to be represented. There was one way, however, in which this obstacle might be got over—the *maestro* could write music for some piece which *had* been represented already. Rossini objected strongly to this novel proposal at first, but since he could see no other way of winning the bag of ducats, which constituted a sum as large again as the largest he had as yet received for an opera, he at last promised to agree to it, provided the permission of the original composer could be first obtained.

The piece the director had fixed upon was *Il Barbier de Seviglia*, the original music of which was from the pen of Paisiello, who, till Rossini came and eclipsed him, was the greatest of Italian composers, and by far the most popular *maestro* in Italy. Rossini at once wrote to the deposed *dio della musica*, who had just quitted Paris to reside in Naples, bearing with him, as the last tributes paid to his genius, by *la belle France*, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the first half-yearly instalment of a pension of 4,000 francs. At the bottom, the old *maestro* loved no music besides his own, and was bitterly chagrined at the successes of the young author of *Il Tancredi*—successes which threw every thing that he had himself achieved so deeply into the shade. But disguising his real designs, he wrote to Rossini in reply, that he doubted not that the brilliant genius of his young rival would enable him to invest an ancient theme with a new charm, and begged permission to tender beforehand his felicitations upon the *chef d'œuvre* which he said would certainly be the result of the new labors, which, for his own part, he gave him full permission to enter upon. Upon the receipt of these more or less sincere congratulations, Rossini set to work, and, by one of the most marvellous efforts ever made by genius, produced the *Barber of Seville* in thirteen days. Poor Paisiello awaited its representation in a perfect fever of anxiety. Should it prove superior to his own *Barbier*, his masterpiece was surpassed, he was defeated in his own field, and his reputation was at an end for ever; but should it not equal it, he would reconquer his ancient sovereignty; his star, which had paled so wofully before the glory of Rossini, would resume the lustre it had had in the old days, and the Chevalier Paisiello would be once more acknowledged to be chief amongst all the *maestros* of Italy. But, alas! he was not permitted to resolve the problem. Six weeks before the representation of the *Barbier* of his rival he breathed his last, and three days afterwards he was carried to the tomb, followed by a vast number of the inhabitants of Naples, singing the *Dies Ira* to the wildly plaintive notes of his own famous funeral march.

But if he could have formed one, as he had intended to have done, of the multitude who assembled in the Theatre Della Valla to witness the first representation of Rossini's *Barbier*, the reception that it met with would have made his heart beat quick with triumph. Though certainly Rossini's masterpiece, and now by far the most popular of his productions, it was written in a style so different from that to which alone the Romans had hitherto been accustomed, that it was not until it had been represented several times that they even *began* to appreciate its beauties, whilst the first time it was placed before them they received it so rudely, that after the end of the second act the representation could not be carried on. But it soon recovered this seeming failure, and acquired the greatest measure of popularity ever awarded to an Italian opera. It has been hitherto, and still is, represented as often again as any other opera of the same school, and in 1819 that happened to it which never happened to any other opera of *any* school, —it was represented on the *same night* in seven of the principal cities of Europe, namely, in London, Paris, and Vienna; Rome, Naples, Venice, and Milan.

In the January of 1817 Rossini returned to Naples, bringing with him a new opera *Otello*. A hundred ducats per opera was all

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that Barbaja had yet paid him, but for *Otello* he demanded five hundred, and declared he would not take less. The sultan said he was mad, and flatly refused to give him more than three hundred; but the threat that it should otherwise be taken to Venice ultimately caused him to accept its author's own terms. On the 12th of January San Carlo was re-opened, but it was occupied nightly for the next four months with the renewed representation of *Elizabetta*, so *Otello* was produced at another of Barbaja's theatres, the Del Fondo. The part of the Moor was written for Garcia, the father of Malibran, but he having suddenly quarrelled with Barbaja and quitted Naples, it was given instead to an hitherto obscure subaltern, whose name had never hitherto appeared in any play-bill, but who became within three months the equal in celebrity of nearly the whole of those whose names figured there the most proudly. Of course we allude to Nozarri, the famous tenor.

The history of this Nozarri is curious. Originally one of the lazzaroni, or beggars, of the quay Santa Lucia, Rossini chanced one day to enter into conversation with him, and, being pleased with his intelligence and the originality of his character, invited him to come and see him at his hotel. To this benevolent invitation the lazzaroni responded with the best grace. He went once, and was invited to repeat his visit. He did so, and Rossini was so delighted with him that he offered to take him into his service. Upon this the poor fellow rolled his cap between his fingers with the air of a man who did not like to say no, but would do almost any thing in the world rather than say yes. Observing his embarrassment, the *maestro* asked him if he felt hurt at his proposal.

"Not in the least," replied the beggar of Santa Lucia; "upon the contrary, I feel honored by it, but still I do not much like the idea of entering into service. A lazzaroni, you know, can live upon a little; and if I can gain this little without, why should I work for it?"

"But are you not ashamed of gaining your livelihood by begging? Have you no wish to change this mode of existence for a better?"

"Ah, if I could have my wish, signor, I should not remain a lazzaroni long. But I would not become a servant, even to a great *maestro* like Rossini."

"What would you become then—a prince? a cardinal?"

"No! I would enter a theatre, and become a great singer!"

"With a salary of five hundred ducats?" added Rossini, laughing heartily at the apparent ridiculousness of the idea. "Well, and what easier? You lack nothing but voice and talent!"

"There I differ from you, grand *maestro*. If I do, so do Zamboni and Garcia!"

"What! do you sing, then?" cried Rossini, astonished beyond bounds at so much assurance; "if so, open your mouth, and let me hear you!" And he seated himself at the piano, in order to accompany him.

"What shall I sing?" asked the lazzaroni, with the utmost nonchalence.

"Any thing you choose,—you no doubt know the cavatina of Lindoro in *L'Italiana?*"

The lazzaroni did not answer, but in a firm and splendid tenor voice, sang the first measures of *Languor per una Bella*. Rossini was astonished. The lazzaroni sang with a vigorous accentuation, a limpidity of timbre, and a rich fulness of tone, such as even at La Scala he had never known excelled. His voice shook the windows, so great was the volume of sound that it emitted, but was as mellow in its tone as the richest notes of the finest organs. Rossini applauded him enthusiastically, declaring that a month's practice would make him the finest singer in Naples.

For the next five weeks, the beggar of the Quay Santa Lucia went every morning to receive from the grand *maestro* a lesson in music. At the end of them, he could read music at sight, so his illustrious protector gave him decent garments, and then presented him to Signor Barbaja. The sultan at once engaged him as a chorus singer, and promised to advance him at the earliest opportunity. That opportunity occurred as we have related.

It being known that one of their number was to make his *dêbût* in a principal part, on the evening appointed for the first representation of *Otello*, all the lazzaroni of Naples assembled in the pit, or *paradis*, of the Theatre del Fondo, and occupied their time before the rising of the curtain, in recounting to one another the history of their old colleague. "Do I know him?" exclaimed, in reply to a question, an orator who, from the deference that was paid to him by his comrades, appeared to be the patriarch of the corporation; "know him? I have slept for four years on the same flagstone, and his father was the best friend I ever had. His name was Tito Manlio, and he was a *lazzarone pur sang*, if ever there were one! He could imitate the notes of every bird, and when he wanted to amuse his comrades, he would

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bark and mew till they imagined themselves surrounded by all the cats and dogs of the quarter!"

"It is rumored," said one in the crowd, "that since he has entered the theatre, and worn fine clothes, he has become proud and refused to own his former comrades."

"Calumny! pure calumny!" cried the orator. "Why, no longer since than yesterday, I met him as he came out of the theatre. '*Buon giorno capitano,*' he said, as soon as he saw me, and then invited me to go and lunch with him. I agreed, so he took me to the *trattoria*, where we ate five dozen of oysters, and drank six bottles of *asti spumante*."

"Is that all true?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Yes, and more than that," replied the orator, "for when we were about to separate, he asked me with all the delicacy imaginable, if I were short of money, and before I had time to answer, he thrust something into my hand. I looked, and lo! it was a golden crown!"

"*Eviva! Eviva!*" shouted all the lazzaroni, delighted at the generous behavior of their old comrade, and resolved to do their best for his success.

With such antecedents an ovation was to be expected, in whatever manner the debutant might sing. But he sang so as to deserve one, and charmed not only the lazzaroni, but the whole audience. He was recalled before the curtain after every scene, and when the representation was concluded, raised at once to the rank of *primo tenore*. He signed an engagement with Barbaja, by which he bound himself to stay with him five years, at an annual salary of four thousand crowns. This was a thousand crowns per annum *more* than he had paid Garcia.

Returning to Rossini,—we have seen that when he refused to take less than 500 ducats for *Otello*, it was only after much murmuring that Barbaja agreed to give that price for it; but its success was so great, that the sultan for once resolved to be generous, and instead, the morning after its first representation, sent him a thousand.

With these in his pocket, he at once departed for Rome, being tormented by the director of the Della Valla for a new opera. Arrived in the Eternal City, he wrote for him *La Cenerentola*, the composition of which was the work of eighteen days. It would, probably, however, have occupied him much longer, had not the impresario treated him, till it was finished, as we are told that the publishers sometimes treated our own Goldsmith, and kept him literally under lock and key. Whilst he was thus confined, Frederic of Gotha several times sent to invite him to come and dine with him. But his gaoler each time intercepted the invitations, and took upon himself to reply to them with apologies, in Rossini's name.

La Cenerentola having been represented, the indefatigable *maestro* repaired to Milan. His arrival in that capital turned the heads of nine-tenths of its inhabitants,—those of the gentler sex especially. They paid him all the homages that could have been rendered to an emperor, and Rossini, intoxicated by a welcome so delicious, and fascinated by so many exquisite flatteries and attentions, abandoned himself so completely to the natural gaiety of his disposition, that his life, for the next four months, was a wild romance. To render it perfectly such, it lacked nothing, least of all debts, and some of these before long became so pressing, that it grew absolutely necessary that measures should be taken for their liquidation. So meeting one day the poet Gherradino in a *café*, he begged him to furnish him at once with a libretto. "Never mind what it is," said he, "tragic or comic, good or bad, provided it is in two or three acts and will fill an evening. But let me have it to-morrow, and you shall have double price for it!"

No other argument was needed to persuade the poor poet to set about it without losing a minute. He ran home, and buried himself amid a vast collection of foreign pieces of all kinds,—English, French, and German; melodramas, tragedies, and vaudevilles. To which of these should he give the preference? For a long time he hesitated, and he was about to give up hope, when his hand at last alighted upon a little *brochure* with the title, *La Pie voleuse, Melodrame in Trois Acts.* "Not bad," murmured the poet, rubbing his chin, and without any more delay, he set to work. Twenty-four hours afterwards *La Pie voleuse* had become *La Gazza Ladra*, and was already in the hands of the composer. It must be confessed the muse of Gherradino was not a coy one!

Two months afterwards, *La Gazza Ladra* was represented. Rossini received for it, altogether, 1,500 ducats, 500 from Barbaja, and 1,000 from Ricordi, the music publisher, in whose back shop, by the way, it is said that two of its finest duets were composed in less than an hour, amid the noise occasioned by a dozen "readers" dictating music to as many copyists. First satisfying the claims of his numerous creditors, he now paid a visit to

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his native town, Pesaro, and there, as everywhere else, was received with transports of enthusiasm. Banquets, escorts of torch-bearers, serenades—the Pesarese decreed him all the honors. He stayed with them a week, and then hurried back to Naples, and within five months wrote three new operas—*Armide*, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, and *Ermione*, and the well-known oratorio of *Moses*. Then followed the famous mass, written in three days, which made the Neapolitans, when they first listened to it, forget they were in a church, and applaud as though they were in a theatre; and by the spring of 1820 its author had produced still three more operas —*La Donna del Lago*, *Bianca e Faliero*, and *Maoemeto Secundo*.

Hitherto, he had not crossed the Alps; his life, nomade as it had been, had passed entirely in voyaging from one Italian city to another. Still, idolized as he was in Italy, his fame was as great in other countries as in his own. "They speak of him," wrote a German author in 1819, "they speak of him every day in every part of the civilized world; at Rome and at Moscow, at London and Calcutta, at Paris and Bombay, at Vienna and Mexico! With the exception of Napoleon, no man of these ages has enjoyed a fame so wide, for its bounds are only those of civilization; Napoleon *not* excepted, no man has enjoyed a fame so glorious! And yet he is not thirty years of age!"

The numerous entreaties to visit them which now came to him from all the capitals of Europe, made the wings of the "Swan of Pesaro" tremble. But before complying with any of them, he resolved upon taking a far more important step—that, namely, of marrying the Signora Colbrand.

His determination to marry the "Black Nightingale of Madrid,"—who was not only the most charming cantatrice, but also the most superbly beautiful woman of her time,—was now not less than seven or eight years old. It dated from the day on which he first presented himself before the Signor Barbaja, that being also the occasion on which he first saw the Signora Colbrand. He was struck at first glance with her unparalleled beauty, but it was not on *its* account that he resolved that he would one day marry her. It was because she was the object upon which Barbaja delighted to lavish his untold wealth, the Danæ at whose feet the mighty Jupiter of San Carlo deposed a vast proportion of his uncounted treasures. For his own part, he was poor, and had lived too gay a life to permit of his longer caring much for love, or of his looking upon marriage as anything other than a means whereby to enrich himself. He would certainly render it such by marrying the Signora Colbrand, and would certainly never meet with any one else so rich, who would be half so likely to be willing to marry him. So he formed his determination at once. He would marry *her*.

Nor was the fair Angelique herself at all behindhand in forming a similar resolution with regard to the maestro. From the first she was quite as desirous of one day marrying him, as he was of sooner or later marrying her. And her motives were of no worthier an order than were his; love had as little to do with the matter upon the one side as upon the other. The passions of both parties were pretty nearly burnt out; what each wished was simply to drive an advantageous bargain. By marrying the Signora, Rossini would gain wealth; by marrying the maestro, the signora would gain a rank in the world prouder and more honorable than the one she held at present, and one which she would not lose with the loss of her beauty, or that of her talents.

But nothwithstanding the designs which each had thus upon the other from the first, fear of the jealousy of the terrible Barbaja, upon whom alike both parties depended, for a long time prevented a declaration being made on either side. And after it was made, they hesitated, for even a longer time still, to take the step which must inevitably change so powerful a friend into as powerful an enemy. It was not until the spring of 1822 that they deemed themselves in a position to break with him. On the 8th of the May of that year, however, they fled from Naples together, and seven days afterwards were married at Bologna. Nozarri, Ambrogi, and David, the heroes who had won so much renown under the banner of the bridegroom, assisted at the solemn ceremony. They carried the news of it to Barbaja the next day. How he bore it, history has not recorded.

Immediately after the celebration of their marriage Rossini and his wife departed for Vienna; and if the grand maestro, as the presiding genius of the school of music of all others the most opposed to that of the Germans, had felt any doubt with regard to the welcome he would meet with in the classic land which had given birth to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and had always been the rival of melodious Italy, they were instantly dispelled by the reception that was given him there. As soon as the news of his arrival was spread abroad he became the object of

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the most flattering attentions; and when he appeared at the theatre, in the box of the Neapolitan ambassador, the whole audience rose, and saluted him with triumphal plaudits, repeated thirteen times. The next night one of his own operas was represented; and thereafter, so long as he remained in the Austrian capital, no work by another author was performed at any of the theatres. They sang his music both in German and Italian; and the enthusiasm which it and the presence of its author together excited knew no bounds.

One evening he gave a supper in honor of his wife, and all the wealth, beauty and talent of Vienna surrounded the banquet board. At that period Rossini was not only the greatest composer of his time, but also the finest appreciator of the things of the table. His cook was without a rival, and upon the preparation of this supper he had expended all his art. Dish succeeded dish, as at the table of Lucullus, each being rarer and more delicate than the last. To sit at such a table, and amongst such guests, was an honor to be coveted, but to sup off such viands was a treat to be had once in a life, and thereafter only remembered, not renewed.

When the cloth was drawn the richest wines of Hungary and France were poured forth freely, and the conversation became as animated as it was brilliant. Suddenly, however, there was heard above it a murmur as of a multitude without. Rossini went to the balcony, and found that the house was in reality besieged by an immense crowd, who had come there in consequence of its having been rumored all over Vienna that the maestro and some of his guests would that night sing upon the balcony to whomsoever chose to come and hear them. Great, at first, was Rossini's perplexity upon discovering this, for he knew that the effects which disappointment would produce upon the crowd were to be feared. But he soon decided not to disappoint them. "Signors," he said to those of his guests who had gathered round him, "it would be a shame to let so many brave people come here for nothing; so, since it is a concert they desire, why, let us give them one!"

Upon this, a piano was placed upon the balcony, and the maestro, with his table napkin hanging from his button-hole, sat down and sang a ritornello from *Elizabetta.* The audience applauded lustily; "*Viva! viva! sia benedetto! ancora! ancora!*" was vociferated with all their might by a thousand voices. David and Mdle. Eckerlin then advanced and sang a duett, which was followed by the same plaudits and the same entreaties to continue. Nozarri succeeded with a cavatina from *Zelmira,* and then the maestro wrought the enthusiasm of the assembly to a climax by singing, with his wife, the admirable duett from *Armide—Cara per te quest, anima.* He intended that the delicious accents of this duett should close the concert, and attempted to retire amid the applause which followed it. His intention being perceived, however, the cries of "*Bravo!*" were changed for others of "*Fora! fora! il maestro!*" and he was obliged to advance to the border of the balcony and bow his acknowledgments to the excited multitude. A cry of "*Cantare! Cantare!*" then proceeded from all sides, and the maestro replied by singing in his gayest manner the famous melody from *Il Barbier,* "*Figaro quà, Figaro là.*" This ended, he considered the matter carried far enough, and retired into the interior, ordering the shutters to be closed and the lights upon the balcony put out. But though *he* had had enough of it, the crowd had not, and when it perceived that there was no hope of the concert being continued, it became enraged beyond all bounds at the disappointment, and gave vent to its fury by throwing brickbats at the windows of him in whose favor, only a few moments before, it had witnessed so idolatrous an enthusiasm. Had it not been for the intervention of the police, it is probable the outrage would have been carried to a very serious extent. So fickle is the favor of the populace, so little to be depended upon the worship of the mob!

By the time Rossini had sojourned in the Austrian capital three months, the famous Congress had assembled at Verona. In obedience to a royal invitation, the maestro and his wife repaired there too; and the emperors, archdukes, and other illustrious personages who had met to settle the affairs of Europe, gave him the most flattering of welcomes. The members of the Congress not only *danced* every day, they sang also, sometimes at the house of the Duke of Wellington, sometimes at the palace of Prince Metternich, sometimes at that of the Count Nesselrode. Rossini, the veritable king of these musical festivals, in order to witness to the assembled sovereigns his gratitude for the many attentions he received at their hands, composed in their honor a cantata, which was executed at the Philharmonic Theatre by Velutti, Orivelli, Galli, and La Tosi. It won him the public expression of the thanks of three archdukes and two emperors, a hundred louis-d'or, a golden snuff-box for himself, and a necklace of pearls and diamonds for his wife.

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Over the remainder of his life we must pass rapidly. When the Congress broke up he departed for Venice, and produced there his last Italian opera, *La Semiramide*. This represented, he repaired to Paris, arriving there early in 1824. Of his sojourn in the French capital nothing need be said, further than that it was one grand ovation. It lasted till December, in which month the maestro passed over into this country. Here he experienced the same reception, and passed six months in the society of the highest personages in the land, being even admitted into the intimacy of the king. He then returned to Paris, and remained there eight or ten years, producing in the mean time his last work, *Guillaume Tell*. He left Paris in 1834, and till the revolution in February, lived in retirement in a handsome palace at Bologna. Not liking, however, the aspect which things then bore in that city, in 1848 he established his household gods at Florence, and there the illustrious composer has ever since resided.

This is not the place in which to speak of the merits of his music. Like everything else that has been extravagantly praised, it has also been extravagantly blamed. It doubtless has many faults, but they are principally those of the school to which it belongs; and it certainly has the grand merit of having delighted greater multitudes than the works of any other composer, ancient or modern, and of still being able to delight to intoxication all but the most hypercritical of listeners.

But it is time to conclude this rapid sketch of the career of Joachim Rossini. Never was a career more brilliant or more glorious. If genius had in all cases been as well rewarded as in his, how many of the saddest chapters in the world's history would have been unwritten.

From the New Quarterly Review.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

When the English reader reflects, that ever since the declaration of war against Russia until this present 1st October, 1854, his country has contributed towards the cost of that war at the rate of sixty pounds per minute, or three thousand six hundred pounds per hour—that moreover, upon the most moderate computation, from disease, forced marches, and the various casualities of the battle-field, one hundred and fifteen thousand of his fellow-men, in the full vigor of their prime, have miserably perished—it surely needs little apology to call attention for a brief space even, to this somewhat hacknied topic.

How long the enormous disbursements we are now making may need to be continued, or whether they may hereafter admit of diminution or need increase, the wisest amongst us is certainly unable to predict. We may, however, take a cursory retrospect of the principal events which have led to this profuse expenditure of blood and gold, more especially since, curiously enough no succinct narrative has yet appeared treating the subject historically.

Begin we with the arrival at Constantinople of the Russian Ambassador, Prince Menschikoff, on the 28th February, 1853, an event celebrated with more than eastern pomp, for he was escorted from the quay to his hotel by upwards of 7000 Greeks, whose services had been previously retained.

Bearing the highest dignities that the Czar can confer, imperious in his demeanor, impetuous and overbearing in his language, he

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* *Histoire des causes de la Guerre d'orient.*
Les Turcs et les Russes. Par A. H. Dufour.
The Serf and the Cossack. By Francis Marx. Trübner and Co., 12 Paternoster Row.
The Siege of Silistria. A Poem. By William Thomas Thornton. Longman and Co.
Russia and the Czar. Ward and Lock, 158 Fleet treet.
Travels on the Shores of the Baltic. By S. S. Hill. Hall, Virtue and Co.
Stanfords War Map of Russia. E. Sandford, 6 Charing Cross.
The Eastern Question: Speech of Lord Lyndhurst on. Petheram, 94 High Holborn.

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was well qualified, notwithstanding his advanced age, to deal with Orientals, and to execute the commission entrusted to him, though he perhaps scarcely anticipated the amount of energy latent in the Sultan's apparently languid character.

On the 2d March the Russian Prince, attired in the plainest manner, without a decoration of any kind, had an interview with the Grand Vizier, and was by him referred to Fuad Effendi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Fuad Effendi had, however, uniformly distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the advances of Russia: Prince Menschikoff, therefore haughtily declined to hold communication with him. As was expected, Fuad sent in his resignation, and great was the consequent delight experienced at the Russian embassy. Nor was that satisfaction altogether unfounded, for Fuad Effendi was undoubtedly one of the ablest men in Turkey.

He was succeeded by Rifaat Pacha, a man of considerable talent, but by no means competent to cope with the daring policy of the Czar. Prince Menschikoff, indeed, now regarded the game as in his own hands, for he was provided with an autograph letter from the Czar, authorizing him to treat as a personal insult to Nicholas himself, any hesitation on the part of the Sultan or his advisers to accept the propositions submitted by him.

It is evident enough that Russia was at this time ill-informed as to the feeling, both of England and France on the subject of the "Eastern question," or she would hardly have ventured to commit herself so far as she did in the demands addressed to Rifaat Pacha by Prince Menschikoff, on the 19th April last year, of which the following is an abstract:

"1. A definite firman securing to the Greek Church the custody of the key of the Church of Bethlehem; of the silver star pertaining to the altar of the Nativity; of the grotto of Gethsemane (with the admission of the Latin priests thereto for the celebration of their rights); the joint possession by the Greeks and the Latins of the gardens of Bethlehem.

"2. An immediate order on the part of the government for the thorough repair of the cupola of the temple of the Holy Sepulchre to the satisfaction of the Greek Patriarch.

"3. A guarantee for the maintenance of the privileges of the Greek Church in the East, and of those sanctuaries already in the exclusive possession of that Church, or shared by it with others."

The note containing these demands, and some others of minor importance, was couched in rather menacing if not insolent language, while the reply of the Porte was firm, temperate and dignified; expressive of its readiness to do all that could be fairly demanded of it, and concluding with a declaration of its inability to accede to such violation of its independence and national rights as was implied in the Russian note; appealing at the same time, to the emperor's own sense of justice and honor.

It would be quite superfluous to introduce here all the voluminous correspondence that ensued between the two Powers. Suffice it to observe, that whatever might have been the concessions on the side of the Porte, they would evidently have been met by further and still more exorbitant demands on the part of Russia, as the intention of that Power, from the first, was evidently to bring matters to an open rupture. Surely for no other purpose could the ruler of a vast territory have been suddenly called upon, as he had been not long before at five days' notice, to divest himself of all authority over many millions of his subjects, and to admit, in fact, of a partition of his empire. What the precise designs of Russia were, are clearly shewn in the following extract of a letter from Prince Lieven to Count Nesselrode:

"Our policy," said he, "must be to maintain a reserved and prudent attitude, until the moment arrives for Russia to vindicate her rights, and for the rapid action which she will be obliged to adopt. *The war ought to take Europe by surprise* (!) Our movements must be prompt, so that the other powers should find it impossible to be prepared for THE BLOW THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE.

The Cabinets of London and Paris having received early intimation of what was going on, and being well satisfied that the Greek inhabitants of Turkey needed no additional protection, speedily concerted measures for the defence of the Ottoman empire and of their own interests. The political correspondence now became still more involved and prolix; but as more than mere verbal assurances were required to satisfy the Porte of the material support of the two great Western Powers, the combined fleets were directed to anchor in Besika Bay.

On the 4th June, the Sultan, still desirous of avoiding the responsibility of plunging his people into war, addressed to all the governments of Europe a notification of the necessity he felt himself under, of assuming a defensive attitude. This is known as the memorable Hatti-sheriff of Gulhany, a docu-

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ment drawn up with much ability, evincing considerable firmness and moderation of tone and reflecting great credit on Abdul-Medjid and his advisers. For several years past, indeed, the Sultan has been quietly but steadily introducing a series of reforms into every department of his government, for which he has received little credit from Europe. The strong instinct of his predecessor, Mahmoud, had already marked out the career to be followed. It was only necessary for Abdul-Medjid to wait till he felt himself sufficiently strong to advance. As soon as he did, he established a sound system of national education, took measures for guaranteeing the security of property, organized an uniform dispensation of justice to all classes, not only at Constantinople, but in the remotest districts, reserving exclusively in his own hands the power of life and death. The taxes, moreover, were assessed and levied far more equitably than before, and the abuses which had for a long time been accumulating in numerous offices may be now considered to be in process of abolition.

Abdul-Medjid, alive to the importance of his mission as the regenerator of a vast empire, did not consider himself justified in interrupting the peaceful progress of his people for the purpose of redressing various grievances of which the Turks, as a nation, had a right to complain. But the moment his independence as a sovereign potentate was menaced, he appealed to England and France, assuring them of his readiness for immediate war in the defence of a principle, without which neither the integrity of individual states, nor freedom of thought, can for a moment subsist.

The manifestoes that emanated about this time from St. Petersburg, and the diplomatic documents to which they successively gave rise, are too well known and too bulky to be recapitulated here. The best designation of the principal of these Russian missives is that uttered by Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Peers, on the 28th June, 1853, when he unhesitatingly declared it to be "one of the most fallacious, illogical, offensive, and insulting documents he had ever had the misfortune to peruse!" It is indeed surprising that a Power perpetually engaged in enacting one vast falsehood, and in endeavoring to delude or cajole the rest of Europe, should not have couched its pretensions in terms more plausible and less transparent.

The occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia, which took place in the course of the summer, was preceded by a specious proclamation announcing that it was "but a provisional measure, and that the sole object of the Russian government was efficacious protection in consequence of the unforseen conduct of the Porte, unmindful of the earnest desire for a sincere alliance manifested by the Imperial Court since the treaty of Adrianople, and of its most strenuous efforts to maintain, on the present occasion, the peace of Europe!"

This proclamation, scandalously false as it was, promptly called forth energetic explanations, both from M. Drouin de Lhuys and from Lord Clarendon (15th and 16th July, 1853). Both these documents are before us, and are entitled to equal commendation, though for reasons not the same. They both clearly set out the true history of the Czar's aggression, and make no concealment of their resolution to resist it. The invasion of the Sultan's dominions they maintain to be a just cause for the declaration of war; but as the great Powers of the West had already shewn the necessity of avoiding bloodshed, unless as a last resource, the Sultan felt bound to transmit to St. Petersburg a simple protest against the insult passed upon him. Russsia perhaps mistook this moderation for feebleness; but late occurrences have shewn, that the vaunted prophecy which pronounced the eternal banishment of the Mussulman from European Turkey during the year now gliding away, is worth as little as most of the predictions of modern times.

Late in 1853 came the tedious conference of Vienna, with its notes, its projects of notes, its despatches, its ultimatums, and its ultimatissimums. The result was, the consumption of a vast amount of time, foolscap, post-horses, and government messengers, the concession to Austria of much more importance and consideration than she was in any way entitled to, and the retention at Besika, till the end of November, of the allied fleets, which ought to have passed through the Bosphorus more than four months before,—on the day, indeed, that the Russians crossed the Pruth. The "occupation" which ensued amounted, in fact, to the tyrannical assumption by Russia of the government of two of the finest provinces in Europe, accompanied by such atrocious acts of tyranny, that the English and French consuls found it incumbent upon them at once to withdraw.

Some time after the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, Count Nesselrode, writing to the Grand Duke Constantine, thus gave expression to the feelings of the government of Russia on this subject:—

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"The Turkish monarchy," said he, "is reduced to such a state as to exist only under the protection of Russia, and must comply in future with her wishes." Then, adverting to the Principalities, he says, "The possession of these Principalities is of the less importance to us, as, without maintaining troops there, which would be attended with considerable expense, we shall dispose of them at our pleasure, as well during peace as in time of war. *We shall hold the keys of a position from which it will be easy to keep the Turkish government in check*, and the Sultan will feel that any attempt to brave us again must end in his certain ruin."

The protest of the Porte against the invasion of these provinces bears date the 14th July: from that day till the end of September, the conference at Vienna, urged chiefly by Austria, had been making strenuous efforts to induce the Turkish government to yield to the arrogant pretensions of Russia. No enviable position, indeed, was that of the Sultan: beset on one side by the *friendly* persuasives of Francis Joseph, and on the other by the imperious summons of Nicholas, who was actively intriguing in every direction, through numberless astute emissaries, to give rise to a belief that the presence of his troops in the Principalities was in conformity to the wishes of the population themselves. On the 8th October the Grand Vizier (Mustapha Pacha) issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Constantinople, highly characteristic of the spirit of tolerance which now animates the people of the Sultan, and indicative of a degree of watchfulness and preparation on the part of the government which could scarcely have been anticipated. This proclamation was hailed with enthusiasm, and the whole nation, animated by one will, were only too eager to be led against their aggressors, or to aid in suppressing all attempts, on the part of the Greek population, to adopt the inflammatory counsels of the paid emissaries of Russia.

Equal praise is due to the priests of the Greek Church, and to the Ulemas, who turned a deaf ear to every attempt made to appeal to the fanaticism of their several congregations. Had they acted differently, the internecine war that would have ensued, must have inundated every threshold with blood.

On the eve of the commencement of hostilities, the effective Turkish forces on the Danube may be computed as follows:—

Infantry	103,000
Egyptian contingent	13,000
Regular cavalry	12 regiments
Albanians and other irregulars . . .	20,000
Artillery (guns of different calibre),	40 batteries.

Omar Pacha, the commander-in-chief, established his head-quarters at Shumla with 50,000 troops. Alim Pacha, at Baba-Dagh, in the Dobruscha, headed 25,000. Mustapha Pacha, with 30,000, guarded the line of country between Sistow and Rustuck; and Ismail Pacha, with a like number, the district between Sistow and Widdin. Thirty-five thousand men, besides, were distributed among the garrisons of Varna, Tirnova, Pravardin, and different small fortresses along the grim range of the Balkan.

A reserve of 50,000 was assigned to Rifaat Pacha, who was stationed at Sophia, an important town in Bulgaria, on the road from Belgrade to Constantinople.

The whole of Europe—and no country more than Russia—had strangely erred in its estimate of the Turkish army. Any man who could have been found rash enough, ten months ago, to have hinted at the possibility of the Sultan's troops standing before the "stalwart warriors" from the Don, would have been laughed to scorn: yet almost every engagement has shewn them uniformly triumphant, notwithstanding the elaborate fabrications of the "*Invalide Russe*."

The Turkish army is divided into sections, commanded by generals of division, each of whom has under his orders three generals of brigade. The division consists of eleven regiments, six of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artillery. The available force of a division comprises 20,980 men; *i.e.*, 16,800 infantry, 2,880 cavalry, and 1,300 artillery-men. The infantry regiments are divided into battalions, and the battalions into companies. The cavalry regiments are divided into squadrons. The artillery regiments each comprise three horse and nine foot batteries, numbering altogether seventy-two heavy and four "grasshopper guns," about of the same calibre as those used in mountain warfare by our Indian armies.

The Russian army has, for a long time past, been adopting from other European powers every improvement that could advantageously be introduced into those docile but stolid ranks, and it was universally supposed to be in the highest state of efficiency. Numerically, it was about equal to the Turkish army immediately opposed to it. At the time to which we allude, Nicholas had, in Georgia and Circassia, at least 148,000 men, commanded by the venerable Prince Woron-

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zow, who does not enjoy a brilliant military reputation, but still is considered an experienced soldier, and one of the few trustworthy men in the Czar's service. Had this large army not been engaged in holding in check the hardy and active hordes of Schamyl, it might possibly have been available to threaten Constantinople; but danger from the quarter we allude to was never very imminent, for the Turks had stationed 148,000 men, in two separate armies, on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea, to coöperate with Schamyl, and to observe, at the same time, the movements of the enemy. The Turks and the Russians had, consequently, about an equal number of troops, both upon the Danube and in Asia.

The first cartridge burnt in anger, was at the affair of Issatcha,—scarcely more than a skirmish between a handful of Egyptians and Russians, and leading to no important results. The Russian general would fain have confined operations—for a time, at least—to such skirmishes, from his unwillingness to risk the prestige with which the Russians had continued hitherto to surround their arms; but this policy accorded not with the views of Omar Pacha, who was anxious to elevate the *morale* of his men, and to prove to them, by the most conclusive of all arguments, their capability to contend with those whom they had been led to regard with so much respect.

He has proved himself capable of coping, in a remarkable manner, with the trying circumstances against which he has had to contend.

He was born in Croatia in 1803,* and embraced Islamism upon his arrival in Turkey, in 1831. At that time, he was tolerably conversant with military matters, and acquitted himself more than creditably of a commission with which he was entrusted, the object of which was, to survey accurately and report upon the Danubian provinces. He thus acquired that local information which has proved so useful during the recent campaign. In Omar Pacha may be traced many of the essentials of a great general. He takes a warm interest in the welfare of his men, and knows how to earn their goodwill; at the same time that he treats them with a degree of severity bordering upon harshness. Like Bonaparte, he is fond of those short, quick, terse addresses, which, in a moment, electrify an entire army. Almost every project that he has planned, every expedition he has directed, has been successful, and he is consequently regarded with veneration by his troops, who yield him the most implicit obedience. He is fond of showy uniforms and of display when at the head of an army; but in private life no one can be less ostentatious, nor content with simpler fare. Long and difficult was the line of country he had to defend along the Danube, but his preparations were well taken, and the Russians could scarcely have crossed at any point without encountering a well-served battery, and, had they even succeeded in penetrating to the Balkan, they would have found every height bristling with fortifications, every defile in the possession of an intrepid foe. The successes of the Russians in 1828–29 depended mainly upon causes which no longer exist. They had then the undisputed mastery of the Black Sea; the Turkish navy had just been annihilated; and the Mussulman army was wholly without organization. The reverse of this was now the case, and the battle of Oltenitza was an earnest of many reverses they were doomed subsequently to sustain.

The Ottoman general, alive to the impolicy of allowing Russian and Austrian intrigue free scope for action during the winter, and aware that his own men could not but become, to a great extent, demoralized by remaining for five months in sight of an arrogant foe, boldly determined to take the initiative, and to attempt, by force of arms, that which diplomacy had been unable to achieve.

Observing at a glance the immense importance of assuming a strong position before Kalafat, (in Lesser Wallachia, opposite Widdin,) whence he could effectually exclude the Russians from Servia, he adopted a plan for dividing simultaneously the attention and the forces of his adversary. While, therefore, a hostile division advanced, in Lesser Wallachia, upon Crajowa and Slatina, Omar Pacha prepared to land a large body of troops at Giurgevo, and a still larger detachment at Oltenitza. The attempt on Giurgevo, possibly intended only as a feint, was unsuccessful, but at Oltenitza the manœuvre was brilliantly accomplished.

Early on the morning of the 2d November the Turks, to the number of 9000, crossed the Danube, between Turtukai and Oltenitza, a small village occupied by the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived the design of the Mussulmans, made a vigorous but futile resistance. Omar Pacha's troops, eager for the fray, leaped from the boats, long before they

* His real name is Lattas.

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touched the bank, fought hand to hand with their antagonists in the water, soon carried the quarantine building, and fortified it with fascines.

The precision with which these various movements were effected, sufficiently attested the presence of the Turkish commander-in-chief.

The Russian General Danenberg, having been informed of this movement by the Turks, arrived, to direct in person measures for driving them back into the Danube. Eleven thousand Russians, under the command of Pauloff, were accordingly hastily collected, and, early, on the 4th November, they commenced their attack. A brisk cannonade took place for some time on both sides. The Turks, quitting their entrenchments, threw out swarms of sharpshooters, and compelled a hussar regiment to take shelter in the rear of the infantry. The sharpshooters then formed into battalions, made several smart bayonet charges, and reëntered their entrenchments.

General Danenberg, astonished to find that an enemy he had held in such utter contempt should display so much courage and such knowledge of tactics, was desirous of bringing matters to a crisis; but, by an unlucky manœuvre, he got entangled in difficult ground between two fires, which occasioned considerable slaughter among his ranks. After four hours hard fighting he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and twenty-four other officers, besides 370 rank and file killed, and 857 wounded.

Omar Pacha held the position thus acquired till the 11th November, when, without any further molestation from the enemy, he voluntarily retired to the right bank of the Danube; the Turks having meanwhile strengthened and fortified their camp at Kalafat.

The affair at Oltenitza produced a surprising effect at Constantinople, and indeed throughout the whole Turkish empire. After a century of reverses, the Turks had achieved a victory over a nation which had long treated them with disdain, and had always ridiculed their achievements in the field. The printing-office of the "Djeridei Havadis" (or official Gazette), and all the streets leading to it, were crowded with eager thousands, anxious to obtain copies of the supplement containing the details of the fight.

By a curious coincidence, on the same day and at the very hour that the battle of Oltenitza was being fought, the Sultan, who had announced his intention of heading the army in the spring, was being invested, at the mosque of the Sultan Mohamed, according to the Turkish ritual, with the title of Ghazi, or warrior, a dignity conferred on those Sultans who go forth for the first time to battle.

At Petersburg the dismay occasioned by the action of Oltenitza was so great, that the Czar gave immediate orders for those measures which resulted in the foul massacre of Sinope, as though he were desirous, by a deeeper stain, to efface the dishonor his arms had already incurred.

Some days before the period fixed upon for the commencement of hostilities between Turkey and Russia, the Circassians had already matured their plans, and were prepared to take up arms vigorously against the troops of the Czar. But in Asia the enemies of Russia have scarcely been as successful as might have been anticipated, when their natural prowess, continued exercise in arms, and indomitable character, is taken into account. No deficiency of military ardor can, however, be imputed to men, who for fifty-four years have successfully resisted all attempts at subjugation, and have baffled the strategy of Russia's ablest generals. The chief reason why, in the present instance, they have not achieved any very signal success, has been the difficulty they have encountered in communicating with the sea-board, and in obtaining an adequate supply of ammunition and arms.

We have alluded to the affair of Sinope, but not in terms sufficiently strong to stigmatize its atrocity. The fleet under the command of Osman Pasha was not cruising in the Black Sea with any intention of provoking hostilities on the part of the Russians: its sole mission was to keep up communication between Constantinople and the army of Anatolia, the Turks, while thus engaged, relying upon the good faith of the Czar, who had undertaken to act only upon the defensive so long as the negotiations with the Western Powers were pending. Nor had Osman Pacha any reason for suspecting that so flagrant a breach of faith would be committed, although three Russian men-of-war had been observed on the 27th November reconnoitering off the post. Fatal, however, was this reliance on the honor of Nicholas; for, on the 30th November, about midday, and under cover of a dense fog, a Russian squadron, consisting of three three-deckers, three two-deckers, two frigates, and three steamers, entered the bay of Sinope, while several frigates and corvettes cruised at some distance, for the purpose of cutting off all assistance from Constantinople.

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Sinope is a town of some little importance, about one hundred miles from the Bosphorus and nearly facing Sebastopol; its dockyards and arsenal, covering a considerable extent of ground, were ill protected by a few insignificant batteries.

Resistance on the part of the Turks was almost hopeless, as their entire squadron mounted altogether only 406 guns, while the Russian ships carried no less than 760, and those mostly of very heavy calibre. As soon as he had entered the bay, the Russian admiral brought his ships deliberately to an anchor, sending at the same time an officer to demand the unconditional surrender of Osman Pacha's fleet. He scarcely awaited the delivery of this insulting message, but immediately opened fire on the enemy, whose force, if duly estimated, was at least three times greater than his own. So unequal was the contest, that it can only be regarded as a massacre: in three hours and a half the Turkish squadron was annihilated. The courage displayed by the Mussulmans in this affair cannot be too highly lauded. Most of the captains were killed, or blown up with their ships: out of 4575 men composing their crews, 4155 were killed in the engagement, 120 were taken prisoners, and 300 were wantonly slaughtered in the conflagration of the defenceless town,—a worthy consummation to this disgraceful act of piracy, the details of which aroused the universal execration of Europe.

The Emperor, on the other hand, was unable to dissemble his delight, and readily accepted this massacre as a glorious set-off against the rout of his troops at Oltenitza. An officer, despatched with the welcome intelligence by Prince Menschikoff to the Czar, appeared in the august presence covered with mud, and so exhausted with fatigue that he actually fell asleep while the Emperor was reading the despatches. The Czar roused him with the announcement that "his horses were ready to convey him to the south," and that, from the rank of captain, he had risen to that of lieutenant-colonel.

The news of the disaster occasioned great consternation at Constantinople. The crews of the allied squadron began naturally enough to inquire among themselves whether they had been summoned to the Bosphorus to be passive spectators of deeds such as we have detailed. The miserable spirit of an impotent and vacillating diplomacy had hitherto effectually marred that energetic action by which alone the aggressive policy of Russia could have been successfully encountered, and it still prevented the execution of a manœuvre that might at this juncture have inflicted condign punishment on the victors of Sinope. The loss of such an opportunity proves incontestably the absence from the councils of the Allied Powers of men like those who achieved the glories of England in days gone by. Who, for instance, could imagine Nelson lying inactive within a few miles of a hostile force flushed with such a victory as that of Sinope, over a power whose interests he had been empowered and commissioned to protect? The day after the news reached England, Sir H. Willoughby, in the House of Commons, took occasion to call attention to the destruction of the Turkish flotilla at Sinope, and inquired of the Government how it had occurred that that lamentable event had not been prevented.

Sir J. Graham explained the circumstances which had led to what he termed the "outrage" at Sinope, an event imputed to the culpable neglect of the Turkish authorities. Admiral Dundas (whom Sir James defended against the charge of having manifested a want of decision) had stated that the cause of the disaster was the leaving the Turkish squadron in an open roadstead for so long a period. Warning of the danger of the flotilla had been given, and orders were issued in ample time for its withdrawal, but they had been unhappily revoked by the Turkish authorities.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the allied fleets remained positively inactive. An English and a French frigate were sent to *obtain specific information* relative to the affair of the 30th November. Negotiations, meanwhile, were suspended; but after the return of the *Retribution* and the *Mogador*, another month was lost ere the combined Powers of the West took any decided steps to support the Sultan in his unequal struggle with the Czar.

The conference of Vienna not long after issued a protocol, and also a document, called "a collective note," which were followed by explanations and diplomatic circulars, none of much importance, nor calculated to operate beneficially in staying the progress of hostilities.

It was not until six o'clock on the morning of the 3d January, 1854, that the Anglo-Gallic squadron entered the Black Sea.

The English ships comprised the *Britannia* 120, *Queen* 120, *Trafalgar* 120, *Albion* 90, *Vengeance* 90, *Rodney* 90, *Agamemnon* 90, *Bellerophon* 80, *Sanspareil* 70, *Leander* 50, *Firebrand* 6, *Furious* 16, *Fury* 6, *Niger* 14,

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Inflexible 6, *Retribution* 20, *Sampson* 6, *Tiger* 16, *Terrible* 20. The French squadron was composed of the *Ville de Paris*, 120, *Valmy* 120, *Friedland* 120, *Henri IV*. 100, *Jena* 90, *Bayard* 90, *Charlemagne* 90, *Jupiter* 86, *Gomer* 24, *Mogador* 16, *Magellan* 14, *Sané* 14, *Caton* 30, *Serieuse* 30, *Mercuré* 18. They were accompanied by a few Turkish steamers, the *Fezzi-Bahri*, *Medjedié*, *Chehper*, *Saidi Chadi*, and *Mahbiri-Susuz*, each carrying about 1000 troops, and a large supply of ammunition and provisions for the army in Asia.

At this time the Russian force in the Black Sea was composed of the *Varna*, *Twelve Apostles*, *Rostilas*, *Sviatoslaf*, *Sviafard*, *Sviatiteli*, each of 120 guns; the *Sultan Mahmoud*, *Tschorcow*, *Uriel*, *Yagoudib*, *Chabry*, *Czelem*, *Silistria*, *Catharine II.*, all of 80 guns; the *Midis*, *Kavarna*, *Flora*, *Brahilow*, *Misifria*, *Zisopool*, *Kagul*, *Agathopol*, of 50 or 60 guns; the three steamers, *Bessarabia*, *Gromonoz*, and *Grosney*, and fifteen corvettes and a few smaller vessels which have not been enumerated.

Considerable as was the squadron at this time in commission in the Black Sea, under the command of the Russian Admiral, we have good reason to believe that the force, if requisite, could have been rendered still more imposing by the equipment of numerous large ships lying in ordinary in the harbor of Sebastopol.

At this conjuncture the representatives of the great Western Powers addressed a letter to the Governor of Sebastopol, announcing that the Anglo-Gallic fleet had been ordered to the Black Sea to protect the shores that fringe the Ottoman territory against any act of aggression: they, moreover, expressed a diplomatic hope that his Excellency would give such instructions to the Russian admirals as would prevent a hostile collision.

This letter was deficient in one main essential, since it studiously avoided announcing that the combined fleet was engaged in convoying a Turkish squadron ladened with munitions of war, having, moreover, undertaken to defend it against any attack.

There is something in this omission which might be characterized by a stronger designation than excessive caution. But this is not the only instance, during the negotiations we are now recording, that diplomacy has worn a more than questionable guise.

One copy of the epistle, however—such as it was—signed by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, was entrusted to a French officer, commissioned to deliver it to Prince Menschikoff in person. That officer embarked on board H. M. S. *Retribution*, whose captain (Drummond), with the copy bearing Lord Redcliffe's signature, taking advantage of a dense fog, and without any pilot, boldly steamed into the very harbor of Sebastopol. Two shots were fired as a signal to bring-to, but they were disregarded; whereupon a Russian officer, in a state of considerable excitement, hailed the frigate from a boat, emphatically announcing that no vessel of war could be permitted to enter the harbor, and that consequently the *Retribution* must forthwith retire. This requisition Captain Drummond refused to comply with until the object of his mission had been accomplished. He was then informed that the governor was not in Sebastopol. The commander of the *Retribution* inquired for the deputy-governor, to whom he delivered his despatches; and it is said that this unfortunate officer was degraded to the ranks for permitting an English man-of-war to make her way without opposition into a port so jealously guarded.

While the parley between the English commander and the deputy-governor was going on, the officers of the *Retribution*, by the aid of cameras and pencils, took a series of sketches of the works of Sebastopol, and thus made themselves masters of all the information which the Russians had any interest in concealing.

On the 6th January, just as the allied fleets had taken possession of the Black Sea in order to retain a "material guarantee" equivalent to that of the Wallachian provinces, so unwarrantably seized by the Czar, the army of Abdul-Medjid on the Danube was preparing to prove itself worthy of the important alliance he had just concluded.

His soldiers had shewn well enough at Sinope that they knew how to die: at Citate they satisfied Europe that they knew how to fight.

Though, for the most part, inexperienced levies, they were more than a match for the veterans of the Czar, many of whom had for years past been inured to hard fighting in the Caucasus, while many more had seen something of warfare in the Hungarian campaign.

The Russians having determined to attack Kalafat, where Achmet Pacha had resolved to establish himself in force, began to manœuvre so as to reduce within the narrowest limits the Ottoman position: they threw up also a considerable number of field-works, so as to command almost every approach. Achmet Pacha felt that the moment had ar-

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rived when it was incumbent upon him to act with vigor, if he did not wish to break the spirit or lower the *morale* of his men. Till the last moment, however, he divulged his plans to no one; nor did he, till the hour had arrived, intimate his intention of giving battle at Citate, the nearest point to the enemy's lines.

Citate is little more than a village, situate upon a gradual slope commanding the surrounding plain, which is bounded by two ravines. That on the eastern extremity is steep, abutting upon a lake, to the rear of which is a long level tract, extending to the Danube. The western gully is less abrupt, and inclines gradually towards a hill behind the village. The main road to Kalafat lies in a north-westerly direction between these ravines.

On a height above Citate, and to the left of the road, the Russians had thrown up a redoubt, which subsequently had the effect of preserving them from absolute destruction.

Achmet Pacha selected for this enterprise three regiments of cavalry (inclusive of 200 bashi-bazouks,) thirteen battalions of infantry (altogether 11,000 men,) and twenty guns.

At sunset on the evening of the 5th January, the chosen band silently quitted Kalafat, reaching the village of Maglovit at eight o'clock. Some few found shelter in the deserted houses, but the greater part bivouacked without fire and without shelter. The ground was covered with half melted snow: the men were consequently compelled to keep on foot till daybreak, when the bugle summoned them to proceed to the scene of the impending action.

Two Turkish battalions were posted, with two guns, on the road, one in the village of Maglovit, the other in that of Orenja, to keep up the communication with Kalafat. A reserve of seven battalions was stationed at the foot of the hill already alluded to, while the four other battalions, with six guns (under the command of Ismail Pacha, who led the attack,) were posted somewhat in advance. The day dawned fair, the air was clear and calm, and the sky cloudless. Not a Russian sentry was visible, from the Turkish position, along the whole valley of the Danube: from the unbroken silence it might have been imagined that they had evacuated Citate. Six companies of light infantry, headed by Teyfik Bey (the nephew of Omar Pacha), were pushed forward *entirailleurs*. They were on the point of occupying the hill, when a heavy discharge of grape and canister plainly enough revealed the presence of the enemy, as well as their intention of disputing the position. A well-directed fire of musketry ensued, but the Turkish sharpshooters, supported by four battalions of infantry and a field battery, opened a murderous fire on the Russians, whose artillery was miserably served in comparison with that of their antagonists. They fought, however, with desperation; and as the Turks advanced, carrying house after house at the bayonet's point, the Russians disputed every inch with all the frenzy of despair. Quarter was neither asked nor given. Many of the Russian officers, seeing their men give way, actually threw themselves on the swords of the Mussulmans. The desperate struggle lasted more than four hours, occasioning a heavy loss on both sides.

At noon every dwelling in the village had been captured, and the Russians were retreating in tolerable order along the road; but they there found themselves confronted by two fresh regiments of Turkish cavalry, which had advanced unperceived along the ravine to the right of the village. Thus situated, the Russians had no alternative but to take shelter with their guns behind their redoubt. They thus obtained a partial shelter from the Turkish cavalry. At this moment Ismail Pacha, who had had two horses killed under him, and had been badly wounded, yielded the command to Mustapha, and he, with two battalions that had not yet been engaged, and with four field-pieces, hastened to attack the redoubt, in conjunction with four additional battalions, each flanked by five guns. In half an hour more the destruction of the Russians would have been complete; but at this moment the attention of the combatants was arrested by an occurrence in another part of the plain.

As might have been expected, the intelligence of this engagement had already reached the Russians quartered in the surrounding villages, and reinforcements to the extent of 10,000 men and sixteen guns, might be seen rapidly advancing in various directions upon the Turkish reserve, which was well prepared to receive them. The Russians were marching in the direction of Kalafat, so as to place the Turks between two fires. The Mussulman generals, however, though in a critical position, concerted measures well, and at the proper moment, after having again displayed the superiority of their artillery, led their gallant battalions against the enemy, who speedily took to flight, strewing the ground with an immense quantity of arms, accoutrements and ammunition.

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The Turks had now been eight hours under arms, besides having bivouacked, in the depth of winter, without fire, on the muddy ground; but they were still eager to attack the redoubt, where the Russians remained literally penned in like sheep. Achmet Pacha, however, sounded a retreat, which was executed in perfect order. The Turks left 338 killed on this hard fought field, and carried away 700 wounded; while the Russian loss could not have been less than 1500 killed and 2000 wounded. At nightfall the redoubt was abandoned; and the Russians, after burying their dead, completely evacuated Citate, and all the other villages which had served them as advanced posts.

We have been thus particular in the details of this action, because it was, in fact, one of the most important of the campaign. The Ottoman troops, elated with so decisive a victory over a detested foe, were now only anxious to be led again to battle. On the 7th, Omar-Pacha, who had hastened to the spot on hearing of the achievement of this division of his army, gratified their wishes, and on that and the three following days engagements took place, each terminating in results favorable to the cause of the Sultan. Not even Russian mendacity could long conceal the fact, that, with inferior numbers, and on an open plain, the Czar's vaunted troops had been utterly discomfited by men who had hitherto been contemptuously regarded as little better than an armed rabble. Nor had this success been achieved in a single skirmish only, but in a series of battles fought during five consecutive days.

Turkey thus at once resumed her position in Europe as a military power, and gave earnest, that when the ten or twelve millions, constituting her Christian population, shall have accepted the offer of the Sultan to bear arms like their Mahometan fellow-subjects, she will be in a position to protect herself against any aggression. Time of course must elapse before this takes place; but enough has been done to prove that the protection of England and France need not be always indispensable to the existence of the Turkish empire.

It is unnecessary for our present purpose to follow the hostile armies on the Danube through all their operations. It will be sufficient to observe, that after the various engagements in the neighborhood of Kalafat, Omar Pacha resumed the plan on which he had previously proceeded at Giurgevo and Oltenitza, the object of which was to constrain the Russians to detach a portion of their army in order to cover Bucharest. He had no desire to attempt any rash enterprise, but prudently kept watch, so as to avail himself of any favorable contingency; his character presenting a happy combination of daring and prudence.

While the events we have related were proceeding, the war was being carried on with vigor on the frontier of Asia: numerous conflicts took place, attended with much slaughter, but not with any very commensurate results. The most important battle was that of Akhaltzik, claimed by the Russian General, Prince Andronikoff, in a bombastic bulletin, as a great victory. Like that of Sinope, it was celebrated at Petersburg by a solemn *Te Deum*: "The most pious Czar," in the words of the Government organ, "thanking the Lord of lords for the success of the Russian arms in the sacred combat for the orthodox faith." (!)

The allied squadron in the Black Sea, after having escorted a Turkish squadron freighted with supplies to Batoum, Trebizonde, and Chekvetil, reconnoitered the Russian fleet in Sebastopol, and returned to the Bosphorus.

England and France having announced to the world their intention of affording to Turkey both moral and material support, but their *moral* aid having failed to avert the invasion of the Danubian provinces, the massacre of Sinope, or the treachery of Austria, masked as it was under the guise of friendship, it became incumbent on the two Western Powers to abandon at once all further discussion, and to appeal to the stern but inevitable arbitrament of the sword.

The Queen's declaration of war appeared in the Gazette of the 28th of March: on the preceding day, at Paris, the Minister of State read to the Legislative corps a message from the Emperor, announcing "that the last resolution of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg had placed Russia in a state of war with respect to France—a war, the responsibility of which belonged entirely to the Russian Government."

Great now was the activity displayed at the naval ports and arsenals of England and France. From Portsmouth and Southampton regiment after regiment were embarked—ships were commissioned faster almost than they could be got ready for sea—and additional reinforcements were despatched in all haste to Sir Charles Napier's magnificent Baltic fleet, which sailed from Spithead on the 11th of March.*

* The division which sailed from Spithead on the 11th of March comprised sixteen war steamers; of which two—the *Duke of Wellington* and the

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And now became apparent the miserable policy of those short-sighted economists, who, some years since, prevented the organization of a transport service, adequate on occasions like the present to the emergencies of the country. From the lack of such a service, Government were obliged to charter as many vessels as they could procure from private companies, many of them very badly adapted for the required purpose. Yet as much as four hundred pounds per day was paid for many of these extemporized transports.

On the 12th of March the treaty of alliance between England, France, and the Porte, was signed by the representatives of those powers.

The treaty consists of five articles. By the first, France and England engage to support Turkey by force of arms until the conclusion of a peace which shall secure independence of the Ottoman empire, and the integrity of the rights of the Sultan. The two protecting Powers undertake not to derive from the actual crisis, or from the negotiations which may terminate it, any exclusive advantage. By the second article the Porte, on its side, pledges itself not to make peace under any circumstances without having previously obtained the consent, and solicited the participation of the two Powers, and also to employ all its resources to carry on the war with vigor. In the third article the two Powers promise to evacuate, immediately after the conclusion of the war, and on the

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Royal George—are three-deckers; while three carry ad niral's flags—Sir Charles Napier's in the *Duke*, Admiral Chad's in the *Edinburgh*, and Admiral Plumridge's in the *Leopard*:

SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE-SHIPS.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
Duke of Wellington	131	1100	780
Royal George	121	990	400
St. Jean d'Acre	101	900	650
Princess Royal	91	850	400
Blenheim	60	660	450
Hogue	60	660	450
Ajax	58	630	450
Edinburgh	58	630	450
	680	6420	4030

SCREW-FRIGATES.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
Impérieuse	50	530	360
Arrogant	47	450	360
Amphion	34	320	300
Tribune	30	300	300
	161	1600	1320

PADDLE-WHEELS.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
Leopard	18	280	560
Dragon	6	200	560
Bulldog	6	160	500
Valorous	16	220	400
	46	860	2020

The French Baltic fleet, which, under the command of Vice-Admiral Parseval-Deschênes, sailed from Brest for the Gulf of Finland, is composed of the following vessels: *Tage* 100 guns, *Austerlitz*, screw, 100, *Hercule* 100, *Jammapes* 100, *Breslaw* 20, *Duguesclin* 90, *Inflexible* 90, *Duperre* 80, *Trident* 80, *Semillante* 60, *Andromaque* 60, *Vengeance* 60, *Poursuivante* 50, *Virginie* 50, *Zenobie* 50, *Psyche* 40, *Darien*, steam-frigate, 14, *Phlegethon*, steam-corvette, 10, *Souffleur*, ditto, 6, and *Milan*, *Lucifer*, *Aigle*, and *Daim*, small steamers. The French naval force in the Black Sea, under the command of Vice-Admiral Hamelin, is composed of the *Friedland* 120 guns, *Valmy* 120, *Ville de Paris* 120, *Henry IV.* 100, *Bayard* 90, *Charlemagne*, screw, 90, *Jena* 90, *Jupiter* 90, *Marengo* 80; steam-frigate, *Gomer* 16, *Descartes* 20, *Vauban* 20, *Mogador* 8, *Cacique* 14, *Magellan* 14, *Sané* 14, *Caton* steam-corvette, 4, *Sérieuse* sailing ditto, 30, *Mercure*, *Oliviere*, and *Beaumanoir*, 20-gun brigs, *Cerf*, 10-gun brig, *Prométéhe*, *Salamandre*, *Héron*, and *Monette*, small steamers. The squadron of Vice-Admiral Bruat intended to act in the Black Sea, the sea of Gallipoli, and in the Eastern Archipelago, comprises the following vessels: *Montebello* 120 guns, *Napoleon*, screw, 92, *Suffren* 90, *Jean Bart*, screw, 90, *Ville de Marseilles* 80, *Algar* 80, *Pomone*, screw, 40, *Caffarelli*, steam-frigate, 14, *Rowland* and *Primauguet*, steam-corvettes, eight guns each. Independently of these three squadrons, and of all the frigates or steam-corvettes assembled in the Mediterranean for the transport of the army to the East, all the naval stations in the West Indies, the Pacific Ocean, the Indo-China seas, and in all quarters where the fisheries are carried on, have been reinforced. The French navy has now on service on different seas 56,000 sailors.

The entire French navy is at present composed of:—

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

9 of 120 guns..........	carrying 1080 guns.
14 of 100 guns..........	carrying 1400 guns.
19 of 90 guns..........	carrying 1710 guns.
11 from 86 to 82 guns..	carrying 914 guns.
53 ships.	5104 guns.

FRIGATES.

42 from 60 to 50 guns..	carrying 2286 guns.
16 from 46 to 50 guns..	carrying 670 guns.
58 ships.	3956 guns.

CORVETTES.

39 from 30 to 14 guns.. carrying 868 guns.

BRIGS, SCHOONERS, AND CUTTERS.

101 from 20 to 4 guns.... carrying 1066 guns.

TRANSPORT-CORVETTES, LIGHTERS, &c.

39, carrying together 788 guns, and measuring 18,500 tons.

STEAM-NAVY.

3 ships, 20 frigates, 30 corvettes, and 64 avisos, representing a power of 28,750 horses.

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demand of the Porte, all the points of the empire which their troops shall have occupied during the war. By the fourth article the treaty remains open for the signature of the other Powers of Europe who may wish to become parties to it; and the fifth and last article guarantees to all the subjects of the Porte, without distinction of religion, equality in the eye of the law, and admissibility into all employments. To this treaty are attached, as integral parts of it, several protocols. One relates to the institution of mixed tribunals throughout the whole empire; a second is relative to an advance of 20,000,000fr. jointly by France and England; and a third relates to the collection of the taxes and the suppression of the *haratch* or poll-tax, which, having been considered for a long time past by the Turkish Government as only the purchase of exemption from military service, leads by its abolition, to the entrance of Christians into the army.

The Russians continued to prosecute the war eagerly on the banks of the Danube, but any temporary success was more than counterbalanced by subsequent and more brilliant Turkish victories.

General Luders, at the head of 50,000 men, succeeded in crossing the Danube, and in occupying the Dobrudscha in force. Fatal step! for a frightful pestilence, arising from the marshes of this unhealthy district, in a few weeks decimated his troops, and the survivors were so debilitated by sickness and scanty fare, that they might have been driven into the river almost without the power of resistance.

On the 5th of May the *Invalide Russe* published the following *varacious* decree of the Emperor of Russia, addressed to General Osten-Sacken:—

On the day when the inhabitants of Odessa, united in their orthodox temples, were celebrating the death of the Son of God, crucified for the redemption of mankind, the allies of the enemies of His holy name, attempted a crime against that city of peace and commerce, against that city where all Europe, in her years of dearth, has always found open granaries. The fleets of France and England bombarded for twelve hours our batteries and the habitations of our peaceful citizens, as well as the merchant shipping in the harbor. But our brave troops, led by you in person, and penetrated by a profound faith in the supreme Protector of justice, gloriously repelled the attack of the enemy against the soil which, in apostolic times, relieved the saintly precursor of the Christian religion in our holy country.

The heroic firmness and devotion of our troops, inspired by your example, have been crowned with complete success, the city has been saved from destruction, and the enemies' fleets have disappeared. As a worthy recompense for so brilliant an action, we send you the Order of St. Andrew.

NICHOLAS.

St. Petersburg, April 21 (May 3).

The governor of Moscow had caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in honor of the victory (?) gained by the Russians at Odessa; the fact being, that in consequence of the atrocious conduct of the military authorities of Odessa, in firing upon an English flag of truce, a division of English and French steam frigates appeared before Odessa. On their arrival the greatest terror pervaded the city. The wealthy hired all the post-horses to remove to the interior, and the inhabitants sought refuge in the neighboring country; but the English and French steamers having withdrawn, after taking a survey of the roads, the alarm subsided, the population returned, and the shops were re-opened. On the 21st of April, however, the appearance of thirty-three sail on the horizon created still greater terror, for it was evident that they were coming to avenge the insult above alluded to, and which, even at Odessa, was the subject of universal reprobation. The next day nothing could exceed the consternation, everybody being in constant apprehension of a catastrophe. The fears redoubled when, after a bombardment of eight hours, the gunpowder magazine blew up, and the military stores were seen on fire. The sight of wounded soldiers brought in from the batteries, and the brutality of the governor and his forces towards the inhabitants, were not calculated to allay their terror. This affair produced great discouragement among the troops, and an excellent effect on the population, who perceived that the Russian army was unable to protect them; and that, if the city were not reduced to ashes, it was solely owing to the generosity of the allied Powers.

The satisfaction derived from the severe punishment thus administered to the Russians was, alas! more than counterbalanced by the total loss of an English frigate (the *Tiger*) of 1275 tons, and carrying sixteen guns. This sad disaster occurred near Odessa, on the 12th of May, in consequence of her taking the ground while in chase of two small Russian vessels. The wreck was attended with the death of her gallant captain (Giffard) and a midshipman, and the loss of her crew of 226 men; for, being attacked while lying in an utterly defenceless condition, they had no choice but to surrender.

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A division of the Black Sea fleet, consisting of seventeen vessels, continued to watch the harbor of Sebastopol; while the British cruisers speedily captured every vessel that carried the Russian flag. Another division, composed of nine steamers, was despatched to the Circassian coast, to aid in the destruction of the Russian forts, and to open a communication with Schamyl. Partly in consequence of this movement, the Russians were compelled to evacuate all their positions, from Batoum to Anapa, a distance of 200 leagues, and burning most of their forts, they retired into Kutais. The Circassians thereupon made a descent, and surprised and captured 15,000 prisoners in Sukkum Kaleh.

On the 18th May the *Charlemagne, Agamemnon, Mogador, Highflyer,* and *Sampson,* bombarded Redout-Kaleh, sparing only the Customhouse and quarantine establishment. They then returned to Chourroucksu, and landed 800 troops at Redout-Kaleh. These, supported by 300 English and French, pursued the Russians, in number about 2000, who fell back on Kutais, which was speedily captured.

On the 1st June Admirals Dundas and Hamelin declared all the mouths of the Danube to be strictly blockaded, in order to cut off all supplies from the Russian army in the Dobrudscha. Shortly after, the English steam-frigates bombarded the forts at Sulina, and captured the commander, with all his men and guns. A sad loss was experienced by the British fleet, on this occasion, in the death of Captain Hyde Parker, of the *Firebrand,* who, while proceeding on an exploring expedition up the Danube, was fired upon from a stockade fort, thought to have been abandoned. The gallant officer, landing with his men to storm it, fell—shot through the heart by a rifle-ball.

While prize after prize continue to arrive, in rapid succession at Portsmouth and in the Thames, English troops, of all denominations, were "mustering in hot haste" at Gallipoli, Scutari, and Varna, Lord Raglan, as commander-in chief, occupying in the first instance, the palace so recently tenanted by the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople.

On the 14th June the Duke of Cambridge with his staff, the brigade of Guards, and the Highland brigade (42d, 79th, and 93d regiments,) arrived at Varna, where a numerous Anglo-French army was already encamped. It is probable that the unexpected and retrograde movement of the Russians upon the Pruth—intelligence of which reached the allied generals about this time—occasioned a deviation from the plan of operations originally contemplated, as it obviated the necessity of any active co-operation with Omar Pacha's army on the Danube. An expedition upon a gigantic scale was, however, planned, its supposed destination being the Crimea and Sebastopol. It had been well, for many reasons, that so long a period had not been passed in inactivity at Varna, for sickness was making sad havoc among the officers and in the ranks; and the regiments which left England only a few weeks before in full health and vigor, now presented a pitiable contrast to their former condition. The French had suffered still more; for, besides the loss of *seven thousand* men during their brief but ill-advised encampment in the Dobrudscha, they were burying, for many weeks, more than 100 daily; and the effect of this visitation was telling fearfully upon the spirits of the survivors.

Nor had the Baltic fleet, though in a much more temperate climate, escaped the scourge of cholera. We may mention, as a curious fact, that the sailing vessels experienced a happy immunity from the pestilence.

The result of the Baltic operations may be given in a few words. The vaunted fleet of the Czar, outnumbering that of the allied powers, has been detained in captivity at Helsingfors and Kronstadt, declining alike every offer of battle, and unable to stay the devastation that has been effected along the Finnish shore of the Bothnian Gulf. Scarcely a Russian merchant vessel has escaped the vigilance of our cruisers, and the whole line of her coasts, up to the shoals of Kettle Island, have been shewn to be at the mercy of the allies. In a national point of view there has not been much to boast of in the achievements of so stupendous a fleet. But there have been individual acts of valor as bright as any that adorn the pages of our naval history. Prominent among these is the exploit of the *Arrogant* and *Hecla.*

While the *Arrogant* was reconnoitring Hango Bay she was joined by the *Hecla,* six guns, commanded by Captain Hall, so well known for his services in the Chinese war. Early on the morning of the 20th May they came within range of a battery, against which the *Hecla* opened fire, which was quickly returned. The *Arrogant* aided the *Hecla,* and dispersed the defenders of the fort, blowing gun-carriages to fragments and dismounting the guns. The town of Eckness was descried, and the ships having been joined by the *Dauntless,* the *Arrogant* ran up alongside of a bark, took her in tow, and steamed away

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with her. The ships were studded with Minié balls. The *Arrogant* had one man shot through the heart, and another, badly wounded, lived only till next day. The *Hecla* lost one man. Captain Hall landed with his marines, and hoisted an iron gun into his boat, which he placed on board the *Hecla*. They joined the fleet on the 21st. The commander-in-chief telegraphed, "Well done, *Arrogant* and *Hecla*."

But these successes were followed by a reverse sufficient to cast a shade upon their career of triumph.

Admiral Plumridge's flying squadron of paddle steamers, consisting of the *Leopard*, the *Vulture*, the *Odin*, and the *Valorous*, had been up the Gulf of Finland, and had destroyed forty-five vessels, of from 1200 tons to 100 tons, and £300,000 worth of tar, timber, saltpetre, and tallow. On the 7th of June the *Vulture* and *Odin* were sent in Gamla-Karleby, (64.50 north) where they had to anchor five miles from the town. Their boats were sent in under the command of the first lieutenant (Mr. Charles Wise) of the *Vulture*, who was surprised by a large force of regular troops, armed with rifles and field guns, wholly concealed and protected by strong wood stores, so that not a man was seen. The consequence was, a murderous onslaught. The loss from the *Vulture* was one man killed and one wounded, and a paddle-box boat, with one master (Mr. Murphy,) twenty-seven men, and the boat's 34-pounder carronade, "missing, captured, or sunk." The loss from the *Odin* was three officers killed and three men. First-lieutenant Lewis, R. M., one midshipman, and fifteen men were wounded. The wounded were all out of danger.

But the most important operation in this quarter was the attack, on the 15th August, upon Bomarsund, since it proved unanswerably, not, as some of our contemporaries have erroneously and complacently affirmed, that wooden vessels can cope satisfactorily with granite walls, but that the heavy artillery with which English ships are now provided, can dismantle or demolish a battery at a distance far greater than ordinary guns can carry. Scarcely any of the ships came within range of the forts, but deliberately pounded them to powder from a distance of a mile and a half, as securely as though they had been practicing at targets. The following are the details of this important capture :—

"The disembarkation of the troops took place on the morning of the 8th August. The landing-place chosen was a bay about three miles broad, to the south-west of the forts, and at a distance of 2500 yards from the western fort, (called Fort Tzee.) A Russian earthwork, carrying six guns, had been placed on the eastern promontory of this bay; but this battery was dismounted by the fire of the *Amphion* and *Phlegethon*. Meantime, 11,000 men were landed in the space of three hours and a half. The Russians made no attempt to oppose the operation. The British and French marines, 600 of each flag, were conveyed to the north of the forts, and landed behind them. The next four days were employed in preparing for the attack. The position of the batteries were selected, sandbags and gabions were prepared, and the sailors brought up with great labor some long 32-pounders, which were placed 800 yards from the round fort. On the 13th, the fire of the French battery opened on Fort Tzee, and the bombardment was sustained in the most brilliant manner for twenty-six hours. A remarkable fact is, that this French battery consisted of only four 16-pounders and four mortars—a force quite inadequate to breach a granite tower: three of the enemy's guns were dismounted through the embrasures, and the fire of the French rifles on these apertures was so severe, that the Russians had difficulty in loading their guns, and suffered most severely. This accounts for the large proportion of the enemy killed and wounded in Fort Tzee. Eventually this part of the work was taken by the French Chasseurs, on the morning of the 14th, by a *coup de main*. Meanwhile, the British battery, under the orders of General Jones, was in process of construction—a work of greater time and difficulty, because it consisted of 32-pounder guns dragged up from the ships. This battery was manned by marine artillerymen: their practice was excellent, and in eight hours and a half one side of the tower was knocked in. The effect of the breaching batteries erected by General Baraguay d'Hilliers against the principal fort was not tried, because the place capitulated before the attack had been carried to the last extremities. In fact, it was wholly untenable from the moment that the round forts commanding the rear of the position were in the hands of the allies.

In the fort taken by the French the Russian loss consisted of fifty killed, twenty wounded, and thirty-five prisoners; on the side of the French, Lieutenant Noulfe and two chasseurs were killed; 115 Russians were made prisoners. The Hon. George Wrottesley, Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, was killed. Captain Ramsay, of Her

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Majesty's ship *Hogue*, was slightly wounded. One of the English marines was also killed. Several French soldiers were killed by mistake, in an accidental encounter during the night. Two screw guard-ships, the *Hogue* and the *Edinburgh*, and steamers, bombarded the forts for five hours, throwing their shot with great effect from a distance of 3000 yards.

The large fortress did not surrender till the 16th. General Bodisco and the Vice-Governor Turuhielm, with the whole garrison of 2000 men (the *materiel* and provisions,) became prisoners of war, and were sent on board the fleet.

The two forts taken were blown up. The main fortress was much injured. The loss of the allies is put at 120 killed and wounded.

The Russian officials are reported to have taken to flight, pursued by the peasantry. A proclamation was read in eleven parishes, by order of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, freeing the Aland Islands from Russian dominion, and placing them under the protection of the Western Powers.

Many pages might readily be filled, were we to enter into the minute details of all the conflicts that have taken place during the past five months upon the Danube alone. Compelled, as we are, to pass over in silence all these passages of arms, our present sketch would be imperfect, did we refrain from alluding to the memorable defence of Silistria, by far the most brilliant incident of the war.

The town of Silistria is situate on low ground, and is surrounded by a wall, and crowned with forts. In 1828 there was a height which commanded the town, and which rendered its capture much less difficult. The Turks, however, have taken the precaution to construct on it a considerable fortress, the Medjidié. As the Russians did not carry on the siege in a regular manner, they required from 60,000 to 70,000 men to invest it. The attack commenced on the 11th of May. As they held a few small islands in the Danube, and, besides, as the side of the town which looks to the river is the weakest, they succeeded in establishing a bridge, by which they were enabled to throw on the right bank of the river 24,000 men. All their efforts were directed towards the fort Arab-tabia, which they unsuccessfully bombarded for nineteen days. Mussa Pacha, commander-in-chief (formerly a pupil of the Artillery School of Metz,) made a *sortie*, which completely succeeded, and in which the Russians had a great number of men killed and wounded. The assault was attempted three times, but the Russians were always repulsed with loss. The amount of the killed is not accurately known.

During the attack made on Silistria on the 29th, the Russians had 180 men killed and 380 wounded. Both parties displayed indescribable animosity. Lieutenant-General Sylvan fell at the head of his troops. Colonel Fostanda and Count Orloff, the son of the Adjutant-General of the Emperor, were wounded. The latter was shot through the eye, and subsequently died.

The Russian General of Infantry, Soltikoff, also died of his wounds; and his aid-de-camp, who was wounded by his side, underwent the amputation of his right arm.

On the evening of the 29th May, at six o'clock, a Russian division made a still more vigorous assault upon the entrenchments.

Three storming parties of 10,000 men each were formed, with a battalion of engineer-sappers, with fascines and scaling ladders, at their head. Before the men set to work they were addressed by Prince Paskiewitch, who urged them to exertion, "as, if they did not succeed in taking the fortress, he should be obliged to keep back their rations." After this encouragement, two corps proceeded towards the forts of Arab-tabia and Yelanli: the third corps was to act as a reserve. After a terrific cannonade the storming parties advanced, but were received by the Turks with such a well-directed fire, that for a time they made but little progress. The Russians, however, fought bravely, and having managed to scale the breastwork of one of the batteries, a regular hand-to-hand fight took place. At last the Turks were victorious, and the unfortunate beseigers were knocked into the ditch with the butt ends of the Turkish muskets. The Russians had evidently lost courage, and, when they returned to the attack, it was only because they were forced to do so by their officers. When there was literally no more fight in the men, a retreat was sounded, and the Russians carried off as many of their dead and wounded as they could. The Turks, after their enemies had retired, picked up 1500 dead bodies, a great number of guns, swords, drums, musical instruments, and the colors of a battalion. Hussein Bey, the commander of the two forts, displayed the most daring courage, as did a Prussian and two English officers.

Three mines were sprung before Silistria, without doing any damage to the walls. The Russian storming columns were prepared to mount the expected breach, but were attacked on three sides by the Turks. A fearful

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slaughter took place, and the Russians fled in terrible disorder. Three Russian Generals one of whom was General Schilders, were severely wounded, and all the Russian siege works totally destroyed.

The continued bombardment, besides demolishing every house in Silistria, had reduced the fort of Arab tabia to such a mere heap of ruins, that it could not have held out for four-and-twenty hours longer. Yet so discomfited were the enemy by their last repulse, that on the following day they raised the siege and beat a precipitate retreat. Mussa Pacha, the gallant defender, was unfortunately killed by the fragment of a shell, almost the last that was fired against the devoted town.

This reverse at Silistria, coupled with the adverse issue of negotiations with Vienna, led to the evacuation of the Principalities by the Russian forces, who shortly after hastily abandoned Bucharest, and retreated, exhausted, dispirited, and demoralized, upon the line of the Pruth, retaining, however, the strongholds of Matchin, Isaktchi, and Tultcha; so that, in fact, the possession of the Lower Danube is in their hands, the communication of Austria with the Black Sea is interrupted, and the navigation closed.

Though, as a contemporary has observed:

The cumbrous machine of the Russian army has broken down when brought into active working, and the inexhaustible resources, the world-famed diplomacy, and the troops to be counted by millions, are not likely to protect their owner from bankruptcy and defeat. On the other hand, the Western Powers have as yet struck no successful blow; a spell seems to hang over all their efforts; and even though Sebastopol and Helsingfors may fall, it is likely that the humiliation of the Czar will be chiefly due to the failure of his own movements, the depreciation of Russian currency, the stoppage of trade in Riga and Odessa, and the distress which must visit every class from the failure of their accustomed support. Yet what has been gained during the war is immense. Whether individual plans have been successful or fruitless—whether the predictions and prophecies have been fulfilled or falsified—yet a comparison between the position which Russia held twelve months ago, and that which she holds now, is enough to show that the year has not been spent in vain. Russia may be unassailable, but she may perish in her assaults on others.

We have now brought our summary down to the departure of the Anglo-French expedition from Varna; from that period the record of the war becomes the history of the day.

On the 4th September, 600 vessels sailed from Varna, bearing the combined army of 60,000 in the direction of Sebastopol: at the same time intelligence was received by the commanders of a signal victory obtained by Schamyl at Tiflis, over the Russians under Prince Bebutoff. They lost on this occasion many men and horses, seven guns, 3000 tents, all their ammunition, baggage, provisions, and retreated in some disorder from Kutais and Kars to Tiflis.

On the 14th September, 58,000 men were safely landed at Eupatoria, about forty-five miles N.W. of Sebastopol. They subsequently advanced some distance inland without meeting with any opposition.

The place of debarkation had many advantages. It is a small town, containing only 4000 inhabitants, weakly defended by a garrison of about 12,000 men, and in no condition to resist an invasion such as this. The commanders had intended in the first place to have thrown up entrenchments sufficiently strong to secure the place; but having experienced no resistance, the troops marched at once towards their destination. In this march they proceeded for about eleven miles, along a slip of land, having on the left the salt lake, Sasik, and the sea on their right. The coast is unfavorable for constructing a place of arms; one therefore was established nearer Sebastopol.

The country traversed is fertile, and well supplied with water by three rivers, the Alma, the Katcha, and the Balbek. On the left, or southern bank of the latter stream, the first obstacles encountered were the outworks recently thrown up by the Russians, and an old star fort. Having surmounted these, the allies found themselves in possession of the high ground commanding the rear of the defences on the northern shore of the inlet, and they were scarcely adapted to resist a strong attack.

As the Black Sea expedition was departing from Varna for the Crimea, the Baltic fleet, or the greater part of it, received orders to "bear up" for England, all further intention of striking a decisive blow in the North having for the present season been given up.

It will have been seen from this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch, that the war thus undertaken by Russia was purely an aggressive war; was preceded by wanton provocation and by territorial encroachment; that the occupation and assumed protectorate of the Principalities by the Czar is at an end; that his claim to the protection of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey is at least suspended; and that England and France retain possession of the Black Sea,

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while the chain of forts along its shores, which, during half a century, the Russian government has erected, at a vast expense, against the Circassians, have been razed; and that the question of the navigation of the Danube is still undecided.

There is little doubt but that, ere these pages are in type, the blow now impending over Sebastopol will have been struck with crushing effect. With the loss of the mighty stake which Russia has at issue there—a fleet, an army, a fortress, and a province—her power in Asia will be crumbled. That brilliant conquest achieved, the two great Powers of the West will win over to their cause the adhesion of those feeble States, whose timidity now keeps them aloof from the struggle in which we are engaged, but whose influence may yet be beneficially exerted in quelling the surrounding tumult.

We cannot better conclude these observations than by quoting the opinion expressed by Lord Lyndhurst in his memorable speech in the House of Lords on the 19th June:—

"I may venture to say *negatively*," were his words, "that unless compelled by the most unforeseen and disastrous circumstances, we ought not to make peace until we have destroyed the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and razed the fortifications by which it is protected. As long as Russia possesses that fleet, and retains that position, it will be idle to talk of the independence of the Sultan: Russia will continue to hold Turkey in subjection, and compel her to yield obedience to her will."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.*

Dr. Véron continues his revelations of persons and things in a fourth volume with the same amusing racy spirit as at first. This latest contribution to the personalities of our own times carries us to the monarchy of July; lays bare the personal eccentricities of the Citizen King; deals rather lengthily with M. de Montalivet; is more sketchy when treating of the fine arts under the same monarchy; surpasses itself on the theme of Rachel, and assumes the genuine doctorial and dictatorial tone when treating of the *Constitutionnel* and its dignified editor.

With such an *embarras de richesses* to deal with, it is impossible to do more than select a few characteristic bits. Speaking of that restless political agitator, Duvergier de Hauranne—the deputy who first organized the banquets which became the signal of the revolution of 1848—he says: "Wanting the oratorical talent which raised his friends to the ministry, he became a mere horse fly, persecuting his friends, whether ministers, secretaries of state, directors, or even clerks, with his restlessness. He even rendered the life of the ushers intolerable."

He is the man who is constantly getting up your stairs; he pulls your bells till they get out of order, he wears your carpets, he sticks himself by the side of your pillow, he thrusts his feet in your slippers. If you are at work, and some one comes in without having himself announced, it is he! You are just about to start for the Chambers, or for a council of ministers: there he is again! You have that moment sat down to dinner: he arrives. You are about to go to bed: he makes his appearance. When you wake up he is still there!

Some deputy asks a favor. "Do not grant it," says M. Duvergier de Hauranne; "he is suspected —a moderate."

A public functionary solicits advancement. "Refuse," says M. de H.; "he is the friend of an elector who votes on the wrong side."

"Why do you invite Monsieur So-and-so to dinner?" he inquires of you; "he laughed the whole time you were addressing the house."

When M. de Hauranne is leading the Opposition, he runs about:

"Be early to-morrow morning at the committee," he says to one. "Lead and excite interruptions if M. Guizot speaks," he says to another. "Get up some witty remarks against the law under discussion," he says to M. Thiers; "and do not spare epigrams against those who support it. Monsieur Theirs, do promise me especially to be able and expansive with the *Left*; be social with the republicans! As to me, I will take charge of the personal attacks and discussions in *our* papers."

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, par le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Quatrième.

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Again, of another well-known opposition member of Louis Philippe's Chambers, M. de Rémusat:

Amiable revolutionist, ever young, smiling, and obliging, De Rémusat is rather a great literary name than that of a distinguished politician or statesman. He is especially a man of distinction in saloons and in academies; always ready to be enthusiastic in the cause of that which is worthy, that which is noble; redolent of those sweet and charming things which the French wit and the taste of our fathers bequeathed us, considering it proper and useful that governments that infringed, no matter in how small an amount, upon free discussion, should be duly lectured; willingly neglecting all the great interests of the country, merely that his abstract theories might triumph, yet never mixing himself up with the crowd of common agitators and banqueters; in one word, playing the part of a deputy only in an ingenuous and polite language, with honesty and white gloves!

The antithesis is worthy of Bilboquet. It reminds us of a story told of Louis XVIII., who never wore gloves, whilst the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe) was never without his hands being covered. The two were one day closeted, discussing the manner in which the young princes of the Orleans family should be educated. Louis was for private tutors, the duke for public universities; and as the discussion grew warm, the king pulling the duke's gloves by the tips, succeeded in drawing them off and placing them on the table, whereupon the duke put them on again without interrupting the conversation, while the king set himself to work just as steadily to remove them. The *ancien régime* did not wear gloves indoors, the fashion was introduced from England. Talking of the princes of the Orleans family, we are told that the Duke d'Aumale is engaged upon a history of the Condés, whose curious and important archives he inherited.

Louis Philippe and his son, the young Duke of Orleans, appear, from specimens of their correspondence given by Dr Véron, to have been fond of introducing a few words of English, just as many English affect to interlard their correspondence and conversation with French. Some of these little sentences are characteristic specimens of the Anglo-Franc language. We have, for example, Louis Philippe writing *à propos* of the Spanish marriages, "*If so, then tel it be so.*" And in the same letter we have "*pugnant with evil.*" We do not select these; they are the only two. The young Duke of Orleans is made to write "*tout lemonde est very good spirits.*" Most likely the mistakes are Dr. Véron's.

Louis Philippe, we are told by the same authority, never read a French newspaper. The political appreciation by the English papers of his government alone excited his curiosity, and often aroused his indignation.

"What would it be," said one of his ministers to him one day, "if you were to read the French papers?"

The Citizen King appears to have been very absent at times. M. Martin du Nord was presenting one day, at Eu, a batch of justices and solicitor-generals who had been recently appointed, and came to be sworn in. Among them was M. de Montfort, first cousin to M. Laplagne, minister of finances, who had been appointed solicitor-general at Nîmes. On advancing towards the king—"Well," inquired Louis Philippe, "how is the cold?"

M. de Montfort, astonished at the interest taken by the king in his health, answered that it was nothing. "Eh! eh!" said the king, "I was frightened it might degenerate into whooping-cough." Louis Philippe thought that he was speaking to Blache, the medical attendant on the princes, and was anxious about a slight cold which the Count de Paris was laboring under. Louis Philippe used often to repeat the words of Henry IV.: "Justice will be done to me only after my death."

Dr. Véron writes in a spirit of just appreciation of the relations of the *Bourgeoisie* with a first Bourgeois king:

In our opinion the *Bourgeoisie* is, in politics, far too restless, too capricious an element, and too easily intimidated or duped, for any government to find in it an intelligible, a durable, or a firm support. The bourgeois of Paris is, in the nineteenth century, just what he has always been; it is always the same Gallic, penetrating, bantering mind; quick in detecting errors, and ever ready to blame the faults or the follies of princes. The mind of the bourgeois of Paris is upon this point endowed with singular intuition; he foresees, he predicts, and he seldom deceives himself.

In my childhood, in the midst of the gossip—not of saloons, but of the counter—I often heard it said at my father's, that Josephine was a providence, a protecting fairy to Napoleon, and as often was it prophesied that the divorce with Josephine would soon be the signal and the cause of incessant adversities.

During my youth, under the Restoration, the observing, judicious mind of the bourgeois of Paris, discerned with just appreciation the qualities of Louis XVIII., his common sense, and his prudence, and affirmed, without fear, that there could be no revolution under his rule; but it was at the same time predicted openly many years before 1830,

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that the chivalrous, adventurous, distrustful, passionate character of Charles X., if he succeeded to the throne, would most assuredly make him lose his crown.

Neither did the bourgeois of Paris deceive himself, when he saw in the Princess Adelaide a courageous and skilful counsellor for Louis Philippe. By a combination of circumstances almost unexampled, her brother became an exile two months after her death.

It is that every thing is known, every thing is repeated in Paris; curiosity is there especially directed to the private life of princes. Their tastes, their inclinations, even their most familiar habits are studied and spied into. Upon these data the bourgeois of Paris composes, draws, lays down all the outlines, all the sinuosities, all the prominent features of the characters of those who are called upon to reign, and practical moralist as he is, he concludes from these studies to what follies, and to what faults, those whom their birth or their situation arms with supreme power, will allow themselves to be carried away.

The bourgeois of Paris is less clear sighted in respect to his own defects, he closes his eyes to his own evil inclinations, his capriciousness, his puerile vanity, his unreasonable exactions, as well as to all his other weaknesses.

The bourgeois of Paris, in his limited power, gives himself up to follies which become the pretext and the occasion of revolutionary days; he cries, half in fun, *Vive la Charte!* he shouts, still laughing, *Vive la Réforme!* And next day he is surprised that, answering to his call, the populace, whose brutal hand breaks every thing that it touches when it is aroused, is ready to upset all things, overthrow throne, government, and society, in the brief space of three days. Then the bourgeois of Paris becomes anxious, begins to despair, and swears at each successive revolution that he never will be caught again.

From the time of the Fronde, the bourgeois of Paris has only been the victim or the dupe of deep rascality, or of skilful ambition. Sometimes the bourgeois of Paris has allowed the *camisole de force* to be put on him, as in the days of *la Terreur*, by a Robespierre or by a Murat; sometimes he has allowed himself to be duped as by a Cardinal de Retz or a Thiers. He allowed himself to be persuaded, under the Restoration, that all his liberties were to be taken from him.

And he began to shout *Vive la Charte!* Under Louis Philippe, he allowed himself to be persuaded that he was living under a tyrant, and then he cried *Vive la Réforme!* Louis Philippe believed that his policy was repudiated, and his crown lost, when passing, the morning of the 24th of February, amid the ranks of the national guard, he no longer found in the bourgeois of Paris in uniform, gun on his shoulder, sword by his side, that enthusiasm, that devotion, which had for eighteen years upheld him on the throne. Yet power was with Louis Philippe especially modest and bourgeois. He honored and esteemed before all things family ties; he wore a round hat, and carried an umbrella; he occupied the least possible space; he took the least assuming, the least offensive title. The king called himself King of the French; the power called itself Liberty, Public Order.

Tallemant des Réaux relates that a Spaniard, seeing the King Louis XIII. take off his hat to several persons in the court of the Louvre, said to the Archbishop of Rouen, who was by his side: "What! does your king take off his hat to his subjects?" "Yes," replied the archbishop, "he is very civil." "Oh! the king, my master, knows much better how to keep his place: he only takes off his hat to the consecrated host, and that very much against his will."

What would this Spaniard have said had he seen King Louis Philippe taking off his hat, shaking hands with the people, and singing *la Marseillaise*. Such condescensions availed him, with so capricious a nation, as little as the *bonhommie* of Louis XVI., or the chivalry of Charles X., availed his predecessors.

M. Casimir Périer said, upon the occasion of General Lobau superseding La Fayette as commandant of the national guard: "Since we have a king citizen, we do not want a citizen king."

A characteristic anecdote is told of this General Lobau. The Count de Montalivet went at two o'clock in the morning to the General, who was in bed.

"General," said the count, "La Fayette has given in his resignation; will you accept the command of the national guard of Paris?"

"On no account."

"But we expect an insurrection to-morrow."

"Then I accept; but let me sleep now!"

And now for the heroine of the fourth volume—Rachel.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more affected or fatuous than the manner in which the first appearance of this renowned actress is related. The idea of seeking for shade and solitude in a public theatre is essentially *badaud*—thoroughly Parisian—the apology for condescending to look towards the boards is purely Veronic. But the sight of this clever and accomplished young actress awakened what he calls "confused memories" in the mind of this know-all-and-everything of the capital of the civilized world. "By dint of interrogating my memory," he tells us, "I realized the semblance of that singular physiognomy playing the part of *la Vendéene* at the Théâtre du Gymnase; I remembered, also, a young girl, poorly dressed, coarsely shod, who, when questioned

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in my presence, in the corridors of the theatre, as to what she was doing, replied to my great astonishment, in the most serious manner possible, '*Je poursuis mes études.*' I detected in Mademoiselle Rachel this singular physiognomy of the Gymnase; and, that young girl, so poorly dressed, who was *pursuing her studies*."

There is a singular want of generosity in this reminiscence of Rachel's early days. The reputation of one whom he professes to admire so much, and to love so warmly, ought to have been dear to the publicist as the apple of his eye. But it is a trifle to the revelations which follow :

> Deeply are those to be pitied who in the arts do not know how either to detest or to admire: pictures, statues, monuments, singers, or players, I detest or I admire. The young Rachel astonished me; her talent roused all my passions. I hastened away to my friend Merle, whose tastes and literary impulses were like my own, to induce him to attend the early performances of her whom I already called my little prodigy. "That child," I said to him, "when the twelve or fifteen hundred select, who constitute public opinion in Paris, shall have heard her and judged her, will be the glory and fortune of the Comédie Française."

This was the very year that Dr. Véron had left the Opera, and his active mind had nothing to busy itself with for the moment but the success of the young tragedian. According to his own account of the new monomania, it led him before asking his friends how they were when he met them, to say, "Have you seen her in 'Horace,' or in 'Andromaque'?' Many whom I thus addressed did not know whom I was speaking about. This used to put me in a passion. I reproached them for their ignorance, and was not even sparing of abuse. The pleasures and the joys of my summer of 1838 were," he adds, "afterwards insured; my emotions as an *habitué* of the Théâtre Française would more than compensate me for the pleasures of the fields, the incidents and surprises of travel!"

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm, carried even to the abuse of those who were unacquainted with its object, Dr. Véron mournfully complains that June, and after it July, went by without many converts being made. It was in vain that Rachel played *Camille, Emilie, Hermione*, "the apostles of this new religion, of this new divinity preached in a desert." But in the month of August, notwithstanding the canicular heat, the *débuts* of Mademoiselle Rachel in the same parts were better attended. "When the theatre began to fill I used to wipe my brow, and, turning round with a gaze of self-satisfaction I used to say to myself, 'Mademoiselle Rachel and I will triumph yet over the public. Here at least are some people who possess common sense.'"

At length, in the month of October, the young tragedian played nine times: the poorest receipt (*Monime* in "Mithridate") was 3669 francs 90 centimes. The receipts exceeded 6000 francs when she played *Hermione*; "it was a complete victory, an astounding triumph." "Racine and Corneille," says the enthusiastic publicist, were revived among us as in the great age of Louis XIV.; a passionate popularity encompassed the young tragedian and the old tragedy."

It is to be hoped that Rachel is duly sensible of her obligations to Dr. Véron. He it was who first discovered her genius; he it was who first proclaimed it to his friend Merle and to the world at large; and he it was who chivalrously supported her *débuts* amidst canicular heats, and at the sacrifice of the fields and incidents of travel. It appears that all were not so clear-sighted as Dr. Véron :

> When still very young, Mademoiselle Rachel, already on the lists of the Conservatoire, solicited private lessons from an artist, justly esteemed and of known ability—M. Provost, secretary to the Comédie Française. At the sight of this poor girl, frail and delicate he said, "Child, go and sell flowers." Young *Hermione* took her revenge in after times for this contemptuous estimate of her resources made by an artist and bad prophet. The theatre was crowded, all the boxes were filled with fashionable people. Mademoiselle Rachel was playing *Hermione*. Enthusiastically applauded, called back with frenzy, she hastened, while the curtain was down, to fill her Greek tunic with the flowers that had been thrown on the stage; thus loaded she went up to the man who had counselled her to sell flowers, and kneeling with the most enchanting coquetry, "I have followed your advice, M. Provost," she said; "I sell flowers. Will you buy some of me?" The learned professor raised the young artist with a smile and expressed his satisfaction at having been so completely deceived.

The reputation of Mademoiselle Rachel soon extended from the arena of competent judges, and from the "fine flower" of the aristocracy to the mass of the public. Rachel in her earlier days added a success of youth and attractive beauty to her naturally great abilities.

Nothing was spoken of, both in great and small publications, but of the luminous and charming star, casting its flood of light over

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the grey and cold heaven of tragedy, and of the Théâtre Français. Merle, and J. Janin, by their enthusiastic praise, gave titles of nobility to this young actress. Every one tried more than another to envelop the young artist with the most romantic interest, by relating her miseries and her wandering life as a child. The arts vied in illustrations of this favorite of the tragic muse; nothing was seen but Rachels in lithography, in painting, and in statuettes.

Great names and large fortunes take a pleasure in playing the part of Mecænas to rising talent. It became a matter of fashion and luxury to have the "savage *Hermione*" at every *soirée*. She soon reckoned among her friends, loading her with kindnesses and presents, the greatest persons of Spain, at that time in Paris: the Duchess of Berwick and of Alba, the beautiful Marchioness of Alcanicès, the Princess d'Anglona, the Countess of Toreno and her sister Mademoiselle Incarnacion, M. de Roca de Togares, now Marquis de Mólins, the Marquis de Los Llanos, &c. The family of Noailles received her in the morning. The Duke of Noailles became her assiduous adviser; he often passed whole evenings with her alone in literary conversation and paternal intimacies.

The Countess Duchâtel was as passionately fond of the seductive child of Melpomene, as her grandfather had been before her of Mademoiselle Duchesnois; she was never happy but when Mademoiselle Rachel was seated at her table or in her saloons. Count Duchâtel, minister of state, gave her a "coquetish library" of French classics and works of morality.

The *reunions* and literary parties of Madame Récamier at the Abbaye-aux-bois were not complete without Mademoiselle Rachel; she managed to please and to charm even by the side of that distinguished lady, who, without fortune, having no longer the graces of youth, still knew how to preserve the friendship of the illustrious, and gathered together in a room in a convent, the most polished society of the day to converse upon literary topics, or to listen to a chapter of the "Memoires d'Outre Tombe," written the previous evening. The young actress astonished and charmed the little literary church of the Abbey in the Wood, "by her air of chastity and mystical purity."

On the occasion of one of these literary mornings which were often renewed at l'Abbaye-aux-bois, Mademoiselle Rachel had been requested by Madame Récamier to repeat before M. de Châteaubriand a few scenes from the part of *Pauline*, in "Polyeute:"

Mon épouse, en mourant, m'a laissé ses lumières,
Son sang, dont tes bourreaux viennent de me couvrir,
M'a désillé les yeux, et me les vient d'ouvrir:
Je *vois*, je *sais*, je *crois*!

The scene was at this moment interrupted by an unexpected visit; the Archbishop of —— was announced.

"Monseigneur," said Récamier, a little embarrassed, "allow me to present Mademoiselle Rachel to you; she was kind enough to repeat before us a scene from 'Polyeucte.'"

"I should be grieved beyond description," replied the august prelate, "to interrupt the fine verses of Cornielle." But from scruples full of delicacy Mademoiselle Rachel declined to continue the part of *Pauline* before the archbishop. She would not exclaim as if she was converted to Christianity—"Je vois, je sais, je crois!" and thus lie in the presence of a minister of the Catholic Church.

"If monseigneur will permit me," she said, in a most respectful and graceful manner, "I will recite some verses from 'Esther.'" She thus remained, thanks to the work penned by Racine for the demoiselles de Saint Cyr, faithful to the Jewish religion.

When Mademoiselle Rachel had concluded, the archbishop praised her highly. "We priests of the Lord," he said, "have not often the pleasure of coming near great artists. I shall however, have twice had that good luck in my lifetime. At Florence I heard Madame Malibran at a private party, and I shall now owe to Madame Récamier the pleasure of having heard Mademoiselle Rachel. In order to utter as she does such noble verses, she must feel all the sentiments that they express."

Mademoiselle Rachel made a most charming obeisance, and answered, her eyes lowered, but with firmness, "Monseigneur, je crois!"

The young tragedian exhibited in this unanticipated position wit and taste enough to enchant an archbishop.

It would never have done for Dr. Véron not to number himself among the Mecænaces of the fashionable world, "the fine flowers of aristocracy," and entertain the rising genius *feted* by the noble and the rich.

In the month of October, 1838, he relates—"I occupied *une vaste res-de chaussèe*, with a garden in the rue Taitbut. My friends persuaded me to give a ball to my old *pensionnaires* of the opera. Mesdames Taglioni, Falcon, Elssler, and Dumilâtre were there, with Mesdemoiselles Mars, Rose Dupuis, and Dupont, at this festival of artists. One of my literary friends, a frequenter of the *coulisses* at the Théâtre Française, had undertaken to invite in my name Mademoiselle Rachel, M. Samson, her tutor, and Madame Felix, her mother. The young tragedian, who, to believe her, put her foot for the first time *dans un salon*, excited the

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most sympathizing surprise at her entrance. She was dressed in white, without a flower or a trinket. In the world and the intimacy of society the tragic mask of Mademoiselle Rachel is replaced by the most graceful and smiling physiognomy. 'Hermione' was wonderful in tact, in talent, and in manner. 'Hermione' did not dance."

That society, Dr. Véron remarks, which afterwards exaggerated the weaknesses of the woman, and accused her of unpardonable errors, would only see in her, in the morning of her celebrity, virtues, a pure heart, a heart incapable of evil thoughts, or of those strong passions which she knew, they used to say, so well how to depict, without herself feeling them.

When still very young, Mademoiselle Rachel became a pupil in music at the school of Choron. Her intelligence caused her to be distinguished by her master. "What is your name my little dear?" inquired of her one day Choron, whose school for religious music was subsidized by the state under the Restoration. "Elizabeth Rachel," was the answer. "That name of Rachel won't do for our exercises of Christian piety. You must call yourself Eliza." The tragedian that was to be had already a *contralto* voice. "You will only find parts for your voice, my dear child, in the Italian opera," added Choron. She soon gave up the study of music. A retired actor of the Théâtre Français, who had never made himself a reputation, M. Saint-Aulaire, kept a school for elocution, and he adopted Mademoiselle Rachel as a pupil, also when still almost a child. He used to call her *ma petite diablesse*.

As a mere child also, Rachel used to take parts in private theatricals of all kinds—male and female—in comedy or tragedy. Dr. Véron says he is not sure if she was not much run after as a mere girl at the Théatre Molière, under the name of the "little Eliza." M. Poirson, who gave "La Vendéenne" at the Gymnase for her *début*, said, in his turn: "This name of Eliza wont do for a play-bill. Have you no other name?" "My name is Elizabeth Rachel." "Ah! that will do; Rachel! that is a name one remembers, and that does not belong to every one. For the future you will call yourself Rachel." The choice of a name is more important than is generally imagined for success on the stage. Poirson recommended her to enter upon a serious course of study, and predicted great success for her in tragedy. The young artist then placed herself under the exclusive direction of M. Samson, professor at the Conservatoire. M. Véron remarks upon this, that no doubt the teaching of M. Samson must have been eminently useful to the young tragedian, but certain it is also that only one Rachel came forth from the well-attended classes of the distinguished professor. While it is certain that Mademoiselle Rachel studied her parts assiduously, still M. Véron justly insists that her successes have depended more upon natural gifts than upon study of her art.

Nature (he says) has endowed Mademoiselle Rachel with all the gifts necessary for excellence. Her voice has both volume and power; it is susceptible of a variety of inflexions; she knows how to express fury without shrieking or squeaking. There is no vicious pronunciation; her lips and mouth are beautifully adapted for a correct and perfect articulation. There exists an harmonious distance between the tip of the ear, which is well curved and small, and the curve of the shoulder; all the movements of the head derive dignity and elegance from this. In stature she is above the mean, supple and thin. Since her *débuts* and her improved means, Mademoiselle Rachel has, however, gained flesh. Her feet and hands are delicately attached to her body; her step is noble and proud. Her breast alone is narrow and poor. See Mademoiselle Rachel in the midst of other young ladies, even of high birth, and she is at once to be distinguished by the natural dignity and nobility of her manners: *successu patuit dea.* It would be impossible for her to make a movement to take a place, or assume an attitude that is awkward or unbecoming. She dresses with a marvellous art, and on the stage, she shows that she has made an intelligent study of antique statuary.

Her tragic physiognomy is capable of expressing despair, pride, irony, and disdain—disdain, that arm of as powerful an effect in theatrical as it is in oratorical art.

We do not write in the language of a mere courtier or flatterer. We discuss with equity a distinguished talent. On that account we must add our conviction, that Mademoiselle Rachel makes up for a great quality in which she is deficient, by her art, her skill, and her charms. A greater amount of sensibility might justly be demanded from her in some of her parts; she gives life to every word, every gesture, every look in the expression of violent passions, but her heart little knows how to depict and express tenderness of love. The great talent of the artist often fails when she has to depict the grief of the heart. In her tragic play the afflictions of the mind become the expressions of physical pain, and she jerks her utterance, agitates herself, and throws herself convulsively about. Thus it is she represents antique grief and pagan sorrows. That which comes from the heart is spoken with more depth, greater simplicity; the voice alone is the passionate and sympathetic interpreter of the joys and the tortures of the soul. It is not without reason that it has been said of more than one great tragedian: "She has tears in her voice."

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Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur Duchesnois, possessed sensibility, and it was especially by the electric action of that sensibility on the public that they aroused their passions while they softened their feelings. Mademoiselle Rachel astonishes, charms, moves her auditors by a dictation which is neither wanting in just intonations nor in grandeur. She creates in her studied recitals notes of a sympathizing sensibility, of a deep and intimate emotion. But she stops half-way. After having carried away, and, as it were, transfixed, her audience, she leaves it without illusions, if not cold, at all events with a mind at once calm and serene. Her talent takes hold of the intelligence without winning the heart; it does not penetrate so far as that!

Dr. Véron remarks, after this long psychological and physiological analysis of the greatest tragedian of the day, that had Talma lived in her time she would have profited much by him. A literary man as well as an artist, he used to give useful lessons to every one. Mademoiselle Rachel, on the contrary, "charmingly and cleverly ignorant," as she herself avows, receives advice from every one, but it is true that she knows how to appreciate it at its just value with a rare discretion.

A proof of the great power or the profound policy of the artist is also to be found in the fact of her reputation having upheld itself for so many years without a check, with the resources of so slender a tragical repertory. Modern poets have only contributed two parts for Mademoiselle Rachel that have stood the test of time: that of *Virginie*, in the play of the same name, by M. Latour Saint Ybars, and that of *Cleopâtre*, in the play written by madame Emile de Girardin. Casimir Delavigne and Victor Hugo have never written anything for Mademoiselle Rachel. "I expressed my surprise one day at this circumstance. 'They do not know,' she said, 'how to write a part for a woman.'"

Dr. Véron is astonished how the health of this frail young girl should have been able to hold up against so many fatigues, so many emotions, and such long and rough travel. Accompanied by a nomadic troop, kept at her own expense, the great tragedian has made the genius of Racine and of Corneille familiar to the English, the Germans, and the Russians. In France she has astonished all the great provincial theatres, and even those of small towns, with her poetry and her art.

Starting on the 26th of May, 1849, for one of these long artistic journeys, Mademoiselle Rachel wrote as follows to Dr. Véron:

"I am much grieved at not being able to see you and bid you farewell; a rehearsal of 'Iphigénie' this morning at eleven o'clock claims my attendance at the theatre."

Here follows a list of thirty-five towns and seventy four performances, with intervals of one day's rest only once a week, and sometimes less. This list terminates thus:

"What a journey!

"What fatigue!!

"But what a dowry!!!!!

"Good-by, dear friend; do not forget me during these three months. I love you with all my heart, and subscribe myself *the* most devoted of your *friends*.—Rachel."

The expression of friendship contained in this letter, Dr. Véron hastens to explain, arose from the good understanding which springs up so quickly between artists of great talent and public papers of a high standing. "I was in 1849 one of the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel*."

During these long and fatiguing excursions, Mademoiselle Rachel used to sleep as she travelled, upon a bed disposed for that purpose in her carriage. "I one day," writes Dr. Véron, "expressed my astonishment how her health could resist so much fatigue. "These journeys," she said to me, "on the contrary do me a great deal of good; the movement and the agitation which accompany them drive away unpleasant feelings and bad thoughts, as they also quell all evil inclinations!"

Jules Janin wrote of Rachel that "she is a problem, an enigma, an excess in all things; there is not a reproach or there is not a praise that she does not deserve; excessive in all things, in bad as in good, in inspiration, *en terre-à terre*, slave and queen, ambitious and resigned, eloquent, brilliant, inspired or languishing, inanimate, overwhelmed—a statue! a spectre! a force! a shadow!"

Dr. Véron remarks, that in society, the young artist, with the most natural manners in the world, still showed herself to be a great lady, and gave proof of all those mental qualities which must readily subjugate men even of a superior order. Like *Célimène*, her policy was to please all. Her graceful attentions, her amiable coquetry, recognized no shades of position, fortune, or importance. If some despised unknown hid himself through timidity or modesty in the corner of a room, the tragic *Célimène* would be all attentions and attractions to that very person. With Rachel a great deal of art and ready wit were also hidden beneath an affected *naïveté* and simplicity.

Count Molé said to her one day, with the graceful kindness of a great lord which is

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familiar to him, "You have, madame, saved the French language." Mademoiselle Rachel answered with a most respectful bow; and turning towards Dr. Véron, she said, "That is very lucky, since I never learnt it."

Strong in the philosophy which more particularly springs from great contrasts in fortune and position in life, Rachel was never carried away by pride or vainglory. She was never happier or more charming than in her own family, or at supper with a few friends, just after she had been overwhelmed with applause, flowers, and crowns.

Returning one night from Windsor, where she had recited some verses before the Queen of England, still stupified by all the praise bestowed upon her, and the attention paid to her by the Court, she exclaimed, on returning to her home, throwing herself at the same time into an arm-chair, in the midst of a company composed of her mother, her sister, and a few friends of the house: "Ah! my dear friends, *que j'ai besoin de m'encanailler!*" "The loftiest minds," Dr. Véron remarks upon this, "soon come to the end of mundane honors; all feel sooner or later that liberty and *sans-gêne* are the best things here below, and that, to speak the language of our fathers, there is nothing so good as to live *à ventre déboutonné.*"

A young *Bohêmienne*, suddenly transformed into a great lady, certainly presents a curious picture to contemplate. Nothing more capricious or more changeable than a mind moved by every passing wind. One moment we have folly, another wisdom; one moment sorrow, another the joy of life—wild laughter and tears.

Rachel only lives for the theatre. As to retiring, she will never do so—as long as she can help it. She must live within sight of the foot-lights, she must have fine verses to repeat, violent passions to depict, a minister to seduce, a manager to vex; she could not exist without noise, movement, and applause. When she used to have to perform one of her great parts, which demanded her whole strength, she could not sleep, and would spend the previous night in turning all her furniture upside down, or in roving about Paris clandestinely.

Dr. Véron draws a comparison more ingenious than sound, between Rachel and Thiers, and he carries it out to the point that both alike are given to intemperance of language.

One day she got into dispute with me. I held out. I heard her muttering between her teeth the word *canaille!*" At length we settled the matter. "All that is good and well," I said; "but you have apostrophized me with one of those epithets which no one has ever permitted himself to address to me. You called me *canaille!*" "Well, what of that?" she said laughingly: "It is only from that moment that you belong to the family."

"The life of Mademoiselle Rachel," Dr. Véron goes on afterwards to say, "has it remained free from those faults, those weaknesses, without which, if we are to believe the history of the theatre, art would be powerless, and the actress incomplete? Adrienne Lecouvreur was twice a mother: it is a new point of resemblance between Adrienne Lecouvreur and Mademoiselle Rachel, between the romantic and agitated existence of these two dramatic illustrations."

"As a daughter, as a sister, and as a mother, Mademoiselle Rachel cherishes in her heart an ardent family love. In this world of comedians and actresses, people quarrel, separate, only to come nearer next time, to embrace and to love more than ever. The wealthy tragedian seals these frequent reconciliations with rich presents and the most magnificent gifts.

"Do not think that Mademoiselle Rachel is a dangerous woman with a wicked heart: she always takes as much pleasure in repairing mischief as she sometimes takes a malignant pleasure in committing the same. Yet be mistrustful, do not let your heart be inflamed by that sudden explosion of coquetry and feeling with which the tragedian delights sometimes by caprice to astound her friends; she will forget in the morning her seductive manner, her enticing words of the evening before, and will even laugh at the passion which it pleased her to inspire!" Alas, poor Bilboquet! we fear that this clever bit of scandal is founded on a scene in real life—actor, the ex-director of the Opera—actress, Mademoiselle Rachel.

The last chapter of Dr. Véron's amusing volume is devoted to his connection with the *Constitutionnel*. The history of this connection can be curiously summed up in a few words:

"I paid to M. de Saint Aibin 270,000 francs in order to have the honor of being a shareholder, an administrator, and a responsible editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and to confer upon myself the inestimable privilege of listening to M. Thiers talk politics, at the time of his toilette, *et pendant qu'il faisait sa barbe*. It was rather dear."

What a revelation!

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

A RAMBLE IN SWEDEN.

INCLUDING A VISIT TO BOMARSUND.

"All hail to land once more!" I exclaimed mentally, as I left the deck of the recently moored steamer from Christiania, and elbowed my way through Gottenburgh, the second city in Sweden, with feelings heightened by the perusal of Madame Carlen's charming works on her native country, and with an inclination arising therefrom to regard all things Swedish with a kindly eye. Enjoyment, however, is partly the offspring of fine weather, and a leaden sky and a cold wind gradually dissipated my appreciation; and, indeed, it would have required an infinity of coloring from my imagination to invest with continued interest this dull and orderly merchant city, rendered more so on the day when I entered it by its being Sunday, and from the fact that its wealthiest inhabitants had betaken themselves to their neighboring country residences. Sunday here seems to be better observed than in other parts of Sweden, and this is probably owing to its mixed population of English, German, and Swedish merchants. For a pleasure-seeking Englishman, Gottenburgh can have no charms, and, accordingly, as Stockholm was the great loadstone which attracted me to Sweden, I determined to take advantage of the steamer, which was to start that night for the capital and commence its three day's journey up the canal and across the beautiful Wenern and Wettern lakes. Not a berth was to be had; but for this I was prepared, for the proprietors of the "Gotha Kellare" had insinuated that, despite there being three steamboats weekly to Stockholm, not a berth would be vacant until the middle of October, all having been taken by the summer excursionists, who go by the canal to Malmo, and so back again to the capital.

Nothing daunted, I resolved to try the endurance of an English constitution by a snooze on deck, with my travelling cloak around me; and accordingly, at twelve o'clock in company with a couple of Germans of like determination, I pushed my way on board the "*Nordeval*" and laid myself out for sleep near the warm funnel; but the intolerable smell emanating from the engine-room drove me elsewhere, where, in spite of the chilly night air, I was enable to procure about a couple of hours sleep.

Next morning I found we had just left the Gotha River, and had entered upon the noble Wenern. My first view of Swedish rural scenery gave me many pleasurable sensations: it was more like our own, and probably this will account for my bad taste in preferring it to the grandeur of the Norwegian, which is everywhere so very similar.

Though cultivation did not seem to extend very far inland, yet what there was, seemed to have been well attended to. I met with some very agreeable company on board, and and some of Sweden's "celebrities," Professor Frixell, the Swedish historian, and Count Stjirneld, minister for foreign affairs, his wife and daughter. The captain himself was, I understood, a son of the minister of the Marine. Atterbom, the poet and philosophical writer, was there also, besides clergymen, consuls, and other officials. Large was the sprinkling of cadets. They attend, I was told, a military college in Stockholm, to which they go at a very early age, and apply themselves to military as well as to less-advanced studies. Some of them are mere boys. Their gymnasium is well worth a visit, on account of the agility of its frequenters. These cadets wear the military uniform, consisting of a dark-blue cloth jacket, with brass buttons, epaulettes, white or blue striped white trousers, and a large military cloak, whilst a sword dangles by their side. A quaintly shaped cap, with a large shade and a small flower decoration on its front, completes their attire.

In the afternoon I was introduced by the captain to an English gentleman, of the name of V., a resident merchant in the capital, having houses both in America and England. He told me he led a very "dolce far niente" life in Stockholm, for the nature of his business did not require much exertion on his

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part. He is enamored of Stockholm, and lauds highly its society, of which he sees the best circles. S., his country residence, about three miles from Stockholm, is a charming rural spot. He had his carriage on board, and a Swedish servant. Like a generous Englishman, he offered me part of his saloon in the cabin, an invitation which I was only too glad to accept. The packet having several locks to penetrate, time was allowed us to visit the Falls of Trolhœttan. Before I had seen Rjukand Foss, I had heard much of these falls, but subsequently was told I should be disappointed: but it was not so. The grandeur of the numerous Falls delighted me; not that they fall from any great height, but the breadth and depth of their waters, as they foam and dash through the oddly shaped massive rocks, create awe as well as admiration.

Tuesday, August 15.—To-day I made acquaintance with a couple of Swedes. One was an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, and a reader of all the English greater poets. He had with him a copy of Byron in English. His acquaintance with his author was large, and he quoted copiously from many of the gems, but in such Scandinavian English that I could with difficulty understand him, and was compelled frequently to interrupt him, and beg him to repeat the quotations which he seemed, by his manner, so thoroughly to relish. He conversed with me about Frederica Bremer and Madame Carlen. The latter has lost her son within the last two years, and has become so melancholy as to have laid aside her pen altogether since that unhappy event.

The other Swedish gentleman spoke English fluently, and was likewise conversant with English literature. From him I derived some information relative to religious matters in Sweden, and felt, as he spoke of the absence of religious freedom, how much was wanting to constitute Sweden emphatically "a great country." Should any one, who thinks he is better informed and educated than the rest, think fit to entertain religious ideas at variance with the Lutheran faith, and should he, for the purpose of inoculating his countrymen therewith, hold a meeting, he would be dismissed his country, should it ever come to the ears of government. The Swedish pastors are a very *laissez-aller* class as a body; they have their *adjunktos*, or curates, whose income averages 400 rix-dollars, or 22*l.*, whilst their own average 2000 rix-dollars. Those selected for the pastoral office are, I was told, generally the least gifted of their families. When at college, they live well, and lead an idle and noisy life; afterwards they enter the church with no very strict notions of morality, and would, moreover, like the generality of their countrymen, make as light of the seventh commandment as Louis the Eleventh of all oaths, save that of the Holy Cross of St. Lo d'Angers. That which particularly strikes an Englishman in Sweden, and in Scandinavia generally, is the seeming absence of all religious feeling, and probably this may be traced to the utter inattention and insensibility of the clergy to the religious wants of the people. Two hours' attendance on Sunday at church, one-fourth of which time is devoted to the extemporaneous preaching of their easy-tempered pastor, absolves them for the rest of the week from any weak attentions to religious matters; nor can this be wondered at, when the abilities, or rather inabilities, of the clergy, as a body, are considered.

Swedish society is undoubtedly very pleasant. The Swedes are soon at home with each other, and ever ready to greet a stranger kindly. The monotonous sea voyage of an English steamboat is rendered unbearable by the cautious reserve of my worthy countrymen; but all on board the "*Nordeval*" seemed pleased and full of life. Conversation, books, and needlework for the lady portion of the passengers, rendered additionally pleasant the journey through the lovely lake scenery; cards also afforded amusement to a large proportion of the male passengers, and Pastor E., a jocular fat old man, presided at the game of "Harlequin." They played for money, though not high. The cards have various designs upon them—harlequins, wreaths, flower-pots, swine, hussars, cavalry, each of which has its relative value, whilst he who is dealt "Harlequin" is said to be killed, and has to hand over his stake to the lucky possessor of the card of highest value.

It used to be the custom in Sweden for the clergymen of a district, by the consent of its bishop, to elect one of their number to compose a Latin Theme on a religious subject appointed by themselves. He upon whom the lot fell had a certain time given him, at the expiration of which the bishop would allow the clergy to assemble and discuss the merits of the printed pamphlet. This Pastor E. was some thirty years ago appointed, by his brethren of the cloth, to write the Latin Essay, but the bishop being very old, and probably not willing to enter seriously into a long debate with his clergy, would not allow them to be called together

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on this occasion; whereupon he of the rich living threatened an action against his superior unless he called a Convocation, on the grounds that he had wasted much time in the composition of his Latinity, as well as spent muckle silver in the printing of the same. The affair of course blew over, but at the time it created much laughter, and was duly chronicled in the district journal.

On the Thursday following, after a journey of three days and four nights, we anchored safely at one of the numerous quays about Stockholm, at four o'clock in the morning, and my politeness not allowing me to awaken its inhabitants at so early an hour, I waited till six, when I trod *terra firma* and made for the Hotel du Garni. On my way I was struck by the magnificent buildings and monuments of Swedish historical celebrities, as well as by the beautiful site of the city, which commands views both of the island-dotted Malar and an armlet of the Baltic. After I had dispatched my breakfast, to which I did but poor justice, owing to my appetite being whetted for other and better things, I sallied out, with the intention of taking a general view of the city. I was delighted with all I saw, with the Gustav Adolf Torg and the Norrbro, which skirts the northern side of the palace, in particular. Charmed with the view of the Malar and the noble buildings and pretty residences on its shores I obtained from the eastern façade of the palace, I lingered there, notwithstanding the number of noble objects which I had yet to see.

After looking at some fine statues—those of Axel Oxenstjerna in the portico of the eastern façade of the palace of Gustavus Adolphus, modelled in bronze after the famous Apollo Belvidere, with a splendid marble pedestal; an obelisk of granite raised by Gustavus IV. in memory of the support given him by the burgesses of Stockholm in 1788—I came back by the same way and stood before the Opera House in Gustavus Adolphus Square, in which building Gustavus the Third's assassination took place. Turning out of this square, I shortly afterwards found myself in that of Carl XIII., in the centre of which is placed the munificent Bernadotte's statue of that monarch. This square is very broad, and its leafy walks afford a pleasant retreat for all classes.

Stockholm is a fairy city! Seen even from the Malar, it presents undoubtedly a fine appearance, but this view yields to that obtained from the Baltic; its crowning ornament, the Palace, now stands prominently forward as the chief attraction, around which the other noble buildings cluster, to enhance its beauty. One side of this square skirts the Baltic, and as far as the eye could see, its waters were studded with pleasure steamboats and smaller craft, whose gay painted paddle-boxes were propelled by the sturdy Dalecarlian peasant women. The costume of the women is very pretty, and they display great taste in the selection of their colors; but save me from wearing such spiked boots, the weight of which long usage can alone make tolerable, and at the very sight of which our English drayman would be frightened! The streets of Stockholm, full of life and gaiety, are crowded with gay shops, whilst the carriage road is well lined with handsome carriages and still handsomer tenants. Yet all is foreign—the costumes of the inhabitants, their manners, the shape of their vehicles, and, in short, almost all you see. One is struck by the contrast of a country haycart drawn by sturdy oxen, as it wends its way sluggishly by the side of the handsome carriages. Stromparterren is a tastefully arranged promenade below the Norrbro, whence many a pretty view of the Malar is obtainable. Here I was gratified by some excellently played opera airs; one in particular, the music of which I well recollected. On one side of this garden an excellent saloon is erected, outside of which the Stockholmers sip their coffee, smoke, and devour ices.

I devoted my next morning to exploring the palace, which is full of all kinds of treasures and collections, and contains, besides the royal apartments, those of the Crown Prince and Princess. The former particularly interest an Englishman, having been once occupied by Napoleon's some time general, Bernadotte. Here, too, I saw beautiful busts and statues executed by the master chisels of Bystrom and Sorgel Seyel. Thence I betook myself to the Museum of Paintings, where an unexpected treat awaited me; instead of a few specimens of some of the best Dutch painters, as I had been led to expect, I found a large gallery, arranged in excellent taste, with marble busts and statues at the base of the pictures, executed by the aforementioned Swedish artists. There were paintings by Rembrandt, Caravaggio, Rubens, Both, Paul Brill, Wouvermanns, Van Dyck, Gerard Dow, besides others of equal celebrity. Gerard Dow's "Magdalen" in this collection is one of his happiest efforts, yet it hardly gives pleasure, for the artist has but one face for all his women. "Paysage," by Paul Brill, is an exquisite wood scene, with a truly grand Rembrandt-like back ground of wild and shady copse, formed by the overlapping

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of the rich dark foliage of trees, in the painting of which this artist has no equal. Having spent in this manner a delightful morning, I prepared for my visit to Mr. V.'s summer residence, about half a Swedish mile from the capital, having received an invitation to dinner. An elegant carriage drove us to the residence of the Countess R., who was to dine with us. Our way thence lay through very pretty scenery, and here and there, through the trees, we caught a glimpse of a placid lake. Arrived at Mr. V.'s house, I admired the taste which had prompted him to select so prettily situated a spot. One side of the building looks upon an inlet of the Baltic, which is shut in on three sides by granite rocks, covered with wood, with here and there a cottage on their summits, whose wooden red-ochre painted exterior contrasts well with the deep green of the surrounding foliage. On one side the height of the rocks was comparatively insignificant, and the surface of one of the highest had been selected as the site of Mr. V.'s residence. The house itself was but of two stories, but these contained elegant and spacious rooms. A separate building, detached, contained the ball-room, which was of great size and elegance. Shortly after my arrival I was introduced to Mrs. V. and the Countess R.'s daughter, but, as these ladies are more than ordinarily beautiful and accomplished, it is but polite that I should give a description of each of them. Mrs. V., a French lady by birth, became acquainted with Mr. V. in America, whither she had gone with her friends for the pleasure of travelling and sight-seeing; here, however, an attachment sprang up between them, and not long afterwards they were married at the French embassy in Paris. After some time her husband's business required his attention at Stockholm, where they have now been settled for some time. They are known very generally in Stockholm, and mix in the best society. The lady is very accomplished, and is acquainted with English and Swedish, besides her native tongue; she is also an excellent draughtswoman, besides possessing divers other accomplishments. She has a very pretty, but peculiar appearance, occasioned by a border of silver-white hair, which fringes the remaining light brown; the hair is turned back in the French fashion, which gives greater display to her regular features. A complexion of great delicacy, and winning smile, leave altogether a very charming impression. Her companion, Friu-ken R., is about eighteen, and very pretty, with black hair, dark and intelligent eyes, a pretty voice, and a ladylike figure. She spoke English fluently.

After some chat, dinner was announced, when I was ushered into a cool and spacious room, which, as is the custom in Scandinavia in summer, was carpetless. Two long tables occupied angles in the windows; on one of which were smorbrod, condiments, and decanters of Swedish brandy; of these it is the custom to partake first, without sitting down. We now went to the elegantly spread dining-table in the centre of the room, where champagne and other choice wines awaited our arrival; the dishes were handed, and divers were the courses. From this room a door communicated with some steps brought us to the garden, which was filled with the choicest specimens of flowers, and laid out with great taste. From a terrace I obtained a lovely view of the inlet, and of the exquisite surrounding scenery. After some time coffee was handed to us, and shortly afterwards the ladies, who had received an invitation to an evening reception, given by the President of the Norwegian Sthorting, whose house was situated in the Dhurgaard, retired; whilst Mr. V. and myself, descending some steps which led to the water, tried the merits of a Canadian canoe. We then returned for the ladies, and by this time the Dalecarlian peasant women being prepared with their boat, we were speedily landed in the Dhurgaard, or Deer-park. On our way through it, we visited Rosendal, a summer residence of the kings: it is a modern building, but displays so many evidences of the artistical taste of the king, as to be well worth a visit. Outside the edifice stands the celebrated porphyry vase, the largest of its kind in the world.

As we turned again into the park from the palace, looking towards Stockholm through the trees, we beheld the lake dyed with a purple hue, reflected by the sunset. Shortly afterwards I left my friends and plunged into the penetralia of the Dhurgaard. This is one of the most fashionable resorts of the Stockholmers, and deservedly so, for to the charms of an English park it unites all the attractions of a gay city, so studded is it with promenades, saloons, restaurants, and other places of amusement: in this respect it reminds the Danish traveller of Dyrhave, though much superior to the latter in point of scenery. Resolved to finished my evening merrily, I entered the King's Theatre, upon which I had accidentally stumbled in my attempts to thread my way out of the park. There was some excellent acting, and the

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piece being a comedy, served to bring out the dry humor which the Swedish actors peculiarly possess. It was quite dark when I left, and by mere chance I found my way to the waters edge, where I embarked, and was landed at the palace steps, just as the inhabitants of the capital were beginning to settle in.

On Friday, August 18th, dispatches were received by the Swedish Government from Sir Charles Napier, announcing the capture of Bomarsund by the allies. The news was not generally known till the next day, when the Saturday's papers announced the fact to the Stockholmers, and also contained notices of the intention of the several directors of the steamboat companies to start excursion steamboats to the scene of the late action. The excitement of the Swedes was immense; the steamboats advertised were crowded to excess, and not a hammock, much less a berth, was to be had within an hour of the announcement: four steamers were taken off their usual line and put upon one that promised to yield a quicker and larger profit. No more could be had, and, without doubt, multitudes must have been disappointed. I presented myself at the office of the company after the hour, and was only too glad to pay a very high price for mere standing room in the "*Esaias Tegner*," which proved to be the fastest and most comfortable of the four.

Every Swede extols the beauty of the approach to Stockholm from the Baltic, and it was not long before I let my companions know that I joined in their verdict. The armlet at the Baltic, shortly after you leave Stockholm, branches out on all sides, and is crowned with islands of all shapes and sizes; in one of these branches I saw the French screw-vessel that had the day before brought tidings of the capture. At about ten o'clock we arrived at Waxholm, a circular fortress that becomes every year stronger and stronger; whose numerous guns, were their opposite neighbors disposed to retaliate upon the Swedes for their neutrality during the present war, would give them a warm reception, for in their approach to Stockholm by the Baltic, the Russians must necessarily come within range of them. Upon my arrival on deck the next morning (Sunday), after a refreshing sleep of a few hours, though in the densely-packed cabin, into which I had descended, upon the promise of part of a berth from one of my companion Swedes, I found we had just come in sight of the portion of the fleet which had anchored within easy view of the Aland Islands. It was a grand sight, but we reserved a minute inspection of it until our return from Bomarsund. At Degerby we procured a pilot and proceeded briskly on, having given the steamers that had started some hours before us the "go by." About eight o'clock we came in sight of Bomarsund. Part of the French fleet, and the greater part of the English, was drawn up in front of the main fortress. Having moored our boat within fifty yards of the latter, a debate ensued whether we should land, on account of the prevalence of cholera among the French troops; but the fear of thirteen days quarantine on our return to Stockholm suggested a more prudent policy, and an opportunity was lost of seeing the French troops encamped within three miles of the fortress—the fortress itself we could not have entered, for here the French troops, suspecting a mine, were busily engaged in probing the earth, and would allow no one to come near. The scenery of the Aland Islands much resembles some of the less beautiful parts of Sweden through which I had passed—the same low rocks with scanty verdure and poor soil, seemingly more cultivated the further the eye penetrated into the interior. When we landed, the French troops were engaged in shipping the guns which had done such terrible execution. Not an English officer was to be seen, save those cruising in open boats from the various men-of-war. The Russians prior to the attack had destroyed the village and burnt the surrounding woods, that presented a strong contrast to the immediate neighborhood, which was covered with firs. The tall brick chimneys of the houses were the only portions left.

The following particulars I gleaned from my companions on board, who had doubtless seen them related in the Swedish journals. On the Wednesday morning, when the fortress had been bombshelled continuously for many hours, Captain Hall landed in an open boat with a pocket handkerchief in his hand, no flag of truce being procurable, and accompanied by a few men, made for the fortress, when the Russians drew the flag into the fortress and fired upon them. The French troops, seeing from some distance of the imminent danger of Captain Hall, bore down upon the fortress and opened a warm fire upon the Russian garrison. On Captain Hall demanding the submission of the fortress, the commandant refused to surrender unless under conditions, but as the gallant Captain would not listen to these, and threatened upon non-compliance to demolish the fortress

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altogether, and give no quarter, the Russians capitulated and surrendered to the impromptu flag of Captain Hall.

It is said that treachery and insubordination were general amongst the Russians, and it is known that during the siege a great portion of them imbibed very freely. In one instance, a French officer coming on shore, found one of the French soldiers playfully stabbing with his sword a prostrate Russian; upon the officer coming up to the group, and demanding the reason of so unusual an occurrence, the soldier replied that he was giving his companion a lesson for his audacity in threatening the life of a French officer. The French officer prevented him from taking the law into his own hands, and bade him help to conduct the Russian, who was thoroughly stupid with drink, to the boat from which he had just then landed. On their progress the the Russian contrived to raise his head with the intention of snatching a kiss from his conductors. Both having been probably accustomed to similar offerings from fairer lips, managed dexterously to avoid the proffered courtesy, and securing their prisoner with a tighter hand, succeeded in safely depositing him in the boat.

When about leaving Bomarsund, we saw some of the French troops beguiling their spare time in fishing, whilst others were walking about in knots, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. As we passed, on our return, the portion of the fleet stationed in front of the fortress, the Swedes waved their hats and rent the air with huzzas: to which the sailors replied by similar demonstrations, and evidence of their being in high spirits after their recent conflict. We saw some of the English sailors preparing for a morning bath, whilst others flung themselves off the masts and swam out a considerable distance from the ship from whose side a sail had been lowered into the water, secured at the four corners, and intended probably for those who were tired of their refreshing amusement of swimming. We moored our vessel at Degerby, and resolved to follow the example of the sailors, and avail ourselves of the beautifully clear water; so we plunged in, and much astonished the peasants, who stared in wonderment at the floating mass of human heads on the surface of the water. The peasants, though evidently glad to change their masters, were apprehensive of the return of the Russians, and hoped that the allies would not leave Bomarsund.

Soon we came in sight of the remainder of the fleet; to the crews of each of the ships we gave the regular salute, which was always returned with hearty good-will, and with the accompanying wave of the hat. Thus ended the visit to Bomarsund, and, although they did not go on shore, the Swedes were evidently delighted with all they had seen, and admired the gigantic proportions of some of the men-of-war, which alone, they said, were well worth the visit.

Whoever goes to Stockholm should not omit a visit to Dronningholm and Gripsholm: to these summer palaces of the King, steamboats run almost every day. The buildings themselves are not only splendid, but they also contain beautiful paintings by some of the first masters, besides sculptures and other beautiful objects. Dronningholm was rebuilt half a century ago, though the original building was of very ancient date: it is very often the residence of the King, but was now occupied by the Crown Prince. The park around the palace is very beautiful, and contains noble avenues and walks, some not inferior to the celebrated Christ Church Walk in Oxford. At one end of the park stands "Canton," a row of summer houses, which Louisa Ulrica originally built as manufactories, but they have since been let out to private persons as residences. Pretty little cottages peep out everywhere, which are no doubt occupied by the servants employed in the palace. On the lawn, in front of the palace, stand eight mythological subjects carved in the school of Michael Angelo, but time, and weather had done much to diminish their value, as well as their beauty. Thus my visit to Stockholm and its neighborhood terminated, and the next day I took a passage on board the steamboat to Ystad, and left, perhaps for ever, a place of which I shall always retain the "sunniest memories."

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From the Edinburgh Review.

MACAULAY'S SPEECHES.*

For ourselves, we have been equally delighted with the manner and the matter of these speeches. They are wonderful not merely as compositions, but as specimens of true deliberative eloquence; and equally admirable for the just, and often deep, practical political philosophy with which they are everywhere imbued.

We are aware it is the opinion of some folks, who, if they see some one faculty in a very variously-endowed mind signally predominant, imagine that the others must not only be relatively, but *absolutely*, inferior,—who, in short, have a difficulty in judging of the *tout ensemble* of all its qualities,—that Mr. Macaulay is too imaginative—too profuse in illustration—too stately—too *this*, and too *that*, to admit of his attaining the highest excellences of the true oratorical style,—of that style which Aristotle calls the λέξις ἀγωνιστική, and of which, by general consent, Demosthenes is the most perfect, if not the sole perfect example. As it is not given to any man to be equally every thing, so it would not be wonderful if Mr. Macaulay, having been for the most part engaged in a very different kind of composition, or rather, in several different kinds of composition, (in all of which he has exhibited a singular facility,) and, having given to his oratorical talents no exclusive development, had encountered the usual fortunes of the pent-athlete, and sacrificed, in some degree, concentration of power in one form for varied excellence in many. But, on the whole, we must profess our conviction that it is rather the skilful *adaptation* to the requirements of the true oratorical style which these speeches display, than any failure in that respect, that ought to surprise us. It is not the similarity between the style of this volume and that of the "Essays" or the "History," that so much strikes us (at least, in a very large proportion of passages,) as the degree in which the first differs from the second, in obedience to the flexibility, the vivacity, the energy which the spoken style in a deliberative assembly demands.*

The general, and very undeniable, commonplaces of criticism as to the truest style of oratory, we should be the last to dispute; and this Journal, where they have been so constantly contended for, would be the last place wherein to dispute them. The characteristics of that style,—its impatience of the abstract and the ornate; its demand that philosophy should be used only to minister to the *practical*, lend its wisdom without parade, and even without the expansion into which, when there is *no* parade, a philosophic mind (like that of Burke, for example,) loves to wander; its parsimony of imagery, except where the illustrations themselves are the flashes of passion, or can be held in solution in metaphor; its business-like point and brevity, to the utmost limit at which brevity can consist with perspicuity; its uniform preference of energy to elegance, whether of conception or expression; and its rejection of all elegance *merely* as such, and except so far as it is a more pleasurable, and therefore more effectual vehicle of conveying instruction or insinuating argument; its ever-varied flow—rapid or gentle—placid or rough—breaking into foam, or murmuring between peaceful banks, just as the course of the channel offers obstructions which chafe passion, or invites the unimpeded and tranquil flow of sympathy; its flexible adaptation to the whole play of emotion, whatever that may be; its rapid changes of construction; its speaking pauses; its vivacious apostrophes; its questions which carry their own answer; its suppressions more eloquent

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* Speeches by the Right Honorable T. B. Macaulay, M. P., corrected by himself. [A preliminary rebuke to the publisher of a surreptitious copy of this work we have omitted, preserving the whole of the fine critique upon the orator himself.—Ed.]

* It is, perhaps, true that a less violent transition would be necessary to Mr. Macaulay than to many, in passing from one style to the other. He has written history in a form which, without sacrificing any dignity which, in any intelligible sense, belongs to such composition, has much of the animation of the happiest popular eloquence. He has shown that a stiff and formal air, and scorn of vivacious details, are happily not essential to the dignity of the Historic Muse.

than speech;—changes, if we may so say, all responsive to the varying attitudes and gestures of mind, and (where eloquence is perfect) reflected again in answering variations of voice, and feature, and action:—these are some of the characteristics of that eloquence, the analysis of which is as difficult as the description of the physical changes which pass in alternate light and shadow over a speaking countenance; but it is recognized the moment it is heard, just as the latter is interpreted the moment it is seen.

If a popular deliberative assembly is impatient (as it always will be) of redundant philosophy or exuberant imagery, even when the first has the genuine qualities of philosophy, and the other the appropriate grace of poetry, it need hardly be said, that it will reject with double disgust the ambitious affectation of either; the parade of profound or subtle thought without the reality, and the meretricious ornament which juvenility and inexperience are apt to mistake for eloquence. But let the deviation from the truest eloquence be from what cause it will, whether from powers of argument or imagination, great, indeed, but misapplied, or simply from a ridiculous caricature of the very qualities thus mocked, the reasons for which a deliberative assembly resents any such deviation are obvious; it is because it *is* a deliberative assembly, bent on business, having grave and weighty interests to deal with, and hard practical knots to untie. What is strictly *ad rem*, and uttered under the influence of natural feeling, can alone secure its permanent attention, and is sure to do so.*

But, fully conceding the characteristics of the style which Aristotle has analyzed, and Demosthenes exemplified, we are to recollect that even these may be exhibited with equal *nature* in different men, though within very different limits. They will vary not only with the age, the country, the assembly, but quite as much with the *intellectual character* of the individual speaker, and yet the qualities in question may be exhibited strictly within the sphere of nature.

Take, for example, the imaginative element. We have spoken of the parsimony with which the true orator uses it; but this respects rather the forms imagination assumes than the frequency of its exercise, or affects its frequency only when a single thought is superfluously illustrated. Ten illustrations of one point would be intolerable; but ten illustrations of as many points is a very different matter. There are some minds so imaginative, so apt to seize analogies, (Burke's, for example,) that with them to think is almost to think in metaphor. They invent every moment a more vivid, symbolical language of their own than common terms supply. Now, will an orator of this stamp, however faithfully he may exemplify the principles we have been advocating, employ no *more* metaphors than a man in other respects of equal powers, but inferior here? The notion is of course absurd. If he feather the shaft with more than will carry it home—if he express his images in the garish colors or exuberant forms of the poet, he has committed a grave error; and no doubt that a temptation to do this will be one of the things against which such a constitution of mind will have to guard. But he may use most abundant metaphor, and be quite blameless. Hence, as we have said, the *extent* to which the use of the imagination is resorted to, even in the severest eloquence, will be a question of limits. As the natural effect of passion is to stimulate that in common with every other faculty, it will be stimulated in proportion as it is possessed; and if that which kindles it be indeed the inspiration of mature and genuine feeling, its more frequent manifestation will not offend; in that case, it is Nature that speaks, and she will vindicate herself by the *forms* she assumes. For, though the dialects of Nature are many, her language is one.

Temperate as is the style of Demosthenes in this respect, we apprehend that if we could appreciate *all* the metaphors which lurk unsuspected in what now appear common terms if we could detect every latent trope, every novel application of a familiar idiom, just as the ear of a native Greek could, we should find many a passage lighted up with a phosphorescent lustre of imagination where we now little suspect it; animated with a life which, circulating in the words themselves, and not disclosed to us by the formalities of simile, the "cold obstruction" of a dead language conceals from us. We see only the outlines of the figures on the tapestry; the vivid colors have paled by time.

Take, again, the undeniably true principle, that the object of the orator being conviction

* Of all the deliberative bodies ever assembled, the House of Commons is, perhaps, the most fastidious in this respect. It will concede liberal indulgence to knowledge, simplicity, and nature, with whatsoever defects of manner associated,—though it will (these being presupposed) naturally and justly value every degree of approach to the perfection of the true style of the highest practical eloquence.

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and persuasion, and even conviction only that he may persuade; pleasure *as such*, however refined, is not to be sought independently of the end aimed at; nor at all, *except* as energy and harmony—striking images—"apt words in apt places" are, though employed for another and a higher purpose, necessarily productive of pleasure, and, by being grateful, aid attention and facilitate the admission of argument; still, how wide are the limits, within which that maxim may be acted on with equal honesty, varied only by the powers of the speaker, not by the demands of style! Up to the stated limit the severest style admits of such pleasurable accessories; beyond it, the excitement of pleasure is felt to be foreign, and the ornaments intended to effect it, however grateful in themselves, a correct taste at once pronounces to be meretricious. We repeat, that the problem is one of limits, dependent on the qualities of mind in the speaker.. With equal honesty of purpose, with equal intention of saying nothing merely to afford a delight alien from the purpose in hand, with equal desire to subordinate the very pleasure which an approriate vehicle of thought, not only *will*, but *must* produce, how different will be the degree of pleasure which the compositions of different men inspire; and how much more effective, *because* a more pleasurable vehicle of thought, will be the one than the other!

No orator is to speak for the sake of producing pleasure; no orator is to speak (so far as possible) without producing pleasure! A nice distinction, some will think; and some, perhaps, a downright paradox. Yet it is easily exclaimed; for it simply means that the pleasurable is only to be aimed at by the orator for the sake of an *ulterior* end,—not for its own sake as an *ultimate* end. As Aristotle says in his introduction to his analysis of those qualities which ought to distinguish the true style of eloquence, "It is naturally delightful to all men to receive instruction in forms which give pleasure." Now strictly adhering to this maxim, we say that conformity to it may be very variously exemplified by different orators; that is, that the application of the rule is still a question of limits. There is a point beyond which we can say that the object which ought to have been *merely* involved in a higher one, has been made more or less the principal, and therefore an offence has been committed; but still the limits are not inconsiderable *within* which no such faults are chargeable, and where the difference of pleasure from different styles of eloquence is inconceivably great.

Take, for example, the appropriate pleasure given by a flexible and harmonious style. Prose has its music as well as verse; not *like* that of verse, indeed, for one of its very excellences is freedom from everything which shall even remind the ear of metrical arrangement,—of aught that may suggest the idea of jingle or rhyme. Yet it has its characteristic melody not less than poetry itself; not that of the lyre or lute, which so easily "weds itself to immortal verse,"—of measured cadences and complex harmony; but a wild and free, ever pleasant though ever varying music, like that of Nature; like that of the whispering winds and falling waters,—such as is heard by mountain streams or in the leafy woods of summer. Not less than poetry itself has prose its sweet and equable, its impetuous and rapid flow; its full and majestic harmonies, its abrupt transitions, its impressive pauses, its grateful though not regularly recurring cadence.

Now the effect on the minds of hearers, in fixing attention, in stimulating the memory and every other faculty, will immeasurably vary with the degree in which prose attains its appropriate excellences in different styles of an equally genuine eloquence; though in all, the aim with which it will be employed, and the kind and degree of pleasure it will impart, will be specifically different from those of verse. The human mind,—the mind of the uneducated as well as of the cultured,—is so constituted as to enjoy those excellences, and, by enjoying, to have every faculty to which the orator wishes to gain access for the purpose of operating conviction or persuasion *legitimately* stimulated. The pleasure, like that which is found in many instances of a beneficent complexity in the ends contemplated by Nature (as in that of the palate as subordinated to digestion), is not a separate, nor the ultimate thing, but auxiliary to another and ulterior design. When wholesome food is relished, that very enjoyment is subservient to healthy digestion; and this may illustrate the pleasure which legitimate eloquence should impart; when the palate is tickled by dainties at the expense of the stomach, we are reminded of the error of meretricious oratory.

But still the degree in which the *pulchrum* may be made legitimately to conspire with the *utile* is a question of limits which will be differently resolved by different minds, and whether more perfectly or less, will depend both on their own structure, and on the taste and culture of the hearers.

No doubt the great leading principle which

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should determine the whole code of rhetorical maxims must be derived from the *design* of such compositions; and if a man carefully bears that in mind he will rarely fail in at least avoiding faults, if he has not the faculties which justify him in aspiring to the higher excellences of the oratorical art. But the point which we are more particularly desirous of illustrating is this,—that where there *are* such powers, the legitimate pleasure which their exercise will give will be very different in different men. To employ one more illustration. If men, instead of the ordinary mode of writing, were to adopt a system like the picture-writing of ancient Mexico, there would be no doubt infinite degrees of the better and the worse in its exhibition,—approximations to a certain ideal "perfection of style." That which should give the symbols the elaborate finish and perfect detail of ordinary painting would certainly not be that "perfection;" because another end than that of the painter's art ought to be contemplated. It would be as great a mistake, and of the same kind, to attempt to engraft the appropriate pleasures of poetry on eloquence. Still, just as in the employment of imagery, or of the various music of prose, by the orator, there would be no inconsiderable range in which the writers of such symbols might evince varying skill. Without wishing to give them any of the illegitimate attractions of the pictorial art, or doing anything *except* for the purpose (as Aristotle says) of making "comprehension more easy," by making it more "pleasant,"—they might, by a thousand graces, and with no more time and effort than an inferior artist would expend, render the meaning more clear or more impressive, more distinct or more vivid.

If we examine these speeches of Mr. Macaulay, not simply by some abstract canons of ideal perfection in oratorical style, which scarcely any man has exemplified, but by a due reference to the variable limits imposed by the variable structure of different minds,—limits within which the conditions of that style may be adequately complied with,—we must again profess our surprise at the degree in which many of these speeches fulfil those conditions. We have no scruple in saying they will in that respect sustain comparison with any speeches with which the whole range of British oratory has supplied us.

The orator whom Mr. Macaulay most resembles—and it must strike every reader—is Edmund Burke. We may go a step further; we affirm that measured by the usual practical tests—some we will shortly mention—these speeches, merely as *speeches*, are superior to those of Burke. Glowing with the characteristics of mind which distinguished Burke, Mr. Macaulay in the main has attained a far closer approximation to what the style of deliberative eloquence demands than Burke did; has exerted a more successful control over the splendid powers which may so easily, in relation to eloquence, allure into "*splendida vitia*;" and subordinated more rigorously the entire elements of his mind to the duties and functions of the public speaker. Informed, like Burke, with the spirit of political philosophy, he more discreetly limits the "circuit of its musings," and makes it the servant, not the master, of his eloquence; equally affluent in vivid and original imagery,—imagery which like that of Burke, is fed by sources almost boundless, and to which every realm of human knowledge is made tributary,—he has, in no case, fallen into the extravagancies into which Burke's daring genius not seldom hurried him. Possessed like Burke of an imperial command over all the treasures of the English language, Mr. Macaulay in the best passages of his speeches has attained, if not the ever various, flexile ease of his great prototype, yet greater point, condensation, and energy than it would be easy to parallel from Burke's most successful speeches.

Whatever the resemblances, and they are very striking, between the speeches of Burke and those of Mr. Macaulay, nothing can more clearly show what we have said as to the greater adaptation of the latter to the conditions of effective deliberative eloquence, than the contrast between the impatience with which the House listened to Burke, at least in his latter years, and the hearty welcome which it has always accorded to Mr. Macaulay. If this be not the solution, then all that can be said is, that the House of Commons must be a very different assembly from what it was in the time of the elder orator. Burke often managed to empty the House; Mr. Macaulay, if it be known that he is likely to speak, never fails to fill it. If the benches are empty when he begins, no sooner is it known that he is speaking, than numbers flock in, and hang on his accents with breathless attention. Certainly he does not want the testimonies to signal eloquence enumerated by Cicero, "coronam multiplicem, judicium erectum, crebras assensiones, multas admirationes." Another, and perhaps more effective proof of the power of his speeches is, that they have generally had an immediate effect in shaping the course of the debate; sometimes an appreciable, and, in one or two

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cases, if we are correctly informed, a decisive effect on the instant judgment of the House.*

Two errors of Burke, into which many great speakers besides Burke have fallen, Mr. Macaulay has discreetly avoided. It was not solely the excess of disquisition and illustration, of ill-timed wisdom and profuse imagery, which made the House impatient of Burke's speeches; it was as much the too frequent obtrusion of himself on the House, and his excessive length. Both these are serious errors. Mr. Macaulay is chargeable with neither. His appearances have been in the estimate of his audience only too infrequent, and have ever been most welcome. His speeches have generally been of very moderate dimensions compared with many of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Brougham, and many other of our greater orators. The generality of those in the present volume little exceed twenty pages; many, and yet on large subjects, are considerably under that. One, and only one,—on a very vast theme, the Government of India, (1833)—extends to forty pages. There is one also of thirty pages; of the rest none exceed twenty-five.

As to the *chefs d'œuvre* of most of our other orators, they have come down to us in so mutilated a form, that it is difficult to make any comparison of merit. We hardly know what Charles James Fox was in his very highest moods, so imperfectly has he been reported; though we hold it certain that he possessed more of the ancient δεινότης—of the essential characteristics of Demosthenes—than any other orator England has produced. We think so in spite of Lord Brougham's remarks on the differences between them, which after all affect rather the form than the soul of their eloquence. But the bulk of his reported speeches give, it must be confessed, but faint traces of the astonishing powers which all tradition has ascribed to him. We must say the same of Pitt. It may seem to many almost like profanity to say so, but we find the generality of their reported speeches desperately tedious reading. Of the speeches which have been more perfectly transmitted to us, revised like these of Mr. Macaulay by the speakers themselves, we know of none from which passages more happily combining all the characteristics of genuine deliberative eloquence could be produced than many in this volume. If challenged to justify the assertion, we should not hesitate to accept the challenge; we do not believe it possible to produce from any speaker passages which better exemplify the style we have been speaking of than the following extracts. We deliberately pit them, not merely for splendor of imagery or expression—but for argument, point, nervous energy, vivacity, variety, against any the doubter shall confront with them. Nor are they always the most powerful we could produce; some we pass by for the reasons for which Mr. Macaulay has reluctantly published them, and some because they cannot be easily torn from the context.

We will commence with an extract from the speech on the "Sugar Duties." He thus powerfully exposes the inconsistency of those—many of them, by the way, had been advocates of slavery to the very last—who had qualms about the admission of slave-grown sugar from Brazil, and none about that of

* Success, if we except the rare case of immediately triumphing over adverse prejudices, is always a problematical proof of oratorical skill. The divinest eloquence, if the truth it urges be unwelcome, will too often stand little chance against *ad captandum* fallacies, which the prejudices and foregone conclusions of an audience will make them hug to their bosoms, and applaud to the echo. Just as a general may exhibit the highest strategetical and tractical skill, and yet be defeated by contingencies over which he had no control, and of which no human sagacity could have made him prescient; so the orator may often encounter prejudices against which the most cogent argument and the most powerful motives may be directed in vain; and none know this better than the *sacred* orator! For this reason we have always so much admired the definition of rhetoric given by Aristotle. 'It is not,' says he, 'the art which teaches us *how to persuade*, but how to put together the things which on a given subject and occasion *ought* to persuade, or which are best *calculated* to persuade;' Οὐ τὸ πεῖσαι ἀλλὰ τὸ ἰδεῖν τὰ ὑπάρχοντα πιθανὰ περὶ ἕκαστον.

The ease with which any orator may win golden opinions from an audience to whom he addresses only what flatters their vanity, or coincides with their wishes; and the agreeable 'exaltation' which attends the operation, are most amusingly ridiculed by Socrates in the Menexenus. The task, he says, of the public orators appointed to pronounce the public panegyrics on those who had deserved well of their country, is easy enough. He describes in an exquisitely ironical vein the pleasing self-inflation under which, as he pretends, he always listened to the encomiums on his country and his countrymen. Somehow, he tells us, they always sent him away thinking himself a far finer, nobler, and even *taller* fellow than he was! The pleasing delusion, he avers, sometimes remained with him for so long as four or even five days, during which he thought himself 'in the islands of the blest.' When Menexenus pities the condition of a certain panegyrist, who is likely not to be appointed in time to make due preparation, Socrates says, 'How so, my fine fellow? These folks are always provided with speeches ready made; and if not, it would not be difficult to extemporize on such subjects. If indeed it were required to eulogize the Athenians among the Spartans, or the Spartans among the Athenians, a persuasive and plausible orator would be required sure enough.

slave-grown cotton, tobacco, and rice from America:

Observe, I am not disputing the paramount authority of moral obligation. I am not setting up pecuniary considerations against moral considerations. I know that it would be not only a wicked, but a short-sighted policy, to aim at making a nation like this great and prosperous by violating the laws of justice. To those laws, enjoin what they may, I am prepared to submit. But I will not palter with them; I will not cite them to-day in order to serve one turn, and quibble them away to-morrow in order to serve another. I will not have two standards of right; one to be applied when I wish to protect a favorite interest at the public cost, and another to be applied when I wish to replenish the exchequer, and to give an impulse to trade. I will not have two weights or two measures. I will not blow hot and cold, play fast and loose, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Can the Government say as much? Are gentlemen opposite prepared to act in conformity with their own principles? They need not look long for opportunities. The Statute-book swarms with enactments directly opposed to the rule which they profess to respect. I will take a single instance from our existing laws, and propound it to the gentlemen opposite as a test, if I must not say of their sincerity, yet of their power of moral discrimination. Take the article of tobacco. Not only do you admit the tobacco of the United States, which is grown by slaves; not only do you admit the tobacco of Cuba which is grown by slaves, and by slaves, as you tell us, recently imported from Africa; but you actually interdict the free laborers of the United Kingdom from growing tobacco. You have long had in your Statute-book laws prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in England, and authorizing the Government to destroy all tobacco plantations, except a few square yards, which are suffered to exist unmolested in botanical gardens, for purposes of science. These laws did not extend to Ireland. The free peasantry of Ireland began to grow tobacco. The cultivation spread fast. Down came your legislation upon it; and now, if the Irish freeman dares to engage in competition with the slaves of Virginia and Havanah, you exchequer him; you ruin him; you grub up his plantation. Here, then, we have a test by which we may try the consistency of the gentlemen opposite. I ask you, are you prepared, I do not say to exclude slave-grown tobacco, but to take away from slave-grown tobacco the monopoly which you now give to it, and to permit the free laborer of the United Kingdom to enter into competition on equal terms, on any terms, with the negro who works under the lash? I am confident that the three right honorable gentlemen opposite, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the late President of the Board of Trade, will all with one voice answer "No." And why not? "Because," say they, "it will injure the revenue. True it is," they will say, "that the tobacco imported from abroad is grown by slaves, and by slaves many of whom have been recently carried across the Atlantic, in defiance, not only of justice and humanity, but of law and treaty. True it is that the cultivators of the United Kingdom are freemen. But then on the imported tobacco we are able to raise at the Custom House a duty of six hundred per cent.; sometimes, indeed, of twelve hundred per cent.; and, if tobacco were grown here, it would be difficult to get an excise duty of even a hundred per cent. We cannot submit to this loss of revenue; and, therefore, we must give a monopoly to the slave-holder, and make it penal in the freeman to invade that monopoly." You may be right; but in the name of common sense be consistent. If this moral obligation, of which you talk so much, be one which may with propriety yield to fiscal considerations, let us have Brazilian sugars. If it be paramount to all fiscal considerations, let us at least have British snuff and segars. (Pp. 341-343.)

A page or two further on occurs one of the most vivid pictures of the horrors of slavery ever presented to the public mind. Would to God every member of the American Union would read and ponder it!

Then a new distinction is set up. The United States, it is said, have slavery; but they have no slave trade. I deny that assertion. I say that the sugar and cotton of the United States are the fruits, not only of slavery, but of the slave trade. And I say further, that, if there be on the surface of this earth a country which, before God and man, is more accountable than any other for the misery and degradation of the African race, that country is not Brazil, the produce of which the right honorable baronet excludes, but the United States, the produce of which he proposes to admit on more favorable terms than ever. I have no pleasure in going into an argument of this nature. I do not conceive that it is the duty of a member of the English Parliament to discuss abuses which exist in other societies. Such discussion seldom tends to produce any reform on such abuses, and has a direct tendency to wound national pride, and to inflame national animosities. I would willingly avoid this subject; but the right honorable baronet leaves me no choice. . . . I affirm, then, that there exists in the United States a slave trade, not less odious or demoralizing, nay, I do in my conscience believe, more odious and more demoralizing, than that which is carried on between Africa and Brazil. North Carolina and Virginia are to Louisiana and Alabama what Congo is to Rio Janeira. The slave states of the Union are divided into two classes—the breeding states, where the human beasts of burden increase and multiply, and become strong for labor, and the sugar and cotton states, to which those beasts of burden are sent to be worked to death. To what an extent the traffic in man is carried on, we may learn by comparing the census of 1830 with the census of 1840. North Carolina and Virginia are, as I have said, great breeding states. During the ten years from 1830 to 1840 the slave population of North Carolina was almost stationary. The slave population of Virginia positively decreased. Yet, both in North Carolina and Virginia, propagation

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was, during those ten years, going on fast. The number of births among the slaves in those states exceeded by hundreds of thousands the number of the deaths. What then became of the surplus? Look to the returns from the Southern States, and from the States whose produce the right honorable baronet proposes to admit with reduced duty or with no duty at all, and you will see. You will find that the increase in the breeding States was barely sufficient to meet the demand of the consuming States. In Louisiana, for example, where we know that the negro population is worn down by cruel toil, and would not, if left to itself, keep up its numbers; there were, in 1830, 107,000 slaves; in 1840, 170,000. In Alabama, the slave population during those ten years much more than doubled; it rose from 117,000 to 253,000. In Mississippi it actually tripled. It rose from 65,000 to 195,000. So much for the extent of this slave trade. And as to its nature, ask any Englishman who has ever travelled in the Southern States. Jobbers go about from plantation to plantation looking out for proprietors who are not easy in their circumstances, and who are likely to sell cheap. A black boy is picked up here, and a black girl there. The dearest ties of nature and of marriage are torn asunder as rudely as they were ever torn asunder by any slave captain on the coast of Guinea. A gang of three or four hundred negroes is made up; and then these wretches, handcuffed, fettered, guarded by armed men, are driven southward as you would drive, or rather as you would not drive, a heard of oxen to Smithfield, that they may undergo the deadly labor of the sugar mill near the mouth of the Mississippi. A very few years of that labor in that climate suffice to send the stoutest African to his grave. But he can well be spared. While he is fast sinking into premature old age, negro boys in Virginia are growing up as fast into vigorous manhood, to supply the void which cruelty is making in Louisiana. God forbid that I should extenuate the horrors of the slave trade in any form! But I do think this its worst form. Bad enough it is that civilized men should sail to an uncivilized quarter of the world where slavery exists, should there buy wretched barbarians, and should carry them away to labor in a distant land; bad enough! But that a civilized man, a baptized man, a man proud of being a citizen of a free State, a man frequenting a Christian church, should breed slaves for exportation, and, if the whole horrible truth must be told, should even beget slaves for exportation; should see children, sometimes his own children, gambolling around him from infancy, should watch their growth, should become familiar with their faces, and should then sell them for four or five hundred dollars a head, and send them to lead in a remote country a life which is a lingering death, a life about which the best thing that can be said is that it is sure to be short; this does, I own, excite a horror exceeding even the horror excited by that slave trade which is the curse of the African coast. And mark; I am not speaking of any rare case, of any instance of eccentric depravity. I am speaking of a trade as regular as the trade in pigs between Dublin and Liverpool, or as the trade in coals between the Tyne and the Thames. (Pp. 344–348).

Our next extract shall be the noble peroration to the speech on "Jewish Disabilities":—

Another charge has been brought against the Jews, not by my honorable friend the Member for the University of Oxford; he has too much learning, and too much good feeling, to make such a charge; but by the honorable member for Oldham, who has, I am sorry to see, quitted his place. The honorable member for Oldham tells us that the Jews are naturally a mean race, a sordid race, a money-getting race; that they are averse to all honorable callings; that they neither sow nor reap; that they have neither flocks nor herds; that usury is the only pursuit for which they are fit; that they are destitute of all elevated and amiable sentiments. Such, Sir, has in every age been the reasoning of bigots. They never fail to plead in justification of persecution the vices which persecution has engendered. England has been to the Jews less than half a country; and we revile them because they do not feel for England more than a half patriotism. We treat them as slaves, and wonder that they do not regard us as brethren. We drive them to mean occupations, and then reproach them for not embracing honorable professions. We long forbade them to possess land; and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition; and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force; and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defence of the weak against the violence of the strong. But were they always a mere money-changing money-getting, money-hoarding race? Nobody knows better than my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford, that there is nothing in their national character which unfits them for the highest duties of citizens. He knows that, in the infancy of civilization when our island was as savage as New Guinea, when letters and arts were still unknown to Athens, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterwards the site of Rome, this contemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid temple, their fleets of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and their poets. What nation ever contended more manfully against overwhelming odds for its independence and religion? What nation ever in its last agonies gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by a brave despair? And if, in the course of many centuries, the oppressed descendants of warriors and sages have degenerated from the qualities of their fathers, if, while excluded from the blessings of law, and bowed down under the yoke of slavery, they have contracted some of the vices of outlaws and of slaves, shall we consider this as matter of reproach to them?

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Shall we not rather consider it as matter of shame and remorse to ourselves? Let us do justice to them. Let us open to them the door of the House of Commons. Let us open to them every career in which ability and energy can be displayed. Till we have done this, let us not presume to say that there is no genius among the countrymen of Isaiah, no heroism among the descendants of the Maccabees.

Sir, in supporting the motion of my honorable friend, I am, I firmly believe, supporting the honor and the interests of the Christian religion. I should think that I insulted that religion, if I said that it cannot stand unaided by intolerant laws Without such laws it was established, and without such laws it may be maintained. It triumphed over the superstitions of the most refined and of the most savage nations, over the graceful mythology of Greece and the bloody idolatry of the northern forests. It prevailed over the power and policy of the Roman empire. It tamed the barbarians by whom that empire was overthrown. But all these victories were gained, not by the help of intolerance, but in spite of the opposition of intolerance. The whole history of Christianity proves that she has little indeed to fear from persecution as a foe, but much to fear from persecution as an ally. May she long continue to bless our country with her benignant influence, strong in her sublime philosophy, strong in her spotless morality, strong in those internal and external evidences to which the most powerful and comprehensive of human intellects have yielded assent, the last solace of those who have outlived every earthly hope! the last restraint of those who are raised above every earthly fear! But let us not, mistaking her character and her interests, fight the battles of truth with the weapons of error, and endeavor to support by oppression that religion which first taught the human race the great lesson of universal charity. (Pp. 121—123.

The following is a happy exposure of one of the prevalent fallacies by which the Corn Laws were once defended. It occurs in the speech delivered at Edinburgh (1845):

There was a time, gentlemen, when politicians were not ashamed to defend the Corn Laws merely as contrivances for putting the money of the many into the pockets of the few. We must, so these men reasoned, have a powerful and opulent class of grandees: that we may have such grandees, the rent of land must be kept up; and that the rent of land may be kept up, the price of bread must be kept up. There may still be people who think thus: but they wisely keep their thoughts to themselves. Nobody now ventures to say in public that ten thousand families ought to be put on short allowance of food in order that one man may have a fine stud and a fine picture gallery. Our monopolists have changed their ground. They have abandoned their old argument for a new argument much less invidious, but, I think, rather more absurd. Their hearts bleed for the misery of the poor laboring man. They constantly tell us that the cry against the Corn Laws has been raised by capitalists; that the capitalist wishes to enrich himself at the expense both of the landed gentry and of the working people; that every reduction of the price of food must be followed by a reduction of the wages of labor; and that if bread should cost only half what it now costs, the peasant and the artizan would be sunk in wretchedness and degradation, and the only gainers would be the millowners and the money-changers. It is not only by landowners, it is not only by Tories, that this nonsense has been talked. We have heard it from men of a very different class, from demagogues, who wish to keep up the Corn Laws merely in order that the Corn Laws may make the people miserable, and that misery may make the people turbulent. You know how assiduously those enemies of all order and all property have labored to deceive the working man into a belief that cheap bread would be a curse to him. Nor have they always labored in vain. You remember that once, even in this great and enlightened city, a public meeting called to consider the Corn Laws, was disturbed by a deluded populace. Now, for my own part, whenever I hear bigots who are opposed to all reform, and anarchists who are bent on universal destruction, join in the same cry, I feel certain that it is an absurd and mischievous cry; and surely never was there a cry so absurd and mischievous as this cry against cheap loaves. It seems strange that Conservatives, people who profess to hold new theories in abhorrence,—people who are always talking about the wisdom of our ancestors, should insist on our receiving as an undoubted truth a strange paradox never heard of from the creation of the world till the nineteenth century. Begin with the most ancient book extant, the book of Genesis, and come down to the parliamentary debates of 1815; and I will venture to say that you will find that, on this point, the party which affects profound reverence for antiquity and prescription has against it the unanimous voice of thirty-three centuries. If there be anything in which all peoples, nations and languages, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, have agreed, it has been this, that the dearness of food is a great evil to the poor. Surely, the arguments which are to counterbalance such a mass of authority ought to be weighty. What then are those arguments? I know of only one. If any gentleman is acquainted with any other, I wish that he would communicate it to us; and I will engage that he shall have a fair and full hearing. The only argument that I know of is this, that there are some countries in the world where food is cheaper than in England, and where the people are more miserable than in England. Bengal has been mentioned. But Poland is the favorite case. Whenever we ask why there should not be a free trade in corn between the Vistula and the Thames, the answer is, "Do you wish our laborers to be reduced to the condition of the peasants of the Vistula?" Was such reasoning ever heard before? See how readily it may be turned against those who use it. Corn is cheaper at Cincinnati than here, but the wages of the la-

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borer are much higher at Cincinnati than here: therefore, the lower the price of food, the higher the wages will be. This reasoning is just as good as the reasoning of our adversaries; that is to say, it is good for nothing. It is not one single cause that makes nations either prosperous or miserable. No friend of free trade is such an idiot as to say that free trade is the only valuable thing in the world; that religion, government, police, education, the administration of justice, public expenditure, foreign relations, have nothing whatever to do with the well-being of nations; that people sunk in superstition, slavery, barbarism, must be happy if they have only cheap food. These gentlemen take the most unfortunate country in the world,—a country which, while it had an independent government, had the very worst of independent governments: the sovereign a mere phantom; the nobles defying him and quarreling with each other; the great body of the population in a state of servitude; no middle class; no manufactures; scarcely any trade, and that in the hands of Jew pedlars. Such was Poland while it was a separate kingdom. But foreign invaders came down upon it. It was conquered; it was reconquered; it was partitioned; it was repartitioned; it is now under a government of which I will not trust myself to speak. This is the country to which these gentlemen go to study the effect of low prices. When they wish to ascertain the effect of high prices, they take our own country; a country which has been during many generations the best governed in Europe; a country where personal slavery has been unknown during ages; a country which enjoys the blessings of a pure religion, of freedom, of order; a country long secured by the sea against invasion; a country in which the oldest man living has never seen a foreign flag except as a trophy. Between these two countries our political philosophers institute a comparison. They find the Briton better off than the Pole; and they immediately come to the conclusion that the Briton is so well off because his bread is dear, and the Pole so ill off because his bread is cheap. Why, is there a single good which in this way I could not prove to be an evil, or a single evil which I could not prove to be a good? (Pp. 424—426.)

Our last illustrations shall be from the speech on the "Church of Ireland" (1845). We only regret that our space compels us to abridge our extracts. The whole exposure of the anomalies of that most anomalous institution is deeply instructive. Mr. Macaulay, at the same time, frankly absolves the present generation from all responsibility for the existence of such a church, and acknowledges the improvements in its administration,—happily yet greater in 1854 than in 1845.

I cannot help thinking that the speeches of those who defend this Church suffice of themselves to prove that my views are just. For who ever heard any body defend it on its merits? Has any gentleman to-night defended it on its merits? We are told of the Roman Catholic oath, as if that oath, whatever be its meaning, whatever be the extent of the obligation which it lays on the consciences of those who take it, could possibly prove this Church to be a good thing. We are told that Roman Catholics of note, both laymen and divines, fifty years ago, declared that, if they were relieved from the disabilities under which they then lay, they should willingly see the Church of Ireland in possession of all its endowments: as if any thing that any body said fifty years ago could absolve us from the plain duty of doing what is now best for the country. . . . But is it by cavils like these that a great institution should be defended? And who ever heard the Established Church of Ireland defended except by cavils like these? Who ever heard any of her advocates speak a manly and statesmanlike language? Who ever heard any of her advocates say, "I defend this institution because it is a good institution; the ends for which an Established Church exists are such and such, and I will show you that this Church attains those ends?" Nobody says this. Nobody has the hardihood to say it. What divine, what political speculator, who has written in defence of ecclesiastical establishments, ever defended such establishments on grounds which will support the Church of Ireland? What panegyric has ever been pronounced on the Churches of England and Scotland, which is not a satire on the Church of Ireland? What traveller comes among us who is not moved to wonder and derision by the Church of Ireland? What foreign writer on British affairs, whether European or American, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether Conservative or Liberal, whether partial to England or prejudiced against England, ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an establishment should exist among reasonable men?

And those who speak thus of this Church speak justly. Is there any thing else like it? Was there ever any thing else like it? The world is full of ecclesiastical establishments, but such a portent as this Church of Ireland is nowhere to be found. Look round the continent of Europe. Ecclesiastical establishments from the White Sea to the Mediterranean, ecclesiastical establishments from the Wolga to the Atlantic, but nowhere the Church of a small minority enjoying exclusive establishment. Look at America. There you have all forms of Christianity, from Mormonism—if you call Mormonism Christianity—to Romanism. In some places you have the voluntary system. In some, you have several religions connected with the State. In some, you have the solitary ascendancy of a single church. But, nowhere, from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn, do you find the Church of a small minority exclusively established. . . . . . In one country alone is to be seen the spectacle of a community of eight millions of human beings, with a Church which is the Church of only eight hundred thousand.

It is not necessary, on this occasion, to decide whether the arguments in favor of ecclesiastical

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establishments, or the arguments in favor of the voluntary system, be the stronger. There are weighty considerations on both sides. Balancing them as well as I can, I think that, as respects England, the preponderance is on the side of the Establishment. But, as respects Ireland, there is no balancing. All the weights are in one scale. All the arguments which incline us against the Church of England, and all the arguments which incline us in favor of the Church of England, are alike arguments against the Church of Ireland,—against the Church of the few, against the Church of the wealthy, against the Church which, reversing every principle on which a Christian Church should be founded, fills the rich with its good things, and sends the hungry empty away.

One view which has repeatedly, both in this House and out of it, been taken of the Church of Ireland, seems to deserve notice. It is admitted—as, indeed, it could not well be denied—that this Church does not perform the functions which are everywhere else expected from similar institutions,—that it does not instruct the body of the people, that it does not administer religious consolations to the body of the people. But, it is said, we must regard this Church as an aggressive Church, a proselytizing Church, a Church militant among spiritual enemies. Its office is to spread Protestantism over Munster and Connaught. . . . . . Cecil and his colleagues might naturally entertain this expectation, and might, without absurdity, make preparations for an event which they regarded as in the highest degree probable. But we, who have seen this system in full operation from the year 1560 to the year 1845, ought to have been taught better, unless, indeed, we are past all teaching. Two hundred and eighty-five years has this Church been at work. What could have been done for it in the way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done? Did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive so much for doing so little? Nay, did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? Where you were one hundred years ago, where you were two hundred years ago, there you are still,—not victorious over the domain of the old faith, but painfully, and with dubious success, defending your own frontier, your own English pale. Sometimes a deserter leaves you. Sometimes a deserter steals over to you. Whether your gains or losses of this sort be the greater, I do not know, nor is it worth while to inquire. On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, the zealous Protestants on the other side of the House. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic, I could easily account for the phenomena. If I were a Roman Catholic, I should content myself with saying that the mighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth, according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He who in the old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts of heretic statesmen. But what is a Protestant to say? He holds that, through the whole of this long conflict, during which ten generations of men have been born and have died, reason and Scripture have been on the side of the Established Clergy. Tell us, then, what we are to say of this strange war, in which reason and Scripture, backed by wealth, by dignity, by the help of the civil power, have been found no match for oppressed and destitute error? The fuller our conviction that our doctrines are right, the fuller—if we are rational men—must be our conviction that our tactics have been wrong, and that we have been encumbering the cause which we meant to aid. . . . . And this is the fruit of three centuries of Protestant archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, and rectors. And yet, where is the wonder? Is this a miracle, that we should stand aghast at it? Not at all. It is a result which human prudence ought to have long ago foreseen, and long ago averted. It is the natural succession of effect to cause. If you do not understand it, it is because you do not understand what the nature and operation of a Church is. There are parts of the machinery of government which may be just as efficient when they are hated as when they are loved. An army, a navy, a preventive service, a police force, may do their work, whether the public feeling be with them or against them. Whether we dislike the Corn Laws or not, your custom-houses and your coast-guard keep out foreign corn. The multitude at Manchester was not the less effectually dispersed by the yeomanry, because the interference of the yeomanry excited the bitterest indignation. There the object was to produce a material effect; the material means were sufficient, and nothing more was required. But a Church exists for moral ends. A Church exists to be loved, to be reverenced, to be heard with docility, to reign in the understandings and hearts of men. A Church which is abhorred is useless, or worse than useless; and to quarter a hostile Church on a conquered people, as you would quarter a soldiery, is, therefore, the most absurd of mistakes. This mistake our ancestors committed. They posted a Church in Ireland just as they posted garrisons in Ireland. The garrisons did their work. They were disliked. But that mattered not. They had their forts and their arms, and they kept down the aboriginal race. But the Church did not do its work. For, to that work, the love and confidence of the people were essential. (Pp. 385—390.)

There is one praise to which we rather think every one will allow Mr. Macaulay to be entitled above almost every orator that ever lived—that of having managed, in an eminent degree, to solve the difficult problem of uniting the qualities of a discourse adapted to the meridian of a popular assembly (the

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most fastidious of all such assemblies listens to him with the most marked attention) with those which will make it interesting, as a speech, to all readers and for all time. The things, in fact, are to a certain extent incompatible, and have generally been in no tolerable measure combined. The more perfect the orator's skill—the more exact his adaptation to the claims of his subject and the character of his audience, the more completely his speech is evolved *ex visceribus causæ*, the feebler will be his hold on readers in general, especially when a few years have passed away, and made allusions obscure, or robbed the topics themselves of all interest. On the other hand, the more adapted his discourse to excite universal interest, and to appeal to the sympathies of after ages—the more rich in maxims of universal application, and the more adorned with beauties which cannot fade by time—the less exact will be the adjustment to the occasion and the audience. Demosthenes would probably inspire a more general interest, though less admiration of his oratorical skill, if he had more freely expatiated on such topics as Burke loved to treat, and Burke would have less moved the impatience of the House,—which, with all his vast powers, he often fairly put to flight,—had he more severely excluded the topics which will make him the delight of all posterity.

Critics have sometimes made it an objection to Mr. Macaulay's speeches that they are so carefully *elaborated*. If the objection went to show that the elaboration was of a sort at variance with simplicity and singleness of purpose; that the desire to impart intellectual gratification transcended the limits already spoken of, or seduced the orator into a pursuit of beauties which, merely amusing the imagination, had no relation to the subject in hand, and no tendency to facilitate a comprehension of it, the objection would be of force—nay, would be fatal. But this cannot, with the slightest justice, be pretended. The frequency of the imaginative element—the vivid coloring of the diction—the profuse, but ever apt examples—the peculiarities of construction,—all flow simply from the natural qualities of the intellect of the speaker, naturally exhibited; and where this is the case, it cannot be said that the speaker has trespassed on ease or nature. Elaboration within such just limits—a strenuous effort (as the wisest of men has expressed it) to "*seek out* apt words"—to discover the selectest and most forcible modes of expression—is, so far from being a reproach, one of the chief merits of a speaker. The utmost elaboration of *this* kind is pardonable enough. If a reproach at all, it is one which we are simple enough to wish that the generality of public speakers were more ambitious of incurring. Since the Prince of Orators himself always prepared with the utmost diligence for public speaking, instead of contenting himself with stumbling here and there on a casual felicity, can it be any discredit in any other to do the like? He *could* speak extemporaneously indeed, and sometimes did so; but it is on record that he never did so if he could help it. He left nothing to chance which he could secure by foresight and skill—nothing to the inspiration of the moment, which deliberate industry could secure. And, in general, such industry, let genius be what it will, secures its own recompense in this as well as in other respects—that even the so-called *inspiration* is most likely to reward with its illapse him who has been thus diligent in preparation. The most unlooked-for felicities, both of thought and expression, will, *after* such preparation, often suddenly flash into unbidden existence under the glow of actual speaking; felicities of which in the process of preparation the mind may never have caught even a glimpse. But then this happy excitement of all the faculties is only possible to the mind when prolonged preparation has suggested all the trains of thought *likely* to stimulate emotion, and has already in part stimulated it; and, above all, has insured that self-possession in the treatment of the subject without which the boasted "inspiration" never visits, or is likely to visit, the most eloquent speaker. It is preparation which piles the wood and lays the sacrifice, and then the celestial fire may perchance descend. The entire water in the vessel must have its whole temperature slowly raised to the boiling point; and then, and not till then, it "flashes into steam."

Nor is it more than an apparent objection to this that some sudden bursts of the most powerful eloquence have been *in reply*. This is quite true, though such (generally brief) speeches are not to be compared with the highest specimens of eloquence—as, for example, the speeches περὶ παραπρεσβείας, or περὶ στεφάνου. Let it be confessed, however, that some replies, strictly extemporaneous, have been among the most remarkable examples of oratorical power. It is still not to be forgotten, first, that the admiration of such efforts is generally disproportioned to their intrinsic merits, simply because they are *replies*; just as a repartee is excellent because it is a *repartee*, and would often lose all its

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brilliancy if it could be supposed premeditated. But secondly, not only do the few apparent exceptions confirm the rule, but, in fact, there are very rarely any exceptions at all. When a man *replies* to another, the very fact usually shows that he has already been studying the whole bearings of the subject; the very arguments of his opponent have given him his brief, suggested his materials, and generally even the order and method of his topics,* while, if there has been any thing of animosity between the men, the very attack itself has tended to provoke into uttermost intensity all those energetic passions which sway the intellect and the fancy at their will.

We cannot quit this subject without repeating our earnest wish that the generality of public speakers were a little more likely to incur the reproach of prolonged preparation. It would be a great saving to the public of time and patience: less would be said, and yet more; more matter in fewer words. Not, of course, that we plead for carefully written compositions, and the exact delivery thereof from memory even to the precise reproduction of every little beggarly particle and connective; nor do we plead, indeed, for written compositions at all. A servile adherence to manuscript, however pardonable or necessary it may be during early attempts and for a limited time, is not only a sure method of extinguishing all the more pointed characteristics of the vivid *spoken* style, but involves an intolerable bondage, of which a mind of great power will, at the earliest possible period, seek to rid itself. There is "a more excellent way" for the experienced speaker, or one who has tolerably advanced in the art; and it should be his early ambition ultimately to perfect himself in it. He must write indeed much at one time or another, and continue to write on some subjects or other (and that carefully) all his days, if he would attain and perpetuate that general accuracy and command of language—copious as regards the sources of diction, precise as regards the selection of terms, and closely articulated as regards construction—without which a speaker can never attain the crown of excellence. Still, though speeches need not be composed, for this we contend,—that a speaker, if he would do himself and his audience justice on any great occasion, should give himself to a preparation so prolonged (probably it would demand nearly as large expenditure of time as if every word had been written and committed to memory) that the substance and the method, the matter and order, of the thoughts shall be perfectly familiar; further, that he shall not only be in complete possession of sharply defined thoughts, and the precise order in which they shall be delivered, but that his mind shall glow with them; that he shall "muse" till "the fire burns;" till every faculty in the degree in which it may be possessed is fairly kindled. The task is not complete till not only the arguments and illustrations have been supplied to memory, but even (as will be the case in the course of such preparation) the utmost felicitous terms, the most salient phrases, have been suggested, and are vividly present; after which they will be almost sure to suggest themselves at the right moment, recalled by the matter in which they are embedded, and with which they are indissolubly connected by the laws of association. In this case the "beggarly particles," as we have called them, the "buts" and the "ands," and the "ifs," and the other connectives, as well as the little forms of construction and collocation, may be disregarded, or left to take care of themselves. They will not constitute (as in the case of exact reproduction from written composition) an oppressive burden to the memory,—producing, where the effort of memory has not been quite perfect, a feeling of constraint and frigidity in the delivery; or where it *has* been perfect, the appearance, not less undesirable, of artificiality in the composition.

Such preparation as this, we heartily wish we could trace a little more of, among our public speakers; and if it be a reproach at all, that they would graciously incur it. We should not, in that case, have to toil so wearily through arid and sterile deserts of mere verbiage. The House of Commons, in particular, would not have its invaluable time wasted in listening to negligent and pitiless diffuseness, nor the columns of the "Times" and the pages of "Hansard" so often filled with "vain repetitions." Neither would there be such sudden hurry just at the close of the session in carting the legislative harvest, which the House of Lords declares that there is no time to gather into the garner, and

* It is well observed in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*," of Mr. Disraeli, certainly one of the readiest debaters the House of Commons ever produced—"An ever-ready speaker, his premeditated orations, that is to say, those over which he has had some time—no matter how short—to ponder, are nevertheless infinitely better than those prompted by the exigency of the moment. He will sometimes from this cause reply better to the earlier part of an antagonist's argument than to its close, and his own peroration is seldom so effective as what, in dramatic language, may be called the crisis of his speech."

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leaves to rot on the ground! It cannot, we fear, be denied that there are numberless speeches of three or four columns, the whole substance of which is perfectly reproduced, and often with great accession of point and perspicuity, in the little summaries with which some of the leading newspapers give the results of a night's debate. Merciful condensations to a busy world! How little need the public envy the long sittings of their senators, able as they thus are to pluck in ten minutes the little fruit from amidst the redundant foliage of the "Collective Wisdom!"

There is one character in which, it must be confessed, Mr Macaulay has achieved less reputation than many other men in every way his inferiors; much less, we are convinced, than he might have achieved had he made it the object of his ambition,—we mean as a debater. The parliamentary duello, no doubt, when the talents for this species of contest are of the first order, has a strong tendency to bring out, in all their perfection, all the characteristics of what is then, most literally, the "wrestling style." We think that Mr. Macaulay's comparative inferiority for this sort of work is easily accounted for; partly from the character of his mind, and partly from his never having particularly aspired to success in it. To take the last first. It can hardly be doubted that with such diversified knowledge, accuracy, and promptness of memory, activity of suggestion, fertility of imagination, and imperial command of language, he might have done far more in this way, than he has ever done; since minds of far less compass and endowments than his own have, with perseverance, made themselves (even after years of comparative failure) very accomplished debaters. But it is equally evident that he has never been very solicitous of this species of reputation; and we cannot blame him. These conflicts are necessarily attended with much that is unpleasant in the acting, and when party spirit runs high, not a little that is unpleasant in retrospection. A mind that is not decidedly "combative," or that has much sense of dignity, naturally shrinks from the close encounter with individuals, and prefers the task of expounding and defending political views on general grounds, and with the least possible reference to opponents. Exciting, no doubt, is this species of intellectual gladiatorship, when private animosity, and the rivalry of ambition, sharpen political differences, and the combatants, in fierce personal grapple, shorten their swords for a death-blow. But it requires, perhaps, that a man should have a little of the savage about him, as well as many other qualities, to insure much renown in it.

But the other obstacles hinted at is not less in Mr. Macaulay's way. The disquisitory character of his intellect better loves the serener regions of politics—perhaps, we ought to say, its less turbulent regions, for which of them is serene? It is evident that he prefers, wherever it is possible, an exposition of his views unfettered by polemical considerations; and, indeed, he never contents himself with a mere running fight through the several topics of an antagonist's argument. Admirable as are many of his replies to previous speakers—and some of them are very effective specimens of debate—they have generally been delivered after a little interval for reflection, are for that reason couched in a courteous and temperate tone, and as might be expected from the qualities of mind on which we have just been insisting, abound in argument and illustration which overlap the limits of mere confutation, and show how willingly the speaker bounds away to aspects of his subject independent of party conflict. In one or two places he frankly avows (what his speeches show) how little ambitious he is of achieving only a debater's triumphs.

Though, as we have already said, we cannot doubt that a mind so richly endowed could, by sedulous practice, have obtained a much larger reputation for this species of oratory, a more than usually lengthened practice (always indeed a condition,) would probably have been necessary in his case; and that from those very characteristics of mind which fit him for a more comprehensive treatment of political questions. The more large a man's views, the more ample his stores of knowledge, the more difficult often is it to adjust himself to the rapid movements of that guerilla warfare in which debaters chiefly shine. It is a curious and true observation of one of our philosophic writers, that minds of the first order often require longer time for the acquisition of the habit of adroit adaptation to the ordinary exigences of life, than men of far inferior powers, who yet can brilliantly manœuvre their more manageable forces on a more limited field. The former are often too fastidious, too solicitous in marshalling their battalions, to do themselves extemporaneous justice. They must have their conclusions based on the most comprehensive survey, their method and argumentation without a flaw, their front and their rear alike cared for, before they will move—and while they are pausing how to effect the best disposition of their forces, the occasion, which

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demanded only a skirmish, is apt to pass away, and the light-heeled and light-armed enemy has vanished from the field.

We have, of course, looked at this volume chiefly in its oratorical character. We have done so because it was a volume of "speeches," and challenged especial notice in that respect. Nor is it necessary to dwell on Mr. Macaulay's political views, maintained thrôughout life with a very remarkable consistency; with singular moderation indeed, but also with unflinching courage and decision. They are sufficiently known; they are very definite, and have been, for the most part, those which have been maintained in this Journal, and not seldom discussed there by himself. In his speeches, in his essays, in his history, the same traits appear. Points there are of secondary importance, and one or two not secondary, in which many would contest his opinions; but on all the great occasions on which he has delivered his votes, there are now few of his countrymen who would not acknowledge that they were given on the better side. They have been identified with all the great reforms, political, social, and economical, which have signalized our epoch. Ardently attached to liberal opinions, and anxious to make them triumphant, Mr. Macaulay's zeal as a reformer has been tempered by the cautious maxims which a profound political philosophy as well as a most extensive survey of history have taught him—that reforms to be really beneficial must be temperate and timely, and that if, as in the case of the Reform Bill, they are of necessity large, because payment of long arrears has become necessary, it is in itself no matter of triumph, but a thing to be deeply deplored. Distrustful of all theories which cannot plainly appeal to the analogies and experience of the past and safely link that past to the present—distrustful of all changes which threaten to dissolve the continuity of political habit, feeling, and association—he has never denounced the rankest abuses that ever demanded reform more vividly than the perilous and visionary schemes of democratic fanaticism. Heartily despising the pedantry of political philosophy, his speeches, (as well as his other productions) are everywhere deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of that philosophy. In the practical application of the abstract principles of politics, he constantly bears in mind, with Bacon and Burke, that the political art is necessarily akin to grafting rather than planting; that its task is to enlarge, repair, and beautify the old rather than build anew; to modify conditions always given rather than to create them. Zealous as Mr. Macaulay was for Reform, the whole series of splendid speeches on that subject everywhere show that he was chiefly anxious for it that it might avert (as it *did* avert) Revolution. They abound with striking commentary, enforced by the most enlightened appeals to historical induction, on that saying of our "greatest" and "wisest,"—"Morosa morum retentio res turbulenta est, æque ac novitas." Nowhere are the great lessons of this cautious practical philosophy—which seeks to maintain the equipoise between ardent aspirations for improvement and just reverence for antiquity, more powerfully taught or more felicitously illustrated than in these speeches on Reform, which we recommend, no less for their wisdom than their eloquence, to the attention of our youthful countrymen. So long as the principles they unfold animate Englishmen, the progress of the nation will be steady and safe; there will be no fear lest the continuity of love and veneration for institutions should be dissolved; that love and veneration which are as essential to the stability of laws as intrinsic excellence in the laws; the presence of which will often make the worst polities strong, and the absence of which must leave the best weak.

We must not close this article without paying a tribute to the transparent honesty and independence which have ever characterized Mr. Macaulay's political career both in Parliament and at the hustings. However moderate in his views, they have been most decidedly expressed: in entire independence alike of party and faction, of court or commons, of aristocrat or democrat. With his constituents, he has been sometimes charged with being too *brusque;* but amidst the numerous examples of servility at the hustings, the failing is one which Englishmen may readily forgive. His independent conduct in his relations with his constituents, is well worthy of imitation; and we question whether since Burke delivered his celebrated speech at Bristol, any one has ever more unflinchingly and thoroughly carried out its maxims. He has said his say to his constituents on the most critical occasions in the most downright way. He has been the very Coriolanus of the hustings. He has abated nothing, disguised nothing. Though for a short time banished from Edinburgh, the result showed that his constituents could appreciate the independence and self-respect of one who, though deeply sensible of the honor of a seat in Parliament, could not compromise anything to gain it; and his unsolicited reelection by that great constituency was equally honorable to him and to themselves.

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From Chambers's Journal.

REMARKABLE NAVAL DUELS.

Although it is by no means unfrequent, during a war between great naval powers, for actions *à l'outrance* to be fought by well-matched single ships, it is very rare for a similar engagement to occur in consequence of a special mutual agreement to fight—in other words, for two ships of presumably equal force to strive for victory, expressly in consequence of a challenge having been sent by the captain of the one, and accepted by the captain of the other. Such an affair is something very different from ordinary casual meetings of hostile vessels, and is literally a *ship-duel.* Only two notable engagements of this description, to the best of our knowledge, have occurred within the last sixty years. In both cases, English captains were the challengers—their antagonists being respectively French and American. For our own part, we are as much interested by a spirited narrative of a well-fought single ship action, as by one of a regular battle on a grand scale between large fleets. Take up any popular account of the battle of St. Vincent, or the Nile, or Trafalgar, and—unless you happen to be a professional man, well read in John Clerk of Eldin's *Naval Tactics*, and able to appreciate and criticise every manœuvre—the probability is, that long ere the engagement is brought to a triumphant conclusion, you grow rather confused, and finally lay down the book with a hazy sort of conception that it was a very gallant and terrible battle, won by British skill and valor—and that is all you know and understand. But in reading about a single ship-action you can concentrate your attention better; and although you may hardly know the jib-boom from the spanker boom, you can form a tolerably correct idea of the progress of the fight, and of the effect of each change of position, and the material damage and loss on the part of the respective ships. Our limits will permit us to give only brief and condensed sketches of the remarkable actions we propose to cite, and which we will preface by a few general remarks.

In all naval battles, and especially in actions between single ships, it has ever been held a considerable advantage to obtain the weather-gage at the commencement, and, if possible, to retain it throughout the engagement. Of course this is by no means so important where steamships of war are engaged, as they can change their positions at pleasure; but no ranged battle has, up to this period, occurred between steamers, although it is highly probable that we shall hear of several during the present war. The advantages of securing the weather-gage—that is, being to windward of the antagonist—are various. It enables a ship of good sailing qualities to defer engaging, or to bear plump down on the enemy at once, at option. Moreover, if the enemy discharge their broadsides at a medium range, the weather-ship's side is less exposed, while the leeward-ship's side is more exposed to shot than would be the case were they respectively in any other position; and should they go about on a fresh tack, the shot-holes of the former will be clear of the water, while those of the latter will possibly prove dangerous leaks. Again, the windward-ship can bear up and *rake*—that is, stand athwart the bow or stern of her adversary, and discharge in succession all the broadside-guns, so as to sweep the upper-deck from end to end, or desperately damage the stern, the weakest portion of a ship. As soon as hostile vessels come in sight of each other, the drum beats to quarters, and the crew prepare for action. The tackles of the guns are overhauled; the tompions withdrawn; shot of all descriptions placed ready for use; and the magazines opened by the gunner and his crew, who make ready to serve out cartridges. The carpenter prepares his plugs for shot-holes, and his fishes for wounded spars, rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, &c.; the bulkheads are knocked down, or triced up to the beams, as the case may be; the great cabins are unceremoniously cleared of the officer's furniture, &c.; and every deck, fore and aft, is put in fighting order. The surgeons dispossess the midshipmen of the cockpit, and the erst convivial table is spread with tourniquets, forceps, plasters, and amputating in-

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struments, all in sickening array. The boarders have put on their great iron-bound caps, and have stuck pistols in their belts, and hold a keen cutlass or a glittering tomahawk in hand; the marines are drawn up on quarter-deck and poop, with ball-cartridges in their boxes; the clews of the sails have been stoppered; and, lest the ties should be shot away, the yards are slung in chains. Many other preparations are made; and in a properly disciplined ship, everything is done without confusion, and in a space of time amazingly short. Every man and boy capable of duty is at his post; and when an action is imminent, British tars on the doctor's list have frequently been known to drag their languid limbs from the sick-bay, to give what help they are able to fight Old England's battle. The spectacle of a ship cleared for action, with the crew at quarters, silent and motionless as their grim guns, is one of the most impressive in the world. It is at once terrible and strangely exciting—something never to be forgotten by whoever has witnessed it. Your blood thrills in every vein, and your heart throbs heroically as you glance along the tiers of black cannon, each with its silent crew of stalwart seamen burning for the fray. You know that at a single word from the commander of this warlike world, those silent groups will start into life and activity, and those black guns will thunder forth their iron message of death and destruction; and knowing and feeling this, you can hardly keep in the wild hurra of your country. Rely upon it, that every one of the hairy-chested fellows you see at quarters will, the moment the word to fire is given, join in a cheer shaking the very decks!

Have you heard the British cheer,
Fore and aft, fore and aft?
Have you heard the British cheer
Fore and aft?

There is nothing like it—nothing to compare to it. What are all the *vivas* or *vive l'empereurs* to the British hurra ringing through the port-holes of a three-decker?

But we must now to our special theme. Towards the end of July, 1793, the British 32-gun frigate *Boston*, Captain Courtenay, cruised off New York, on the look-out for the French 36-gun frigate *Embuscade*, Captain Bompart, a frigate which had inflicted immense loss on our commerce by capturing scores of merchant vessels. It happened that the French captain mistook the British frigate for a consort of his own, and sent his first officer in a boat with twelve men to communicate some orders, under this erroneous impression. The officer seems to have been more mistrustful, or more prudent, than his superior, for he paused on his way to question an American pilot-boat. The pilot assured him that the stranger was veritably a French ship—having really been deceived himself by a stratagem of Captain Courtenay, who caused some of his officers to talk together in French when the pilot-boat was within hearing. So the *Embuscade's* boat rowed confidently alongside the *Boston*, and, of course, the crew found themselves prisoners. Captain Courtenay told the captured lieutenant, that he particularly wished to fight the *Embuscade*, and would challenge her captain to exchange broadsides. The lieutenant replied, that the *Embuscade* would accept the challenge, if he was allowed to write to Captain Bompart by the pilot-boat. To this proposal, the British captain assented, and sent his challenge also by a verbal message, to be delivered by the pilot. The latter, however, scrupled to deliver it, but had a written copy forthwith posted in a coffee-house of the city; and thus it soon reached Captain Bompart, who promptly accepted the cartel, and put to sea. Early on the morning of the 31st, the antagonists met, and the battle commenced soon after 5 A.M. The British captain and his lieutenant of marines were killed by the same cannon-ball, about 6 A.M.; and the two lieutenants of the frigate were sent below severely wounded. One of them came up again when a little recovered, and gallantly continued to fight the ship, which, by 7 A.M., was so disabled, as to be glad to stand away before the wind, while the *Embuscade*, nearly as crippled, stood after her for a few miles, and then put about to the eastward. The result was a drawn battle, gallantly fought on both sides. The *Boston* had only about 200 men and boys on board at the time, and of these she lost 10 killed and 24 wounded. The *Embuscade* had a crew of fully 300, and is said to have lost 50 killed and wounded. The king granted a pension of £500 to Captain Courtenay's widow, and £50 pension to each of his children.

The other frigate-action, resulting from a challenge, is one of the most deservedly celebrated affairs in the annals of the navy. Soon after the commencement of the war with the United States in 1812, the Americans successively captured the British frigates *Guerrière*, *Macedonian*, and *Java*. Each of these vessels was taken in single action by American frigates—so named and classed,

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but in reality almost line-of-battle ships, as regards scantling and complement; or, as seamen said at that time, *sixty-fours in disguise.* All the British ships fought most gallantly, and surrendered only after a frightful loss of men, and when their shattered hulls were totally helpless and unmanageable. We need not hesitate to say, indeed, that the defence of the three British frigates against greatly superior antagonists, was at least as honorable to them as the victory to the Americans. But their capture caused unparalleled excitement both in Great Britain and in America. The public did not then know how deadly the odds had been: all they understood was, that three British frigates had, in rapid succession, been taken by American *frigates;* and they were ready to exclaim, that the prestige of British invincibility at sea was gone for ever: and that the vigorous young navy of the United States was more than a match for the veteran navy of Old England. It was obvious that something must be done to turn the scale in our favor, and that something was promptly done in a brilliant style. Among the many brave and able frigate commanders who burned to retrieve the British name, was Captain P. B. V. Broke, of the *Shannon*, 38-gun frigate—a ship thoroughly well disciplined, and in good fighting-trim. In April, he cruised off Boston in company with his consort, the *Tenedos* frigate, Captain Parker, watching the American frigates lying in that port. Two of them, the *Congress* and *President*, managed to put to sea unintercepted; but the *Constitution* and the *Chesapeake* yet remained. The former was under repairs, but the latter was nearly ready for sea. Captain Broke sent away the *Tenedos* to cruise elsewhere for a season, in order that the American should have fair play in the contest he meditated; and then he sent in repeated verbal challenges to Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* to meet him. Finally, he dispatched a letter of challenge, a full copy of which we have in one of the two accounts of the affair lying before us, but it is much too long to quote entire. Suffice it, that after requesting Captain Lawrence to meet him to fight for the honor of their respective flags, he gives a faithful account of the armament and complement of his own ship, and names a rendezvous for the fight; or offers to sail in company with the *Chesapeake*, under a flag of truce, to any place Captain Lawrence thinks safest from interruption from British cruisers! He concludes his chivalrous challenge with the following magnanimous passage:—"You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the *Chesapeake* without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in a case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity, to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combat* that your little navy can now hope to console *your* country for the loss of trade that it cannot protect. Favor me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here." A more extraordinary and manly letter never was written. It does honor alike to the head and the heart of the writer. On 1st June it was given to Captain Slocum, a released prisoner, to deliver; and the *Shannon* then stood in close to Boston, to await the result. About noon that day, the *Chesapeake* fired a gun, and set her sails. She was coming out to fight at last! not, however, in consequence of the letter, for Slocum was slow in coming, and had not yet delivered it, but undoubtedly in consequence of the verbal challenges. She was accompanied by numerous pleasure-boats, filled with people eager to see the affair at a safe distance, and flushed with anticipations of success. This, indeed, was thought to be sure, that a grand dinner is said to have been prepared at Boston, to welcome the officers of the *Chesapeake* on their expected return with the British frigate as a prize.

A word as to the comparative powers of the antagonists. The *Chesapeake* rated as a 36-gun frigate, but mounted 25 on a broadside, discharging 590 pounds metal. Her tonnage was 1135; and her crew—all very fine men—was 381 men and 5 boys, as sworn to by her surviving commanding-officer. The *Shannon's* broadside-guns were also 25, and the weight of metal discharged by them, 538 pounds: the crew, as stated by Captain Broke himself, consisted of "300 men and boys—a large proportion of the latter—besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately." Her tonnage was 1066. Thus we see that

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in tonnage, weight of metal, and number of crew, the *Chesapeake* had the advantage. Nevertheless, we may term it a very fair match, all things considered—and now for the result. After some preliminary manœuvring, the two frigates closed at about six leagues' distance from Boston—the *Chesapeake* having a large white flag flying at the fore, inscribed with the words, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade!" The crew of the *Shannon* greeted this extraordinary symbol with three hearty cheers. We shall not detail the fight itself, beyond saying that the *Shannon* opened a tremendous fire from her double-shotted guns; and the ships having come in contact, Captain Broke, eleven minutes after the engagement commenced, boarded the *Chesapeake* with only a score of his men, and in four minutes completely carried the ship. From the time the first gun was fired to the hauling down of the American colors and the hoisting of the British in their place, only fifteen minutes elapsed! Just in the moment of victory, Captain Broke was treacherously assailed and severely wounded by three Americans who had previously submitted, and then resumed their arms. Poor Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* was mortally wounded. He was a gallant officer, and his death was sincerely lamented by his generous-minded conqueror. Many acts of great individual heroism occurred; and brief as was the battle, we may form some idea of the desperate valor displayed on *both* sides, from the heavy loss of life mutually sustained. The *Shannon* has 24 killed, including her first-lieutenant, and 59 wounded. The *Chesapeake* had, according to the American official account, 47 killed and 99 wounded—14 mortally; but her own surgeon estimated the total killed and wounded at 160 to 170. We believe that such a frightful loss—in the two frigates, 71 killed and nearly 200 wounded—hardly ever before occurred in so brief an engagement. Some of the *English* seamen serving on board the *Chesapeake* leaped overboard when Captain Broke boarded her. Poor conscience-stricken traitors! they could not bear to fight hand-to-hand against their own countrymen. One of them, John Waters, was a fine young fellow, who had deserted from the *Shannon* only a few months before. Thirty-two English seamen were serving in the American frigate. What must their feelings have been during the engagement? One circumstance deserves notice: no less than 360 pair of handcuffs were found stowed in a cask in the *Chesapeake*. They were intended for the crew of the *Shannon!* How the men of the latter ship must have grinned when they put them —for such is the custom—on the wrists of the *Chesapeakes* own crew! The *Shannon* and her prize—neither of the vessels materially injured—safely reached Halifax, where poor Captain Lawrence died of his wound, and was buried with full military honors, all the captains in the port following his remains. We have now only to add, that Captain Broke was very deservedly rewarded with a baronetcy, and other honors; that two of his lieutenants were made commanders; and that two of his midshipmen, who had peculiarly distinguished themselves, were promoted to the rank of lieutenants. Take it for all in all, the duel of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* is one of the most extraordinary on record.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE LAST TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

The scepticism which arose and prevailed so largely in the eighteenth century, had at least one excellent effect—that of uprooting a multitude of popular superstitions, among which, one of the most formidable was the belief in witchcraft. It may not perhaps be generally remembered, that at the time when Steele and Addison were writing the "Spectator," witchcraft was still a capital offence, and that persons accused of it had suffered the penalty of death not many years before. It was in 1691 that Mr. Justice Holt put the first serious check upon prosecutions of this sort in the courts of justice; but we nevertheless find him at Exeter five years later, presiding at the trial of one Elizabeth Horner, who was

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charged with "bewitching three children of William Bovet, one of whom was dead." Mrs. Horner was acquitted; and it was afterwards remarked by the good Dr. Hutchinson, that "no inconvenience hath followed her acquittal." Later than this, however, that is to say, in the year 1712, a poor woman in Hertfordshire was tried, and actually "found guilty," upon an indictment charging her with "conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat"—a form of accusation which certainly threw ridicule over the whole proceeding; but, in conformity with the verdict, the judge was nevertheless obliged to sentence the prisoner to be hanged, and was able to save her only through the intervention of a "pardon," which he subsequently obtained in her behalf. As it may serve to give us a glimpse into the condition of rural England nearly a century and a half ago, when the schoolmaster was less abroad than he even is at present, it is here proposed to relate the story of this last of the witchcraft prosecutions. The particulars are drawn from Mr. Wright's lately published "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," a work well worthy of perusal by such as may be curious respecting the history of popular delusions.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1712 aforesaid, there was living at Walkern, in the county of Hertford, a poor woman of the name of Jane Wenham. It is not clear whether she was an old woman or a young one, or a woman of middle age, but in all probability she was "growing into years;" and, being not exactly a person of amiable temper, she had, for that and other reasons, come to be regarded by her neighbors as a witch. When the horses or cattle of the farmers in the parish chanced to die, the ignorant, stupid people ascribed their losses to Jenny Wenham's sorcery. This was particularly the case with a farmer named Chapman, one of whose laborers, Matthew Gilson, told him a strange sort of story, which seemed to imply that he (Matthew) had been wonderously bewitched himself. This man was subsequently examined before the magistrates, and he then made a curious deposition. He declared "that on New-year's day last past, he, carrying straw upon a fork from Mrs. Gardner's barn, met Jane Wenham, who asked him for some straw, which he refused to give her; then she said she would take some, and accordingly took some away from informant. And, further, this informant saith, that on the 29th of January last, when this informant was threshing in the barn of his master John Chapman, an old woman in a riding-hood or cloak, he knows not which, came to the barn door, and asked him for a pennyworth of straw; he told her he could give her none, and she went away muttering. And this informant saith, that after the woman was gone he was not able to work, but ran out of the barn as far as a place called Munder's hill (which was above three miles from Walkern), and asked at a house there for a pennyworth of straw, and they refused to give him any; he went further to some dung heaps, and took some straw from thence, and pulled off his shirt, and brought it home in his shirt; he knows not what moved him to this, but says he was forced to do it he knows not how." A part of this singular statement was corroborated by another witness, who declared that he saw Matthew Gilson returning with the straw in his shirt; that he moved along at a great pace; and that, instead of passing over a bridge, he walked straight through the water.

On hearing the story, John Chapman felt confirmed in the suspicions which he entertained against Mrs. Wenham; and on meeting her one day shortly afterwards, he ventured to tell her a bit of his mind, applying to her at the same time several offensive epithets, whereof that of "witch" was one of the mildest and least opprobrious. It would seem however, that he rather "caught a Tartar;" for on the 9th of February, Jane Wenham went to Sir Henry Chauncey, a magistrate, and obtained a warrant against Chapman for defamation. In the sequel, the quarrel between Mrs. Wenham and the farmer was referred to the decision of the parish Clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who, in settling the matter, appears to have spoken somewhat harshly to the woman, advising her to live more peaceably with her neighbors, but nevertheless condemning Chapman to pay her one shilling as a compensation for the injury sustained through his abuse.

Here it might have been hoped the business would have ended. But Mr. Gardiner, though a clergyman, was as firm a believer in witchcraft as farmer Chapman; and presently a circumstance transpired which led him to suppose that the old woman was dissatisfied with the kind of justice he had given her, and that, therefore, by way of vengeance, she had determined to perform a stroke of witchcraft in his household. His judgment had been delivered in the parsonage-house kitchen, in the presence of Anne Thorn, a servant maid, who was sitting by the fire, having the evening before "put her knee out,"

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and had just then got it set. Jane Wenham and Chapman being gone, Mr. Gardiner had returned into the parlor to his wife, in company with a neighbor of the name of Bragge. These three persons, according to their several depositions, had not been seated together more than six or seven minutes, when they heard "a strange yelling noise in the kitchen;" and on Mr. Gardiner going out to see what was the matter, he "found this Anne Thorn stripped to her shirt sleeves, howling and wringing her hands in a dismal manner," but quite incapable of uttering any thing articulately. The reverend gentleman called aloud for Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. Bragge, who thereupon sprang up and followed him. Mrs. Gardiner, with a woman's impatience to solve a mystery, asked the girl what was the matter with her; and the latter, "not being able to speak," pointed earnestly at a bundle which lay upon the floor, and which her mistress thereupon took up, and unpinned, and "found it to be the girl's own gown and apron, and a parcel of oaken twigs with dead leaves wrapped up therein." As soon as the bundle was opened, Anne Thorn began to speak, crying out, "I'm ruined and undone;" and after she had a little recovered herself, she gave the following relation of what had happened to her. She said, when she was left alone she found "a strange roaming in her hand"—what this might signify we cannot exactly understand—however, she went on to say, that "her mind ran upon Jane Wenham, and she thought she must run some whither; that accordingly she ran up the close, but looked back several times at the house, thinking she should never see it more; that she climbed over a five-bar gate, and ran along the highway up a hill; that there she met two of John Chapman's men, one of whom took hold of her hand, saying she should go with them; but she was forced away from them not being able to speak, either to them or to one Daniel Chapman, whom, she said, she met on horseback, and would fain have spoken to him, but could not; then she made her way towards Cromer, as far as a place called Hockney-lane, where she looked behind her, and saw a little old woman muffled up in a riding-hood, who asked her whither she was going. She answered, to Cromer to fetch some sticks to make her fire; the old woman told her there were now no sticks at Cromer, and bade her go to that oak tree and pluck some from thence, which she did, and laid them upon the ground. The old woman bade her pull off her gown and apron, and wrap the sticks in them, and asked her whether she had e'er a pin. Upon her answering she had none, the old woman gave her a large crooked pin, bade her pin up the bundle, and then vanished away; after which she ran home with her bundle of sticks, and sat down in the kitchen stripped as Mr. Gardiner found her."

On hearing the girl's relation, all parties were sufficiently astonished and perplexed; Mrs. Gardiner, however, exclaimed, "We will burn the witch"—alluding to a received notion, that when the thing bewitched was burned, the witch was certain to appear; and accordingly she took the twigs, together with the pin, and threw them into the fire. By a singular coincidence, Jane Wenham immediately came into the room, pretending, it is said, to inquire after Anne Thorn's mother, and "saying she had an errand to do to her from Ardley Bury (Sir Henry Chauncey's house), to wit, that she must go thither to wash next day." Now, according to the depositions of the prosecutors, "this mother Thorn had been in the house all the time that Jane Wenham was there with John Chapman, and heard nothing of it, and was then gone home." Of course it was very likely that Jane Wenham might have forgotten to mention the message, owing to the excitement she was in through her unpleasant affair with Chapman; at any rate, no such charitable excuse was thought of by the wonderfully shrewd people who had her case to deal with. On hearing her statement, "Mrs. Gardiner bade Jane Wenham go to Elizabeth Thorn, and tell her there was work enough for her there"—meaning, that she would be required to nurse her daughter Anne—and thereupon the supposed witch departed. Furthermore, the depositions say, that "upon inquiry made afterwards, it was found that she never was ordered to deliver any such errand from Ardley Bury; and so there seemed to be but one reasonable inference left, namely, that Jane Wenham, being a witch, her presence in Mr. Gardiner's kitchen had been mysteriously enforced by the burning of the twigs and pin aforesaid!

Here, at any rate, was an excellent groundwork for a charge of witchcraft. Chapman's two men, and the horsemen, deposed to meeting Anne Thorn on the road, as she related; and others of Mrs. Wenham's enemies came forward to testify that several people had previously been bewitched by her. The clergyman was eager to promote the prosecution; and on his solicitation a warrant was obtained from Sir Henry Chauncey for the woman's apprehension. The examinations were taken

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in due form before Sir Henry at Ardley Bury, and he directed four women to search Jane Wenham's person for the customary "witches marks," but none, it seems, were found. Next day, however, the examination was continued, and the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner was taken, affirming the particulars already mentioned. Jane Wenham perceived that the accusation was assuming a formidable appearance, and in her dread of being sent to goal, she earnestly entreated Mrs. Gardiner "not to swear against her," and offered to submit to the "trial of swimming in the water"—a common mode of testing the guilt of suspected witches. Sir Henry, who seems to have yielded to most of the prejudices of the prosecutors, refused to allow of such a mode of trial. But there was another clergyman, the vicar of Ardley, no less superstitious than the rector of Walkern, who undertook to try her by a still more infallible method, that of repeating the Lord's prayer, a thing which no witch was considered capable of doing. Being submitted to this ordeal, the poor woman, either in her confusion, or through lamentable ignorance, repeated it incorrectly, and hence another proof was obtained in support of the charge against her. The parson, moreover, so frightened her by threats as to induce her to confess that she actually *was* a witch, and further, to accuse three other women of Walkern with being her confederates in unlawful practices, and more especially with having a direct intercourse with Satan.

The prosecution seemed now in a fair way of prospering; and accordingly Jane Wenham was committed to prison to take her trial at the assizes. On the 4th of March the case came on for hearing before Mr. Justice Powell, who was not a little puzzled how to deal with it; for there had been no trial of the kind for several years past, and intelligent people had long been sneering at witchcrafts as a ridiculous incredibility. The lawyers refused to draw up the indictment for any other charge than that of "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," as stated at the commencement of the present paper. However, no less than sixteen witnesses, three of them being clergymen, were heard against the prisoner, and all the absurdities before set forth were solemnly recapitulated and affirmed. The poor woman declared her innocence, and the judge did what he could to damage the proceedings. Nevertheless, a Hertfordshire jury found her "guilty;" and Mr. Justice Powell had to put on the black cap and pronounce sentence of death according to the statute for such cases made and provided. He certainly never intended that the sentence should be executed, but that being the legal penalty for proving witchcraft, he had no alternative but to go through the formality. A pardon was subsequently obtained, and the poor woman was set at liberty, much to the horror of her superstitious persecutors. To save her from any further ill-treatment or annoyance, an enlightened and kind gentleman, Colonel Plummer, of Gilston, took her under his protection, placing her in a cottage on his own estate, where, it is agreeable to learn, she "passed the rest of her life in a quiet, inoffensive manner."

Such, reader, is as faithful an account as we can give you of the last trial for witchcraft. It is, perhaps, a story which would scarcely be worth the telling, were it not in some sort calculated to show us the harassing and dangerous persecutions to which the poor and neglected were in former days liable. Whatever may be the difficulties and disasters of the present time, there is certainly ground for congratulation in the fact, that no one can now become the victim of any such ridiculous accusation. Witchcraft has long been an obsolete delusion. One of the most important results of the trial here in question, was the publication, two or three years afterwards, of the famous "Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," by the king's chaplain in ordinary, Dr. Francis Hutchinson —a book which gave the last blow to the declining superstition; from that time the belief in witchcraft lingered only among the most ignorant portions of the population; and now at last there seems reason to conclude that it is pretty well extinguished. As in any shin-bone of prediluvian creatures the geologist and man of science finds an interest, and derives from it some hint of the condition of the world when the animal it belonged to was alive, so may the historian of progress not idly or unfitly gather here and there some figment of departed error, and bring it forth in proof, that while, "the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change," the states and prospects of humanity are in some particulars ameliorated, and that, as folly dies, the forms of truth appear, with mercy and advancement in their hands.

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From Tait's Magazine.

THE PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS OF PARIS.

The ears of a stranger in a French town, whether it be Paris or any small town or city of the departments, will be assailed from time to time by a shrill, piercing and unintelligible cry. The syllables "*V'la l'vitri-i-i*," pronounced in a kind of screaming falsetto, strike upon his typanum, but carry no signification with them, until, upon inquiry, he learns that this singular utterance announces the arrival of the travelling glazier, and his anxiety for employment. This peripatetic tradesman has nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. He wears the universal blouse of the Gallic workman, and the long loose trowsers, splashed with mud, peculiar to the class. Upon his head is a close-fitting cap with a small leather eye-shade, and strapped to his back he carries a rudely-constructed wooden frame stocked with squares of glass of various size and quality. Add to this a stout staff in his hand, and you have a good idea of his outer man. So soon as his squealing voice is heard in the neighborhood, the inhabitants begin to examine their cracked and broken windows, and to meditate repair, especially if cold weather is coming on. He will obviate in a few minutes the damage done by wind or hail or the awkwardness of a servant — three ruinous and destructive plagues. His opportune intervention may perhaps save you from cold, catarrh, rheumatism or sometimes worse.

It is easy to see by his black hair and dark brown complexion that the travelling glazier is not a northern by birth: he is, in fact, a Piedmontese, or a Limousin, or a native of some one of the southern districts of France.

He has listened to the narrative of some traveller to whom his old mother has offered the shelter of the paternal cabin, who has told how, having adopted the trade of a travelling glazier, he has wandered through the world, contemplated its wonders, and, at the same time, amassed a capital, which it is his intention to augment by a new trip. Then the ambition of the young peasant has been aroused; he dreams of broken windows and the glories of the empire; he sees himself already on the road to Paris and to fortune, and, in his enthusiasm, he cries out with Correggio—not "I also am a painter," but "I also am a travelling glazier"—and he sets forth upon his travels under the conduct of an experienced compatriot and friend.

His ignorance of the language and customs of the north is at first a great obstacle to the success of the young exile. He finds a difficulty in exchanging the broad and sonorous dialect of the south for the mute vowels and elided syllables of the French tongue; nevertheless, in time he contrives for himself a jargon tolerably intelligible—begins as soon as he can to work on his own account, and goes screaming along the highway, with his nose in the air, and his eyes directed towards the windows, "V'là l'vitri-i-i!"

It requires no great capital to set him up in trade. The whole expense of his outfit, including diamond, glass, glass frame, hammer, and putty knives, does not much exceed thirty francs. The emoluments of his profession are computed to average about two shillings a day; at favorable seasons, when the housekeepers are bent upon stopping out the weather in order to make all snug for the winter, he gains much more than double that sum; but then in the height of summer he has but little to do, and must live upon his savings. But he is sober, careful and frugal: his association with the dwellers in cities has not eradicated from his memory the simple and pious precepts of his parents, and thus he preserves his integrity, his abstinent and temperate habits, and the sentiments of religion. He generally resides with one of his fellow-countrymen, and hires a part of a chamber situated outside the barriers, or in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert. The wife of one of them manages the domestic affairs, and stews the rice, the meat and potatoes, which each one buys in his turn; three or four pounds of leg of beef will suffice for the meals of a whole week; and if a grocer has a cask or bag of damaged rice to dispose of, he finds customers for it among the travelling glaziers.

At the end of some few years' wandering the travelling glazier is sure to be over-

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taken by the home sickness, under the influence of which he directs his steps towards his native soil. Arrived at home he hunts up his old sweetheart, marries, and, after the repose of a few months, starts upon a new campaign in order to earn a patrimony for his future posterity. He carries on these expeditions from time to time until his limbs, palsied by age, refuse their office.

The travelling glazier is the humblest of all the members of the great family of painters and glaziers. When a painter and glazier has an important commission to execute, he will sometimes engage a number of the travelling glaziers in his service. On the other hand, there are many working painters who, in the winter, when there is no painting to be done, shoulder their glass frames and sally forth as travelling glaziers. Notwithstanding this mutual exchange of position, and in spite of relationship between them, the working painters and glaziers form two distinct classes, the former of which is divided into an infinite number of different callings.

We know that the inhabitants of the East Indies have been from time immemorial, and still are, divided into numerous castes—bramahs, rajahs, saaners, chetties, &c., &c.,—each one having his function rigorously determined. An unfortunate European is therefore condemned to entertain an army of domestics. The Bengalee who blacks the boots will never consent to handle a broom, and the valet who brushes your coat would submit to be thrown headlong into the Ganges, rather than lend a hand to the bearer who carries your palanquin. It is just the same in the large painting and glazing establishments; a multitude of workmen, under the direction of supervisors, are charged each with a single special function.

There is the painter of rough work, who daubs the walls, the staircases, the wainscotting, and panelling; there is the ornamental painter, who does the signs of the King's Head, the Gray Goose, or Napoleon the Great, as well as imitation statues and foliage; there is the letterer, who does inscriptions and designations of all sorts; and there is the decorative painter, who counterfeits, by skilful combinations of color, the substance of marble, or porphyry, or jasper, or the grain and veins of oak, walnut, Spanish mahogany, or acacia, or, indeed, any wood that grows. Besides these there are a multitude of other exclusive laborers, whose special duties none but a person initiated into the mysteries of the trade could possibly recount. A proprietor who gives orders for the restoration of a dilapidated apartment is astonished at the legion of workmen who defile before him and take possession of his house. Jean gives the first coat in dead color, and stops because the second coat in oil is no part of his business. Peter paints the sash of a window and leaves the east wind blowing into the room until it shall please Matthew to come and repair the glass which he has broken. Jacques gives the cornice a coat and then gives himself a holiday, while Henri consents in his turn to do a like office for the doors.

The consequence of all this is, that when the bill is presented for payment, the account is altogether beyond your comprehension. The long columns of items couched in technical language defy your skill and penetration; and the sum total, which is far more than you expected, has to be added to the ravages which the painter's workmen have been able to effect in your cellar and kitchen, with the connivance of the chambermaids, to whom they are in the habit of paying assiduous and by no means disinterested attentions. They are notoriously fond of pleasure, and as idleness is one of their chief delights, their grand study is to labor as little as possible; every now and then they are off for the purpose of diversion or refreshment at a coffee shop or a billiard table, and they will smoke with a pertinacity and nonchalance perfectly oriental.

It is in the absence of the master of the house, and when they have no one to overlook their proceedings but his wife or housekeeper, that the working painters indulge their laziness to the most scandalous extent; they sprawl about upon their steps and ladders in theatrical attitudes, giving now and then a dab or two with the brush—and not content with obtaining refreshments by wheedling the nursemaid, they will lay snares for the mistress herself.

"What an insupportable smell of paint!" says the good lady, as she enters the room; "is there no means of getting rid of it?"

"Certainly, madam, nothing is more easy," replies the foreman. "How do you generally purify the air of your chamber when it is vitiated?"

"Well, I generally burn a little sugar upon the shovel."

"Perfectly right, madam, but that would not be sufficient in this case. To banish this smell of paint, and at the same time to make the colors dry with brilliancy, we make use of a very simple and economical procedure: we take a pint of Cogniac brandy of the very best quality, we mix with it sugar and the juice of a few lemons, with a proper

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quantity of boiling water, and we put them to simmer on the top of a stove in the middle of the room, the doors and windows of which must be kept carefully shut: the alcoholic vapors disengaged by this process possess the qualities both of a mordant and and a dessiccative, and in a very short time the smell of the paint is no longer perceptible, and the most agreeable odors prevail instead."

If the good lady of the house is struck with the force of this reasoning, she immediately provides the necessary materials, and in a few minutes the workmen, having, according to the recipe, hermetically closed the doors, are grouped comfortably round a capital bowl of punch, and warming their stomachs at the expense of the too credulous hostess.

There is another mode of employing the mordant virtue of alcoholic vapors. A painter's workman will pretend that the mirrors of an apartment have lost their lustre, and that it is indispensable that they be properly polished; in order to this, he demands a bumper of brandy, which he drinks, a sip at a time, tarnishing the mirror at intervals with his breath, and then wiping it with a cloth.

Before entering into the jovial, indolent, and gambling community of working painters, the candidate must undergo an apprenticeship of from three to five years. The young man who has submitted to this ceremony, gains at first two francs and a half or three francs a day; if he have a respectable exterior, and if his chin be sufficiently garnished, he boldly puts in his claim to be considered and paid as an accomplished workman, and backed by the suffrages of his companions, he soon gains the four francs a day, the established wages of able journeymen painters. From beginning to the end of his career he is dressed in a blue blouse, dirty, stained, speckled, veined, and spotted all over like the skin of a leopard. A Greek, helmet-shaped cap has replaced the old one of painted paper which he wore during apprenticeship; but he patronizes a pair of dilapidated and patched pantaloons, in which he struts about like the ragged hero of a bombastic farce, and his feet are protected —to use his own expression—by "*stove pipes which snuff up the dust of the gutters*."

If you have a desire to become better acquainted with the journeymen painters of Paris, you must betake yourself to the Place du Chatelet on any week day from five to seven o'clock in the evening—or on Sunday from twelve to two o'clock. The first assembly, which goes by the name of the *Corner*, is a daily gathering of the workmen out of employment; the second, which is called the *Chapel*, is devoted to the discussion of the interests of the fraternity. These reunions have occasionally been proscribed by the police on the ground that they served for the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines; but, from the known character of the journeymen painters, we are led to doubt very much the truth of such allegations; this class of workmen being much more given to the charms of the bottle than to questions of social philosophy, and much more liable to transgress the laws of temperance than those for the maintenance of public order.

Nevertheless, the journeymen painters and glaziers have a private and special motive for taking part in all public outbreaks, because, on such occasions, they have an opportunity of giving a fillip to business by breaking windows without the danger of being called upon to pay for them. It is said that, on such occasions, they are found, together with their friends, the ambulatory glaziers, in great numbers in the middle of the crowd: their only weapons are pebbles, and in discharging them against the municipal forces, they invariably contrive to break the neighbors' glass.

When the journeyman painter is fortunate and provident enough to save a little money, he takes to himself a wife, and opens shop as a painter and glazier. He crams his "little box," as his shop is derisively called by the great men of the profession, with all the outward and visible signs of a large business. Pictures, prints, statues, and decorative ornaments attract the eyes of the public, whom he boldly invites to avail themselves of his well-known skill in all the departments of the profession.

Have you any broken windows to repair, any rooms to paper, any furniture to clean, any frames to gild, any floors to polish, any pictures to frame or to re-varnish—the painter and glazier is ready; he will perform any of these offices for you at a moderate price. Nay, ask him to paint your portrait, and he will incontinently arm himself with the palette and colors of the artist, and make an attempt upon your face; he prefers, however, painting a tradesman's sign to painting his face. He is at home with the Black Bull, the Golden Lion, the White Horse, or the Tomb of Saint Helena, and nothing pleases him better than to have a *carte blanche* given him for the decoration and

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embellishment of a suburban café or tavern. To say the simple truth, he is often a man of real talent, not to say genius, who was born with a natural taste for the arts: he gave, perhaps, early indications of his vocation by his sketches with charcoal upon the walls of his paternal dwelling, but having no resources to draw upon for subsistence during the necessary studies of years, he has fallen from the category of artists to that of artizans. Who can tell what intellects are thus lost and buried for ever, from the want of the necessary education to draw them forth?

It is to the existence of a large amount of artistic talent among this class of professors, that the splendid appearance of the cafés of Paris is mainly due. Many of them have been metamorphosed into actual palaces, or into saloons of Louis the Fifteenth's time, under their hands. They have covered the walls with gilded arabesques; they have crowded the wainscotting with exquisite figures, and filled the pannelling with groups of flowers. It is no longer the great proprietors or the nobles alone who build gorgeous dwellings; art is submissive to the wants of the citizen, and exhausts its most brilliant resources to embellish the place where the modest shopkeeper plays at dominoes with his neighbor for a cup of coffee.

Improvement in Photography.—At a conversation at the Polytechnic Institution, a curious illustration was given of the capabilities of photography in experienced hands. Two photographs were exhibited—one the largest, and the other the smallest ever produced by the process. The first was a portrait the full size of life; and the last was a copy of the front sheet of the *Times*, on a surface scarcely exceeding two inches by three. Both pictures were exceedingly perfect, the portrait being more pleasing and far more correct than those usually produced; while the copy, notwithstanding its exceeding minuteness, could be read without the assistance of a magnifying-glass. The photographs were exhibited by Mr. Mayall, the well-known artist of Argyll Place, Regent Street, and excited considerable interest during the evening.—*Times*.

Number and Expense of Fox-hunting Establishments.—We imagined that the introduction of rail-roads and recent changes in the habits of society had greatly diminished the field-sports so characteristic of the olden time. In this supposition, however, we find ourselves altogether mistaken. According to a work upon this subject, lately published, entitled "Records of the Chase," it appears that at the present time, the number of fox-hunting establishments kept up in England and Wales amounts to ninety-six; there may be a few more, but they are unimportant ones. "To show the increase, in 1830, sixty-eight packs of hounds were compounded for; in 1850, eighty-four, according to the returns of assessed taxes. Some of these are maintained with princely magnificence at an expense not under 3500*l*. or 4000*l*. per annum. The average may be estimated at 1400*l*. a year, which makes a total of 126,000*l*. circulated through the medium of hounds and horses. That is, however, a trifle compared with the expenditure of those gentlemen who compose the fields, of which it is difficult to form an estimate. The "Yorkshire Gazette" published an article last year calculating that "there were one thousand hunting men in that county, keeping on an average four horses each, at a cost of 50*l*. for each horse per annum. It appears a high estimate, but Yorkshire is a great horse breeding country, and is particularly celebrated for its sportsmen. Taking one country with another, and averaging the number of horses kept in each for the exclusive purposes of hunting, at one hundred and seventy—which from observation, and the best data I can obtain, I believe to be near the mark—we have fifteen thousand three hundred horses employed in this service. According to the proportion in Yorkshire, this appears to be a very low computation; but it must be remembered that many of the two days a week packs are not in populous countries, and many of the attendants upon them do not keep more than a single horse. Calculating the keep of each horse at 40*l*. a year—still below the Yorkshire estimate—the aggregate amount will be 6800*l*., which, added to 1400*l*. for the expenses of the hounds, causes an expenditure of 8200*l*. per annum, as the average allowance for the ninety packs, which is circulated in the agricultural districts. To this may be added a host of contingent expenses, which it would be utterly impossible to compute."

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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE LOST SNUFF-BOX.

"It was a lovely morning in June—

"The air, exulting in its freshness and perfume, as if just loosed from heaven's portals, played joyously around the hills of the Lowlands, entrancing all who felt its influence, from the noble invalid in his pillowed chariot to the sunburnt goatherd reclining on the heather, into a deeper love of nature than their physical compositions were apparently adapted to imbibe.

"It was indeed a glorious, heavenly morning. The fleecy clouds seemed loth to glide across the blue infinity above, and joyously did the sun illumine the little enclosure (yclept 'the garden') that lay before a white-washed cot at the foot of one of the Lowland mountains.

"It was the only habitation in sight, and so clean and white it looked as if it had been built only to make its appearance on such a day as this.

"The two upper lattices of the cottage, thrown open to their utmost extent, let in the passing zephyr to fan the fever-stricken temples of two beautiful sisters, who were passing from the world ere their sun had reached its meridian, and who, drinking in the balmy air, prayed that heaven might be as sweet, and turned to pain and misery again!

"But to her who watched by her dying children's pillows, the sunniest day had no charms nor brightness!

"Oh! how gladly would she have exchanged the gifts of fortune that had raised her above her sphere, to see those children like what she herself once was!

"But it is time to introduce the principal character of our tale.

"On an old arm-chair, outside the cottage-door, an old man sat—not that years had made him old as much as toil and hardship,—but his hair was grey, although he had scarcely numbered fifty summers, and as he doffed the forage-cap of the gallant —th Regiment—saving that they were white—his locks flowed thick as ever. On his knees rested a volume that even the reckless and dissolute atmosphere of a barrack-room had never separated him from. It was closed, for the morning's ne'er forgotten task of devotion was over, and every attention of the veteran seemed to be riveted on an urchin some eight or nine years old, who, having made himself master of his father's walking-stick, was going through the manual and platoon exercises under the old man's instructions; a duty that at times was sadly interrupted, to the utter extinction of all discipline, by some huge drone that intruded upon the 'parade-ground;' whereupon the juvenile musketeer, exclaiming, *'Oh! Daddy; there's Boney!'* would forthwith make a grand charge at the encroaching foe, beating the air with his wooden weapon until some chance and lucky blow sent the miserable interloper, humming, and buzzing, and kicking, on his back upon the ground.

"It was during one of these charging exploits that the incipient hero, happening to look through the garden-gate, had his gaze attracted by an object that made him exclaim, with more alarm than pluck, '*Oh! pa! here's Boney come, sure 'nough!*' and, alas! for poor puerile self-conceit, the old stick was suddenly dropped, and master Bobby might, the moment after, have been espied standing very still and very white, behind the cottage-door, with his thumb in his mouth.

"Scarcely less astonished was the father of the boy, when he saw the splendid livery of the Castle approach his humble dwelling, (he had been there but a week,) and mentioning his name, deliver a letter sealed with such a profusion of wax as he had only witnessed once before; namely, on his being the bearer of a despatch on the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Armies in France.

"The contents of the missive were, an invitation to the veteran to take a seat that evening at dinner at the table of the Castle, where its munificent owner—himself a Waterloo man—was giving a feast in humble imitation of the great captain of the age, on the anniversary of the day that sealed the destiny of Europe, and witnessed the downthrow of the greatest curse incarnate ever let loose on the world and man.

"A verbal reply, humbly and thankfully

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accepting the honor, was the only means at hand of responding to the important document; for to have obtained writing materials would have entailed a three miles' walk to the nearest town, and a greater expenditure of capital than could with any propriety at the present time be afforded.

"But who shall scrutinize the old man's dreams of happiness and grandeur as he read and re-read the flattering missive to the partner of his existence?

"He had heard and read in fairy tales of beggars who had become princes—of Cinderellas who had, in a night, been transformed to queens; but this was bringing the romance home to his own fire-side in stern reality.

"'*How would it all end?*' was a self-proposed question that made him giddy to contemplate.

"The old regimentals of the —th regiment were slightly astonished, I promise you, on that day, at being so rubbed and scrubbed, and brushed, and mended, after they had quietly lapsed into the thought that, like their old master, they were worn out, and, after a long 'tour of duty,' they had been laid on the shelf for ever. In many places they even disdained the stitches of the busy wife, and mutinously broke out as soon as attempted to be set into anything like wearing order.

"Master Bobby was discovered, after an hour's hard search, sharpening the sword-blade on the homely knife-board, to the utter destruction of that useful household article.

"At last all was in readiness,—and having imprinted a kiss on the lips of each of his loved and only earthly treasures, the old adjutant set forth on his journey to the 'Castle.'

"He had just attained the summit of the nearest hill, when the strokes of the town clock came booming over the plain upon his ear. After all, it was but five, and he was an hour, at the very least, too early.

. . . .

"Alone in the drawing room of the castle—for the heavy drops of the coming storm had driven him onwards before the appointed time—stood the hero of our story, lost in wonder of the wealth and luxuries that lay around him; the only feeling, save wonder, elicited by the display, being simply that the most trifling article there would keep his family in plenty for probably half their life.

"Oh! it is a bitter thing to stand surrounded by another's wealth, when you know not where to get a crust for your own starving home-full on the morrow! when even in your daily sacrifice of prayer, the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' tremble on your lips as you breathe them upwards!—for you think how vain they are.

"But joy! joy! why think of sorrow?—the rooms are blazing in countless lights!—glittering trappings!—snowey plumes!—happy voices!—clear ringing tones of woman's laughter!—(down thoughts of the morrow!) congratulations, happy and heartfelt!—all these are seen and heard around!—and is the old man left alone?—Oh, no! bright eyes beam sweetly on him; noble lips pour forth praises upon his head. He, the almost sole survivor of his regiment on the field of Waterloo, may nearly be considered the hero of the feast.

"'Oh! but for one—the least—of the jewels that lavishly bedecked that fair and most enthusiastic interrogator of the veteran to save my darlings from starvation!'

"He cannot curb his thoughts: but this is all he thinks of.

"The dinner, so unusual to English dinners in general, soon thawed into conviviality. How surely we always find, that the more inhospitable the appearance of a country, the more hospitable the dwellers therein; as if to compensate by a profusion of the one for a delinquency of the other.

"The dinner ended, and the toasts began. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and reminiscences of the eventful day were eagerly canvassed around. Pass round the ruby wine!

"It was getting late.

"'Pass the snuff-box, if you please,' exclaimed the host, who at an early period after the removal of the dinner had produced an article of elaborate workmanship, studded with brilliants, presented to him by Marshal Blucher in person, as a token of admiration for his valor, and esteem for his friendship.

"'The snuff-box!' 'The snuff-box!' echoed the guests, passing the word one to another; but no snuff-box.

"In vain were the dessert-dishes pushed aside, in vain was search made under the table and under the chairs; the snuff-box had vanished, as if by magic! The attendants protested having brought it in at the beginning of the evening, and having left it on the table.

"'It is quite ridiculous,' exclaimed one of the company after awhile; 'some one must have pocketed it in error, and I'll be the first to try my own pockets.'

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"Matters were looking most unpleasantly serious, and each one at table was feeling as uncomfortable under the circumstances as men can be supposed to feel, when the noble host, rising, addressed the company as follows:

"'Brother-soldiers and gentlemen, I have missed an article of unsurpassable value to me. It strikes me that some one having got hold of the article, has, in error, put it into his pocket instead of his own box, and has not now the moral courage to produce it; so I will order in a box filled with sawdust, into which each of you can in turn place his hand; and the one having the box in his possession may thereby return it without its being known by whom it was deposited. Does any one object to this?'

"No one did, of course, so the box was brought, and each guest in turn left his seat and walked up to it, the others looking away, and thrust in his hand. All had completed the ordeal, and the sawdust was emptied; but still no box appeared.

"'There is no doubt but that some one present has the box, said a noble general, the highest in rank at table; 'and under the circumstances I propose that we each in turn submit to undergo a personal investigation of our pockets, and I will set the example by being the first to submit to it.'

"'And I—and I—and I!' flew round the table.

"The news had now flown to the drawing-room; and the party, that one hour before promised to be a *reunion* of deep and noble feelings, of cordiality and goodwill, became a scene of general disorder, suspicion, and confusion.

"'I wish the earl had not asked people nobody knows any thing of!" exclaimed our fair guest.

"'Yes, indeed!' echoed another, 'people may be officers,—but honesty is never tested till a man is a beggar.'

"(True! noble lady! true!—affluence can afford to be honest.)

"'Aye! search us!—search us all!' eagerly exclaimed all in turn.

"All? no; not all!

"One lip grew pallid, and one cheek blanched white as the damask cloth before it, when the word 'Search' was uttered; but no one remarked it; a brimming bumper of wine, taken at a gulp, alone prevented one guest there from sinking sick and faint beneath the board.

"One by one each guest underwent the self-imposed ordeal, until but one remained to undergo the investigation,—and it was the old adjutant.

"'The adjutant! the adjutant!—where is he?'

"Aye, call away! obsequious guests!—search for him from room to room! and condemn him unfound. He's o'er the mountain, and awa'—and little hears your calling.

"Change we the scene.

"Cold—aye, shivering cold; not from the chilling atmosphere of the climate, but of the heart—the old man wandered homewards. Thought, feeling, life almost, all but motion had deserted him.

"'Thief?' at last burst from his pent up bosom, as he strode homewards—'I a thief?'

"Thief!" exclaimed a voice at his side, that made him involuntarily turn round, and lay his hand on his sword. He looked around in the darkness, but perceived no one; he was but passing a cavern in the Lowland hills, long since renowned for the clearness of its echoes.

"Ere the veteran had scarce begun to recover his senses, he found himself at the threshold of his cottage.

. . . .

"That night at least there was an ample meal for all within those walls that had the power of partaking of it.

. . . .

"The following morning brought numerous messages and messengers from the 'castle,' in hopes of recovering the lost bijou.

"Entreaties first, then threats, were had recourse to; but each in turn were met by a steady and firm avowal of innocence by the owner of the cottage. In compassion to the veteran, he was not at once handed over to the civil power; but in a few days afterwards he received a letter from the Horse Guards, to whom the matter had been fully communicated, and the half-pay of the old man's rank, upon which he had retired, was immediately suspended, leaving him a beggar, and powerless in the world!

"True, he might have claimed the alternative of a court-martial: but were not all the circumstances of the case arrayed against him—bearing on their face a moral certainty of conviction in spite of his honor or his oath?

"Nothing was now left him but starvation or the workhouse, and he chose the latter.

"In a huge whitewashed building in the nearest town he found himself separated for the first time in life from his only solace in this world—his wife and children!—from her

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who had shared his troubles as a private soldier, and his honor as an officer. Those whom God had joined together, man at last had put asunder.

"Sharp and agonizing was the anguish at first; but ere a week had elapsed, another blow more stunning than this was doomed to descend upon the martyr's head.

"He heard the church-bell tolling, and saw—but at a distance—all that was mortal of his two darling daughters borne from out that whitewashed world of sorrow to the grave!

"A settled melancholy, bordering on idiotcy, now came over the old man's spirits. His daily task was gone through mechanically; but his wife still lived, and he might yet one day meet *her* again alive, and *that* was, indeed, a consolation in his sorrow; but alas! how faint even that poor ray of hope!

"Faint—faint, indeed—poor outcast! You have looked your last, and breathed your last farewell, ere you entered within the walls that now enclose you!

"The intelligence of his wifes death was soon after communicated to him, accompanied by a permission for him to have access to all that remained of one once dearer to him than life itself, and the further boon was conceded of following her to her long last home.

"How willingly would he have availed himself of this kindness!—but as the first boom of the bell tolled out, he fell back insensible, and so remained till all was over.

"His son was now all that was left to him, and he had been bound as apprentice in a town several miles distant.

"Days, weeks, months, a year had elapsed, and his routine of life remained unaltered and unvaried. Nothing seemed to have any effect on him, save when a casual visitor remarked, in an undertone (but what tone is too soft for sensitive ears to comprehend?)—

"'That is the old officer who stole the snuff-box at the castle.'

"But what most astonished every one was, that no trace of the box had been, or could be, discovered. It was not found concealed in the old man's cottage, neither buried in his garden, for even that had been turned up in hopes of recovering the lost treasure—neither had it been pawned in the town. . . .

"A heavy rolling sound breaks on the dreamer's ears as he starts at midnight from his thin-clad stretcher, and feels the cold damp walls of his tiny cell around him!

"He had been dreaming happily. He dreamt that an angel—it was like his dear lost wife, but yet it was not her—had brought the lost jewel to his bedside—had told him it was sent from heaven to restore him to his own again, who were all at home awaiting his return; and his trial on earth was over.

"Louder and louder swelled the roar without.

"'Fire!' 'Fire!' 'Fire!' roared a thousand voices in chorus!—'A fire at the castle!' and the rolling of the engines and the clashing tread of the horses succeeded one another in rapid succession.

"At length nature was exhausted, and he sunk once to sleep until the morning.

"What means that thundering knocking at the gate? A pauper would not knock so loud.

"Even the adjutant looked up from his daily task, but soon looked down again as he saw the hated livery of the castle standing at the portal.

"He heard his name pronounced, and the pallor of death fell over his brow and cheek. In another minute he found himself ushered into the governor's room, and confronted face to face with the noble giver of the banquet at which his misery had begun.

"He had scarce time to gaze steadfastly on the face of his visitor ere the later seized him by the hand; but before a word could be uttered, a flood of tears—tears of repentance for a bitter and irreparable injury done to an innocent man, and coming from the noble and contrite breast of a soldier, broke from the long pent-up channels of the general's heart, and he wept aloud on the old man's shoulder. So totally was he overcome that it was with the greatest difficulty that he prevented the official authorities from introducing immediate medical assistance, and like a flash of lightning through the gloom of night, the pauper's dream flashed o'er his recollection.

"'To-morrow!'—to-morrow!'—come to the castle—at any time—but come. I am ill; I must go now,' exclaimed the general, and thrusting a purse full of notes and gold into the wonder-stricken old man's hand, he allowed his valet to lead him to his carriage.

"There *had* indeed been a fire at the castle, which being simply occasioned by the overheating of the flues, had done no material injury; but the first place that was attended to was the *plate-closet*; and there, in a cupboard high above the others, where the usual plate for household purposes was kept, was discovered the GOLD SNUFF-BOX.

"It had, no doubt, been removed from the table by one of the servants, who, oblivious of

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the circumstance, or fearing after all that had occurred to produce it, had placed it where it had so long remained unseen.

. . . .

"The following morning broke again bright and joyously, as if in welcome of the scene it was to witness. The old soldier had at once been discharged at the departure of the general, and was soon provided with comfortable lodgings in the town.

"His first thought was to seek his boy; but the news quickly reached him, that, tired of the monotonous life his son was obliged to lead as an apprentice, he had gone on board her Majesty's ship ——, at Plymouth; so he was left alone and childless in the world.

"That the snuff-box had been found ran like wild-fire through the place, and had reached the old man's ears before he had left the workhouse; therefore why need he fear to meet the inmates of the castle? In justice to himself, moreover, although he would rather have avoided the interview, he made up his mind to go; and again setting out on foot, he traversed the same path that he had passed just eighteen months ago, when the storm arose around him.

"He had scarcely knocked at the castle ere the doors were thrown open, and every servant seemed to vie in being most attentive to the lately reputed criminal. He was at once ushered into the dining-room, where, seated round the table as he had seen them on that memorable day, were the self-same guests that then surrounded the board, and had since concurred in his condemnation.

"*His* place alone was changed, and now a chair was placed for him by the side of his host, at the head of the table; but the veteran refused to take advantage of it, remaining erect, and gazing with a fixed, half-vacant stare on the scene before him, as if it were all a dream.

"The general, however, as soon as he recovered his self-possession—for he saw—and deeply felt—what a change was wrought in the old man's appearance, broke the subject by saying—

"'Deep, irreparable, and undeserved, as is the injury that has been inflicted on you, and for which no amends on my part can atone, you must allow that in a great measure you have been the cause of it, by not at the time submitting to the ordeal which every one else present readily underwent. Had I requested to search you *alone*, you might justly have felt indignant; but the measure was not even proposed by me, but by one higher in rank, both military and noble, than myself; and you would have proved as innocent as he or I, without having entailed on me the lasting misery of remembering that I have inflicted such a punishment on an innocent man as you have undergone—a recollection that will haunt me on my death-bed—and on yourself, the anguish of the past.

"'Sire!' returned the veteran, but his voice faltered audibly, 'I did not take the snuff-box, as you and all around me are now fully aware, but nevertheless I was a THIEF.'

"'Yes, God forgive me! and I trust he has, as I believe you all will. In the midst of the dinner, when the mirth was at the highest, and when every one's attention seemed to be engaged, I took advantage of the moment to slip a part of the contents of my plate between some bread beside me, and when no eyes were upon me, I secreted it in my pocket. None of my family nor myself had tasted meat for days, aye, *long* days past! and I had more that day before me than would have saved my darling children from the grave! *I was a thief!* My whole pittance had for months been swallowed up by the illness of my family, and what was given to *me*, I had secretly purloined for them. My days on earth are short. I care not to confess all. My gray hairs have come in sorrow to the grave, and little recks it what befals me *now*. This is the reason I stole away like a thief rather than be searched, and dearly have I paid the penalty attending THE PERILS OF THE POOR.'

"The old man ceased; but the sobs that burst forth around told how deeply his tale had entered the hearts of his hearers.

"Spontaneously the whole host arose, and thronged around him. Kind words—noble promises—sweet condolences—from the noble, the brave, and the fair, were showered on the veteran's head, but, alas!—like a soft song in the tempest—they fell unheard—unheeded.

"A cottage on the estate, fitted with every luxury, was urged on his acceptance—the arrears of pay made up—all that wealth could offer, or contrition devise, was placed at his disposal—*but it came too late!*

"The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken!—aye, shattered past redemption.

"The old church trees were budding forth in spring, and glad birds carolled on their new-leaved branches, and a crowd had gathered round the churchyard gate, dressed in their best habiliments.

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"Hush!—'tis the old man's funeral!

. . . . .

"Toll on! thou mournful Herald to eternity!—thou hast carried anguish to his soul ere this—but *now* he hears thee not!

"His old sword rests upon the coffin lid. Ah!—bear him gently to his grave, in life so roughly handled!

. . . . .

"The bell has ceased—the earth is closed again—the tearful crowd has gone.

"Peace! peace to him who sleeps beneath the turf!

"His character reëstablished among men—he has gone to meet his God!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

HANG UP A PICTURE.

The many ingenious methods which have been discovered of multiplying works of art, by engravings, lithographs, woodcuts, and photographs, now renders it possible for every person to furnish his rooms with beautiful pictures. Skill and science have thus brought art within the reach even of the poorest.

We have seen some woodcuts in recent cheap publications, which, if cut out and framed, or hung against the wall in the simplest way, would shed a glory round the room—of a peasant or of a lord. Of this sort of cheap cuts, we may particulary mention the Madonna and child, after Rafaelle, so admirably executed by Mr. Linton. That head reminds one of the observation made by Mr. Hazlitt upon a picture, that it seems as if our unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. It embodies the ideas of mother's love, womanly beauty, and earnest piety. And any picture, or print, or engraving, that represents a noble thought, that depicts a heroic act, or that brings a bit of nature from the fields or the streets into our room, is a teacher, a means of education, and a help to self-culture. It serves to make home more pleasant and attractive. It sweetens domestic life, and sheds a grace and beauty around it. It draws the gazer away from mere considerations of self, and increases his store of delightful associations with the world without as well as with the world at home.

A portrait of a great man, for instance, helps us to read his life—it invests him with a more personal interest for us—looking at his features, we think we feel as if we knew him better, and were more closely related to him. Such a portrait hung up before us daily, at our meals and during our leisure hours, unconsciously serves to lift us up and sustain us. It is a link that in some way binds us to higher and better natures.

There was a Catholic money-lender who, when about to cheat, was wont to draw a veil over the face of his favorite saint. Thus the portraiture of a noble man or saint is in some sort a companionship of something better than ourselves, and though we may not reach the standard of our hero, we are to some extent influenced by his depicted presence.

It is not necessary that a picture should be high-priced in order to be beautiful and good. We have seen things for which hundreds of guineas have been paid, that have not one-hundredth part of the meaning or beauty that is to be found in Linton's woodcut of Rafaelle's Madonna, which may be had for two-pence. Picture-fanciers pay not for the merit, so much as for the age and the rareness of their works. A rich man may possess a gallery of 1,000 great paintings, and yet be able to appreciate none of them. The poorest may have the *seeing eye* for beauty, while the millionaire may be blind to it. And the cheapest engraving may communicate the sense of beauty to the artizan, while the thousand-guinea picture may fail to communicate to the lord anything except the notion that he has got possession of the work which the means of other people cannot compass.

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Does the picture give you pleasure on looking at it? That is one good test of its worth. You may grow tired of it; your taste may outgrow it, and demand something better, just as the reader may grow out of *Satan* Montgomery's poetry into Milton's. Then you will take down the daub, and put up a picture with a higher idea in its place. Thus there may be a steady progress in art made upon the room walls. If you can put the pictures in frames so much the better; but if you cannot, no matter, up with them! We know that Owen Jones says it is not good taste to hang prints upon walls—he would merely hang room papers there. But Owen Jones may not be infallible, and here we think he is wrong. To our eyes, a room always looks unfurnished, no matter how costly and numerous the tables, chairs, and ottomans, unless there be pictures against the walls. and homes ought to be made pleasant, instructive and satisfying.

It ought to be, and no doubt it is, a great stimulus to artists to know that their works are now distributed in prints and engravings, in all ways, to decorate and beautify the homes of the people. The wood-cutter, the lithographer, and the engraver, are the interpreters of the great artist to the people. Thus Turner's grand pictures are not confined to the wealthy possessors of the original works, but may be diffused through all homes by the Millars, and Brandards, and Willmotts, their engravers. Thus Landseer finds entrance, through woodcuts and mezzotints, into every dwelling. Thus Cruikshank preaches temperance, and Ary Scheffer purity and piety. The engraver is the medium by which art in the palace is thus conveyed to the humblest homes in the kingdom.

The *Athenæum*, in a recent article on this subject, urges the desirableness of a higher style of cheap engravings for the people. The writer says:

"Let us have good, simple, cheap works, eschewing all that is merely costly and wholly profitless. We prize cheap books, provided all concerned have their hire; wherefore, then, not have cheap abstracts of pictures, instead of considering for evermore that the art of engraving is only a compact between engraver and publisher? Fear not, self-sacrificing engraver and boldly speculative publisher, that your vocations will dwindle beneath this breath of popularity. The excellence of the graver's work will always minister delight to the refined mind; but it is not expedient that the public should bask in the sunshine of poetry before it has mastered the alphabet and scraped acquaintance with grammar.

"The glimpse of an engraving is good, the dwelling on it better: stealing on the sense with its suggestive variety;—no fear of its being snapped up—but remaining a household god for ever,—at least, till paper crumble and ink fade,—the children and their children reading day by day this wonderful silent world of instructive figures, that move not unto derangement of observing ideas. Grant this boon to the lately born and the unborn, and secure this household property to hewers of wood and drawers of water, who will treasure up their mites till the 'mickle' is 'muckle' enough to buy them into good company, and feel that, after their life's work, they leave their children heirlooms of sterling worth, to smooth the ruggedness of labor and turn away the arrows of care. The careless lounger from print-shop to print-shop knows little, perchance, of the fascination which the veriest scrap of the graver conveys to the untutored and unworn in the ways of art. It may not be that the remarks of eager unversedness in picturesque expression shall be very erudite, but, at any rate, a thought beyond self is a gain in any one. Much wisdom may not be elicited, but a good clearance towards it is effected. But, as the inhabitants of cottages are not generally indebted to the wealthy of their neighborhood for the loan of a courtly Landseer or Winterhalter for the illumination of their nights at home, it is desirable that in the small print-shop of their neighborhood they should find something more adapted to their cravings than the elegancies of life in the mixed style, and more conducive to their tone as hardworking men, than a remarkably elegant greyhound watching a superlative beaver hat. It would not be amiss to connect this with some spice of homely literature, so that in the text our honest friend should find wholesome instruction, and, in the illustration of home, something more improving than a lady in a *saque* or the latest *ennuyée*.

"Honest George Cruikshank's homely truths, and in series, too, drive closer home than all the exotics which bloom for a season, and then lose even their Greek and Latin names. We want homely food; we want clear human topics, out of which man, without extra subtlety of intellect, can glean a better heart, form a more acute feeling and a larger intellect from a more extended survey of the history of man and his emotions.

"Honest wood, albeit implying something

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too much of the mechanical in its process—of mere unintelligible chipping—has done the State some service in this homely view. It has brought Art down from its stilts of costliness and fine paper, and has made a style of its own. It triumphs in its vignette character, and we feel that we love its final flourishes into nothingness. But we feel, even here, in the precursive steps of Art into true popularity, that there is an inherent viciousness. The blanket school, exploded in severer Art, has found a refuge in humble wood; and drapery, although not ostensibly the cumbrous appendage of a *pseudo*-classical figure, still clings to tales of domestic life, and frock-coats relinquish the modesty of their folds, and table-covers swell beyond the patience of a housemaid.

"We have yet room for a severe illustration of abstract themes. If wood engraving would discard somewhat of its abundant cleverness in favor of a higher moral, and bate somewhat of its tricky light and shade and chiaroscuro for a more straightforward and striking illustration of the great tale of the human heart, the cottage would be the gainer; and it is only in the interest of the cottage that these pleas and arguments are put on the record."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

INFLUENCE OF THE STUDIES OF NATURE.

"Stand out of my sunshine!" said Diogenes to Alexander, when the emperor asked what service he could render him. Haughty as the philosopher's reply may sound, it merely expresses the honest independence, which every highly-cultivated and well-balanced mind may feel towards those who possess nothing better than the accidental distinctions of rank or fortune. He indeed deserves our pity who needs the condescending smile of the proud, or the heartless flattery of the vain, either to rouse him to exertion or warm him into happiness.

The power of self-excitement is the most desirable of all attainments, and it is the most rare. To love knowledge merely for its usefulness—to form and strenghten virtuous dispositions, with the hope of no other reward than the deep tranquillity they bring—is a task achieved by few; yet it is the only simple and direct road to lasting happiness. He who can find intellectual excitement in the fall of an apple, or the hues of a wild flower, may well say to the officious world, "Stand out of my sunshine." To him Nature is an open volume, where truths of the loftiest import are plainly written; and the temptations and anxieties of this life have no power to cast a shadow on its broad and beautiful pages.

I do not mean that solitude is bliss, even where enjoyment is of the purest kind. An eminence, that places us above the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of social life, must indeed be an unenviable one; but that which puts us beyond the reach of the ever-varying tide of circumstance and opinion is surely desirable; and nothing on which the mind can be employed tends so much to produce this state of internal sunshine as the study of Nature in her various forms.

Politics, love of gain, ambition of renown, everything in short, which can be acted upon by the passions of mankind, have a corroding influence on the human soul. But Nature, ever majestic and serene, moves on with the same stately step and beaming smile, whether a merchantman is wrecked or an empire overthrown. The evils of man's heart pollute all with which they can be incorporated; but they cannot defile *her* holy temple. The doors are indeed closed against the restless and the bad; but the radiant goddess is ever at the altar, willing to smile upon all who are pure enough to love her quiet beauty.

Ambition may play a mighty game; it may task the sinews of nations, and make the servile multitude automaton dancers to its own stormy music; but sun, and moon, and stars, go forth on their sublime mission independent of its power; and its utmost efforts cannot change the laws which produce the transient glory of the rainbow.

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Avarice may freeze the genial current of affection, and dry up all the springs of sympathy within the human soul; but it cannot diminish the pomp of summer, or restrain the prodigality of autumn. Fame may lead us on in pursuit of glittering phantoms, until the diseased mind loses all relish for substantial good: but it cannot share the eternity of light, or the immortality of the minutest atom.

He who has steered his bark ever so skilfully through the sea of politics, rarely, if ever, finds a quiet haven. His vexations and his triumphs have all been of an exciting character; they have depended on outward circumstances, over which he has very limited power; and when the turbulent scene has passed away, he finds, too late, that he has lived on the breath of others, and that happiness has no home within his heart.

And what is the experience of him who has existed only for wealth? who has safely moored his richly-freighted vessel in the spacious harbor of successful commerce? Does he find that happiness can, like modern love, be bought with gold? You may see him hurrying about to purchase it in small quantities, wherever the exhibitions of taste and talent offer it for sale; but the article is too ethereal to be baled for future use, and it soon evaporates amid the emptiness of his intellectual warehouse.

He that lives only for fame will find that happiness and renown are scarcely speaking acquaintance. Even if he could catch the rainbow he has so eagerly pursued he would find its light fluctuating with each changing sunbeam, and fading at the touch of every passing cloud.

Nor is he who has wasted the energies of his youth in disentangling the knotty skein of controversy more likely to find the evening of his days serene and tranquil. The demon of dogmatism or of doubt may have grappled him closely, and converted his early glow of feeling, and elasticity of thought, into rancorous prejudice or shattered faith.

But the deep streams of quiet thought and pure philosophy gush forth abundantly from all the hiding places of Nature; there is no drop of bitterness at the fountain; the clear waters reflect none of the Proteus forms of human pride; and ever, as they flow, their peaceful murmurs speak of heaven.

The enjoyment that depends on powerful excitement saps the strength of manhood, and leaves nothing for old age but discontent and desolation. Yet we need amusements in the decline of life, even more than in its infancy, and where shall we find any so safe, satisfactory, and dignified, as battery and barometer, telescope and prism?

Electric power may be increased with less danger than man's ambition; it is far safer to weigh the air than a neighbor's motives; it is more disquieting to watch tempests lowering in the political horizon, than it is to gaze at volcanoes in the moon; and it is much easier to separate and unite the colors in a ray of light, than it is to blend the many colored hues of truth, turned out of their course by the sharp corners of angry controversy.

Finally, he who drinks deeply at the fountain of natural science, will reflect the cheerfulness of his own spirit on all things around. If the sympathy of heart and mind be within his reach, he will enjoy it more keenly than other men; and if solitude be his portion, he can, in the sincerity of a full and pious mind, say to all the temptations of fame and pleasure, "Stand ye out of my sunshine!"

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